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INDEX FOR JANUARY-JUNE, 1966

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THE
NATION

January 3, 1966 . . 35c

The Messianic Pose

POST-COLD-WAR DELUSIONS

H. STUART HUGHES

Washington Wire: COLD EYE ON JOHNSON

Robert G. Sherrill

AT&T: The Folksy Octopus

Desmond Smith

Hooligans and Indians

William Eastlake

LETTERS

General Hershey replies

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: The greatest misunderstandings that have arisen from the recent reclassification of a few students of the University of Michigan are, first, the widespread view that this procedure is something new in Selective Service, designed for this particular occasion, and second, the feeling that these students were reclassified because they were protesting United States policy in Vietnam.

Any reclassification action taken by local boards in the cases of these students was not related in any way to the political views of the registrants or their right to express them, by demonstration or otherwise. It was taken solely because these students, by their sit-in in a local board, interfered with the administration of the Selective Service Act in that board. Such action is prohibited by the Selective Service Act. Through the years, similar action has been taken in cases of men who failed to register, failed to keep their board advised of their current address or change in status, failed to report for physical examination, destroyed or mutilated their draft cards, or committed other acts which are in violation of the Selective Service Act or regulations. In these cases the local board has sole responsibility, delegated to it by the Congress, to determine whether the action of a registrant justifies reclassification or a declaration of delinquency.

For those who believe that Selective Service action in the Michigan cases was designed to curtail free speech or expression of political views, it should be pointed out that there was a demonstration in front of the Selective Service National Headquarters building in Washington not long ago, staged by students urging termination of the war in Vietnam and also the termination of the Selective Service Act. There was no thought of reporting these young people to their draft boards, because their protest was peaceful and legal, with no effort on their part to interfere with the normal conduct of business in the headquarters.

The Congress in the Selective Service Act, the President in the Selective Service regulations, and the courts in their opinions, have made it clear that no classification is permanent, that steps should be taken by the boards to keep currently informed concerning the status of classified registrants, and to examine their files in the light of world conditions and events, so that military requirements may be safeguarded.

The Congress has delegated to the local boards power to hear and determine, subject to the right of appeal, all questions or claims with respect to inclusion for, or exemption or deferment from, training and service for all individuals within the jurisdiction of such boards. It has further provided that the decisions of the local board shall be final, except where appeal is authorized and taken.

Each registrant, under the law and regulation is considered available for military service until his eligibility for deferment is clearly established to the satisfaction of the local board. No classification is permanent, boards are required to reopen a classification if there is a change in the registrant's status during the period of deferment, and any person having knowledge must report to the local board within ten days any fact that might result in a registrant being placed in a different classification.

In any case of reclassification, of course, the registrant is entitled to a personal appearance and appeal.

The regulation defining a student classification does not prescribe or require any particular scholastic achievement, and the Congress has made it very clear that local boards may not be required to base a student classification solely upon a registrant's scholastic ability. Within three months after President Truman authorized the deferment of students on a basis of test score or class standing, and at a time when responsible people in government and in the educational field believed that a student deferment would be mandatory if a registrant met the prescribed criteria of test score or class standing, the Congress amended the law to provide: "Notwithstanding any provisions of this act, no local board, appeal board, or other agency of the Selective Service System shall be required to postpone or defer any person by reason of his activity in study . . . or other endeavors found to be necessary to the maintenance of the national health, safety, or interest solely on the basis of any test, examination, selection system, class standing, or any other means conducted, sponsored, administered or prepared by any agency or department of the federal government or any private institution . . . or individual employed by an agency or department of the federal government."

Gen. Lewis Hershey, Director
Selective Service System

Advance proofs of "General Hershey's Big Stick" by Carl Cohen (*The Nation*, Dec. 27) were sent to President Johnson, Lieut. Gen. Lewis Hershey, Richard Russell, chairman of the Sen-

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THE
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Monday, January 3, 1966
Volume 202, No. 1

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MAR 4

EDITORIALS

The Peace Feeler

On Friday, December 17, the State Department announced that the U.S. was seeking "clarification" of a purported peace feeler from Hanoi. The Saturday morning papers gave prominent space to this development, which involved Italy's foreign minister, Amintore Fanfani, and two Italian professors known to him. Later in the day the bubble burst with a bang so loud that Sunday's *New York Times* carried stories on pages 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6 of the first section, a four-column roundup in "The News of the Week in Review," and an editorial, "Crushed Hope in Vietnam," that was critical of Washington's handling of the affair.

Whatever the proportions of truth and falsehood in the medley which was served up to the American public, two points stand out: First, the incident underlined the world-wide eagerness for an end to the futile and increasingly dangerous conflict; second, it left little doubt that at this stage the Johnson Administration prefers to exert further battlefield and aerial bombing pressures before negotiating.

What the Vietnamese proposals actually amounted to is hidden in the obfuscations of the belligerents and the do-it-yourself diplomacy of the two professors. They talked with President Ho Chi Minh and Premier Pham Van Dong for ninety minutes, presumably about other things than the weather. Clearly, the Hanoi assertion that the whole report was a "sheer, groundless fabrication" is itself a fabrication. Ho Chi Minh may not have echoed Secretary Rusk's asserted willingness to go anywhere, to meet anyone, but with both North and South Vietnam being devastated, it is a safe conclusion that some sort of overture, however tenuous, was made and transmitted on November 20 by Mr. Fanfani in his capacity of president of the UN General Assembly. The public statements of Secretary Rusk and President Johnson in the interval, and above all U.S. military operations in the same period, necessitated a complete disavowal by Hanoi. Since Mr. Rusk and Mr. Johnson know the rules of the game, it seems inescapable that if this was not precisely their aim, they were willing to risk such an outcome by acknowledging receipt of Mr. Fanfani's letter.

The State Department action must be viewed against the earlier disclosure that in 1964, Secretary Rusk had summarily rejected a suggestion from Hanoi, transmitted through U Thant, for a meeting of U.S. and North Vietnamese emissaries in Rangoon. The manner in which this brush-off came to light had earned Washington a bad press and given rise to increased distrust abroad. Washington was eager to avoid a recurrence and when it learned that the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* had got word of the peace feeler, it decided to break the story itself. This torpedoed the prospective negotiations, although most of the discussion in Mr. Rusk's December 4 letter to Mr. Fanfani was quite in order. But what about the Rusk-Johnson statements between November 20 and December 4? If there was a genuine desire for peace, one would have expected either no comment or noncommittal remarks befitting the delicacy of the situation. Instead, the President and Mr. Rusk continued to complain of the "completely negative" attitude of Hanoi and the "discouraging response" to all American efforts to bring about talks.

Mr. Rusk's letter to Mr. Fanfani sounds as though he believed that the North Vietnamese had been softened up by the recent course of the war and hoped, when negotiations did take place, to put the squeeze on them at the conference table. In the meantime, more of the same treatment could not fail to be efficacious. This would be consistent with the use of B-52s against infiltration routes in North Vietnam and Laos, the bombing of the Haiphong power plant, large by Vietnamese standards, and plans for American invasions of Laos and Cambodia to check reinforcement of the Vietcong—while the U.S. was preparing to put 300,000 to 400,000 men into the field. This may, in fact, now become necessary, unless someone can manage to pull the fat out of the fire.

Fortunately—thanks largely to Pope Paul VI's timely and forceful intervention—a thirty-hour Christmas cease-fire was ordered by way of response to the earlier Vietcong proposal for a twelve-hour pause in hostilities. What is needed, as the Pope stressed, is cessation of fighting for an interval sufficient to give the parties an opportunity for "reflection and negotiation" and, also, to test their good faith and willingness to negotiate. A cease-fire that can be extended from twelve to thirty hours can be extended for a longer period or can simply be continued *sine die*. If there were a stabilized front, negotiations might have gotten under way while the fighting continued; it has happened in other wars. But in Vietnam there are no "lines" or "fronts" and the fighting includes acts of individual terrorism and sabotage from one end of South Vietnam to the other. In such a situation a cease-fire is imperative, if only to enable the participants to decide whether, how, when and where they will negotiate. In a sense, therefore, the first step toward peace in Vietnam has been taken; both sides have much to gain and nothing to lose by continuing the Christmas respite into 1966.

The Heat on TV

Vietnam is the first "television war" and so a new chapter opens in the eternal conflict between government and the news-gathering agencies. Not that TV cameramen and correspondents always tell the truth, nor that the government trafficks only in lies; but when a war is on, especially a war of aggression, the special interest of government is to make the war look as good as possible. A reporter, on the other hand, needs a certain irreducible proportion of truth or he has no story. The resulting hassles are now agitating the television industry—and should agitate the newsprint media as well.

Television and radio are in a more vulnerable position than newspapers and magazines. The electronic media are subject to government licensing and a host of administrative regulations which affect their daily operations. While the Federal Communications Commission is theoretically independent of the executive departments, the commissioners are appointed by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate, and a maze of connections exists at all levels of power between the networks and governmental functionaries. The latter, fighting the war in Washington, are continually tempted to tamper with the news, and since the public is getting more and more of its news electronically, the urge to censor is focused more and more on TV, which brings both sight and sound from the battlefield into the home.

The radio-TV correspondent and the script writer back at the network headquarters are not oblivious to these facts of life. And they are human. Hence, self-censorship operates cumulatively with governmental censorship, even when the latter is unsuccessful. The salaried employee says to himself: I can't put that on film, I'll never get away with it. The more sensitive the area, the more cautious he is apt to be; in effect he is doing the censor's work for him Anything that involves the CIA, for instance, is known to bring severe pressures from on high.

The cases that become known are only the part of the iceberg that floats above the surface. When C.B.S. correspondent Morley Safer filed a story on our soldiers burning the huts of a Vietnam village, and the film footage showed a GI actually touching his cigarette lighter to a thatched roof, the action was at first angrily denied by the State Department, then justified on the ground that the village concealed a network of Vietcong tunnels. According to *Variety* (December 15 and 22), this story and footage "reportedly" brought pressure from the White House. Fred Friendly, the president of C.B.S. News, was asked to air a retraction; he refused. Also involved in this incident was Arthur Sylvester, the ubiquitous censor of the Defense Department. "He [Sylvester] was on the phone every fifteen minutes, raising hell," one network man reported.

Another incident in which right prevailed was N.B.C.'s *The Tunnel*, made in Berlin. The State Department wanted the program canceled and forced a high-level conference of government and network officials in Washington. N.B.C. refused to kill the film and later the State Department ordered 100 copies for world distribution—to show what a free country we are.

Under its present chairman, E. William Henry, the FCC is in many respects an admirable agency. It should look into cases of attempted coercion. It should not only prescribe and regulate; as far as lies in its power it should protect the broadcasters in the free exercise of their responsibility to the public. Educational TV might do a study of the ways in which pressure is applied in the commercial sectors of the medium. But the best hope lies with the printed press. In a sense, radio, TV and the printed media are rivals; but more important, they complement one another, and censorship menaces all. If it is tolerated in TV, the newspapers will be the next to feel it.

The Loud Little Handful

In this issue (p. 7) H. Stuart Hughes calls attention to the fact that European intellectuals have had occasion far more frequently than their American counterparts to criticize their governments for engaging in wars that offended their sense of morality and fair play. Such a situation, writes Mr. Hughes, is "almost without precedent in American history" although it is "perfectly familiar in the European democratic tradition." Among the exceptions which Mr. Hughes perhaps had in mind were Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain. In a speech of January 12, 1848, Lincoln had this to say of the war with Mexico:

> The war . . . was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President. . . . When the war began, it was my opinion that all . . . should . . . remain silent on that point, at least until the war should be ended. Some leading Democrats, including ex-President Van Buren, have taken this same view. . . . I think I should still adhere to it were it not that the President . . . tells us that Congress with great unanimity had declared that "by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that government and the United States," when the same journals that informed him of this also informed him that when the declaration stood disconnected from the question of supplies, sixty-seven in the House, and not fourteen merely, voted against it. . . . I cannot be silent.
>
> As to the mode of terminating the war and securing peace, the President is equally wandering and indefinite. First, it is to be done by a more vigorous prosecution of the war in the vital parts of the enemy's country; and after apparently talking himself tired on this point, the President drops down into a half-despairing tone, and tells us that "with a people distracted and divided by contending factions, and a government subject to constant changes by successive revolutions, the continued success of our arms may fail to secure a satisfactory peace." Then he suggests the propriety of wheedling the Mexican people to desert the counsels of their own leaders, and, trusting in our protestations, to set up a government from which we can secure a satisfactory peace; telling us that "this may become the only mode of obtaining such a peace." But soon he falls into doubt of this too; and then drops back on to the already half-abandoned ground of "more vigorous prosecution." All this shows that the President is in no wise satisfied with his own position. First he takes up one, and in attempting to argue us into it he argues himself out of it, then seizes another and goes through the same process, and then, confused at being able to think of nothing new, he snatches up the old one again, which he has some time before cast off. His mind, taxed

> beyond its power, is running hither and thither, like some tortured creature on a burning surface, finding no position on which it can settle down and be at ease. Again, it is a singular omission in this message that it nowhere intimates when the President expects the war to terminate. . . . He [President Polk] is a bewildered, confounded, and miserably perplexed man. God grant he may be able to show there is not something about his conscience more painful than his mental perplexity.

When this speech was made the nation was still at war and what Lincoln said then applies with equal force today; incidentally the speech should be of special interest to the leaders of the Republican Party. Nor is Lincoln the only distinguished American who found it impossible to remain silent while the government pursued a war which his conscience would not permit him to approve. "The loud little handful," wrote Mark Twain, at the time of the Spanish-American War, "as usual, will shout for the war. . . . A few fair men . . . will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will outshout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing: the speaker stoned from the platform, and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war cry, and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth; and presently such mouths will cease to open."

The curious thing about our democratic tradition is that never, but never, have any of those who make up this "loud little handful" been harassed, bullied, stoned, ostracized, or otherwise punished, formally or informally, for advocating the use of force or preaching war. When one reads of students in Des Moines being suspended from school because they wore anti-war armbands to manifest their hatred of war—and of a football coach who urged the student body to chant, "Beat the Vietcong" and called those who refused to do so "pinkos or Communists"—one is troubled by the thought that we are still not quite the peace-loving nonviolent Christian nation we fondly imagine ourselves to be.

STATEMENTS TO OUR READERS

In the Centennial Issue, Carey McWilliams wrote: "No one has ever 'owned' *The Nation*; it is impossible to own or possess it or bequeath it or sell it or mortgage it." In reality, *The Nation's* owners have been trustees who have held in trust for each succeeding generation a property of enormous, true value, regardless of what its financial worth may be.

For slightly more than ten years, I have been that trustee. Today, by all conventional measurements, *The Nation* is in the best condition it has enjoyed for years. Its circulation is now higher than at any time during the decade and is increasing at a satisfactory rate without promotion, without offering bargain rate "trial" subscriptions or other expensive "come-ons." Perhaps this growth is attributable to the publicity surrounding the celebration of the 100th Anniversary and the good will and wide acclaim engendered by the Centennial Issue. Perhaps the increased acceptance is due to an ever-widening sympathetic response to the magazine's continuous and continuing protest against the senseless war that is being waged in Vietnam. For whatever reason or combination of reasons, *The Nation's* health at the conclusion of its 100th year of existence is good. For whatever contribution I have made to its well-being as trustee, I am proud.

The completion of the magazine's first century of life ends one era and marks the beginning of a new one. It is a fitting time for a new trustee to take over. From my personal viewpoint there are many things I hope to accomplish in the years ahead. The new publisher has already been introduced to *The Nation's* readers through his achievement in producing the 100th Anniversary Issue. James Storrow probably learned more about the history and traditions of *The Nation* in preparing this issue than any of his predecessors knew about the journal at the time that they assumed responsibility. Mr. Storrow graduated from Harvard University in 1940 and spent one year at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. During World War II he was a member of the Seabees and served widely in the islands of the Pacific.

Mr. Storrow's task will be made lighter by the fact that every single member of the staff from the editors to the office boy has accepted his invitation to continue at their present assignments. A more loyal or competent group could not be assembled, and my own happy anticipation of the future is tempered only with regret that I will no longer share the day-to-day activities of my highly valued colleagues. My thanks go to each one of them for their devotion to *The Nation* and for their enrichment of my life.

On hundreds of nights in a dozen seas, I have reenacted the ancient ritual that occurs on ships each four hours the world over. A shape emerges out of the dark on the navigation bridge, salutes and says, "I am ready to relieve you, Sir." Information is exchanged as to the course and speed of the vessel, hazards to navigation which may be encountered, and whatever intelligence is available regarding the activities of the enemy. Satisfied that all is well, the new officer again salutes, accompanied by the ritual words, "I relieve you, Sir." The salute is returned with an informal expression of good will, and the watch on deck retires, knowing that the ship is in good hands.

George G. Kirstein

When George Kirstein asked me, two years ago, if I would undertake to prepare a special issue of *The Nation* in celebration of the magazine's hundredth anniversary, I questioned myself long and hard whether I was the right person for such a task. My background in business was varied but did not include publishing. But I had been a regular reader of *The Nation* and of other publications of its genre, felt what they had to say to be extremely important to a free society, and strongly disagreed with the often-expressed opinion that the magazine of dissent had become an anachronism. Diffidence finally succumbed to enthusiasm for the challenge, and I accepted the assignment. Mr. Kirstein, I think, had known all along that I would.

Today, upon becoming permanent publisher of *The Nation,* diffidence again makes itself felt. But I have come to know well the magazine and its history, and recognize its proprietorship as a unique public trust, unlike any other in or out of publishing. This trust has for over ten years been in the exceptionally capable hands of George Kirstein. He has guided *The Nation* with honesty, dedication and great competence. He has led it through many dark hours, to a point of renewed promise today. Of his period of stewardship, he may be proud, and we should be thankful for it.

I have undertaken to be the fiduciary of this trust because I believe that the magazine of opinion and dissent has to play a more vital role than ever before, in a free press which (with some significant exceptions) has ineluctably been losing its freedom. Competition between newspapers has steadily been fading. Our communications media are now more dominated by the advertising industry than ever. And "news management" is an excessively polite euphemism for what issues (or fails to) from official sources of information. I believe that only an informed people can remain free, and the only journal truly free to inform must draw its major support from its readers. Finally, I am convinced that there are enough intelligent, interested and involved people in this country who are willing to pay for *The Nation,* and thereby to know that it is beholden only to them. I'm betting on it.

James J. Storrow, Jr.

WASHINGTON WIRE

Cold Eye On Johnson . . . . Robert G. Sherrill

Washington, D.C.

All eyes are on Johnson. There is little curiosity here about what the Supreme Court will do this term, although it has several very important decisions to make; and even less curiosity about what Congress, led by tired and imitative men, would do if left alone next session. Everything is Lyndon, Lyndon. Did the President smile or frown, and what does it mean? Doesn't he look paler today than he did yesterday? All the rumors, all the speculations are tied to the actions of one man.

And for good reason. The President has manipulated himself into a position of extraordinary personal power by playing upon the nation's gratitude for his accomplishments through the 1965 Congress, its fears for the preservation of national pride in the Asian war, and its general confusion about what everything is all about anyway. Binding these sticks into a scepter of authority that any Hadrian would be proud to walk behind is the stout cord of duplicity.

The whole town reeks of it. Hubert Humphrey on December 7: "As of today there is no immediate threat of inflation." Two days later, Federal Reserve Board chairman, William McChesney Martin, said he raised the price of credit because "the U.S. economy is now facing inflationary pressures." Who was telling the truth? Johnson said he "regretted" Martin's actions, but *The Wall Street Journal* believes this is so much pretense—that Johnson actually wanted the raise, only he wanted it in January. And another financial writer, challenging Johnson's sincerity, points out that if he really wants to reverse Martin he can do it by a friendly appointment to fill the vacancy when a pro-Martin member leaves the board this month. Or will Johnson use the board's action as an excuse not to seek an extension of the minimum wage law?

Uncertainty, uncertainty. Top men in the antitrust division of the Department of Justice are let go. Division chief, Donald F. Turner, announcing a new policy, says he is less interested in how big corporations get than he is in the total effect of their mergers. He wants to do away with criminal actions, stick to civil suits. The number of antitrust suits of any kind have been dropping steadily, year by year. Now this means an even softer approach. What's left to protect competition?

The Vietnam situation is utter confusion and chaos in the capital. ". . . We are equally determined that every prospect for peace be exhausted before other hard steps be taken." What does he mean? *The Washington Post* headlines it, "Johnson Hints New Vietnam Escalation." The Washington *Star* makes the same hot-blooded interpretation. The Baltimore *Sun* hears it differently: "Johnson Pledges Every Effort to End Viet War," and *The Wall Street Journal* also detects the cooing dove.

Two weeks after a panel of civilian experts, appointed by Johnson, urged him not to expand the nation's missile armory, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara announces that the nation's defenses will in the future rely much more heavily on missiles. When Russian Premier Aleksei N. Kosygin complains that his country will have to increase its military budget 5 per cent because the United States is "setting the military tone," our State Department ridicules his complaint as "extreme distortion" and Secretary of State Dean Rusk says this nation is a "shepherd of peace." But within forty-eight hours McNamara is announcing an increase of at least 10 per cent in the overall defense budget and a new $1.75 billion building program for superbombers that will maintain our bomber force at *four* times the strength of Russia's. The Pentagon reveals the existence of a "hot-line telephone" for directing the war in Vietnam, and McNamara surrenders control of the war to the generals: "We will supply whatever forces our military commanders request, when they are requested."

The voices of Congressional dissent are growing feebler. Sen. George McGovern, once a gadfly against the Administration's handling of the Vietnam problem, now says that "we have gone too far . . . to curtail our military commitment —we have already crossed that bridge." And the voices seeking fierce suppression of dissent are growing stronger. Rep. Olin Teague, one of Johnson's Texas friends, suggests: "It's time we stopped talking about free speech and talked a little bit about treason. . . . Dissent gone too far is treason."

Johnson tells the national AFL-CIO convention by telephone that our only purpose is to help South Vietnam, but Seymour Topping reports from Saigon in *The New York Times* that the presence of the American troops has created a disastrous inflationary condition and that the traditional rural structure of life there is "crumbling."

Secretary Rusk insists that the bombing of North Vietnam has done damage to the enemy's movements of troops and supplies, but both Topping and James Cameron, a British newsman who traveled through the northern province, say that the bombings have had little effect other than, in Cameron's words, "to weld the nation together unshakably."

The year 1965 ended in depressing contradictions. Dealing again with the home front, the Defense Department announces the closing of 149 military bases for a total annual savings of $410 million. But one of the Maryland units on the list turns out to have been closed six months ago, with the personnel simply absorbed elsewhere on the base. The local newspaper editorially jeers at Johnson for handing out phony information "to garner a favorable image. Where is the financial savings?" Where indeed?

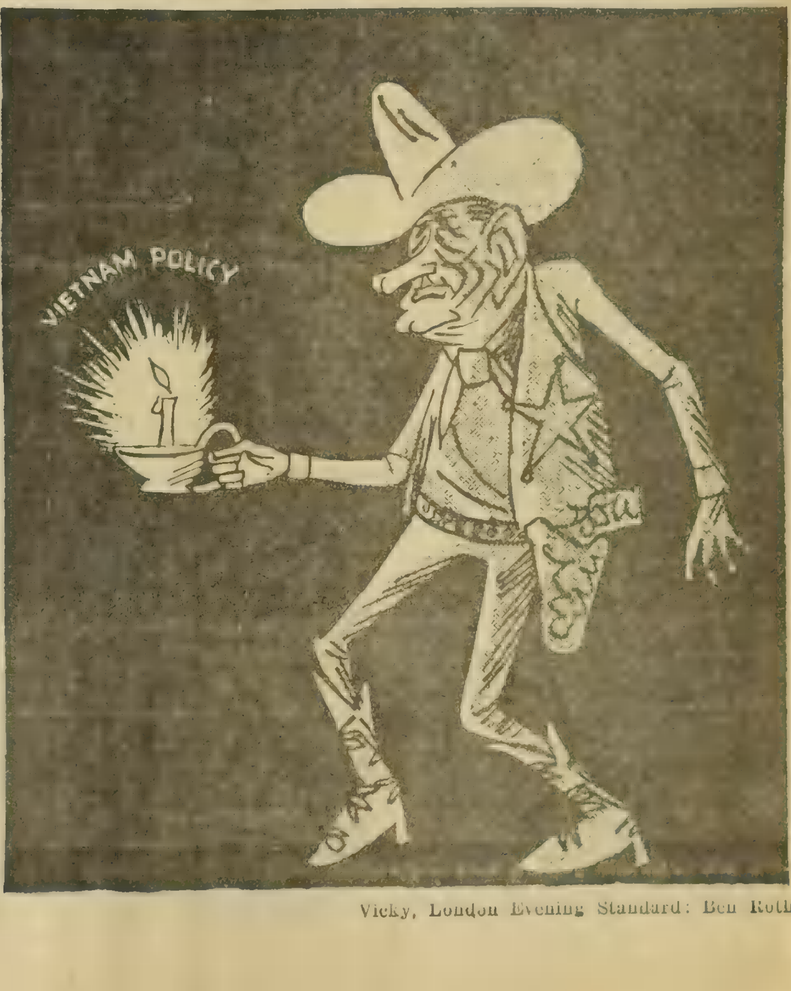
And the same question came up again when word got out that, instead of closing down bases in the area, the Defense Department plans to expand one Navy boot camp in Maryland by $65 million over the next five years. The Defense Department confirmed the plans to Senator Brewster, but denied them to the Washington *Daily News*.

Washington has never been the best town for finding an honest answer, but of late slippery misrepresentation has become an accepted mark of the Administration. That Johnson is not criticized more loudly for it is partly because he has successfully planted the thought spoken by Teague—"dissent gone too far is treason"—but also because the nation believes that, whatever his tactics, his objectives are pure. And in proof of that, it is common to point to his legislative achievements of the past session.

However, a fresh look at what were hailed as major achievements shows that the nation's gratitude has been demanded for more than is really there, or is likely to be. The Medicare program, which is supposed to have been Johnson's greatest victory of 1965, is expected to pay less than half the medical expenses of old people. If that is a step forward, one might be justified nevertheless in asking: toward what? There are signs that the result will not be so much the subsidizing of needy people as the subsidizing of an industry. Oddly enough, Johnson's Administration has turned over to the American Medical Association—which spent without stint to fight Medicare ($1 million in the last three months before its passage)—the responsibility of making the rules of the program, along with insurance and hospital association officials, who also bitterly contested the new law.

The medical industry's change of face, if not of heart, may perhaps be understood from such remarks as this, by Kenneth Williamson, associate director of the American Hospital Association: "For the first time, a federal law has clearly stated that hospitals must be reimbursed for the 'reasonable cost' of their services. This is of utmost significance and should provide enormous reassurance to hospitals. . . . It is in sharp contrast to those agencies of state and local government which through the years have beaten down hospitals on the reasonable costs of their services."

He called Medicare "a great new source of financing." One may be



Vicky, London Evening Standard: Ben Roth forgiven for waiting a bit before giving thanks to LBJ.

Along the same line, as the Chicago *Daily News's* James McCartney outlined so crisply, Johnson gave in quietly and almost completely to the AMA on another of his much-heralded projects of compassion. Back in January, 1965, Johnson said he was launching an "all-out drive" on the three deadliest diseases: heart attack, cancer and stroke. A Presidential commission offered a program that would cost $2.9 billion over five years. The Administration's version that went to Congress asked for $1.2 billion. Congress cut out 70 per cent of that and twenty AMA-demanded amendments were tacked on, with the Administration's approval. Now the "all-out drive" is referred to by Administration officials, unashamedly, as "a foot in the door."

Much else of Johnson's program would indicate that he does not open doors wide enough for much to pass through. The Voter Registration Act of 1965 did not get the ballyhoo of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which was supposed to be the last word in emancipation; still the vote law was expected to work wonders. It hasn't. Johnson's underlying suspicion of civil rights is once again coming to the top. Just as he helped gut "his" civil rights bill of 1957 by supporting the amendment denying the attorney general enforcement powers, and just as, in 1960, he led opposition to giving the attorney general the right to bring civil rights lawsuits (he voted with the South on thirteen of the nineteen amendments to the bill that year), Johnson is still holding the attorney general's office almost powerless.

Not only has Katzenbach refused (on the President's orders, surely) to send more than a skeleton crew of registrars into the South, he has rendered useless the Community Relations Service—which Johnson, in a cruel moment, transferred from the Commerce Department to the Justice Department. Can one imagine any aroused community in the South negotiating through the hated Justice Department?

And the powers given to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare for cutting off federal funds to schools that don't integrate were once hailed as the mightiest integrating tool made by the Act of 1964. This might have proved to be true, if Johnson had used the powers. On the contrary, Southern school systems sent in "integration" plans that kept Negro children as isolated as lepers, but the plans were accepted in Washington.

Now the Administration is passing along the word that it would favor a new civil rights law in the next session, this time to give Negroes and civil rights workers the protection of a federal law against racial murder and racial assault. Is this to be another inoperative benevolence? Pat Watters, one of the Southern Regional Council's spokesmen, recently wrote a letter to *The New York Times* suggesting that instead of passing more and more laws, it might be nice for a change just to enforce the laws already on the books.

One might propose starting out, for example, with an enforcement of the second section of the 14th Amendment, which warns that "when the right to vote . . . is denied . . . or in any way abridged . . ." a state's representation in Congress will be cut proportionately. Johnson may think that's something the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party cooked up, but it has been in the Constitution since 1868—and hasn't been used yet. A conspiracy law was passed in 1870 to protect Negroes against assault and murder, yet only now, and timidly, is it being applied. Why pass more laws covering the same field? Just to show the Negroes what a swell guy Lyndon really is, at heart, even if he doesn't think it politically wise to enforce the laws once they're passed?

As for the anti-poverty program, that has become notoriously loaded at the executive level with political pay-offs and goof-offs. For every Headstart program that shows good results—and some of the children do show a 10-point-I.Q. rise after going through Headstart—there is a dismal and inefficient Camp Kilmer. From Syracuse to Chicago and points south one hears the old refrain that city hall is keeping the poor folks out of the management of the program because they might get independent.

A few weeks ago, down on The Ranch, one of LBJ's visitors was H. B. (Pat) Zachry, a multimillionaire builder from San Antonio. During the visit Johnson started talking about what the millionaire could do to help the morale of the poor Latins on San Antonio's west side. "I wish you would tell the Mexicans to get out and work with the grass, to prune the trees, to work with the flowers," said Johnson, getting preachy, as he is wont to do. "Tell them that's how you got started, Pat. Tell them to work with the soil, Pat. Tell them that's where you started, with the soil—and now you're a millionaire. Tell 'em that, Pat. *They want to hear that, Pat. They want to be told that, Pat.* You started with the soil and now you're a millionaire."

It's that simple. Just because your father and your grandfather and your great-grandfather "worked in the soil" all their lives without getting a nickel ahead, that doesn't mean you can't do it. Hit the migrant trail again—and remember Pat. What kind of anti-poverty program can you expect from a man who thinks like that?

Johnson's legislation to outlaw water pollution has been gushed over as opening a new era of cleanliness. Such judgment is, at best, premature. The new act is usually described as an enforcement of minimum federal standards for water purity. Since industry is looked upon as being the source of two-thirds of the pollution, the burden of reform will be borne by industry—*if* the act is enforced.

But what are the minimum federal standards that would be applied through this new act? The Public Health Service tells me they do not yet exist. And how would they be enforced, if they did exist? Well, first of all, under terms of the act, no enforcement at all will be attempted for a couple of years. After that, violators can drag it out through the usual hearings and then go into court. If, at last, they lose, what will be the penalty? None of the officials assigned to the program to whom I talked seemed to know. But one thing a high official of the Public Health Service *did* know was: "We aren't about to try to enforce pollution laws in fifty states. We just don't have the manpower."

So that leaves the new law just as strong as a state's determination to enforce its anti-pollution laws—which is notoriously so weak that the problem had to be brought to the federal level. Already big industry is resisting. At a national water conference of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce recently, industry leaders said the new law is "un-realistically" demanding, and they agreed that if any money is spent to correct waste disposal, the taxpayer, not industry, should put it out.

Interior Secretary Stewart Udall says he badly needs suggestions on how to carry out the jerry-built Solid Waste Disposal Act. Anybody, just anybody, please write. Officials who will handle the highway beautification program have indicated that they too aren't quite sure how to proceed.

A mildly addled tremor runs through the structure. Stop everything, the Budget Bureau tells the Small Business Administration, until we figure out what's going on over there. Some other departments learn of Johnson policies via news leaks. Dean Rusk doodles while his State Department tries to decide what the departure of McGeorge Bundy means: will it regain powers it can use in its constant bickering with the Defense Department, or will Johnson throw in Bundy's old duties as a little something extra for Jake Jacobsen to handle on the side, between patronage trips?

Meanwhile, true to his impulse to "tell 'em what they want to hear," LBJ gets ready to crank out some more noble pieces of legislation for the next Congress.

Among these, amazingly enough, will be a cold-war GI bill. Isn't that the bill Johnson opposed so bitterly in 1965? Isn't that the bill he sent Veterans Administration and Defense Department and Bureau of the Budget officials to testify against? Yes. And some beautifully wacky testimony they gave. There was Arthur W. Farmer, one of the VA's deputy chiefs, who argued that the vets of today do not merit such schooling because their term of service is shorter (when, actually, they serve an average of six months longer than the Korean vet, who had the GI benefits). Farmer's strength on the witness stand wilted when, under committee grilling, he admitted he didn't even know at what age men are now drafted!

And there was Brig. Gen. William W. Berg, who spoke for the Defense Department and for his Commander in Chief. Why did he not want a GI bill? Because, said Berg, if the draftees knew they could get some schooling when they left the service, they might be less inclined to re-enlist. Of course, only 10 per cent of the draftees re-enlist as it is.

Nevertheless, despite this opposition, Sen. Ralph Yarborough of Texas got the bill through the Senate, as he had done on two other occasions, with the assistance this time of Sen. Robert Kennedy of New York. Any troubles they might have faced in the House now can be forgotten. LBJ is taking over. Reportedly he will make the GI bill a part of his "program."

Why the about-face? There are two reasons. First, it will allow Johnson to take credit away from Yarborough, whom he dislikes very much, and from Kennedy, ditto. Yarborough is the spokesman for the Texas liberals, a group whose relationship with Johnson has traditionally been one of mutual suspicion.

But the main reason for Johnson's change is that all popular discussions of the Vietnam problem have moved from the rational sphere of foreign-policy debate to the emotional sphere of love-the-servicemen. Johnson will ride any national emotion. The time is right for a new GI bill, and Johnson is always ready when the time is right.

When Harry Truman asked help for his national health insurance program, Johnson's response was: "I want no part of socialized medicine. . . . The democratic answer to this form of socialism is more hospitals, more doctors, more nurses." He did not lift a hand to help, even behind the scene, until the field had been plowed and fertilized and planted and contoured for twenty years—by others—and finally the time was right for him to step in and reap the crop. And with just the same deliberate sense of timing he reaped the civil rights crop. Now he is ready to put his name to the cold-war GI bill, and carry away the credit.

That's how, in the midst of confusion and double talk, legends of the Great Leader are made. That's how, incidentally, the nation will get peace out of Johnson, if it ever does. When he hears that the people *really* want peace, he'll give it to them.

The Messianic Pose

POST-COLD-WAR DELUSIONS

H. Stuart Hughes

Not since the McCarthy era—now more than a decade in the past—has the American intellectual's attitude toward his government been so charged with distaste and fear as it is today. The Vietnamese war is without precedent in the way it has split university and official thinking. The beginnings of the rupture were apparent in the teach-in movement last spring. Although the center of gravity of those performances oscillated between disinterested inquiry and exhortation—on some campuses the emphasis inclining toward "factual" presentation, on others toward polemic—on balance the critics of Administration policy figured far more prominently than its defenders. Since the President's midsummer announcement that the country had crossed the threshold into a Korea-type war, the lines of cleavage have become still sharper. Frustration at its failure to have any influence whatsoever in Washington has added new bitterness to the tone and range of intellectual opposition.

Although this situation is almost without precedent in American history, it is perfectly familiar in the European democratic tradition. Across the Atlantic, expressed opposition to one's country's government in time of war—and especially of colonial war—is an accepted and honorable course of action. In Britain, there have been the examples of the Boer War and Suez; in France, the more protracted intellectual struggle against the war

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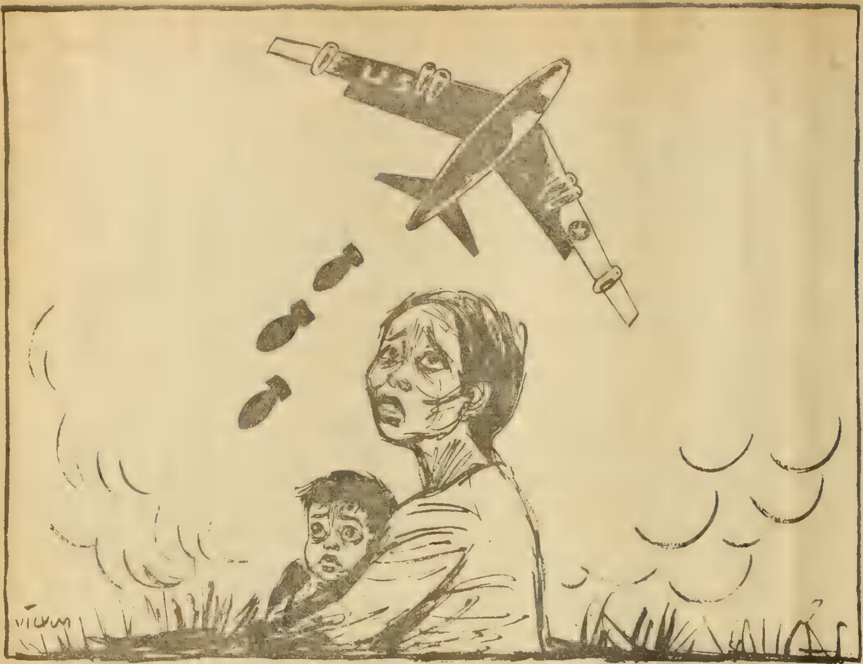
H. Stuart Hughes, author of Consciousness and Society *and other works, is professor of history at Harvard University. In 1962 he ran as an independent candidate for the United States Senate from Massachusetts.*



Vicky, London Evening Standard: Ben Roth

"Let This Session of Congress Be Known as the Session—which Declared All-Out War on Human Poverty."—Lyndon B. Johnson

in Algeria. In all these cases, the articulate opposition was a small minority: the national "consensus" was overwhelmingly bellicose. But the opponents of the war refused to be overawed by the weight of numbers. They felt that they had a more discriminating sense of the issues at stake, and that in the end the judgment of posterity would prove them right. In this latter expectation they were not mistaken.

I suggest that such is the case in America today. On any simple count of heads, the opponents of the war in Vietnam are pitifully weak. Why, then, do the President and his advisers become so nettled by what they say? It is not so much the expert opinion and the prominent names which the opposition can muster that give it an importance beyond its numbers. It is rather the sense it conveys of knowing that it is right—while the spokesmen of the Administration sound blundering and hesitant.

The opposition believes that it is right in the sense of having a clearer and less provincial view of the contemporary world than the President and his advisers. It feels that it is both more responsible and more aware of the long-range interests of its own country and of humanity at large. It is totally unimpressed by the argument that in a military sense "our side" can "win" the war since it sees little point in holding by force a heap of ruins in Southeast Asia. It considers itself in no way extremist: in terms of a world rather than an American ideological spectrum, it places the Administration on the far-right fringe and itself in the moderate center. All this would perhaps be clearer to the public at large if our country had not entered the war over so long a period and by such carefully graduated stages that it was next to impossible to find a single agreed-on moment at which to sound the alarm.

What in retrospect looks like the decisive step was the start of the bombing of North Vietnam last February. This turn of events caught most of the Administration's potential critics by surprise (my own first reaction was incredulity), for the bombing came at the end of the quietest two and a half years of the entire post-1945 era. The twenty-eight months following the Cuban missile crisis had beguiled a great many of us into a mood of deceptive security. In this period the American peace organizations began to feel that the tide was at last turning in their favor: the euphoria produced by the partial test ban of August, 1963, set these groups a paradoxical problem; their membership began to fall away as the less committed drew the hasty conclusion that their goal had been achieved.

Besides the test ban and President Kennedy's speech at American University two months earlier, which had sketched the outlines of a new course in foreign policy, two further changes had come about with less public fanfare. The first was a substantial alteration in Catholic sentiment following the publication of Pope John's last encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*; the second was the hesitant beginnings of a "peace bloc" in the United States Senate. This latter consisted for the most part of freshman members, but it also included the two veteran nonconformists, Senators Clark and Morse, and it could sometimes count on a representative of the inner circle itself when Senator Fulbright chose to speak his mind.

Even before the signing of the test ban, then, there was evidence that peace was becoming not only a respectable issue but even popular. Positions which a year earlier had been considered politically suicidal (witness my own experience as a Senatorial candidate) could now be advanced with impunity by independent-minded but perfectly realistic members of the Senate. What earlier had been the wildest heresies were starting to sound like simple common sense on Capitol Hill. Almost from the moment of his installation in office, President Johnson began to echo them himself. (This was the era of such films as *Dr. Strangelove* and *Seven Days in May*, whose public showing—let alone their box-office success—would have been unthinkable in the 1950s.) In the campaign of 1964, one of Johnson's fringe advantages over Goldwater was the fact that he had the peace sentiment on his side.

With these two and a half years behind them, it was understandable that those who had backed the President as a man of peace should have felt betrayed by his escalation in Vietnam. And their sense of betrayal grew to fury with the Dominican intervention two months later. But should they—we—have been quite so surprised? If we take another look at the "good period" from late 1962 to early 1965, I think we shall find that the course of events was not quite so favorable to us as we thought at the time. The new *détente* with the Soviet Union did not extend much beyond a tacit agreement to refrain from nuclear threats. On the great question that was displacing the danger of nuclear holocaust as the major international obsession—the "wars of liberation"—the two powers were as far apart as ever.

Even in Europe, the only part of the world where the *détente* was fully operative, the American Administration was pursuing policies that alarmed a number of its allies and all the Eastern European states. It was in this era that our country's quarrel with de Gaulle grew envenomed; it was in this era that the project for a multilateral nuclear force was hatched. Neither President Kennedy nor President Johnson seemed to realize the full implications of the Europeans' newly independent and newly self-confident situation. In the underdeveloped world, the best that can be said is that nothing very dire happened; but in Vietnam the time bomb was quietly ticking away. While President Kennedy made a start toward a more understanding policy in Latin America, the basic American assumptions about the formerly colonial nations were never subjected to the kind of radical critique that might have revealed their inapplicability to the third quarter of the 20th century.

The international ground gained in the twenty-eight months of calm is by no means totally lost. Despite the recent buffeting to which it has been subjected, much of the new cordiality in Soviet-American relations has persisted: the "parallel action" of the two countries at the time of the India-Pakistan hostilities has been rightly cited as an encouraging case in point. In Europe, the *détente* is still the overriding fact of life. Indeed, the chief complaint which European friends lodge against our country's current policy in Vietnam is that it endangers a relationship with Russia which seems to them infinitely more precious than any presumed gain to be derived from further fighting in Asia.

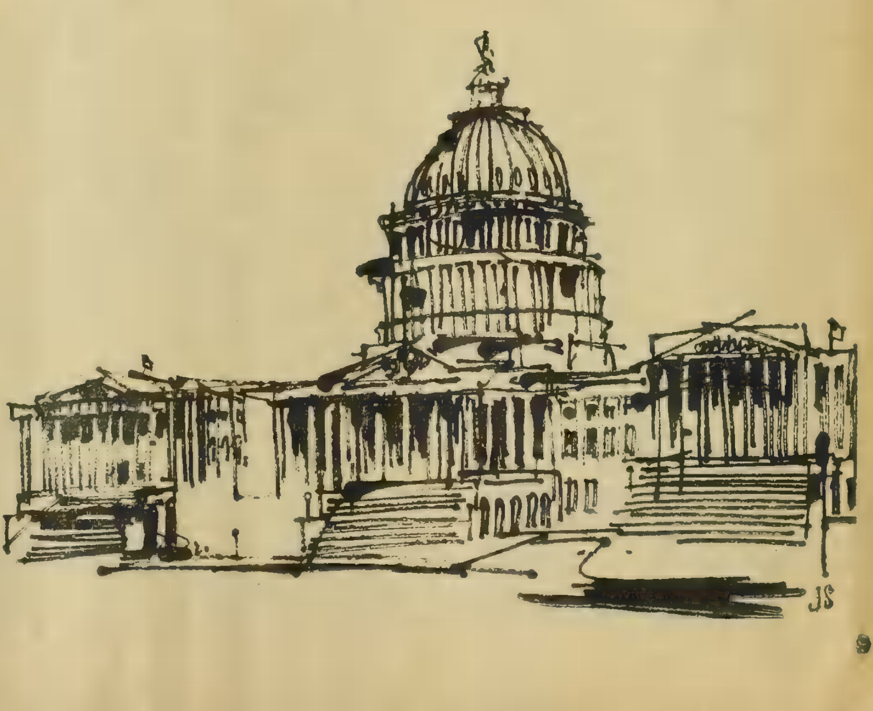
A trip to Europe last summer gave me a chance to hear such complaints on the spot. The inadvisability of the war in Vietnam was assumed without discussion by nearly all my hosts: the variations came only in the relative weight given to conservative or "progressive" arguments. Thus it was curious to find that irreproachably respectable officials in France shared with their Communist counterparts in Yugoslavia a common assessment of the world ideological landscape. This assessment was arrestingly different from the picture presented in our country's public propaganda: two discrepancies struck me with particular force.

First, there was the assumption—present in the atmosphere even when not explicitly mentioned—that the cold war was a thing of the past. From this perspective, the great event of the past twenty years is a kind of non-event: the avoidance of war between the Soviet Union and the United States. Different people offer different reasons for the happy outcome, but most ascribe it to a mixture of luck and forbearance at the critical moment—most notably on the part of the United States during the Hungarian rebellion of 1956, and on the part of the Soviet Union at the time of the Cuban missile crisis in 1962. Now that the once "inevitable" war has been staved off for nearly a generation, Europeans find it increasingly logical to surmise that it will never occur. And the natural corollary of such a conclusion is the hope that a similar *détente* can be achieved after a further generation of standoff between the United States and China.

The second European assumption is that revolutionary "wars of liberation" are a normal phenomenon of the mid-20th century and should be anticipated in most of the underdeveloped world. Some Europeans greet such movements with approval—more, perhaps, with indifference or hostility—but few underrate their potential or make much of a point of whether they originate inside or outside the country in question. Citizens of formerly colonial powers have had ample experience with the strength of indigenous revolutionary forces, and they sometimes take malicious pleasure in watching Americans squirm in the same kind of agonizing situations overseas that brought their own countries into ideological disrepute a decade or two ago. Such comparisons jar on American ears, but they are only the natural response to the moral scoldings we used to give Britain and France for their colonial misdemeanors.

In this perspective, the Soviet Union appears in the most advantageous light that it has enjoyed since the Second World War. Admittedly there are real—and perhaps growing—difficulties in Russia's international situation today. Both Soviet and Western European spokesmen keep voicing their concern as to how much longer the USSR can stay out of the Vietnamese struggle. But the very terms in which this worry is expressed suggest the strength of the Russian position. The usual picture that emerges—both East and West—of what used to be called the "iron curtain"—is of a long-suffering power which with the greatest difficulty is barely managing to maintain its international equilibrium against almost intolerable pressures and provocations; in short, of a massive force for moderation and restraint. Such a view puts the Soviet Union close to the "vital center" of the world ideological spectrum, with the United States and China on the wings as the two extremist powers that threaten the peace.

Few Americans can be expected



to take so unflattering a view of their country's current situation vis-à-vis "world opinion"; and the picture is unquestionably exaggerated. At the same time, it is more accurate than the conventional line of Messrs. Johnson, Rusk, McNamara, et al., that the United States has first call on international virtue and that its policies find substantial backing in the rest of the world. The American view of the matter is parochial—the European view has a wider historical focus. Or, more precisely, the American attitude rests on a narrow understanding of the history of our country alone and on nostalgia for a period—the late 18th century—when the United States was in a very real sense the chosen vessel for the hopes of mankind. It takes the more comparative (and disabused) historical experience of the Europeans to show us how far 20th-century reality has outstripped the inherited rhetoric with which we deck our international doings.

Since I began mulling over these speculations last summer, the second (and decisive) *coup d'état* in Brazil has underlined their urgency. When the Castelo Branco government first came to power, its ultimate intentions remained unclear; many informed and liberal-spirited Americans were inclined to give it the benefit of the doubt and to stress the irresponsible character of its predecessor. Today such a guarded judgment is no longer possible: the events of last autumn have demonstrated beyond reasonable question that the rulers of Brazil had no hesitation about destroying what remained of democratic procedures—and that they were backed by the American Embassy along the way.

Thus Brazil has been added to the melancholy succession of Cuba, Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. Potentially, it is by far the most important in the series. True, an American military intervention has not yet occurred, but the most cursory reading of our Administration's public pronouncements leaves no doubt that it would take such action in the face of any widespread Brazilian revolt. It is unnecessary to detail the tragic effects that would ensue from such interference. Suffice it to warn, as our French friends already do, that Brazil—still more than Vietnam—could become America's Algeria.

In Vietnam, in Cuba—now in Brazil—the press revelations of the past few weeks have proved that the truth is even worse than the critics of the Johnson Administration have claimed. Those (like myself) who have tried to be fair-minded have been shown their error. Others who suspected that their government was not telling the whole story have been themselves surprised by the scale of the deception practiced upon them. With each week that passes, our government strays farther off course, as its statements both of fact and of ideology lose contact with any picture of the world that the rest of mankind can recognize.

It will take something more than a face-saving device to rescue us—to salvage the remnants of our psychological credit abroad. Not until we abandon the anachronisms of our Messianic pose, not until we cut our losses in Vietnam and resolve to refrain from the same errors again, can we begin the painful process of readjustment to the international and moral realities of our time.

Two NATION Portraits

Frederick Law Olmsted: Launching The Nation

Robert Fridlington

This article and the one that follows it complete the series of Nation *biographies prepared as part of the magazine's observation of its centenary. Normally, the affairs of a publication are not thought an apt subject for journalism, but it seemed to us that, once in a hundred years, a magazine of opinion should examine the tradition from which it stems. It gives us satisfaction — mixed with some ironic amusement—that for the most part these sketches have been critical of the men and women they commemorated. A magazine that is quick to criticize the society in which it lives has a special responsibility to be critical of itself. In that regard,* The Nation *will continue in the future as it has operated in the past.* — The Editors

In early May, 1863, Edwin L. Godkin wrote to a friend: "I have been thinking and talking a great deal about a first class weekly paper ever since I saw you. . . ." But Godkin was not sure that the friend shared his enthusiasm. "I don't know," he continued, "whether you were in joke or earnest in saying you would go into such a scheme with me; but if in earnest, I need hardly say, I should be very glad to make some such arrangement." As it happened, Godkin's friend, Frederick Law Olmsted, was very much in earnest. Thus was marked the incipience of the "weekly paper" that would be *The Nation*.

Frederick Law Olmsted is remembered today as the father of American landscape architecture. Central Park in New York is probably his best-known work, but he left many monuments to his greatness as an artist. He created lovely parks in the urban jungles of cities throughout the country; he designed campuses from Yale and Princeton in the East to Stanford and California in the West; and he fashioned dozens of other scenic landscapes, including Capitol Hill in Washington, D.C.

The son of a wealthy dry-goods merchant, Olmsted was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1822. His ultimate success in landscape architecture represents only one phase of a varied and versatile career. He was a distinguished writer; his

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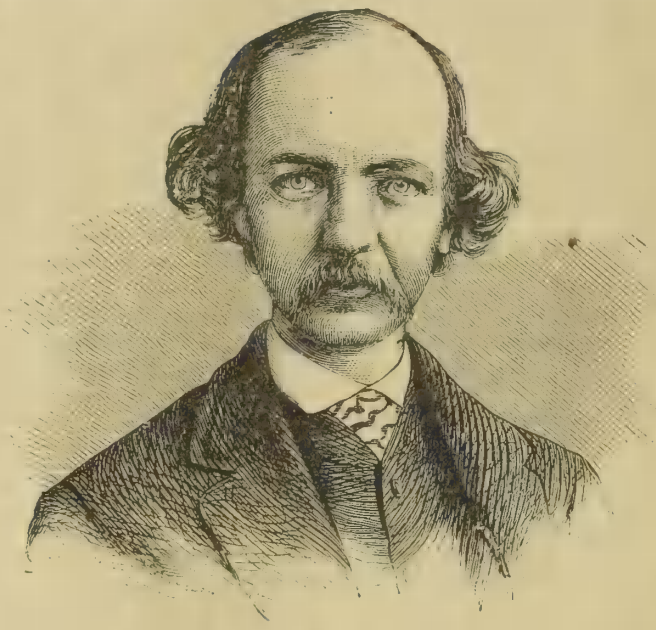
three books of travel through the Southern United States—*A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States* (1856), *A Journey Through Texas* (1857) and *A Journey in the Back Country* (1860)—are classics of social observation. A political activist and a violent foe of slavery expansion, Olmsted labored hard for the free-soil cause in the 1850s. He was also a humanitarian, whose achievements as general secretary of the United States Sanitary Commission—the "Red Cross" of the American Civil War — have never been fully appreciated.

Olmsted and Godkin met in 1856, shortly after the latter's arrival in the United States. Olmsted, the elder by nearly ten years, was attracted by Godkin's eloquence, wit and European sophistication. For his part, the younger man was impressed by Olmsted's knowledge of political affairs and by his reasoned judgments. "There are," Godkin later wrote, "very few men in America—I know of none—who bring theories to bear as well on the practice of politics as Olmsted." The initial friendship grew with each passing year, for the two men shared the same intellectual interests. Both had been reared in the traditions of the classical economists; both regarded John Stuart Mill as their prophet. They saw eye to eye on matters of politics, economics and social problems. But there was one difference: Olmsted, the largely self-taught dilettante, lived in a ferment of intellectual quest and artistic experiment; Godkin, the university-educated journalist, reconciled his broader interests with the pursuit of a single career and a single, articulate point of view.

When Godkin proposed the "first class weekly paper" in 1863, Olmsted was particularly receptive. He had long recognized the need for a critical journal that would act as an opinion maker among America's intellectuals. It should be patterned, he believed, after the best English reviews and be devoted to politics, literature and the arts. Now, however, Olmsted saw the opportunity to dedicate such a publication to an even nobler purpose. Aimed at the educated citizenry, the paper would serve the cause of the Union and act as an outspoken friend of the Negro.

Although the paper was initially conceived as a joint project, Olmsted soon took sole charge. The reasons for this are easily understood. Godkin was an excellent newspaper man and would become a great editor. But as his later career bore out, he had little interest in the business side of publishing. He was, moreover, virtually a stranger to the intellectual circles of the East. Olmsted, on the other hand, delighted in planning and organizing, and he had the contacts to raise the necessary money. In the initial plan for the paper, Olmsted would be the publisher and would insist upon ultimate control of the publication. Godkin would serve as editor.



Frederick Law Olmsted

On June 25, the week before Gettysburg, Olmsted presented an informal prospectus, which he and Godkin had drawn up, to a group of potential investors in New York. The major purpose of the publication, the prospectus stated, "would be to secure a more careful, accurate and elaborate discussion of political, economical, and commercial topics than is possible in the columns of the daily press. . . ." In order that such intentions not be taken lightly, it added: "If this purpose should, at first thought, be considered quixotic, it must be remembered that while, four years ago, intelligent men could avoid giving much consideration to questions of government and legislation, this is no longer the case; henceforward they *must* give consideration to these questions or prepare themselves to accept the destruction of their country." The journal would give full support to the government in the war and would oppose all those advocating States' rights and the maintenance of slavery. In addition, it would contain articles of literary and scientific importance, book reviews and critiques of dramatic and musical performances.

To get the journal started, Olmsted needed $30,000. He hoped to raise half this sum in New York and the remainder in New England, where Charles Eliot Norton had promised to help. But the search for money was interrupted by the violent draft riots that swept New York in the middle of July. The men of wealth, upon whom Olmsted was counting, either left the city or turned their attention to more pressing matters. By the first of August only $3,000 had been pledged.

At this juncture Olmsted was offered the position of superintendent of the Mariposa Mining Estates in California, a huge complex of mining and commercial enterprises comprising an entire county and possessing a tenant population of some 7,000 persons. The decision was difficult to make. Olmsted desperately wanted to be of service to the nation during the war and in the great task of reconstruction ahead. His friends—Godkin, Norton and others—urged him to consider carefully before making a decision that would remove him to the West. Prospects in New York, however, were intangible; the California offer was immediate and quite tangible—his salary would be $10,000 a year and he would receive $100,000 in stock. Moreover, the offer came at a time when Olmsted was worried and despondent. The newspaper project was not going as well as he had hoped. His services with the Sanitary Commission had been at considerable personal sacrifice, and he was deeply in debt. His health, never strong, had been further impaired by his unremitting efforts on behalf of the commission, and there was the chance that the mountain air of the West might help him regain it. Concern for health and fortune dictated the decision. In September, Olmsted sailed for California, leaving Godkin to push the publishing project through to completion.

Godkin's progress was even slower and more difficult than Olmsted's had been. Olmsted had introduced him to Norton, who provided inestimable assistance; but this was not enough. Godkin was an Irishman, or an Englishman (or both, which was worse still), depending on one's point of view. The respectable men of wealth, who might have backed a Connecticut Yankee, were reluctant to underwrite the venture for someone of such suspicious lineage. Then, in the spring of 1865, the Philadelphia abolitionist, James Miller McKim, came to Godkin's rescue. McKim was trying to found a publication to represent the interests of the freedmen—and, incidentally, to create an editorial position for Wendell Phillips Garrison, who was about to become his son-in-law. Hearing of Godkin's project, McKim proposed they join forces. With McKim's support, solid financial backing, much of it from other abolitionists, was soon secured.

Just as the first issue of *The Nation* appeared in July, 1865, Olmsted was planning to return to New York. The Mariposa venture had been a failure, and Olmsted was coming back to the position he had held before the war, architect of Central Park. But responding to Godkin's plea for assistance, he also accepted an associate editorship on *The Nation*, with the understanding that he would stay on only as long as the park project would allow.

For the few months that Olmsted held his post with *The Nation*, he rendered valuable assistance, relieving Godkin of many of his duties and going over all editorial material with him. He also acted as mediator in a dispute between Godkin and a group of dissident stockholders that threatened to destroy the magazine before it became established. But his stay with *The Nation* was brief. Central Park demanded more and more of his time. At the end of the first year of publication, Olmsted resigned. The rest of his life was devoted to landscape architecture.

After leaving *The Nation*, Olmsted contributed only a handful of articles to its pages, either correspondence of passing interest or reviews of books on landscaping. He continued, however, to be a warm supporter of the reform principles Godkin advocated. During the fifteen years before Henry Villard bought the magazine, when Godkin labored under constant financial difficulties, Olmsted persistently urged his friend to continue, regardless of cost. When, for example, Harvard offered Godkin a chair of history in 1870, Olmsted advised him to accept only if he could retain direction of the magazine. If he could not, said Olmsted, "give up the professorship, for *The Nation* is worth many professorships." Then he added, probably with a pang of guilt: "It is a question of loyalty over a question of comfort."

Olmsted meant loyalty to the principles for which *The Nation* stood. Like many of his background, he was profoundly disturbed by the changes taking place in America. The materialism of the age and the corruption of postwar politics outraged him. *The Nation* was the last clear voice of reason. It represented the old traditions of high-minded public service, limited government and natural law. Olmsted and Godkin were both attached to the old traditions. Olmsted tagged himself a "socialist democrat" and Godkin called himself a "radical"; but under any label both men were conservatives. They looked backward, not forward. Theirs was a socialist democracy that abandoned the struggle for the rights of the freedmen. Theirs was a radicalism that led to unabashed admiration of that portly profile in courage, Grover Cleveland.

They sought a society dedicated to the old traditions, a society of scrupulously clean, efficient government, where public office would be a post of honor and where both politician and entrepreneur would be gentlemen. Though they did not fully recognize the fact, they wanted a society of the countryside and the small town—small not in the sense of Gopher Prairie but in the sense of Brookline, Mass., where Olmsted made his home, or Cambridge, where Godkin retreated in the 1870s. Only in such centers would government be so intimate that its members could hold one another to a high standard of personal honor rather than a mere technical conscientiousness. Here there would be no slums crying for corruption and boss rule. Only here could the very physical structure of society be graceful, mannered and leisurely.

Godkin's convictions led him into a blunt defiance of political and social realities. To a nation facing labor unrest, agrarian discontent, the expanding power of business, urban problems, and the manifold other issues of a new era, he preached tariff revision, civil service reform, hard money and Mugwump pieties. These could neither recapture the paradise lost nor solve the immediate problems confronting the country. Indeed, by advocating the rights of property, limited government and laissez faire, he ultimately served the ends of one of the forces he most diligently opposed—big business.

Olmsted's career as a landscape architect was perhaps more consistent with the implications of his social philosophy. In his work he would, in effect, carry out a direct assault on the industrial city. In the very centers of an urban culture he would locate and preserve the sights and associations of the Arcadian, pre-industrial America he loved. He thus became a Johnny Appleseed of scenic beauty, planting his parks and landscapes from coast to coast.

His work was also a portent of the future. He pioneered in the constructions of vast public pleasure grounds for the urban masses and, in changing the physical contours of urban culture, he approached modern city planning. But Olmsted changed only the face of the city; his laissez-faire philosophy precluded tampering with the vital organs of society. No more than Godkin did Olmsted perceive the implications of the new age. No more than Godkin could he have advocated a truly radical reform of 19th-century America.

Jessie White Mario: Victorian in Italy

Elizabeth A. Daniels

An obituary written by W. P. Garrison for the March 15, 1906 *Nation* drew attention to the death of Jessie Meriton White Mario, who had served as the magazine's correspondent on Italian affairs almost from its first issue:

> *For forty years this name has been familiar by its initials, to readers of the* Nation. . . . *Last week we published her animated account of the new Italian ministry.*
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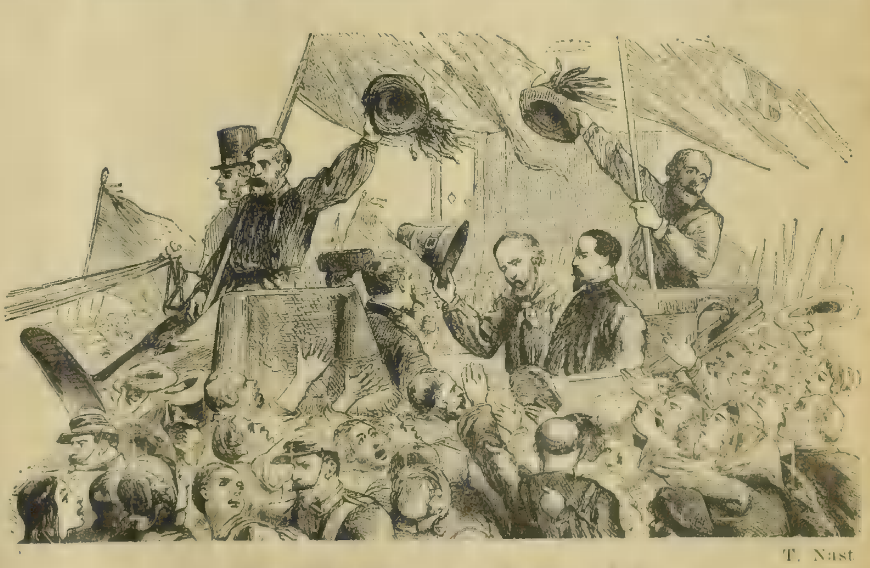
> . . . *Two days before her letter appeared in the* Nation, *her funeral procession, as the* Evening Post's *London correspondent telegraphs, "passed the Casa Guidi in Florence, which was decorated in honor of the centenary of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The association was just, as well as striking. . . ." Ever her thoughts were with the great idealist leaders of the Italian new birth, and she played the part of Old Mortality in editing their writings or memoirs. . . .*
>
> *To our deep regret we never met this admirable woman, an honor to her sex and to Britain's great name for ardent, world-wide philanthropy. She had a soul sensitive to all misery: our readers will recall her exposition of the horrors of the subterranean life of Naples, of the sulphur mines of Sicily. She was responsive to every proletary movement for relief from oppression or distress, though opposed to violence in the justest cause. . . .*

The Nation had chosen for its first Italian correspondent one of England's unusual Victorians. She was the most vigorous and versatile of a handful of women who, in the 1850s, had passionately thrown themselves into the work of the Friends of Italy Society. So impressive was the fervor of that group of revolutionary disciples, who thought of themselves as "possessed" by the "angel," that George Meredith undoubtedly drew on them as a composite model for the patriotic heroine of his Italian revolutionary novel, *Vittoria*. After the days of unification were over, however, and Mazzini and Garibaldi had failed to establish a republic, Jessie was able to transfer her interest to the larger challenge of the problems of the new kingdom. In her 143 articles written for *The Nation* between 1866 and 1906, she awakened her readers to the discrepancies between the ideal and the actual. Croce thought of her as an optimist, but when one looks back at her continuously serious criticism of the many ills besetting the new country, it can be seen that she was a realist. Jessie Mario never forgot her dreams of what Italy might have been had the Mazzinian republic materialized, but she pushed them to the side. Because she had had such a basic experience in Italian affairs, her strong sympathies with the objectives of Italian "reconstruction" permeated her *Nation* correspondence.

Jessie White, the child of a British loading-dock builder, Thomas White, and his American wife, Jane Teage Meriton, was born in Gosport, near Portsmouth, on May 9, 1832. Her father had an overweening preoccupation with religion, but also possessed a liberal political outlook. Even before 1848, he was interested in the stirrings on the Continent, and in that year of revolution he went to Paris to see for himself what was taking place. He apparently encouraged the members of his family to think independently about political and social change. Jessie was bright and very self-willed, and it was soon clear that she was too much for her family to manage. Her father recognized in her a lively intellectual curiosity, however, and was interested in fostering it. When a new young clergyman with advanced social ideas and a charted course of ranging ethical reforms came to Gosport in 1846, Jessie attached herself to him and begged him to teach her all he knew. (She echoed his views in a short story that she published in *Eliza Cook's Journal* in 1853.) John Daniel Morell was much too liberal for Gosport, and was shortly dismissed from his pulpit; but he started Jessie on her self-education. He persuaded her father to send her to Birmingham to attend the classes of George Dawson, who had recently begun experiments in the education of adults of both sexes. Jessie went from an ever-broadening experience in Birmingham to the Sorbonne, where she read philosophy and political economy with Cousin, the virtual head of the university, and where she encountered Lamennais, Beranger and many of the other liberals of the times. She was by then seriously interested in what she could learn of the revolution stirring in Italy.

In 1854, Jessie accompanied a woman named Emma Roberts, who was "engaged" to Garibaldi, on a trip to his home in Sardinia, and thence to Italy proper. Garibaldi was exiled on his island and could not himself travel through Italy; but he was interested in furthering


T. Nast

Garibaldi's Entry into Naples: 1860

Elizabeth A. Daniels, professor of English at Vassar College, is now completing a biography of Jessie White Mario.

Jessie's knowledge of the country, and saw to it that the women were introduced to patriotic Italians who could show them the signs of brewing trouble. When Jessie returned to England in 1855, she had apparently decided that she wanted to work for the cause of freedom in Italy. Garibaldi advised her to get some practical training in medicine, so that she could be prepared to alleviate the suffering in the bitter wars that he felt sure were coming. Through the influence of a doctor friend, she registered at the University of London; but after she had taken courses for a few months, she discovered that the university was unwilling to offer her a degree and she abandoned her formal study. At this time she became associated with the Ashursts, the English family that was the nucleus of the Friends of Italy group, and Mazzini's patrons. Through Emilia Ashurst, Jessie met Mazzini and decided to join his "movement."

Suddenly she was plunged into Italian affairs. At Garibaldi's suggestion, she translated Orsini's hair-raising *Austrian Dungeons in Italy* in 1856. To the work itself, she appended her own passionately idealistic preface. The book was a bestseller, running to 35,000 copies that year. Mazzini was never one to make light demands on those who offered to serve him, and although he was initially somewhat irritated by Jessie White's insistence on doing everything at once, he soon discovered that she was a versatile and willing worker. Within a few months, he involved her in a piece of revolutionary complicity. With one of his followers, Carlo Pisacane, he had decided upon a plan of capturing some ships in the harbor of Genoa, transporting ammunition and supplies in them to the lower coast of Spezia where, it was assumed, the local peasants would respond instantaneously to the invitation to revolt from the Bourbons. In this way he expected the Italian revolution might begin anew. Mazzini asked Jessie to apply for a commission as a reporter on Italian affairs for the London *Daily News*, in which role she could go to Genoa and carry out his surreptitious arrangements. Jessie did go to Italy, but without the newspaper commission and when the plot failed, she was tried for complicity and imprisoned in Sant'Andrea. She so irritated Cavour, the Prime Minister of Piedmont, and Sir James Hudson, the British ambassador in Turin, and she seemed so to implicate herself in the testimony that she gave at the tribunal hearing, that it took her several months to gain release from prison.

In Genoa, she had made the acquaintance of Alberto Mario, a Venetian journalist in exile. Mario had spent his life in the revolutionary struggle, but he was a Federalist, rather than a pure Mazzinian. During this era in Italy, however, subtleties of political position had to be subordinated to actual chances for action; and in 1856 Mario was engaged in the support of Mazzini.

Upon the failure of the insurrection, Mario, too, was imprisoned in Sant'Andrea, and before a week had passed, the newly acquainted prisoners were betrothed. They carried on an intensive courtship by the prison grapevine and through daily letters passed back and forth. The letters of courtship went beyond the conventions of love: Alberto gave his future wife a comprehensive course in Italian cultural history, corrected her Italian, and wrote her daily essays on Italian writers of the past and present. After their release from prison, the couple went to England and were married.

Mazzini now employed Jessie as propagandist. For a few months she lectured in England and Scotland on behalf of the Friends. In the fall of 1858, Mazzini decided to send the Marios to America. Through William Ashurst, who had visited William Lloyd Garrison in 1854, there were Mazzinian connections in America, and the leader felt that there was strong untapped support for his cause. In particular, the Abolitionists could be counted on to sympathize with an Italian movement for freedom.

The Marios traveled up and down the eastern seaboard of the United States for almost six months. Always speaking out boldly, and sometimes even recklessly, to influence popular opinion, Jessie gave many public lectures. She and her husband engaged in heated controversy, too, in the letters-to-the-editor columns of the New York daily papers. They lost no chance to draw attention to the repressions in Italy. Alberto did not join his wife on the lecture platform; English was a new language to him, and furthermore, although he was passionately dedicated to Italian freedom, he was considerably cooler than his wife toward Mazzini.

The American visit of the Marios was cut short in May, just as they were about to travel to Cambridge at the invitation of James Russell Lowell. It appeared that at long last the simmering movement for freedom was boiling up in Piedmont. Garibaldi had already been appointed head of a volunteer army, and the Marios did not wish to delay their own enlistment in his ranks.

Returning to the Continent, Jessie and Alberto bided time in Switzerland, retreating there from Italy where they were again temporarily incarcerated as revolutionaries. In Lugano, they edited a contraband newspaper for Mazzini; but Mario now often quarreled with the leader on matters of policy, and accordingly relations were progressively less cordial between Jessie and Mazzini.

When Garibaldi finally summoned the Marios to the Southern campaign, they joined him surreptitiously. Jessie soon organized his ambulance corps, of which she was chief nurse. She often went on the battlefields in Sicily and Naples. She put her earlier medical studies to use in supervising the temporary hospital that was established in the convent of Monte Pellegrino in Palermo. Meanwhile, whenever there was a respite, she investigated local conditions and talked with Sicilians and Neapolitans about their problems and aspirations. These casual observations supplied her with an excellent foundation for her later writing on the depressed conditions of the southern peasants.

When Italy was proclaimed a kingdom (although not yet completely unified) and the new government was being formulated, Jessie and Alberto, after a period of racking indecision, decided to settle permanently in Italy. Alberto was homeless, since Venetia had not yet been liberated, but Jessie was by then thoroughly an Italian by adoption. She had lost her ties with England, and found the Italian people very much to her taste. They responded to her warmly, but always thought her extreme and unpredictable, even for an Englishwoman.

In the summer of 1861, Jessie undertook a job as correspondent for the English *Morning Star*, for which she traveled in the north and south, enriching her impressions of the people and the country. Later in that year, she wrote an article on American slavery for *Politecnico*, Carlo Cattaneo's newly reinstituted positivist journal. At one point, she journeyed to Milan to persuade Garibaldi not to think of accepting an offer from Abraham Lincoln to go to America again and lead the Northern troops.

The Marios embarked on their lifelong careers as writers and editors after their return from a lecture trip to England in 1862. From that time, they thought of Italy as their permanent home. They lived sometimes in Florence, the seat of the new government until Rome was wrested from the Pope; sometimes in Rome; and sometimes in Lendinara, where in 1871 an uncle of Alberto left them a small house and garden. They traveled constantly.

In 1866, Jessie began reporting for *The Nation*. One can guess that she got the job by asking for it when she heard that the magazine had been founded. Her first piece appeared six months after *The Nation* began publication; it was among the periodical's first articles on foreign affairs. She signed it with the initials "J.W." Subsequently, many of her articles were signed this way, or with "J.W.M." or "W. M."; some were not signed. The first article was characteristic of the other 142 in make-up and subject matter. Entitled "Parties in Italy," it was an analysis of the composition of the new house of Parliament, which had met for the first time two months earlier. She felt that the ministry was not promising and was highly critical of the proposed coalition of the Left and the Right. She raised salient questions about the financial structure of the new kingdom. Like most of her pieces of reporting, this one reflected her search for relevant statistics and interesting details.

During the first three years of *The Nation*, Jessie wrote constantly of the problems of government, economy and the Church. She examined the condition of the daily press and scrutinized military operations, and crime and poverty. She compared the position of Italian women to that of women in England and America. On all of these matters she had strong views and she made them clear. She told of her visits to manufacturing companies that were experimenting with enlightened policies. She even wrote an article on a new process of mummification. In this early period of her work for *The Nation*, the editors presented her articles without comment, except for her fifth one, in which she urged that Garibaldi should interfere in the Venetian campaign, and revealed her impatience with the slowness of the constitutional process. The *Nation* editors took her up on this, pointing out that no one had the right to wage a private war.

After the first eighteen articles, Jessie's correspondence ceased for a decade; she did not appear again in *The Nation* until 1880. There seems to be no reason for this lapse, except that she was doing many other things. During the first part of the decade she accompanied Garibaldi to Republican France, from where she reported his part in the campaign against Prussia for the *Scotsman*. Her articles were written from Autun, Dijon and other significant campaign sites; she elaborated the series and published them as a book entitled *I garabaldini*. They are the most authoritative record of Garibaldi's ill-conceived and unsuccessful French mission. During this decade, too, she wrote and published a biography of Cattaneo and *La Miseria di Napoli*, a moving description of slums and poverty based on her own research and observation. In this period, a nervous disease incapacitated three fingers of one hand. She found it increasingly difficult to use her typewriter, which she had acquired in the sixties, and began to employ the services of an amanuensis.

Nevertheless, she resumed her articles for *The Nation* with the issue of December 23, 1880. By this time, she had become increasingly aware of the split in Italy between the more prosperous north and the impoverished south, and of the lack of responsible leadership in government. These became her dominant themes for the next twenty years.

The *Nation's* editors complemented her view of Italy with articles by William J. Stillman and his wife, Marie Spartali; William Roscoe Thayer; and Luigi Villari. Stillman and his wife wrote primarily about the antiquities of Italy; Villari, about books on art and literature. Thayer addressed himself to a broad spectrum of subjects. For the more thorough coverage of current events and developments, the magazine relied on Jessie, whose exhaustive scrutiny of Italy's condition entitles her to be thought of as their Italian reporter. On only one more issue did the editors dispute her views. They called upon Stillman, who was very close to Crispi when he was prime minister, to rebut Jessie's sharp criticism of his administration. Jessie distrusted Crispi even though he had formerly been a follower of Mazzini.

Jessie had an accurate sense of what she ought to report to the American people. She often wrote from the scene of an election, a convention or the dedication of a new public service. She collected firsthand impressions through extensive observation and interviewing. Beyond this, since many of the officials of the new government had been her associates at the period of unification, she often had special access to privileged or unpublished information.

Much of this, in fact, was in her own possession. In her spare time, she collected the personal papers of the Risorgimento heroes. These included diaries, letters and unpublished manuscripts. Many of the papers she eventually edited for publication; some she only copied or translated. All of the materials were at her disposal as sources for the generous illustrations and individual narratives which she used to give a sense of immediacy to her writing. Jessie Mario's collection is now in the Risorgimento Archives in Rome, where it provides a grab bag of primary source materials for scholars. (Her collection resembles her writing: a dried drop of Garibaldi's blood is in an envelope alongside a unique copy of a manuscript.) In addition to these documents, Jessie's personal library contained extremely varied holdings in literature, history, economics and reference works. And when one is mentioning sources, finally, Alberto Mario's steadying judgment and scholarly sense must be acknowledged. They probably often saved Jessie embarrassment.

As William Roscoe Thayer said when reviewing Jessie's posthumous *Birth of Modern Italy* for *The Nation* in 1909, she wrote with her heart rather than her mind. Yet she managed to convey a relatively disinterested view of what was happening in the new Italy. Although continuing to revere the courageous heroes of the past, every now and then touching off a chord in herself which took her on a sentimental excursion, Jessie moved with relative ease into the new world that she was reporting. She did not care for the form of monarchy; and like her husband, would have preferred a confederation of states, if not a unitarian republic; but that was now out of the question and she knew it. Even so, she felt strongly that Italy would not really be unified until it faced its chronic problems. One problem was the Pope. Jessie detested all things papal. Long after the Pope had been removed from the Quirinal, she continued to point to his inhibiting effects on suffrage, elections, literacy, free speech and education. She realized, too, that post-unification Italy lacked sufficient responsible leadership; men who had been good soldiers were not necessarily good governors. More and more she was impressed by the abysmal split between the comparatively enlightened north and the illiterate south. In Sicily and Naples she was alarmed by the Camorra and the Mafia. Crime was omnipresent, and there were no effective laws to deal with it. And there was overpopulation. Living conditions in the hill grottoes of Naples were bestial. Italy would never prosper, Jessie knew, until these conditions were corrected. Strikes would spread, and socialism would thrive. She felt a tragic contrast between the Italy of the '80s and '90s and Mazzini's new republic!

Jessie's journalism, written in the first person, sometimes seemed to imply a masculine voice; more often it merely suggested a human being of great natural curiosity. In some ways her exposition seemed not up to the honesty of her intelligence. She unhesitatingly "lifted" from her own writings; she poured out the fresh detail of her observations in stock phrases and stock responses. Too much detail, in fact, often weakened her argument, and in her haste to get to her interesting points she often anticipated her punch lines. Her writing was diffuse and rambling; like her mind, it was literal and filled with flat statement. Yet, just as it would have been rewarding to have Jessie, breathless and bursting with observations, as a friend, so her vivid impression of the shifting temper of Italy must have been interesting and informative to the *Nation* reader.

Godkin, as *The Nation's* editor, might have had genuine qualms about accepting Jessie as a correspondent. Although feminism was not her "cause," no one could read her work without knowing she was an aggressive exponent of its objectives; and Godkin was not in sympathy with them. Jessie had been a passionate Mazzinian; but the Italy she was to report for *The Nation* had outgrown Mazzini, and had new problems of adolescence. Godkin must have wanted sound reporting from Italy; he had no special ax to grind for Italy or its problems, and the question of whether Jessie could keep her own preconceptions under control must have been a real concern for an editor. Looking back, however, it seems that Godkin took a good gamble in contracting with this singular woman reporter.

AT&T

THE FOLKSY OCTOPUS . . . . . Desmond Smith

American Telephone & Telegraph, known to most of us as "the telephone company," may be in deep trouble. It stands accused by its long-time thorn-in-the-side, Western Union, of unfair business practices. AT&T, which tends to think of itself as a kind of national shrine—like Grant's Tomb or the Lincoln Memorial — is understandably peeved. The old-line telegraph company, for its part, has been complaining about the Bell System for some time. Until very recently, the Federal Communications Commission (FCC), which is supposed to regulate both companies, has looked the other way. Now, with its telegraph-message business in a shambles, Western Union has told the FCC it can hardly continue to sustain this public service unless the telephone company stops its aggressive war on Western Union's "heartland" — its private-wire and data-communication service. The Bell System, naturally, denies all charges. But this time the FCC, under Chairman E. William Henry, has decided to take a close look at AT&T. And it has called for a complete inquiry into the cost, rate and earnings structure of the telephone octopus.

AT&T today is less a company than a quasi-political state. Never in history has a company made so much money—$1.76 billion in profits in 1964. This figure is greater than the combined income of the thirty poorest American states or the five richest. The Bell System's net income, after taxes, roughly equals the national income of Sweden. Moreover, if AT&T, in a fit of madness, were to give away its telephone business, its other activities would still rank it among the twenty biggest U.S. industrial companies. The company owned approximately $3.5 *billion* worth of cash and marketable securities at the end of 1964. This is despite annual capital expenditures greater than those of most European governments.

The most fascinating thing about these statistics is AT&T's obvious embarrassment when confronted with them. But the phone company gets results by practicing its particular saccharine style. Its performance, on the surface, reminds one of an old Frank Capra scenario. Frederick Kappel, the company's chairman, has been known to answer irate customer mail personally. A man of formidable intelligence,

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Kappel lards his speeches with Boy Scout maxims and folksy phrases. AT&T's headquarters is an aging sandstone building in a sea of cut-rate discount stores on Lower Broadway. "We try to stress we're a community business — you know us, your friendly telephone company," says one Bell executive, "Well, can you imagine what would happen to our image if we put up a seventeen-block head office?" Yet from 195 Broadway, AT&T runs Western Electric (the world's biggest telephone manufacturer), Bell Laboratories (the nation's finest research plant), twenty-one regional telephone companies in forty-eight states, and keeps tabs on some 800,000 employees. Theodore Vail, the company's first president, deliberately created this "federal" structure for AT&T: ". . . each local company occupying its own territory and performing all local functions; the AT&T binding them all together with long-distance lines and looking after the relations between local companies and other companies." As a result of Vail's ingenuity, forty-eight different state regulatory groups have to negotiate separate rates for regional services (only interstate rates are regulated by the FCC). The cash, however, flows back to one source—195 Broadway.

It is just this diffusion of political power that raises the most controversial questions. Wherever one turns these days, AT&T is sure to be part of the scene. Three years ago, Sen. Russell B. Long said on the Senate floor: "If one were seeking to employ a member of one of the outstanding law firms to represent him in a suit against this corporation, the odds are substantial that whichever firm he approached would be among those retained by the AT&T." Today almost every chamber of commerce in the country has Bell System executives among its more active members, and at least one of them will probably be found on its board. In view of all this it is not surprising to learn that the Bell System owns (the company has never sold a telephone in its history) 92 per cent of all the telephones in the United States, and has a 100 per cent monopoly on all long-distance calls. Perhaps the only area where the Bell System is less active than it would like is in the business sector of the economy. It is here that in recent years AT&T has dropped the image of kindly Mother Bell to wage a ferocious economic war on such competitors as RCA, Mackay, Motorola and others. But the chief victim of AT&T's aggression has been its old rival, Western Union. Inevitably, these battles raise questions about AT&T's size and power. But before such questions can be discussed it is worth going back briefly into history.

First came Theodore N. Vail, an ex-station agent for the Union Pacific; at that time, in the 1870s, Western Union, then fifteen times the size of Bell, was making deep inroads into the telephone business. Vail, hired by Alexander Graham Bell's father-in-law as general manager of the Bell Company, began to fight back. In 1879, he won a court case in which Western Union agreed to stay out of the telephone business, and Bell agreed to stay out of the telegraph field. Then Vail, one of the greatest organization men who ever lived, recapitalized the Bell Company. Meanwhile, he acquired monopoly control of Western Electric, the best telephone-equipment manufacturer of the day. In 1885, with the substantial backing of the Morgan interests, a new corporation, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company was formed. Money came from abroad too; among the financial backers were substantial British interests, including the British Government (which still remains a substantial stockholder). Inevitably, as the telephone passed from fad to necessity, other companies moved into the territory. Between 1893 and 1913, a murderous fight took place among the independent telephone companies, Western Union (which was trying to buy up the independents) and AT&T. In the course of all these shenanigans, Vail, who was nothing if not ingenious, managed to buy up 30 per cent of Western Union's stock—enough to seize control of the telegraph company.

By 1912, chaotic conditions in the telegraph and telephone industries brought pressure in Congress for some kind of antitrust action against Bell. When the Wilson administration took office in 1913, one of its first actions was to prepare and publish a report, "Government Ownership of the Electrical Communications Industry." To the New Freedom's challenge, Vail—a master propagandizer — responded with a massive advertising campaign. The slogan, similar to one Joseph Goebbels was to coin in the future, was "One System, One Policy, Universal Service." But suddenly, the government cracked down hard. To avoid government ownership, the AT&T signed an understanding with the Justice Department known as the Kingsbury Commitment. Under its terms, the Bell System agreed to dispose of its stock in Western Union, agreed to cease acquiring control over independent telephone companies which operated in competition with any portion of the Bell System and accepted the principle of free competition in both telephone and telegraph. In essence, the United States dissolved the Bell monopoly.

Between the two World Wars, AT&T spent millions on research, thus laying the foundations for its glittering postwar success. Western Union, in those years, paid little heed to technology and floundered through the thirties under a dismal "no-change" management.

It was a competitive free-for-all, and the way things turned out, it must be concluded that while Bell was selling service to an ever-growing telephone public, Western Union was sliding downhill. It was no coincidence that the telegraph company was accused of (1) low quality of service; (2) errors in transmission; (3) failure to maintain secrecy of messages; (4) slow service. The blunt fact was that the company favored business users over what it called its "social" telegram service. AT&T, without even trying, ate into Western Union's sales, and the company's domestic telegraph revenues slumped from 35.2 per cent (in 1926) to 18 per cent (by 1943) of total revenue. The public got a further battering from Western Union in 1943. In that year it was allowed to absorb its rival, Postal Telegraph, which victory it celebrated by immediately closing hundreds of public telegraph offices. Clearly, Western Union, not wanting the public message business any more, did its level best to get rid of it. Thus, at the end of World War II, with a money-losing operation on its hands, Western Union had no choice but to expand its private wire, TELEX, and data-processing service. These now became the telegraph company's "heartland." By the late fifties, when the computer age loomed up, Western Union was on top of the market. Its gross revenues from these services soared from $6 million in 1948 to $63 million by 1962.

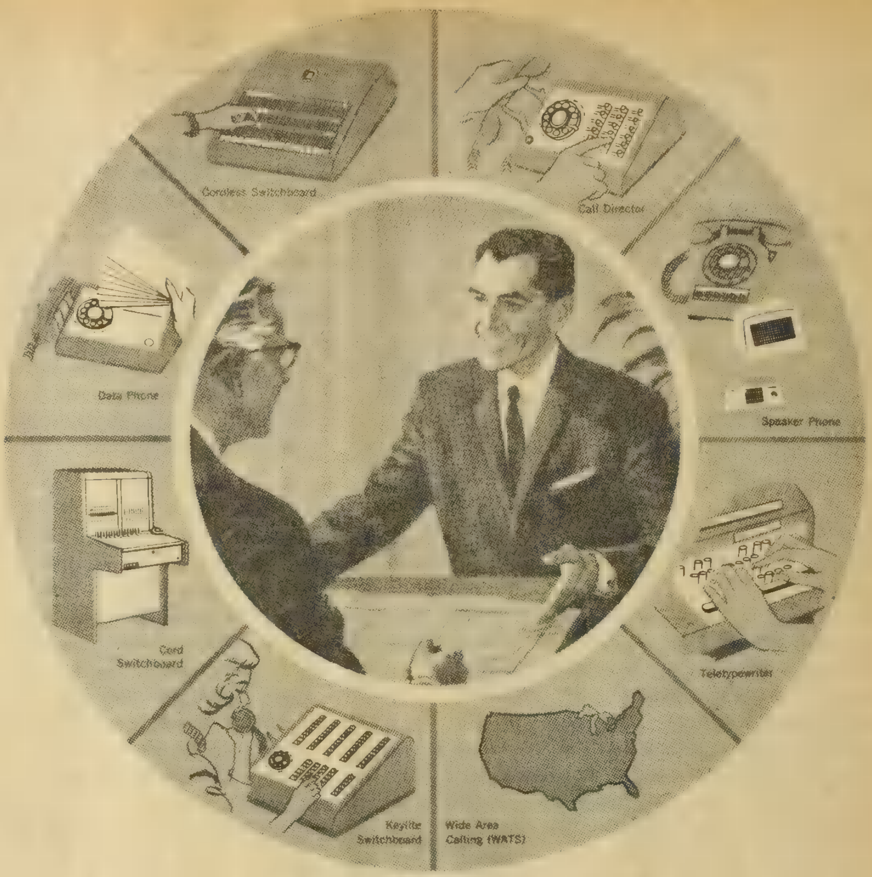
Western Union's data-communication bonanza, however, didn't escape the attention of the telephone company's long-range planners. It was fairly obvious to AT&T that by the end of the sixties a saturation point would be reached in what it calls its horizontal market—a basic black telephone in a single household. With the introduction of its latest technological miracle, ESS (electronic switching system), Bell's chief engineer, in 1962, told the FCC: "I think it quite apparent that if we can have a maximum number of customers sharing facilities, particularly in a costly switching plant, we can get maximum utilization of this plant." Stripped of verbiage, AT&T was saying: "We put this huge system in ahead of demand; we now need an expansion of demand to justify the cost." This was the tip-off to Western Union that AT&T was planning to raid its heartland market.

Even earlier, AT&T had quietly dropped its sweet-young-girl-at-the-switchboard ads. In her place was an earnest young man wearing executive spectacles and pushing a copy line that read: "Get together with our Communications Consultant soon . . . he's experienced in spotting business communications problems." What is more, AT&T came up with a service that sounded suspiciously like Western Union's TELEX. The Bell System's busy communication consultant (euphemism for salesman) had the answer to the large company's problems—TELPAK. Basically, TELPAK is a scheme for block-selling a variety of written-word-and-voice services with price concessions for large-volume use. As the president of Western Union told the FCC:

> *The TELPAK offering tends to force customers to take all of their requirements for private wire service from one carrier. Otherwise they cannot obtain all of the advantages of the lower charges. . . .* For all practical purposes, the initial package makes him a permanent captive customer. (Emphasis theirs.)

In brief, AT&T was executing a classic monopoly ploy — building ahead of demand, shifting in with block-selling, hoping, in time, to pre-empt the market place. Such an aim has historic parallels with the famous Alcoa antitrust case. Judge Learned Hand then wrote:

> *Nothing compelled it to keep doubling and redoubling its capacity before others entered the field. It insists that it never excluded competitors; but we can think of no more effective exclusion than progressively to embrace each new opportunity as it opened, and to face every newcomer with new capacity already geared into a great organization, having the advantage of experience, trade connections, and the elite of personnel. . . .*



From an AT&T Advertisement

Today, Western Union is a shadow of its former self, while AT&T is thirty-five times the size of the telegraph company. Early last year, Western Union complained to the FCC that the giant telephone company was using its profitable telephone operations to help subsidize "unreasonably" low rates for business services. For once, the FCC acted and ordered the AT&T to produce its books. The result raised eyebrows. In 1964, the AT&T, according to its own figures, earned 10 per cent on its toll telephone services. By sharp contrast, its return on special services to business (including TELPAK) ranged as low as 0.3 per cent. It looked as though Western Union knew what it was hinting at.

All this open discussion about AT&T's rates has caused no end of commotion in the company's homely little offices at 195 Broadway. But at this juncture the FCC pulled yet another surprise. It told the telephone company to get ready for an investigation into its rate-and-earnings structure. Never in its seventy-five-year history has AT&T been subject to a full-scale federal investigation. Predictably, Chairman Kappel told the press, ". . . the telephone-using public will be the loser." As things stand at the present he is probably correct. AT&T has reckoned it will be out of pocket a cool $12 million just to get the books ready, and no doubt the telephone-using public will be expected to foot the bill. Meanwhile, things actually seem to be improving over at Western Union. The tired old telegraph company, no friend of the public in recent years, has suggested to the FCC that it might do something to lower rates on "social" telegrams. And not long ago it sent out an oral order asking its night operators to stop telephoning death messages. Instead, it suggested that messengers personally deliver what the company calls "dead stuff." Nothing, it seems, improves public service like a little competition—and an old-fashioned government inquiry.

Taking Man's Measure

MAN'S NATURE AND HIS COMMUNITIES: Essays on the Dynamics and Enigmas of Man's Personal and Social Existence. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Charles Scribner's Sons. 125 pp. $3.95.

Michael Wreszin

"Niebuhr is the father of us all." So spake the diplomat, George Kennan, and his fealty has been echoed by influentials in the government, clergy and the academy. Niebuhr is the father of a religious neo-orthodoxy which has taken an agonizing look at man's limitations. He is the fatherly philosopher of the school of political "realism" that plays such a dominant role in shaping and justifying current foreign policy. He is the darling daddy of academicians who, in their newfound maturity, have discovered a new dimension of existence, the dimension of anxiety, guilt and corruption. Surveying the lowlands from the magisterial heights of Mount Morningside, Reinhold Niebuhr has, for nearly the past four decades, taken the measure of man. In over twenty volumes and approximately 1,000 articles he has explored man's nature and his destiny and described his individual and collective morality and immorality. This monumental task has been accomplished with an eloquent and erudite humility mixed with a liberal dose of hard-boiled *Realpolitik*. Reinhold Niebuhr is not only a student of paradox but its master practitioner.

Man's Nature and His Communities is a slim yet weighty volume. In his autobiographical introduction, Niebuhr describes his long journey from a social gospel minister in the dingy environs of Detroit in 1916 to his present eminence as one of the nation's counselors in affairs of state. The story is full of fire and brimstone, for Niebuhr has consistently wrestled with the profoundest questions of the theological imagination and engaged in dialogue with its most eminent spokesmen. He has also been an activist concerned with nearly every major political and social issue of the last fifty years. After a decade as a member of the Socialist Party and a full-fledged Marxist critic of capitalist society, he became one of the founding members of the ADA. Although theologically Right and for most of his career politically Left, it has become much more difficult to label him in recent years. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., proclaims himself a Niebuhrian and has announced that Niebuhr as much as any other man has "helped to accomplish in a single generation a revolution in the bases of American liberal thought." Morton White, professor of philosophy at Harvard, in a critical attack on Niebuhr, has conceded that the theologian is "the most powerful, and it must be added, most democratic and courageous opponent of secular liberalism on the American scene." Russell Kirk, whom one might presume to be on the other side of the barricades, claims that Niebuhr's writings have "touched upon the failings of our life with a tone nobly conservative." Through it all he has been considered a "great and good friend" by *Time* magazine.

What it amounts to is that Niebuhr has always asked important questions and remained a severe self-critic. His public confessions of error have involved a sustained attack on most of the traditions of the West. As a theologian and devoutly religious man he has repeatedly contended that religion is irrelevant as a solution to the complex social and political problems of the modern world. As a moral man he has suggested that moral absolutes have no place in the political dialogue. As a champion of nearly every specific liberal cause that one can name, he has chided liberals for their stupidity, shortsightedness and refusal to understand the nature of man and his society. As a product of a social protestantism and pragmatic optimism he has ridiculed the idea of progress and the belief that man's capacity for reason makes a triumph over evil inevitable. As a critic of historical determinism his books are full

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Michael Wreszin is the author of Oswald Garrison Villard: Pacifist at War. *(Indiana University Press). Mr. Wreszin teaches history at Queens College.*

To the Rulers

(to spare the innocents)

He who withdraws
wins
by these souls.
Buonaparte
"stood for progress."
Simple
killing
changed all that.
Consider
the dead of the East.
Rulers,
fear ye not?
What bomb
unmakes
the unblinking past?
What honor
(say what we will)
unkills the blazing babe?
He who is right
stays *His* hand
from thee and me.
Lay down arms.
Lo,
the poor addict
fears withdrawal.
Fear not.
Lay down arms.
Fear ye not.

M. L. Rosenthal

of demands that men take into account the inexorable forces of history. As a former Christian pacifist he has maintained since the 1930s a vigorous attack on pacifist politics. Consistency, foolish or otherwise, has never dogged the thought of Reinhold Niebuhr.

Niebuhr could be described as the patriarch of a post-utopian age. His formative training began in the era of disillusionment following World War I. Whatever residual faith he may have had in man's capacity, through reason or grace, to solve the problems of international barbarity was severely undermined by the aberrations of the Nazis. Organized genocide confirmed Niebuhr's increasing skepticism concerning the liberal belief in the innate goodness of man and his potential perfectability. Unfortunately, as he examined his own past liberalism within the framework of traditional Protestant theology, he adopted what he still considers the "historically and symbolically correct" concept of original sin. This proved to be a tactical error for the purpose of effective political dialogue. Although he had taken pains to deny the historicity of the "primitive myth of the Fall of Adam in the garden . . . the remnants of social optimism," both religious and secular, regarded him as "a regressive religious authoritarian, caught in the toils of an ancient legend."

Niebuhr's interpretation of original sin is, to be sure, not an exercise in rational logic but it is hardly old-fashioned. On the contrary, his conception is not far removed from the atheistic existentialism of Jean-Paul Sartre. Both are attacks on a complacent, liberal bourgeois mentality. For Sartre, man is an object in the world and at the same time distinguished from the inanimate and animal world by a transcendent consciousness. It is the ancient dualism between the physical world as opposed to the world of mind and spirit. Man's existence is in and moved by the contingencies of both realms. This presents the terrible dilemma of the "absurd human predicament." The vitality of man's transcendent consciousness compels him to desire to become God. This futile pride in attempting to grasp the unknowable is the source of man's absurdity. As Sartre puts it: "Man is a useless passion." Albert Camus discussed the same problem in *The Myth of Sisyphus*, where he related the absurd dilemma to Kierkegaard's Christian existentialist concept of sin. "Sin is not so much knowing (if it were everyone would be innocent) as wanting to know. Indeed it is the only sin of which the absurd man can feel that it constitutes both his guilt and his innocence."

Sightseeing in Provincetown

If your elbow were an eagle's head
and your loins the mouth of a cat
its tongue many ripped tongues of flame

and if your ribs were the membranous wings of a dragon
and if one leg were of black leather
the bloody claw of a chicken grafted to the knee

and if your buttocks were the cheeks of a laughing insane face
the lips clasping a trumpet
from which wasps were flying the wasps' eyes clearly seen

glossy with mad hilarity and if although you were male
your left breast were a large pale polyp
with numerous nipples and the other breast a dog's head

its jaws straining to swallow a severed thigh
and if from your slick head that of a rhinoceros
with inrolled eyes there curved instead of a snout

a snake with a fishhook through its neck
and if rags of flame flew from your navel
it being the unhinged door of a furnace

and if looking down
you saw a cat's mouth between your legs
giving birth to the dripping lower half

of a face whose skin peeled back hung from the earlobes
with raw lips stretched in a sonorous scream
and if in the gullet's vortex there bobbed

a tiny figure scalded red a Janus-faced child
both girl and boy impaled through one armpit
by a tooth then you'd be elected

Chief Lucifer of S. H. Masters' Hell
the colors like flesh like silk like fruit
under an exceptionally clear patina smooth as petunia

"The Last Judgment" (Austria c. 1480)
gilt-framed on a plum-velvet-covered wall
in Provincetown 1965

May Swenson

Niebuhr's understanding of sin embraces the same enigmatic vision. For Niebuhr, man's freedom is his capacity to transcend the natural limitations he shares with the animal world. He too stresses the paradoxes and ambiguities that characterize the mystery of human existence. Man is both free through his consciousness and bound by his creatureliness. He is both limited and limitless. "Anxiety is the inevitable concomitant of the paradox of freedom and finiteness in which man is involved. Anxiety is the internal precondition of sin." Sin for Niebuhr is the inevitable arrogant pride of men who in their finiteness claim to have overcome it. It is man's desire to be God. Man is a useless passion.

Rational logicians are naturally disturbed by a concept that connects the inevitability of an act with sin, which connotes blame. Niebuhr has responded to charges of irrationality in a manner appropriately similar to Jonathan Edwards. That 18th-century Puritan divine suggested in his own *Doctrine of Original Sin* that "it signifies nothing to exclaim against plain fact . . . fact obliges us to get over the difficulty, either by finding out some solution, or by shutting our mouths and acknowledging the . . . scantiness of our understanding." Niebuhr has written: "The doctrine of original sin remains absurd from the standpoint of a pure rationalism. . . . But there is no resource in logical rules to help us understand complex phenomena, exhibiting characteristics which seem to require that they be placed into contradictory categories of reason." As a good "realist" he now abandons the term in favor of such substitutes as selfishness, self-regard and egoism in deference to the "remnants of social optimism."

The first and title essay, making

up most of the volume, is a survey of "idealist" and "realist" political theories, particularly as they pertain to ideas about man's mixed capacity for both destructive egoism and creative altruism. Niebuhr believes that throughout history most consistent theories, whether "realist" or "idealist," and regardless of their religiosity or secularity, have neglected "to observe the intricate relations between the creative and disruptive tendencies of human freedom." Idealists have optimistically judged man's capacity to extend his sense of social obligation and have obscured man's individual and collective self-regard. The realist on the other hand has invariably emphasized man's egoism and obscured his residual moral and social capacity.

Although it is Niebuhr's point that both positions are in error in making such a rigid separation, he has been far more tolerant of the realist position than toward that of the idealist. In this volume he is more conciliatory and admits to a "rather violent, and sometimes extravagant, reaction" to what he conceives to be utopianism. When one remembers that his initial reaction began around the time that Bruce Barton was proclaiming Jesus as the first advertising man and predicting the imminent Kingdom of God and Business on earth, his former petulance is understandable. Nevertheless in this essay he wants to emphasize that it is not an either-or problem, but that there exists an intricate interrelationship between man's selfish and rational capacities, and that both play a part in his destructive as well as creative activities. He insists that there exists an "ideological taint of self-interest in the most rationally conceived social standards . . . [which] validates political realism in its debate with most idealistic theories. . . ." Conversely, "ambition or self-regard is not necessarily opposed to creativity . . . sometimes it is the source of the push which gives the opportunity for the exercise of creativity." Creativity is for Niebuhr, by definition, loyalty to ends that transcend self-interest. In any case, Niebuhr remains adamant in his contention that man's reason is not confined to his efforts to solve social and political problems. It is used in pursuit of narrow self-interest as well as in support of the most gregarious social behavior.

Niebuhr has, at times, expressed a note of mild optimism concerning the individual's ability to strike a creative balance between egocentrism and altruism, but he has been very much disturbed about the difficulty of national states doing the same. In *Moral Man and Immoral Society* he maintained that "collective self-regard of class, race and nation is more stubborn and persistent than the egoism of individuals." This was to discourage naive reformers who believed that by educating the individual one might purify the society. In this essay there appears to be a new development in his thinking. He still notes that nations show a marked tendency to seek their own interests and this, Niebuhr claims, justifies the realistic interpretation of international relations as "the only valid description of their behavior and *possibly the only true solution to the problem this behavior poses*." (Italics mine.)

It is this concept that self-interest in international relations may offer the only solution to the problem it poses that undoubtedly accounts for the increasingly contemptuous skepticism not only about the "realism" of contemporary realists, but about their sincerity as well. In his development of this paradox Niebuhr predictably pays homage to Hans Morgenthau as "one of the most brilliant and authoritative of political realists." Despite the fact that Mr. Morgenthau may be, at the present moment, chagrined by the application of some of his ideas, Niebuhr cites his assertion that regardless of the moralistic eloquence of statesmen, "power is always the immediate aim." Nations may possibly have noble and selfless ends but power is the only means by which any ends may be achieved, provided, of course, a nation has a realistic estimate of its own power. Niebuhr notes from another study that Morgenthau believes that most pretensions of loyalty to more inclusive values have been sheer hypocrisy. He feels that Morgenthau is probably right since he is dealing with the collective dimension of human behavior where "realist assumptions are most justified." But Niebuhr suggests that in pursuing this tack the realist may possibly obscure "the residual capacity for justice and devotion to the larger good" which may be found even within the policies of national self-interest. He questions the utility of Morgenthau's demand that statesmen confess their real motives in the manner of the Tammany boss, George Washington Plunkitt, who insisted that politicians candidly recognize their greed for honest graft. Niebuhr feels that one should ask: Is there anything in the "anatomy of man which prompts

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—LILLIAN SMITH, *Chicago Tribune*

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his embarrassment about the consistent self-regard . . . and the consequent hypocrisy of claiming a higher motive than the obvious one"? Niebuhr's answer is yes. The evidence is the hypocrisy itself. Hypocrisy, Niebuhr argues, is an "index to a residual creative capacity of [man's] freedom."

Niebuhr seems to be saying that man's ability to construct philosophical, political, religious and scientific structures of culture and civilization that transcend the parochial limits of the national interest may be hypocritical, because in any conflict with the aims of the national interest they are subordinate, but they also may be creative. They are valuable because there is the possibility "that even a residual loyalty to values transcending national existence may change radically the nation's conception of the breadth and quality of its 'national interest.'" This may be unfair but it seems to suggest that if a nation repeats its hypocritical pretensions often enough they may come true. From the cynicism of George Washington Plunkitt to the "realism" of Norman Vincent Peale! Perhaps this is the source of so much banality emanating from the state and executive departments under the cloak of national idealism—or is it realism?

From this point on, Niebuhr abruptly lapses into the rhetoric of the cold war, and the eloquent universality of his observations gives way to a species of tribalism which he deplores in a later essay. In pursuing his discussion of those structures of cultural ideology that may broaden a nation's conception of its national interest, he deals with the two "super-nations," Russia and America. America is devoted to a pluralistic, democratic society. Russia, on the other hand, "scorns the pluralism of the West and intends to annihilate all scientific, cultural and religious interests and groups which do not subscribe to its dogma." Niebuhr seems determined in this discussion to use polemical rhetoric which forces the reader to return to an earlier observation concerning the "veil of democratic ideals [that] was inevitably used to cover the common, even universal impulses, which America shared with all nations—to increase its dominion and power."

Niebuhr feels, nevertheless, that something good may come out of these opposing ideologies. Both claim universal validity and both are forced to occasionally make their national interest conform to a broader and more humane cultural ideology. The foreign economic aid of both countries and the federal interference in the civil rights battle are cases in point. He concedes that they are not really sacrifices of the national interest but they do serve to "satisfy the conscience of the nation's most sensitive citizens." Thus a wise foreign policy is developing that recognizes the concurrent demands of power, prestige and force. The "prudent handling of these affairs is a modest but important triumph of human reason." Niebuhr seems to have forgotten his own warning that "the line between cynicism and realism is not too sharply defined when the realist seeks to unmask the pretensions of the idealist."

This tortuous rationalization may help to explain why the new technicians of power and *Realpolitik* have in recent years found Niebuhr's writing so satisfying. Niebuhr, even in this essay, has expressed the fear that the "realist" theory may encourage an "omni-competent and omnipotent political authority" and was prompted to reassert his conviction that a "realist conception of human nature should be made the servant of an ethic of progressive justice" rather than a "bastion of conservatism . . . which defends unjust privilege." Recent events offer small encouragement for this conviction and the men who have apparently profited by his writings show little inclination to heed his warnings.

Reinhold Niebuhr is 73. After several decades of intense scholarship and militant activity in political affairs it is understandable that he should be prudent and also exhibit some satisfaction in America's substantial achievements. He is now certain that the "open societies of the West have eliminated the injustices of early industrialism by their own democratic ideals, and not by communist means" and that their example provides the only hope for the future. At one point he suggests that the civil rights movement is in its final stages. By this he apparently means that it should not take longer than another century to achieve its ends. One suspects that younger militants will take little comfort from these cheerful pronouncements. Nor will a younger generation look with much fondness upon his continuing acceptance of an earlier belief that "the balance of power is about the highest goal to which a society can aspire."

Formerly, Niebuhr seemed to understand that visionary and utopian ideas provided the motive power for any progressive action. But, as he admits, it took "all the tragedies of history" to clear his mind of illusions. One at least hopes that as he continues to survey the scene he will be ever more mindful of an earlier promise to review his own errors whenever he is tempted to impatience with some young student who fails to disavow what he "realistically" understands to be illusions.

Kidding Our Puritan Conscience

NEW ENGLAND FRONTIER: Puritans and Indians, 1620-1675. By Alden T. Vaughan. Little, Brown & Co. 430 pp. $7.50.

William Eastlake

In 1620 a group of bigots called Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock after having just stolen some corn from the Indians across the bay, and in 1965 Alden T. Vaughan has written an apology for the extinction of the New England Indians by the Pilgrims, for that is what happened in the following 100 years. The Puritans' most apocalyptic genocide was the near elimination of the Pequots in 1637. Vaughan uses the euphemism "chastisement" in explaining the massacre. *Pequot* was the name of Melville's doomed ship in *Moby Dick*, and so Melville remembered that the extinction of any race, the subversion of any culture, even an "inferior" culture, is evil. This is true even when accomplished by the well-meaning, honorable, cool and just Puritans.

Part of the justification for the Puritan attack on the New England Indians was that many of the Indian tribes helped the whites in attacking the others. This is our justification for our actions in Vietnam today, for many of the people there are helping us. The Puritans wanted to bring "Rule by Law" to New England. They wanted to bring a Christian God. They wanted to stop the seeming anarchy, the communal, godless hedonism which they thought they saw in the sachems and their tribes. The Puritans failed in changing this, but they killed a lot of Indians. I don't know

William Eastlake is the author of several novels, the most recent of which is Castlekeep *(Simon & Schuster).*

if there is a moral here for our behavior in Vietnam, but I believe there is a corollary. Americans are still dedetermined to do good even if it kills the object of their charity.

Vaughan contends that the white man did not push the Indians off his land, that it was all done legally. This is true, but it is also true that the laws were white man's laws. In 1633, in the midst of dissension with the Indians over land, in the words of one puritan Puritan: "God ended the controversy by sending smallpox among the Indians." It knocked out most of the New England Indians, including several chiefs and seven hundred Narragansetts. By the time the white man's epidemic was over many of the Indian settlements had lost their entire population. The white man's plague had affected virtually no Puritans. And did the Puritans regret the disaster, and show compassion? As Governor Winthrop drawled while not putting down his cigar: "If God were not pleased with our inheriting these parts, why did He drive out the natives before us and why does He make roome for us by diminishinge them as we increase?" Another Puritan later commented: "Without this awful and terrible stroke of God upon the natives we would with great difficulty have found room."

After remarking on the Pequot War Vaughan has the temerity, the gall—the absence of mind?—to state in his epilogue and conclusion: "The fact that one ethnic group deteriorated while another flourished in a given area is not proof of causal relationship." Indeed, indeed. Vaughan states in the same paragraph that by 1750 the Indians had almost disappeared from the New England scene. What do you suppose caused this? The hot sun, the warm rain? The high cost of airplane parts? That is no way to kid our Puritan conscience.

When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth they came armed with some formidable gadgets; diseases against which the Indians had no resistance, including the romantic diseases like syphilis; guns; the lie of salvation; whipping posts and stocks. But it would be wrong to suggest that the Puritans were aggressive, at least during the first ten years after their landing, while they were still vastly outnumbered by the Indians. It was not until thousands of reinforcements had arrived, mostly at the Boston Bay Colony, which soon became larger than Plymouth, that the Pilgrims took the offensive, consisting of a moral castigation of the Indians, a further encroachment on Indian lands (all legal), outrage at the Indian pleasure principle (fornicating in broad daylight when they should be working), and finally when all else failed—war. The great war did not come until 1675, fifty years after the Pilgrims arrived. It was called King Philip's War after an Indian who led the tribes, and when it ended it finished any further nonsense on the Indians' part.

By popular myth today the Indian had no culture; he was a child of the forest. It is forgotten that when the Puritans arrived in New England the Indians lived in villages and had an agricultural economy and a code of conduct that was in many ways superior to the Puritans' righteousness. One of the prime purposes in the New World for the Puritans was to convert the Indians to Jesus Christ [illegible] lieved the Indians to be Jews, the Lost Tribes of Israel. They should have realized how tough it is to convert Jews. The Puritans didn't convert many Indians; they killed quite a few, though.

Politics of Poetry and History

A POETS' WAR: British Poets and the Spanish Civil War. By Hugh D. Ford. University of Pennsylvania Press. 327 pp. $7.50.

THE SIEGE OF THE ALCAZAR. By Cecil D. Eby. Random House. 239 pp. $4.95.

Gabriel Jackson

In *A Poets' War,* Hugh D. Ford has studied in great detail the personalities, the works and the political positions adopted during the Spanish Civil War by some two dozen British poets, most of whom were in their 20s at the time, and most of whom sympathized with the Republican government. He has also studied the positions taken editorially by the important newspapers and literary journals, and he reports the attitudes of well-known intellectuals such as J.M. Keynes and C.E.M. Joad.

A truly interesting literary problem raised by the book is whether an intense, and relatively naive, political commitment can be expressed in poetry of enduring value. A reading of Ford's book shows how many and formidable were the obstacles. Almost all the poets were young and self-conscious. They had not yet had time to forge their own poetic diction or identify their own poetic personality. Most of them tended, for poets, to be overly cerebral in their view of life, and this weakness was magnified by their conscious effort to fuse poetry with propaganda. They were writing about subjects of which they had very little personal experience, and they had had no time to absorb this experience before attempting to transmute it into poetry. The majority tried to portray the war without ever having left England. Those who fought in the international brigades tried to write convincingly of war before they had absorbed the first shocks of their own initiation. They hoped that in spite of fatigue, or wounds, they could summon the necessary concentration to create literature. They tried feelingly to portray the Spanish people, whose language and culture they did not know.

Considering their difficulties of inexperience with the subject matter, one senses also that they were uneasy with their political commitments. Most

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Gabriel Jackson, author of The Spanish Republic and the Civil War *(Princeton University Press) teaches History and Humanities at the University of California, La Jolla.*

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of them were Communists or "fellow travelers." A few were Socialists or anarchists. Their political faith was too new genuinely to have become a part of their fundamental emotional and intellectual reactions. Hence the bathos and the shrillness. In wrestling with their own doubts while accepting the duty to contribute to the cause with their pens, they lost sight of the critical standards they would probably have applied to their own work in other circumstances. Partial exception to the above generalizations should be made for the Communist poet John Cornford and for the pro-Nationalist poet Roy Campbell. But on the whole, the poetry cited by Ford makes dreary reading. All of which does not prove that political commitment cannot be transmuted into poetry. There are Euripides, Schiller, Wordsworth and Shelley to prove the contrary in the past. And the *Romancero de la résistance espagnole*, edited by Dario Puccini in 1962, contains many beautiful French and Spanish poems inspired directly by the Civil War. But the British poets studied by Mr. Ford were too uncertain both of their convictions and of their specific subject matter.

Mr. Eby tells the story of the siege of the Alcázar of Toledo. During August and September, 1936, the Popular Front militia attempted unsuccessfully to force the surrender of some 1,200 civil guards, cadets and other insurgents who had taken refuge in the Alcázar during the first days of the Civil War. His account is based largely on the biographical and memoir literature published under the Franco regime. These materials are supplemented by the author's interviews with survivors and their families, and by his detailed study of the physical setting. The description is very circumstantial. Dozens of persons are named, and colorful anecdotes about them abound. While the sources are listed at the back of the book, there are few footnotes, and it would be very difficult for a student to check the authenticity of details. The author quotes, as though there could be no question of their authenticity, the Nationalist "verbatim" texts of Colonel Moscardó's many telephone conversations with Republican officers or neutral diplomats. The colonel is properly laconic in dealing with enemies and meddling civilians. The book can be read as an adventure story by persons not too concerned with the accuracy of melodramatic details, or with the attribution of motives. When they read of the assassination of Father Pascual Martín, perhaps they will wonder with the author: "Were his outstretched hands, punctured like Christ's, meant as a final blessing for the assassins, or were they merely raised in an instinctive effort to push the bullets away?"

The obvious trouble with a book of this sort is that it does no justice to the very people it is eulogizing. The siege of the Alcázar was indeed an epic example of human fortitude in the service of religious and political ideals. Like other instances in both camps during the terrible Civil War, it deserves to be treated with the deepest respect for heroism, and with scrupulous attention to conflicts of motives and uncertainties as to facts. It does not deserve to be written up as a TV melodrama.

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Palms in the Plaza

AURA. By Carlos Fuentes. Translated by Lysander Kemp. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 74 pp. $3.95.

Jose Yglesias

Carlos Fuentes' new book, *Aura*, is going to puzzle his admirers, accustomed, by his previous three, to mural-size canvases, century-long time spans, and large statements. This short Gothic tale, spun out to 74 pages by large type and small pages, seems at first to have none of his earmarks. A competent example of the genre, it is the story of a young historian who accepts the strange but lucrative job of boarding with an ancient, bedridden woman to prepare her long-dead husband's papers for publication. The old woman's housekeeper is a beautiful young niece who comes to the young man's bed the second night of his stay in the musty rat-infested house; with each passing day—or, rather, night—the niece becomes older, until the young man finds himself in bed finally with the toothless aunt with withered breasts. Was Aura, the niece, real? "She'll come back, Felipe," says the old woman as she takes him in her embrace. "We'll bring her back together. Let me recover my strength and I'll bring her back. . . ." And thus the book in its last paragraph, and none too soon, announces that there may be larger meanings.

Can Fuentes mean that love inevitably involves the loving acceptance of physical decay and death? Or are Aura and the old woman the two faces of Mexico? And does it, then, mean that young revolutionaries, like Fuentes, must learn to love this sacked old hag before they can make her beautiful again? Large, windy questions like these always seem to plague reviews of Fuentes' novels, but heretofore they sat more comfortably with reviewers, given, as the cliché has it, the historical sweep of Fuentes' previous novels. For a Gothic tale must, before anything, succeed by its power to fascinate and horrify, and this *Aura* does not do, despite a fine translation by Lysander Kemp, which is a considerable improvement on the original: I would hazard that only those fixated on nymphets and young boys will be hooked.

Fuentes' failures as a novelist seem obscured for the great majority—if one takes the praise of his work as genuine—by the stylistic firecrackers he sets off. I do not doubt that he is

Jose Yglesias is a novelist and translator of modern Spanish fiction.

always talking about Mexico's tragedy, always harking back to what made its revolution fail, always damning its uneven capitalist development for the social and cultural emptiness of its present; but in a novel these ideas are merely opinions, unless they are so inherent in the story that plot and style become at least exemplifications of what he has to say. The kind words almost everyone has for him—except the State Department whose literary interests are minimal—confirm that most do take his ideas about the Mexican revolution as opinions and nothing more. Those who like Fuentes' novels because of his political ideas are suffering from a lapse of taste; they are the people who cannot tell what in Whitman is great poetry and what is geographical incantation.

But what people make of a writer's work is less telling than what the writer does. For all his social preoccupations, Fuentes' work shows, with a kind of unconscious obsessiveness, that he is at least equally interested in literary one-upmanship; he can write like Faulkner, Dos Passos, Sartre, Isak Dinesen. And he can go them one better: he can have Greek choruses addressing the hero, he can write interior monologues like William Carlos Williams' unpoetic poetry. A post-Stalin Marxist, he is going to prove that the social novel can utilize all the resources of literature; a Mexican radical, that he is not provincial: he knows there are palms in the lobby of the Plaza.

Aura in its way has all these affectations of the earlier books. His Gothic tale is written in the second person present tense (Kemp has expunged a second person future imperative that is pointlessly mixed in with the other) and it has lyric interior monologues with paragraphs of free verse arranged on the page as if by E. E. Cummings. If the story is really about Mexico, then one could stretch a point and admit to relevance the fact that the old woman's husband was a general of Maximilian's; but I suspect it is only an excuse to show that Fuentes is fluent in French, which he displays often here.

These stylistic devices are more at home and better handled in *Aura* than in *The Death of Artemio Cruz* in which they also appeared along with others. For one thing, they are fewer, and have been smoothed out by the translator; besides the messy second person future tense, Kemp has cleaned up and given orderly sequence to run-on sentences which hark back to the Faulk-

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nerian passages of *Where the Air Is Clear* and *The Death of Artemio Cruz*. But Kemp did not translate the earlier novels, and they appeared in English in literal translations which added unintelligibility to the stylistic *mélange*, thus helping, no doubt, to awe reviewers who read them only in English. In Spanish, his more derivative passages read like translations which are trying to force the language to do what it cannot do, and achieve dissonance when he is trying for resonance.

For a while—maybe after his first book only—one could have said that Fuentes' faults were, primarily, the faults of excess, of reaching too far, trying for too much; all faults easily condoned, for they seemed historically right, as was the case with Dos Passos' *USA:* Mexico and the United States have turbulent histories, their stories and their landscapes are full of stretches no novelist can traverse with ease or digest entirely in the imagination. About his plots there were never any doubts: story-conference myths, rags-to-riches sagas which brought wealth and power to their heroes but not, of course, happiness. But we now have four books with which to judge Fuentes, and it seems clear that his genuine preoccupations are betrayed at every turn by *True Confessions* story elements, and his penchant for having a hand at other writers' styles: Yankee imperialism has harmed him more than he knows.

THEATRE

R. J. Schroeder

A DIFFERENT BUECHNER

George Buechner had but one true love in his short life — and his love object was death. However much scholars or directors discuss the extent to which that passion determines and dominates *Danton's Death* and *Woyzeck*, Buechner unquestionably woos surcease with unabashed abandon in his first play, *Leonce and Lena*. Director Ken Costigan captured the essence of the affair in his production of the play for the Clark Center Drama Company at the West Side YWCA.

Taking his cue from the fact that Buechner placed Death on stage as a speaking character, Costigan worked out opening and bridging sequences of music and choreography that conveyed a vivid sense of fascination with the beckoning unknown. The siren Death is played — it would be more accurate to say mimed and danced — with captivating effect by Valerie von Volz. Under flowing black vestments, her entire figure was clasped in flesh-colored tights. Her seemingly naked challenge thus unsparingly argued the ultimate seduction.

But she does not need to expose her appeal to Prince Leonce, for he begins the play as her willing accomplice. Leonce's initial involvement with Death is almost too convincing. If the Prince has indeed succumbed to oblivion's charms, how can there be a play? With the born showman's sense of timing, Buechner sounds a counterpoint to his constant and crescendo-less theme of doom sought and chosen. For all his fascination with death, Leonce is also not a little in love with the heady, God-miming fun of creating sardonic spoofs of his times and his life.

So, just as the players of our 19th-century melodramas broke up the heaviness of a portentous act with intermission interludes of *She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage*, Buechner interrupts Death's strumpet solicitation with a series of playful caricatures of the tragic hero. The spoofs begin when his Prince mimics that aspect of Hamlet who was the drama's first Angry Young Man, and his Lena celebrates her mad reaction to loss of her Prince's love with rosemary in her hair. Then, after a brief return to his séance with Death, Buechner shows that not even Goethe is immune from his young laughter by sending Prince Leonce on a long spree with a Mephistophelean compatriot. In this sequence, the ambisexual Leonce is shared by his male and female companions, and Lena is an innocent Gretchen whom he seduces along the way.

After another, almost ritualistic courting of Death, Schiller and *Sturm und Drang* come in for a turn of vaudeville. Leonce converts the Romanticists' exhaltation of the emotions of the individual hero into an exaggerated depiction of the self-pitying anguish of the individual anti-hero. The Prince enacts a preview of *Woyzeck*; the language is a perversion of Schiller's rhetoric.

Implicit in *Leonce and Lena's* ambivalences and dichotomies is a qualitatively new and different genre of drama. For the first time in the history of the stage, Aristophanes' style of incisive commentary upon his society and his contemporaries has been joined to a baring of the author's psyche.

Man is never more animal than in those periods when he feels newly deprived of godhood. Such a time was Buechner's. He was, in a sense, a victim of the Napoleonic heresy: he had thought to find, but had unaccountably lost, a deity. His reaction was a desire to foul this earth as he arranged his exit from it. His exposure on stage of the inner self he deprecated was a part of this process. Schopenhauer expressed the mood of the times philosophically, but Buechner expressed it viscerally.

Leonce and Lena is, as would be expected, an imperfect first work. But in terms of drama, not of politics, it is a revolutionary work. It is the first of the essentially interior dramas of psychological self-indulgence, and leads, in an unbroken line, to Jarry, Strindberg, Tolstoi, Joyce and O'Neill (and of course, to the currently most self-indulgent of the self-indulgent genre, John Osborne's marathon *Inadmissible Evidence*). Brecht's most rampant play, *Baal*, is modeled after *Leonce and Lena*, and most of what is seen today at the New York coffeehouses is artistically less valid *Leonce and Lena*.

Costigan's direction of the Clark Center production did not comment upon the play. Instead, it made way for Buechner's own comment. And it did so in a spirited and delightful manner. The confrontation with death's mystique became both awesome and knavish fun. Matters of state were ridiculed in high style, but their absurdity was not made silly. The sexual imagery was handled with imaginative finesse. Only in the final act did Costigan's direction falter. In this act, the dichotomies between Buechner's social farce and his masochistic poetry become, at least to American eyes, extreme. A dash of sustained European cynicism might have narrowed the gap. The playing was highly satisfactory throughout. Russell Horton as Prince Leonce quite properly refused to add his own self-indulgence to that of the playwright, and Beverly Luckenbach as Princess Lena was an evocative foil to Buechner's many moods. Jan McElhaney's

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R. J. Schroeder is a free-lance writer whose avocation is the theatre.

choreography added to the mood and flow of the show.

Comparison of this Buechner production with that of *Danton's Death* at Lincoln Center a few weeks ago is unavoidable. For me, at least, the spirit of George Buechner permeated Clark Center, after having been unable to so much as buy a ticket at Lincoln Center. It is almost impossible to believe that a Buechner who was so completely disillusioned with both the rationalism of Voltaire and the polemicism of Schiller, could have become absorbed in the realistic and single-minded preachments of Herbert Blau's version of *Danton's Death*. It is equally difficult to believe that a Buechner who was enticed by the psychoticism and suicide of Kleist, and who was a progenitor of the spirit of Beaudelaire and Rimbaud, could have become as purged of the love of death, and as unambiguously committed to uplifting social commentary, as Blau's "adaptation" would imply.

For a part of George Buechner must have loved the death of Danton, and thanked Robespierre vicariously for opening the welcome door. Blau's production at Lincoln Center showed New York only one chord of Buechner's melody of ambiguities. No — on second thought, it would seem that another aspect of Buechner was demonstrated. For, however Blau may have failed to play Buechner's orchestration of human ambivalence, he did follow the playwright's lead with respect to self-indulgence.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE 10TH VICTIM
VIVA MARIA

For Christmas week the Continent sent us two notably sanguinary comedies. The coincidence might be taken as a comment on the overkill diplomacy of our Johnson years; more likely, the pictures have no more pointed motive than to profit from America's traditional taste for risible mayhem. With sex heaped on like whipped cream from a squirt can.

The credits are scarcely wiped from the screen of *The 10th Victim* when Ursula Andress dispatches her pursuer with two shots fired at point-blank range from her armed brassiere. Moments later, Marcello Mastroianni does in his prey with a pair of explosive spurs. These two are participants in The Big Hunt, the 21st century's neurotic equivalent of war. The players—for the most part members of the "Au Go Go" set a few decades hence—are alternately hunter and quarry, each pair being selected by a computer stationed in Geneva. There is prize money for each match and anyone surviving ten encounters receives a million dollars (why so little?) and retires in great honor. As you might expect, Miss Andress, an adroit American killer (see stratagem cited above), is electronically selected to eliminate Mastroianni, highly regarded in Italian homicide circles. She arrives in Rome, accompanied by a TV crew that intends to film the assassination for a tea commercial. (I was entertained by the phonetically memorized English of the alleged American technicians. They clearly had no idea what they were saying, and were as well off in their ignorance.)

That all this is an excessively complicated and exceedingly tedious way to bring a man and woman into amorous proximity Mastroianni makes entirely clear. He performs with all the animation of a stand-in modeling the star's clothes at a lighting rehearsal, his only concession to an international reputation for gallantry being to vibrate slightly whenever a female comes within range. And his disaffiliation is the most noticeable only because he is at the center of the alleged action; I cannot recall another picture in which the cast's mind seemed so obviously fixed on lunch. The general air of disenchantment does nothing to cover the shortcomings of a story that is brittle, implausible and a little simple-minded even by the standards of routine science fiction. The actors seemed to be obeying, not the director, Elio Petri, but the imperfectly cabled instructions of an investment group headed by Joseph E. Levine.

Since *The 10th Victim* is set in the world of fashion a generation or so from now, it has been dressed up with examples of last year's Op art and other variously *avant-garde* work — notably some life-sized, three-dimension snow men who appear to be engaged in moving furniture. Similarly, the ladies have been put into sports outfits that look like the rather desperate costume bait to be seen on an August weekend at Grossinger's. The world of the future will surely not be so dependent for chic on back issues of *Woman's Day*. At one moment, some trick doors accidentally slid open to disclose Mastroianni's parents, hidden by him from the euthanasia squad (Italians, their son explains, have an unusually well-developed sense of filial responsibility). This suggested the plot for a picture more absorbing than cops and robbers with real bullets, but unfortunately the doors closed again and the lackluster chase continued.

From France, by way of "somewhere in Mexico," comes *Viva Maria*, a one-picture double feature offering both Jeanne Moreau and Brigitte Bardot. The girls are part of a music-hall caravan touring the donkey trails south of the border at the turn of the century. One night, by accident, they invent the strip tease and their fame sweeps Mexico; another night, also by accident, they become the appassionatas of a revolution, and lead peons by the hecatombs to glorious death.

Louis Mallé, who apparently intended his picture as a lusty musical comedy, spoils the chance by overdoing all his effects, straining for a synthetic naïveté and never implying what he can make explicit. Perhaps having persuaded the Mlles. Moreau and Bardot to appear on the same

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screen, he felt compelled to back up this redundancy of provocation with the maximum noise and confusion. The result is a film of heartless monotony: all those little men in white pajamas, straw hats and crossed cartridge belts from the murals of Rivera dying in the long grass because the girls are tired of doing the cancan. The use of violence in a musical wants a deft touch: one should not, for instance, impale a man with a billiard cue or allow the bullets to be seen cutting across a back; such details spoil the air of gaiety.

And what sort of humor sends Brigitte Bardot off in a closed wagon with three middle-aged café types, to return in the morning, sprung with exhaustion and murmuring that love is indeed a marvelous occupation? It set me to wondering what was the venereal rate in the small towns of Latin America in 1900, a sociological concern that is out of key with Gallic high jinks.

Style is what the Europeans are supposed to teach us, and style is what these two pictures lack. They have no inner conviction, no consistency of tone, no restraint, no wit (but plenty of gags), no originality (but plenty of gimmicks). They look very much as though they had been made to please a nation that serves ketchup with the filet mignon. Vulgarity is an odd sort of export commodity — every nation has enough of its own.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

ate Armed Services Committee and Rep. L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. At press time, General Hershey's reply was the only one received.

Two things may be said of the General's defense of reclassifications that followed the University of Michigan incidents.

(1) The sit-down protesters were arrested, but their cases are pending in the courts and as of now, therefore, they are not guilty. But more to the point, if the protesters were in fact guilty of trespass or disorderly conduct or whatever, they will be punished in the courts; it is not the function of Selective Service to punish them.

(2) The General makes these reclassifications analogous to the action taken against those who attempt to avoid being called to military service by various illegal or dishonest means. But there is no analogy between a man who openly protests the draft (even if he uses means which are later found to be illegal) and one who covertly attempts to avoid induction.

Commenting on the Michigan draft board's action, publicly endorsed by General Hershey, Rep. Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee has said: "The draft was never intended to be used as a vehicle of castigation. I urge upon General Hershey and his staff to review this vexatious question before the draft law is further weakened in public acceptance and support."

And in the same week 103 professors from leading American law schools signed a letter to the President that urged him to "state unequivocally that the draft will not and legally cannot be used as a weapon to stifle criticism of Administration policies. . . ." General Hershey has pictured himself elsewhere as a parent administering well-deserved spankings to impertinent youth. Others do not see him in this paternalistic role.

The Editors

Washington coven

West Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Sirs: Lyndon Johnson swore an oath on assuming office to uphold the Constitution of the United States. By his conduct in respect to Vietnam he violated the Constitution. This breach makes him an oath breaker or warlock, to use the Scottish term.

Warlocks are male witches. Could not some antique witchcraft law be revived, and Johnson charged under it? This would be so much simpler than impeachment. *Doug Haskins*

Next on HUAC's list

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Walter Goodman ["The Klan Discovers HUAC"; *The Nation*, Nov. 8] proves to be less than a prophet in his estimate that these hearings were not set up as a prelude to "investigating" the civil rights movement.

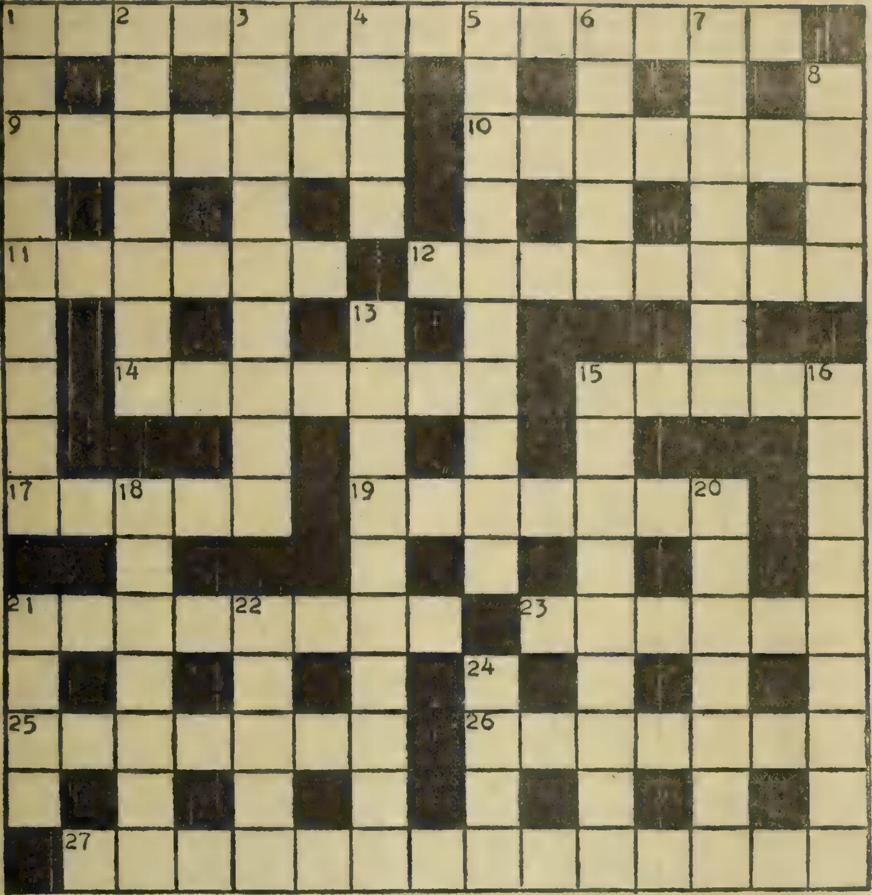
A UPI dispatch of Dec. 1, datelined Lafayette, La., states: "The House Committee on Un-American Activities may investigate civil rights groups in a manner similar to its Ku Klux Klan investigation, committee chairman Edwin Willis (D., La.) has hinted."

The dispatch continues: "Willis said his group last March realized the civil rights movement 'was exploited' and that the committee would not lose sight of its jurisdiction in all areas of subversive activities. . . ."

Richard L. Criley

Crossword Puzzle No. 1134

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Where cagey card-holders operate a place to hang things up before one orders the votes. (5, 2, 3, 4)
9 It is not obvious that the United Nations would have to be wrong to make a sort of warfare out of it.
10 Arum is a strange member of a certain oriental class. (7)
11 In the main, rather rough. (6)
12 Marks the building of justice, perhaps. (8)
14 Attached to something of importance. (7)
15 The sort of scum a writer is likely to produce. (5)
17 It could be extended to light amplifications by simulated emissions of radiation. (5)
19 Notice getting dressed around it reveals the foundation, by the way? (7)
21 No they don't, they swim! (But they might rise to it.) (5, 3)
23 Referring to a buck or calf is rather awkward! (6)
25 Terriers might be acting disloyal, perhaps. (7)
26 A boy in minor trouble might be considered sort of a hero! (7)
27 A certain amount of leeway in stock, though calm prevails. (5, 9)

DOWN:

1 Is the institution bad for the statesman? (9)
2 The chief construction of Double-O scale. (7)
3 Would it be a surprise if such a drink comes early? (3, 6)
4 In France, bear what belongs to us.
5 Race steward? The other way around where the tiller is concerned. (10)
6 Takes a few bars to get ready for the old-fashioned glamor-girls. (5)
7 No complimentary remarks for this car, mass-produced. (7)
13 Certainly not referring to one's in-laws! (10)
15 How to make one's boiler act like an automobile? (9)
16 Yodels around the high place, with several to pound. (9)
18 and 8 down Scion prepared for the slaughter? Officers might be given such instructions. (5, 2, 4)
20 A hero indeed! (At least judged so!) (7)
22 and 21 In Minnesota nine sailors? Gemini, rather! (4, 5)
24 What the cat did in a minor tiff?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1133

ACROSS: 1 Aftereffects; 9 Manhandled; 10 Cafe; 11 Thiamine; 12 Emigre; 13 Remit; 15 Skin-game; 16 New World; 19 Gatun; 21 Edison; 22 Inspirit; 24 Knot; 25 Unthinking; 26 Board of Trade. DOWN: 2 Featherbedding; 3 Ephraim; 4 Ennui; 5 Filters; 6 Cudgeling; 7 Sacking; 8 Aforementioned; 14 Tarantula; 17 Wash tub; 18 Drifted; 20 Thinker; 23 Stiff.

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would be jeopardized by a continuation of fiscal acrobatics.

The new Mayor is liked also by the media; if he turns in a reasonably competent performance and commits no egregious errors, he is assured of a good press. He has started out with some excellent appointments and he will make more. He can do so, because outstanding men who would not have worked for a mediocre mayor will lend Lindsay a hand.

Riding above these advantages, moreover, are Lindsay's legislative know-how and his contacts in Washington, where the money must now be found for anything creative in urban affairs. Lindsay had a part in putting on the federal statute books many of the measures which can help pull the city out of the morass into which it has sunk through years of neglect and mismanagement. The federal government has provided for New York—or any other city that needs assistance—an adequate set of tools for the work to be done. Medicare will channel funds into the city hospitals, a major item in the city's budget. Federal funds are available for mass transit, for combating air and water pollution, for education, for coping with at least the most crucial problems of poverty and waste of human resources.

The troubles of New York are the troubles of practically all the great cities. Precisely because the difficulties are so formidable, they confront Mayor Lindsay with a test and a challenge of nation-wide proportions. The city has two options—to sink lower or to start going up. Any substantial improvement will have an enormously stimulating effect on all those who are struggling with the problems of urbanization. Lindsay has four years in which to show results. *The Nation* is not alone in wishing him well.

'Blooped Out'

The phrase refers to deletion of something on an audio-video broadcast tape that is deemed superfluous or ill-advised. Figuratively, it can also happen to a person. Fifteen years ago it happened to Jean Muir and many others—they were blooped out of the movie, TV and radio industries, with only the legitimate theatre offering a small minority a chance to continue making a living. Since then a few—John Henry Faulk being the most prominent—have fought back and made political black-listing a somewhat perilous profession. Some tried other ways of rehabilitating themselves. Jean Muir was one of these. She was never a Communist, but that did not save her. Recently she wanted to tell of her experiences, for ten minutes or so, on a WABC-TV program called *Girl Talk*. Girl talk apparently must not extend to such unpleasant topics as black-listing, and the producer proceeded to bloop out Miss Muir's story, on the ground that libel might be involved.

If the broadcasters had let her talk, they would have been better off, since they were unable to bloop out Jack Gould, who reported the whole affair in *The New York Times* on Christmas Day. Miss Muir was dropped in August, 1950, from the cast of *The Aldrich Family*, a popular program sponsored by General Foods Corporation. With scores of others, she became unemployable because the sponsor, or the sponsor's advertising agency, considered it inexpedient to engage artists who might be accused of harboring views offensive to some viewers. The only artists who were safe were those who had never had any political views, or those whose ideology conformed with that of Sen. Joe McCarthy's loyal followers. The advertising agency in the Muir case was Young & Rubicam, and the network was the National Broadcasting Company. Miss Muir intended to mention all three as parties to her dismissal, as indeed she had mentioned them in an earlier radio program over WBAI-FM.

There is nothing to indicate that N.B.C., Young & Rubicam or General Foods had anything to do with the current blooping-out. This was done by A.B.C. Films, a subsidiary of the American Broadcasting Company, which operates WABC-TV. The counsel for A.B.C. Films became exercised over possible defamation of the advertising agency or the sponsor. The earlier defamation of Miss Muir did not concern A.B.C. Films at all. A recital of the facts could go only a little way toward righting a wrong, but it might also militate against a recurrence. This was not to be weighed against the possible displeasure of those who had done the wrong, and might do it again.

The incident may be regarded as a timely warning. It means in essence that, fifteen years later, we are still living psychologically in the black-list era. The taboos that must not be violated are the taboos that ruled then, the interests that were sacred then are sacred still. The TV executives have learned something, perhaps, but there is much more that they have not learned, and probably are incapable of learning.

The NEA's Panic Button

Some organizations that call themselves friends of the Southern Negro have the most flabbergasting way of showing it. None is more consistently flabbergasting than the National Education Association, which last week came out with a report intended to prove that Negro teachers are being victimized—fired or demoted—by Southern communities that ruefully submit to federal demands for integration. The report, unfortunately, is a messy compilation of slipshod research and is likely to be used by hold-out segregationists as an argument that, see! the Feds are still distorting the picture!

For gathering their data in seventeen Southern and border states, NEA researchers allowed themselves only two weeks—and you can tell it. Three months ago the NEA predicted it would find at least 1,000 displaced teachers in the South. It didn't, but it did a pretty good job of disguising how far short it fell. The heart of the NEA's complaint is that "racial, rather than professional, reasons have caused 452 Negro teachers in the South to lose their jobs or be demoted to jobs beneath their qualifications." Most of these, it said, were displaced when integration of a community's white school brought about the closing of the Negro school.

A closer look at the report discloses, on page 39, that the 452 teachers have melted to only 427 "valid for this study," and that of these, 216 were Negro teachers in Florida who flunked the National Teachers Examination and had to take a pay cut—just like white teachers who flunked it.

All of a sudden, 452 become 211 teachers who were actually found by the NEA to have been fired or demoted for racial reasons. The whole report is blemished by this hocus-pocus quality.

Of the teachers who lost their jobs as the result of school closings, only 15 per cent were not later rehired somewhere else in the area. So it seems fair to suppose that perhaps—just perhaps—some of the Negro teachers *should* have been fired. Did the NEA research team delve into that possibility? When the question was put to Samuel B. Ethridge, coordinator for the NEA study, he replied shortly, "We're not in the business of evaluating teachers. Inasmuch as some of these teachers have taught in Negro schools for years, I would assume they are qualified."

That is precisely what the NEA should not assume. The low quality of Negro schools in the South is largely the result of poorly trained teachers who were themselves the products of a cruelly shoddy school system. The cycle must be broken; when it is, some Negro teachers will be hurt.

Of course there is discrimination against the employment of Negro teachers in integrated schools in the South (and in the North). The fact that there are today 1,200 Negro students but only one Negro teacher in previously all-white Alabama schools would suggest that student bodies are going to be fairly well blended long before faculties are.

But a mere head count will never tell the story. If the NEA really wants to help, it will borrow some more money from the U.S. Office of Education and go back down there to see how many *qualified* Negro teachers are being harried out of the profession and how many *un*qualified white teachers are still on the payroll. Such a study would be of historic importance in the education world, since it would signify that the NEA has finally come around to recognizing that certified teachers are not necessarily qualified teachers.

Peter Weiss and Wolf Biermann

Peter Weiss's play, known for short as *Marat/Sade*, opened at the Schiller Theater in West Berlin in the spring of 1964. It dramatized the viewpoints of the two title roles, Marat standing for social revolution, Sade for a desperate individualism. The West Berlin production gave to most observers the impression that the author sympathized with Sade, though oddly enough the director was a Pole and presumably a Marxist. It seems that Weiss approved the West Berlin production at the time, and as late as November, 1964, was still not siding with Marat when he gave a B.B.C. interview to A. Alvarez. A change became public, however, when the *Marat/Sade* production that opened in East Germany in March of 1965 gave unmistakable preference to Marat.

Weiss endorsed this interpretation immediately, and again later when he attended the Writers' Conference in Weimar in May. (That the Communists got him to this conference was itself a coup—America was not represented by anyone approaching Weiss's stature.) When the B.B.C. interview finally appeared in print, in the July-August, 1965 issue of the theatre magazine, *Encore*, Weiss wrote a letter to state that it was "ten months old" and out of date. This is the postscript which *The New York Times* has appended to its reprint of the interview (December 26), as if it were a brand-new statement specially written for them—even the figure "ten months" is unchanged, though it is now well over a year since the interview took place. In the early autumn of 1965, Weiss brought out in several different publications (one East and three West, I believe) his "Ten Theses," a document which now has a considerable underground reputation in countries where it has not been published at all, like the USSR and the U.S. The tenth thesis contains this sentence: "As between the two possibilities of choice which today remain to me I see only in the Socialist order of society the possibility of removing the existent inequities in the world." (For the record it should be added that *The National Guardian* gave a fairly lengthy account of the "Ten Theses" in its December 11 issue, and that *The Nation* applied for the right to print the whole text but did not get it).

Some *Nation* readers will agree with Weiss. Others will reject his main premise: that one must choose between the Eastern and the Western blocs. We do not think that the West must go to Kosygin or Mao for its socialism, or that our counterparts in the East must come to Lyndon Johnson for freedom. However, it is less important that we record our opinions on such matters than that we observe what is going on—namely, that Western intellectuals are tending more and more to reject "the West," *and* that the dialectical counterpart to this is that Eastern intellectuals are tending more and more to reject "the East."

The news about Peter Weiss in the latter part of 1965 is matched by the news of one of the leading artists of East Germany, Wolf Biermann. Biermann is a poet who sets his things to music and sings them to his own guitar accompaniment in cabarets or wherever else he is invited. He is a Marxist and was in the Communist Party till Ulbricht read him out of it about a year ago. His songs are fiercely anti-Stalinist, and therefore unfriendly to the ruling clique in the German party. On December 5 came Erich Apel's suicide. Any cultural ice that had thawed quickly froze again. Biermann was denounced in a 351-line article in the party organ, *Neues Deutschland*. Openly defiant at first, Biermann later wrote to *Der Spiegel*, which had featured his defiance, asking them to please lay off. At last report, he had left Berlin for an island in the Baltic.

ERIC BENTLEY

Kremlin Diplomacy

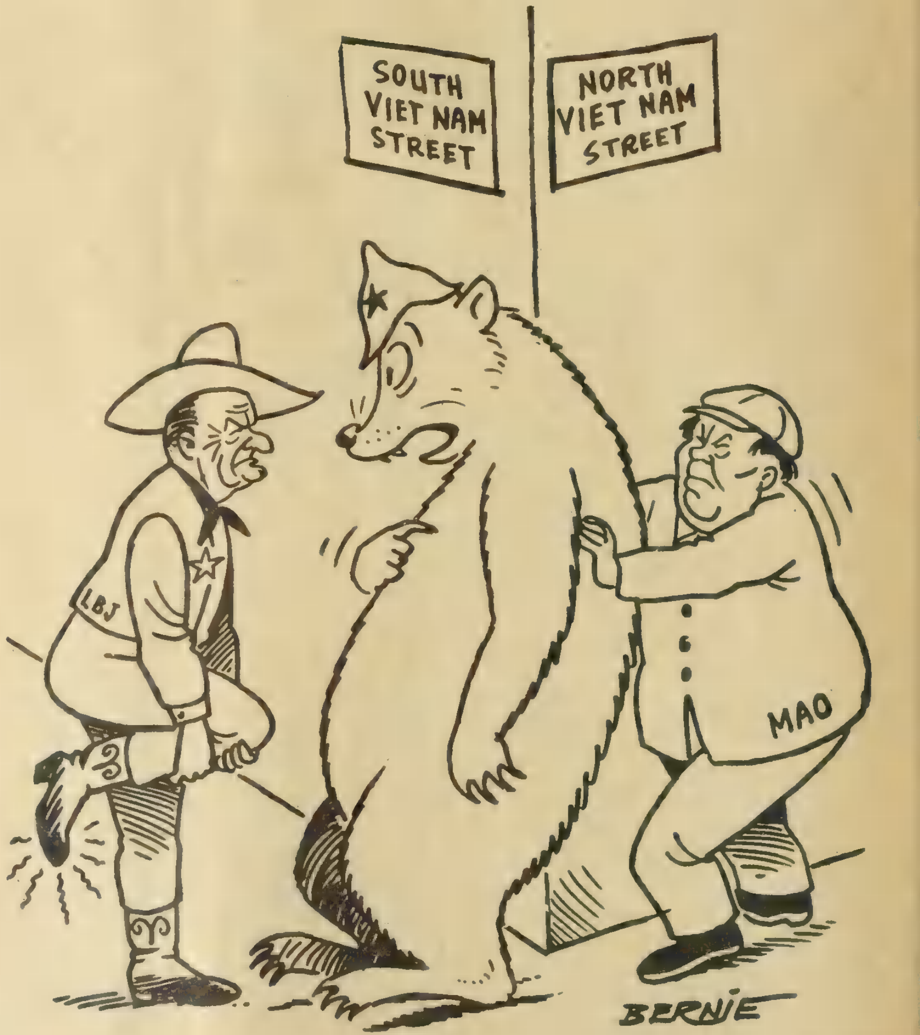
FIRST YEAR for the NEW TEAM . . Isaac Deutscher

On balance, the foreign policy pursued by the new men in the Kremlin during 1965 has not been favorable to the Soviet Government. After Khrushchev's downfall, his successors blamed him for the tension between Russia and China, the anti-Russian uproar in Eastern Europe, the virtual dissolution of Comecon and, not least, a deadlock in Russo-American relations. Brezhnev and Kosygin set out to correct Khrushchev's "errors"; and, without abandoning the intention to cultivate the *détente* with the West, hoped to repair the broken friendship with China. As a token of the peacefulness of their policy, they reduced military expenditures in their first budget. Toward China they made a gesture which was more than symbolic: they stopped all public polemic against the Chinese and resumed direct negotiations.

None of these efforts, it appears, has met with striking success. After a year in office, Mr. Kosygin speaks about a deterioration of Russo-American relations and raises defense expenditure; in his interview with James Reston of *The New York Times* he dismissed as untimely any suggestion of a meeting between himself and President Johnson. On the other hand, after a year during which the Russians (though not the Chinese) refrained from any public controversy over ideology, they are again broadcasting mutual polemics for the whole world to hear.

This simultaneous deterioration in Russia's relations with both the United States and China results, to some extent, from the course of the war in Vietnam. Peking and Moscow continue to disagree over policy there, although they have not so far defined any clear alternatives. The Chinese charge the Russians with being lukewarm and stingy in allocating aid to the Vietcong; whereas the Russians accuse the Chinese of making impossible a united Communist front over Vietnam. The Chinese have in fact obstructed any major Russian engagement in North Vietnam. They fear that if the Russians pour men and supplies into that country, they will come to control it and will then "sell it down the river" to the Americans. But the Chinese, for all their verbal belligerence, have themselves also avoided military involvement in Vietnam. The aloofness of the two big brothers may well suit the Hanoi government, but only as long as American escalation does not make massive help a matter of life or death. That point has evidently not yet been reached.

But are the Russians really prepared to sell North Vietnam down the river? They vigorously deny the accusation, professing themselves second to none in their hostility toward American intervention. It is therefore still hardly possible to detect significant differences between the Russian and Chinese utterances on the situation. Both invoke the Geneva agreements; both call for an end to American bombardments; both demand the withdrawal of American troops; and both know that the United States is in no mood to accept any of these demands. The supposed differences between Moscow's "soft line" and Peking's "tough line" may become more substantial and evident at a later stage of the war, when the United States has grown more weary of the fighting and more inclined to negotiate. Until then the complicated Russo-Chinese maneuvers over Vietnam will to some extent be shadowboxing.



Bernie, Paris: Ben Roth

"Excuse Me, Sir! . . . Somebody Pushed Me! . . ."

Isaac Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Contest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press).*

The present Soviet leaders are nevertheless careful not to plunge back into full-dress ideological controversy with Maoism; they avoid the theological fury that characterized the exchanges in Khrushchev's days. While Peking's anti-revisionist vehemence remains unabated, Moscow retorts only rarely and controls its language.

This reticence and prudence have brought Messrs. Brezhnev and Kosygin some dividends. By the time of Khrushchev's downfall Moscow was almost isolated in the Communist camp—even anti-Chinese Communists thought that the Russians had gone too far in their attacks on Maoism. Moscow has now regained much of the Communist support in Europe and has managed to neutralize many Asian Communists. Today, the Chinese are increasingly isolated. As their accusations grow wilder, they become less convincing. Few Communists can swallow, for instance, Chinese allegations of capitalism in the USSR.

The Chinese have in addition committed a number of major mistakes and suffered several major defeats. They brought discredit upon themselves last summer when they rashly declared their support for Colonel Boumedienne, the new Algerian dictator, while most of the Algerian Left was still desperately resisting Boumedienne's *coup d'étât.* The Chinese hoped to secure through Boumedienne the convocation of the Afro-Asian conference in Algiers and to exclude the Russians from it. These tactics appeared unscrupulous even to many pro-Chinese Communists.

Then, during the conflict between India and Pakistan, the moral support which Peking gave Gen. Ayub Khan also outraged many of China's leftist friends in Asia and Africa who were inclined to wash their hands of both Shastri and Ayub Khan.

Most important—indeed momentous—has been the defeat which Chinese policy has recently suffered in Indonesia. For years the Indonesian Communists, led by Mr. Aidit and strongly supported by the Chinese, cultivated the so-called Front of National Unity under General Sukarno. They hailed the General as Indonesia's "national and revolutionary hero" — with results that are now clear. Even at the height of the anti-Communist terror in Jakarta, the Indonesian Communist party did not cease to appeal for protection to Sukarno.

The defeat of Indonesian communism has changed the political balance in Asia for quite a few years to come, even if the Communist party eventually recovers. In the whole history of international communism there are only two comparable defeats: one suffered by the Chinese party at Chiang Kai-shek's hands in 1927, and the other inflicted upon the German party by Hitler in 1933.

Aidit's policy vis-à-vis Sukarno was, by Communist standards, extremely "opportunistic" and rightist. Many Communists have been puzzled that Peking supported it; and they have seen this support as casting doubt on the sincerity of the Maoist strictures against "Khrushchevite opportunism." The defeat of Indonesian communism is therefore Maoism's defeat as well.

The net result of these developments is a considerable improvement in Russia's tactical position vis-à-vis China. If the Soviet leaders can maintain or improve it still further, they may well regain some of the elbow room they had lost; and may take more initiative in international affairs than they could afford in the last few years. In that case, they could assume once again the role of peacemaker between the United States and Communist Vietnam.

But the time for this is not yet at hand. And no Soviet government can afford to ignore Chinese susceptibilities, as Khrushchev ignored them, without being offered some *quid pro quo* by the Americans. Kosygin has made his terms of the bargain fairly clear; the price of any new Russo-American accommodation is NATO's unequivocal refusal to allow the Federal German Republic any access, direct or indirect, to nuclear weapons. The fact that the American Administration in the past year has repeatedly shelved this issue has probably brought a few sighs of relief to Moscow. But the deeper anxiety remains. It is always easier, the Russians reason, to stop a local war in Southeast Asia than to wrest nuclear weapons from German hands, once the Germans have been allowed to get hold of them.

For Russia, therefore, the latent crisis in Europe, which grows with the new rise of German military power, overshadows the open crisis in Asia.

THE BIG BLACKOUT

Whooping Cranes & Power Failures

Lawrence J. Hollander

In 1886, William Stanley, an early associate of George Westinghouse, installed one of the first transmission lines in this country. From his laboratory in Great Barrington, Mass., he operated a 4,000-foot line to the center of town to supply electricity for 150 lamps. Ever since the first blackout of that system—for surely there must have been one—power failures have grown in magnitude to encompass in one single failure more and more people, equipment, communities, cities, states and, in November, 1965, even countries.

What Sputnik did for science, the great blackout did for electric power engineering. Plain people and students, politicians and statesmen, painters and secretaries, policemen and straphangers are asking questions about electric power, grids, networks, generators, synchronism, stability and relays. Everyone is asking questions and there are so few who can give the answers. The conversation starts

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Lawrence J. Hollander, First Vice President of the New York Chapter of Professional Engineers, is assistant to the dean of New York University's School of Engineering and Science. His scholarly field is electric power generation, transmission and distribution.

with: "Where were you . . .?" Sabotage? No, but it might be suggested that had there been a good supply of technically qualified electric power engineers, the great power failure might not have occurred.

Before November 9, such engineers were as threatened with extinction as is the whooping crane. Power engineering is fast disappearing from this country; we are not taking the same interest in the preservation of this important technology as we do with our wild life. Every effort is made to preserve the whooping crane, but only the feeblest of effort is expended to preserve and improve the dwindling supply of brain power and skills that have built the greatest electrical system on earth.

It is known in academic circles that the public utilities, both the private tax-paying group and the government agencies, have for many decades considered the education of an electrical engineer beyond the level of the bachelor's degree as pure luxury. What need is there for a master's degree or a doctorate? For the first few years in the industry the low-paid "engineers" will fold blueprints, read meters, plot charts, gather statistics and perform other chores designed to make them feel like apprentices. It is only through this beating-down approach that the young engineers can be made to conform to the methods used since 1900. And why should there be a change? Even during the depression there were no layoffs.

Today's engineering student is well aware of that attitude, despite industry lip service to the contrary. It is no wonder that since World War II electrical engineering students by the tens of thousands have turned up their noses at the power industry, shifted their desires and interests to communications, computers and cryogenics. Professors of electric power found their classrooms not virtually empty, but completely empty. In fact they went out of business. Where in 1935 more than 150 major universities offered complete sequences of courses leading to degrees in electric power engineering, today the number of such schools may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

New York offers a striking example: a city having eight internationally known engineering schools, a city in which more than 10,000 students are presently studying for engineering degrees (both by sunlight and moonlight), a city in which can be found main offices of some of the most prominent consulting engineering houses, the best-known electric utilities and the largest manufacturers of electrical equipment. In this City of New York, in this scientific age, it is not possible to earn a bachelor's degree, a master's degree or a doctorate in electrical engineering with a major in electric power generation, transmission and distribution.

It has been said that some of the most spectacular achievements in science and technology have been propounded by young people, as for example, an Einstein at 26. If over a long period of time an industry does not bring in young people, that industry will suffer from stagnation and lack of innovation. This is true today in the electric power business. Engineers in the electric power companies are long lived; they have been there since the twenties, for surely the schools of this country for a score of years have not been training adequate replacements. Is it a wonder that in one of the biggest utilities the compulsory retirement age has been raised from 65 to 68?

These engineers build their power system today with not much fundamental change from what William Stanley built in 1886. It is true that after eighty years, machines are bigger, voltages are higher, system efficiencies have increased, interconnections have expanded, and reliability of service is at an all-time high. But even with all the evolutionary change, what is needed is something more radical, something which only an influx of young engineers can bring to an industry that has overmatured. It took a 30-million-people blackout to expose the ripeness and vulnerability of the great grid system which is enveloping the country like the net-type pattern on the skin of a cantaloupe.

These engineers desecrate the beauty of the land. They build power lines on all the open natural land from Storm King Mountain to the plains of Texas. If the land isn't barren, chemicals are sprayed under the power lines to "inhibit" the vegetation. As the voltage goes from high voltage to extra high voltage (EHV), the denuded strips become wider and wider. They cut across mountains, deserts, plains, cornfields, back and forth, over rivers and under the sea, ever and ever more complex. This country is getting so wound up in its grids that if all 350,000 miles of high-voltage transmission lines were laid along the equator, they would encircle the earth about fourteen times.

It is interesting to note that the latest report of the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department indicates that forty-four whooping cranes have arrived for the winter at Arkansas National Wildlife Refuge. There would have been forty-five except that one crane had been killed after colliding with a high-voltage line in Kansas on the way to Texas.

The power engineer views with alarm any development that would jeopardize the building of more and more transmission lines, higher and higher voltage lines, network ties, interties, grids and bigger grids. The towers have to be taller. Design them to look more beautiful, use helicopters to install them, fill the countryside with them, adorn them with colored porcelain, and drape the aluminum "scarecrow" tinsel (now in assorted colors) from one to the other. For what?

All of this is for the purpose of connecting one inefficient generating station to the next one. Just as two wrongs don't make a right, neither does the interconnection of many inefficient plants greatly enhance overall efficiency. Of course, efficiency is a relative thing, or is it?

In 1900, a kilowatt hour of energy required the consumption of 6 pounds of coal; today the coal is less than a pound. The National Power Survey published by the Federal Power Commission in 1964 records that during the thirty-eight years, 1925 to 1962 inclusive, the heat rate (amount of fuel required to generate one kilowatt hour) showed an improvement of 43 per cent, nearly two-thirds of which was accomplished in the fifteen years from 1925 to 1940, a golden age of the power industry.

Little improvement is to be expected in the future with the antiquated conventional steam-electric cycle, a system which in the most modern plant being built today has an overall thermal efficiency of just under 40 per cent. For every 10 tons of coal or other fossil fuel consumed, the energy of only 4 tons is

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converted into electricity and the energy of 6 tons is dumped into the river—a tremendous waste of the country's natural resources. Eighty-one per cent of the electricity generated in this country is by steam plants utilizing the energy of coal, natural gas or oil.

The National Power Survey states that even a 5 per cent improvement in generating efficiency would save 45 million tons of coal a year, thus postponing measurably the exhaustion of the limited low-cost fossil fuel supply. Why do we permit this inefficiency? Are we going to wait until we run out of fuel as we are now running out of water? Why do we not get all the energy out of the fuel? Why don't our power engineers put together new concepts of generation which will give total energy?

The natural gas industry, a mere child in the shadow of the doting electric utilities, has perfected within the last few years a system which has become known as "Total Energy," one in which the thermal efficiency is not less than 40 per cent, but more than 85 per cent. The system is so simple in concept, so fundamentally sound, that it is truly the most effective means of complying with the portion of the Federal Power Act which directs the Federal Power Commission to give ". . . regard to the proper utilization and conservation of natural resources. . . ."

In its simplest form a Total Energy plant consists of a turbine (similar to a jet engine) connected to an electric generator; the turbine being fueled with natural gas (comparable systems are available for use with other fossil fuels). The hot gases which form the exhaust of the turbine are not "dumped into the river," but are collected and used for purposes of supplying the energy needed to produce hot water, heating and air conditioning. The waste is cut from the 60 per cent found in all steam-electric plants, to less than 15 per cent. The unit supplies both heat and electricity. Visitors to the New York World's Fair saw such a plant at the gas pavilion.

Total Energy is not an engineering fancy; it is an economic fact. Only five years ago less than ten Total Energy plants were in operation; today more than 300 are at work in such places as shopping centers, motels, schools, apartment houses, factories and office buildings. It is estimated that in ten years there will be 135,000 Total Energy plants in the United States. These plants are built at the location where energy is needed, therefore are termed "on-site" generation. The wary old-time power engineers degradingly refer to Total Energy plants as "do-it-yourself" power.

Total Energy does not have to be "do-it-yourself" power. It should have the full support of the electric utilities. In fact it should be sponsored by the electric utilities because it is good engineering, good economics, and good for the country. Bringing millions of tons of coal to cities like Chicago, Boston or New York, and then not "squeezing" all the energy out of it is the height of folly.

A Radio City should have a Total Energy plant; so should a Lincoln Center, a John Kennedy Cultural Center, a Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, a Prudential Center, a Roosevelt Field Shopping Center, and every large building complex requiring combinations of heat, hot water, air conditioning and electricity in great quantities. Because it delivers combinations of energy in the forms needed, Total Energy delivers the most energy per unit of fuel.

Of course, every great technological advance has been mocked at the outset; but here, with efficiencies doubled, energy costs are reduced, and that is important. It has been demonstrated, for example, that for installations at shopping centers, the developers make a profit from the Total Energy plant through the sale of electricity to the tenants. In fact, the profit is sometimes greater than that received from rents.

In New York and other big cities, with great compactness of tall buildings, such requirements for hot water, heating, air conditioning and process steam, Total Energy must find a place to share with the antiquated steam-electric generating system. In well-designed, multi-moduled Total Energy plants, power is available instantly at all times. As the hourly demand increases during the day the modules automatically start and the generators synchronize to the line in the barest part of a minute. It does not take six or more hours, as is the case with a steam-electric system. Total Energy plants occupy little more room than do existing heating plants.

The Edison Electric Institute obviously could not favor such schemes; the old-time electric power engineers would not permit it. Even the American Gas Association must tread softly, for many of its corporate members are combination companies, electric and gas. Under such circumstances the top management must see to it that the electric business does not compete with the gas business, each must work within its "territory." Only in those areas where the gas utility is separate from the electric utility is there true competition and promotion of Total Energy. It has been found necessary to form an entirely new promotional association, GATE, Group to Advance Total Energy, the membership being drawn primarily from the "pure" gas companies.

Although no Total Energy plant is now connected with the electric utility system, there is no engineering reason why they should not be. Were they so connected the overall thermal efficiencies of such plants could be increased even beyond the 85 per cent level now obtainable, for there would be no wasted energy. They would be stabilizing influences to a vulnerable grid system. At any time they could be separated from the grid and operated independently. On occasions of major power failures, of which we can expect to see more, Total Energy plants, when separated from the grid, could be "revived" in seconds.

The ownership of the Total Energy plant could be by the landlord, the electric utility or the gas utility, or by a service corporation. Whatever the arrangement, the consumer of the energy will benefit from lower rates. It has been found that with good engineering, the expense of the added equipment necessary for Total Energy is paid off in a period of three to five years, with the savings accrued from the electric bill. For only a small increase in the cost of fuel for heating, the electricity is virtually free. If this is "do-it-yourself" power, then we need a lot more of it.

Though Total Energy plants produce the same 60-cycle electricity that is supplied by the electric utilities, they have the added attraction of being able to provide, with relative ease and efficiency, not only combinations of energy but also combinations of electric frequencies such as 60 cycles and 420 cycles from the same module. This feature alone has tremendous advantages for lighting in large buildings. Fluorescent light, when operated at the high frequency, exhibits remarkable characteristics. High frequency eliminates the need for the bulk and weight of the ballast in the fixture; it reduces the watt consumption and at the same time increases the light output and improves the whiteness of the light; it increases the life of the fluorescent tube and eliminates the flicker effect. Thus electricity itself becomes a better product.

We are now only on the threshold of Total Energy and high frequency. The ultimate system for this country will encompass the best features of Total Energy in combination with the best features of interconnection. We need the engineers, unhampered by tradition, who will explore these concepts. We cannot continue to waste 60 per cent of our fossil fuels, nor can we tolerate power failures, whether they be in an area affecting millions of people or in the power supply or fuel cell of a rocket at Cape Kennedy. We must recognize that design and operation of power equipment is a highly technical problem, the study of which must find its way back into the curricula of the engineering schools. We must promote an interest in our young people to explore the opportunities in the power field; we need innovation. Just as we are doing everything possible to preserve the whooping crane, we must also preserve the technology of power engineering and, in fact, we must improve the breed.

Begrudged Diplomats

The Stepsons of Foggy Bottom

. . Henry S. Villard

The Foreign Service Officer of the United States is heckled by Congress, criticized by the press, suspect in the eyes of the public. Nowhere else in the world is the profession of diplomacy regarded with such distrust; nowhere else is it assumed that its practitioners are more concerned with selling out their country than promoting the national interest, more likely to be losers at the conference table than successful proponents of their government's view, more inclined to brinkmanship than keeping their people out of war and preserving the peace.

This skeptical attitude toward the Foreign Service and its parent body, the Department of State, dates back to the days when foreign affairs were conveniently dismissed by quoting George Washington's farewell warning against the dangers of entangling alliances. For many years, it suited the temperament of a nation intent on its own internal growth and prosperity to insulate itself insofar as possible from political turmoil in other lands; relations with foreigners and foreign governments were somehow a threat to the foundations of the republic, and anyone who advocated an increase in money or personnel for diplomatic intercourse came close to being considered unpatriotic. Two global wars drastically changed the outlook of the United States, but the misgivings of Congress and the public have remained much the same.

In times now past, when great wealth was a prerequisite for diplomacy — and rigorous examinations were not — there may have been grounds for questioning the caliber and competence of American representatives abroad. Franklin D. Roosevelt, openly indifferent to the Foreign Service, may have been irked by the presence of a few holdovers from the dilettante days. But in 1924 Congress took sober note of the responsibilities that were beginning to descend on the shoulders of our foreign affairs establishment. The Rogers Act, a farsighted piece of legislation, created a body of professional officers, whose careers would be devoted to learning the game from the ground up, and

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whose experience and skill would be brought to bear on the increasingly difficult problems of the times.

The result, up to 1939, was a closely knit group of career men, whose reporting ability, good judgment, knowledge and technical skill served the country well — even if there was no perceptible increase in public appreciation of their services. The Foreign Service is still composed of exceptionally able and devoted public servants; its accumulated experience in any given segment of the world is unique and impressive; and abroad it is recognized as a hard-headed, hard-working, well-informed and conscientious corps. But while it more than holds its own in the esoteric realm of international relations, it is beset by flaws which cannot fail to be of concern today.

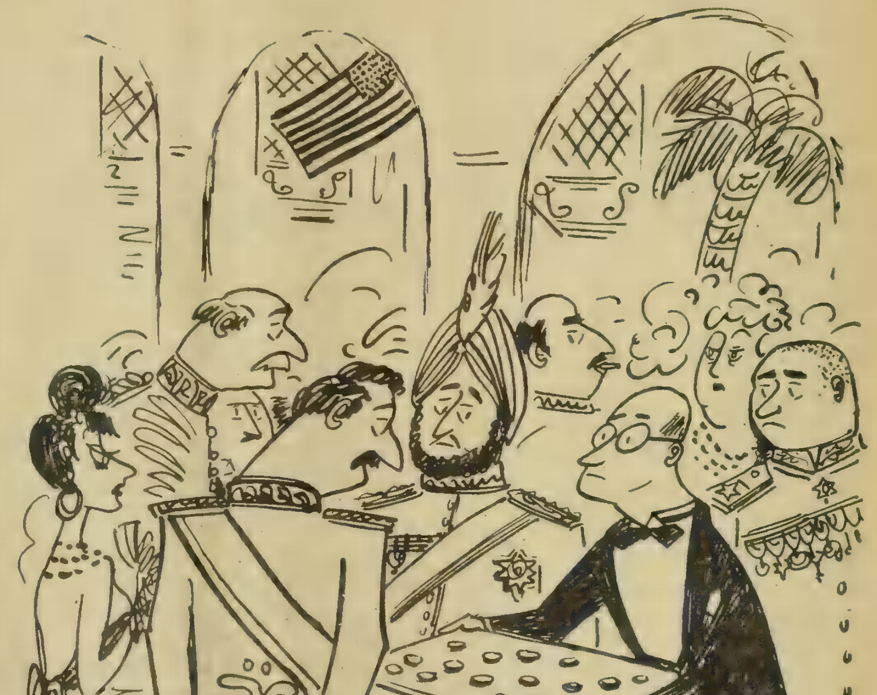
If the Service had been allowed to develop professionally along the lines laid down by Congressman Rogers, not only might it have more prestige at home but it might have more influence in the policy-making process and carry more weight among such other government agencies as the Pentagon and CIA. Two events, however, thwarted a natural growth commensurate with America's rising burdens and obligations. One was the failure of the Department during World War II to assert its prerogatives in the field of foreign affairs and to strengthen its professional structure; the other was the witch hunt of Sen. Joseph McCarthy in the early fifties, which dealt a devastating blow to the morale of the Service.

The war interrupted a promising evolution in the twenties and thirties toward a strictly professional body, the members of which advanced in their careers on the basis of merit alone. Up to that point, American diplomacy had more or less confined itself to a spectator role — as when we decided not to join the League of Nations and named a neutral "observer" to Geneva. Then, at the very moment when our participation in world affairs was to be assured by Pearl Harbor, and when foresight would have dictated a long-range plan for building up the Service, recruitment was suspended in deference to the country's military needs and for fear that diplomats would be considered draft dodgers. Instead of training more men to deal with the political upheaval then taking place — as well as its inevitable aftermath — the Department made do with a vastly inadequate staff. The Foreign Service emerged at the end of hostilities woefully undermanned and thinly spread.

It thus became necessary to bring in persons from the outside, without the requirement that they pass highly competitive examinations and start their careers on the lowest rung of the ladder. This was the so-called "lateral entry" or "side-door" principle—an innovation that did much to damage the *esprit de corps* which was the hallmark of the professional service. Next came the forcible enlargement of the Foreign Service, under Secretary Dulles, by amalgamation with the permanent home staff — an operation quickly known as "Wristonization" because Henry M. Wriston, then President of Brown University, headed a committee that issued the decree. The watchword here was "interchangeability"—service abroad or at home, regardless of training or inclination; and from a total of 1,285 regular Foreign Service Officers, the size, but not necessarily the strength, of the corps was nearly tripled overnight. How that affected the regulars, who had begun at the bottom, may be imagined: the preferred stock of the original system, it seemed, had suddenly been watered.

(An even greater dilution is in sight today under the pending Hays bill, H. R. 6277, which gives the President authority to effect a wholesale transfer "without examination," of "all officers and employees" in State, USIA and AID, except for those few paid under the Federal Executive Salary Schedule.)

But if the spirits of the career men were depressed by tinkering with the machinery, the destruction wrought by McCarthyism in the name of "loyalty" was infinitely greater. It caused the resignation of senior officers, regardless of their anti-Communist records; hounded out of their jobs men who may have erred in judgment but were never disloyal to the United States; frightened off in droves likely candidates for the career, and generally besmirched the reputation of the Service both here and abroad. The results of McCarthy's attack were that morale sank to an all-time low, and that, because many officers thought twice before writing reports that might be interpreted as leaning to the left, performance was



Light Refreshments at the U.S. Embassy seriously impaired. Confidence in the Service as a career dropped correspondingly.

In addition, certain built-in factors have tended to inhibit the full flowering of a diplomatic career in this contradictory age of specialization and mass production. The first is the inherent nature of a bureaucracy—to grow bigger. Despite efforts that are made from time to time to hold it in check, there seems to be something compulsive about the way bureaucratic cells subdivide. An already huge "foreign affairs complex" nevertheless seems inadequate to handle the variety of subjects coming under its jurisdiction, not to speak of the various international crises and emergencies the country is heir to. When Henry L. Stimson became Secretary of State under Hoover in 1929, the Department's entire staff, including Foreign Service officers who happened to be on duty in Washington, could be assembled on the back steps for a photograph at lunch time. Today, counting all hands here and overseas, State's payroll carries nearly 25,000 employees, with the prospect that specialists will continue to be added in sundry new categories. The carefully selected individual who enters the Foreign Service on the basis of his particular background and education, is rapidly becoming lost in the crowd. Moreover, the larger the organization grows, the larger the army of administrators required to run the show. Mundane problems of administration overshadow the workings of political units, and what used to be a serviceable housekeeping tail is beginning to wag the whole diplomatic dog.

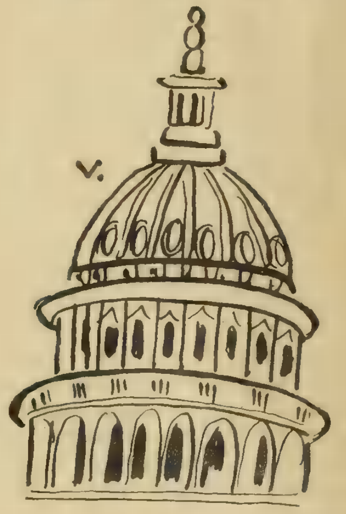
If that were not enough to discourage departmental initiative and creativity, the paper jungle retards policy makers and obscures policy decisions. As Secretary Rusk has testified, in a moment of truism, "layering is an obstacle to the extent that it is burdensome." By "layering" Rusk meant the number of offices and officers that intervene between him and the handling of a given issue. Suppose an incoming telegram does not follow its tortuous course through the establishment: "somebody," said the Secretary, "feels that he is being deprived of his participation in a matter of his responsibility." Nothing more sharply pains a bureaucrat than to be deprived of participation in a matter for which he shares the very least modicum of responsibility.

At the same time, Rusk expressed justified concern at the size and intricacy of the administrative structure abroad. For example, with at least forty-four agencies of the government represented in London, our embassy has its work cut out supervising and backstopping activities that are not its primary concern but that reflect the multiplicity today of fingers in the policy-making pie. In some posts, the representatives of AID, USIA, CIA and the Peace Corps—to mention only a few—far outnumber the Foreign Service career officers.

To attain its present pitch of efficiency, the Foreign Service has had to labor under other handicaps. The attitude of Congress toward appropriations for the "cooky pushers" is notorious: State's budget is the merest fraction of our disbursements for guided missiles, nuclear submarines, agricultural price supports, or for exploring the moon. Of the total estimated government expenditures for the fiscal year 1966, the Department's share comes to .04c out of each dollar; it received $204,618,000 for the "administration of foreign affairs," including salaries and operating expenses and the acquisition, operation and maintenance of buildings abroad. Of this modest sum, $993,000 was for what Congress jocularly refers to as the "booze allowance"—the money used for official entertaining by representatives of the United States. For reasons which it is difficult to fathom, Congress has never permitted the funds so allocated to be exceeded in any fiscal year. Hospitality is a basic technique of diplomacy. An ambassador or other officer with independent means may not have to worry on this score, but one who must live within his salary—not high by business standards—is concerned about picking up the tab for a meal when he is coming to the end of his annual allotment.

This leads to consideration of another fact of Foreign Service life. Career men have long been resigned to the spectacle of top posts going to outsiders—ambassadorial appointments made in exchange for campaign contributions or other political support. "Fat cats" have one obvious virtue as ambassadors—they can mount the necessary social functions at no cost to the government. But for an officer who has come up from the ranks, the ultimate reward is to become chief of mission; yet he knows that between a quarter and a third of the embassies go to beneficiaries of the spoils system. However competent and intelligent the latter may be in their own spheres, they have no training for the peculiar demands of diplomacy. In the State Department itself, area specialists may find themselves working under men who have no previous government service and who must depend on a seasoned deputy for guidance. It is a deterrent to ambition, to say the least, when a substantial proportion of the responsible jobs are denied to those best qualified to hold them.

Finally, the State Department suffers endless intervention in its attempt to formulate foreign policy. When anything goes wrong in our relations with the rest of the world, as is bound to happen from time to time, the Department or the Foreign Service is a handy whipping boy. Americans tend to forget, however, that State is not alone in the foreign field. The conduct of foreign affairs begins in the White House; the President is charged by the Constitution with that responsibility, and Presidential advisers from Colonel House to McGeorge Bundy have been evidence of that fact. Congress is increasingly influential in questions of foreign policy—as indeed seems inevitable when massive sums for foreign aid are involved—and policy makers must reckon with expressions of views from either side of the aisle in both the Senate and the House of Representatives. In addition, when diplomats make decisions these days, they must take into account the pronounced views of the Department



of Defense, not to speak of the active and far-flung operations of an expanding CIA. Finally, the often strident voices of the public, the press and organized pressure groups must be given a hearing. It is no wonder that State may sometimes have to take action against the better judgment of its experts—and bear the resulting criticism in silence if things turn out badly.

As foreign affairs grow more and more complex, the job of the Foreign Service becomes correspondingly harder, and the need for a strictly professional body of experts is more critical. Capable and selfless as the members of the Service are today, their efficiency can be too easily compromised by forces at work in their rear—particularly by the red tape of a proliferating bureaucracy, by the sacrifice of the career principle, by the limitation of funds for essential purposes, and by politics. If maximum service is to be rendered to the American people, reforms are indicated.

(*1*) The entire organization, at home and abroad, should be placed on a career basis—its members recruited, trained and promoted according to that principle. With the rare exception of a distinguished, qualified citizen, ambassadors should be appointed from the career.

(*2*) Salaries and allowances should be at least as liberal as those in private business. All expenses incurred in line of duty, including those for entertainment and household maintenance, should be borne without question by the government.

(*3*) The size of the State Department should be cut by a quarter or a third; if that is initially impossible, because of civil service entrenchment, a halt should be called to multiplication of the bureaucrats, together with their managers and administrators, and jobs should be allowed to wither away with the passage of time. In the process, we might learn whether two persons can be trained to do what three do at present.

(*4*) More study should go into reducing paper work, eliminating nonessential reports, overhauling the system of committee clearances, and streamlining the decision-making procedure.

(*5*) The President should give the Secretary of State the power and backing to run the everyday business of foreign affairs without obstruction, interference or circumvention by others. If experts are to be hired by the taxpayer, their judgment should be relied on and they should be entrusted with authority commensurate with their qualifications.

(*6*) Morale should be raised in what is essentially a highly honorable profession through a wide-scale campaign to inform the people about their Foreign Service. The public needs to understand what the State Department does and does not do, what it can and cannot do, and what the career can mean to those who are qualified.

The last point is of great importance if the Foreign Service is ever to get the support it must have to carry out its assignments. Only by interest on the part of the people can it receive proper attention from Congress. And without Congressional support—and Presidential approval—there is small likelihood that any of the above program can be realized.

The Open Door of Henry Wallace

Ronald Radosh

To many of Henry Agard Wallace's contemporaries, it appeared that he was an arch-New Dealer, a radical exponent of the "century of the common man." Regarded favorably as an anti-imperialist liberal by those on the Left, and condemned as a radical by many on the Right, Wallace was in reality an exponent of the traditional foreign policy advocated by American statesmen since 1898 — economic expansion through the technique of the Open Door abroad for American commerce. Wallace believed that business, labor, agriculture and government formed a four-way partnership. One partner could for a time obtain a larger share of the national income, but this "pressure game" would explode unless they all united to produce a larger income to divide. The source of this income was the "assurance of large and expanding" markets for business, upon which the private-enterprise system was dependent "for its very survival." As Secretary of Commerce, Wallace held his goal to be the creation of a "revitalized foreign trade service," which he hoped would "play a more effective role" in promoting "vigorously a high level of foreign trade on a sustained basis." Full employment and 60 million jobs would be the result of government cooperation "with the export trade" to put on "an aggressive sales campaign abroad."

Wallace argued that export markets were a necessity because American industry produced in excess of domestic demand. As soon as productive capacity caught up with postwar purchasing capacity at home, Americans would again have to "look to foreign markets in order to exchange our surplus industrial and agricultural production." For this reason, Wallace joined such leading corporate spokesmen as Chamber of Commerce president, Eric Johnston, and John Abbink of the National Foreign Trade Council, in demanding a postwar loan to Great Britain. If Britain did not obtain funds with which to buy American goods, Wallace forecast that American productivity would dry up from lack of markets. The result would be depression. To those Americans who argued that loans made to Britain under a Labour government would further socialism in Europe, Wallace replied that "money is being loaned to Britain for the purpose of enabling her to do business in the way we are doing, rather than to pursue any further the path of socialization or nationalization." He believed that private enterprise in foreign trade would permit other countries to "embrace [the American] system, which is not only in our best interests but in theirs also."

Wallace's program of saving the economy by a search for large export markets owed a great deal to the approach first used by another 20th-century Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover. Wallace

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was frank to acknowledge his debt. "I have considerable sympathy with Herbert Hoover's problem as Secretary of Commerce right now," Wallace stated after his appointment, "because I can say that I am going to go all out to get the maximum use of whatever powers may reside in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce to foster and develop trade here and abroad." Predicting an excess of exports over imports for at least ten years, Wallace admitted he "would be contributing perhaps as much as any single individual to producing a situation like that for which I criticized the Republican Party back in the decade of the twenties." The continuation of America's traditional program of foreign expansion was largely ignored by liberals who hoped that American influence would create a liberal and peaceful world. Only such conservative critics as Sen. Robert A. Taft understood that while "dollar diplomacy is derided . . . it is exactly the policy of Government aid to our exporters which Mr. Wallace himself advocates to develop foreign trade, except that [previously] it did not involve our lending abroad the money to pay for all our exports."

It was to Henry A. Wallace's great credit that, although he subscribed to the need for American expansion, he would not follow the lead of cold-war statesmen who believed that America should use its postwar position of strength to structure the world in its own image. The cold warriors hoped to push Russia from Eastern Europe, thus opening the Danube Valley and Eastern Europe to the goods and capital of the West.

Wallace preferred to "discuss with the Russians in a friendly way their long-range economic problems and the future of . . . cooperation in matters of trade." He saw the Soviet Union as a natural billion-dollar market for American industrial surplus and as a source of necessary raw materials. Moreover, mutually advantageous trade relations, it could be hoped, would create a basis for negotiations and lead to an end of political misunderstanding. Problems relating to Eastern Europe might be solved if economic arrangements were worked out first. "Russian economic penetration of the Danube area might be countered," Wallace suggested, "by concrete proposals for economic collaboration in the development of the resources of this area, rather than by insisting that the Russians should cease their unilateral penetration and offering no solution to the present economic chaos there." Wallace believed that Soviet behavior was the "result of their dire economic needs and of their disturbed sense of security," and he urged that "we can disabuse the Soviet mind . . . by proving to them that we want to trade with them and to cement our economic relations with them." His commitment to increasing cooperative trade relations placed Wallace in opposition to those who would refuse any loan to Russia, and to those, like Averell Harriman, who suggested granting piecemeal credit in return for specific political concessions.

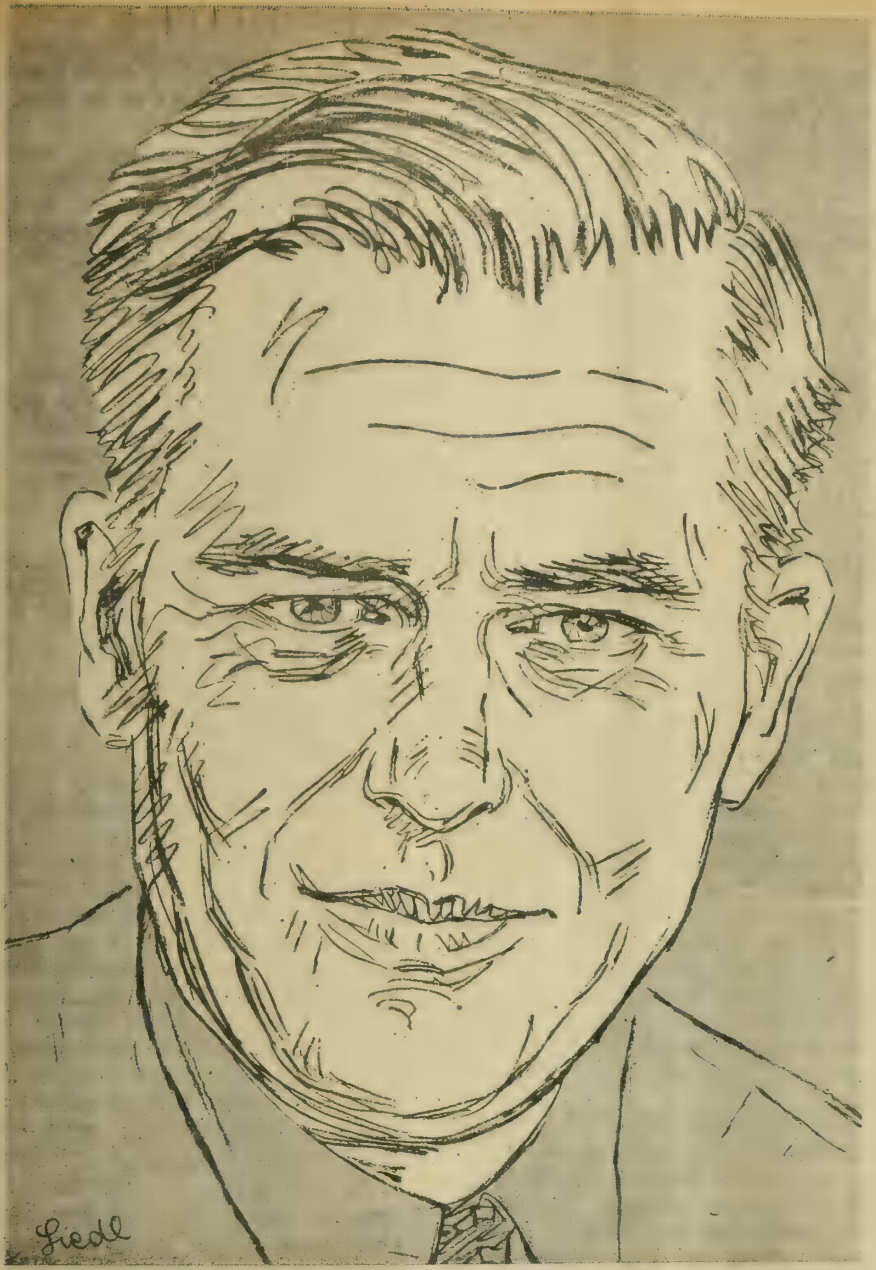
Wallace developed an equally penetrating critique of postwar policy on the control of atomic energy. In an era when influential Americans argued that the Soviets would never produce an atomic bomb, and that the United States should keep its "secret" until Russia agreed to be policed by the United Nations, Wallace answered that it was illusory to base policy on the idea of an atomic monopoly that could not be maintained. When Bernard Baruch introduced the United States plan for control of atomic production to the UN in June, 1946, Wallace declared it unrealistic. He held that other nations should not be required to stop research on the military use of atomic energy and to disclose their resources, while the United States retained its right to withhold technical knowledge until an acceptable international control and inspection system existed.

The United States was notifying the Russians that if they were "good boys," America would eventually turn over to them its knowledge of atomic energy. But, Wallace noted, "there is no objective standard of what will qualify them as being 'good' nor any specified time for sharing our knowledge." Only after the Soviet Union had revealed its hand would the United States announce whether it would play out the game. An equitable agreement would be one in which the United States committed itself to disclose information and destroy its bomb stockpile at a specific time, not at its own unfettered discretion. Wallace was convinced that the Russians would respond to such a proposal.

After Harry S. Truman assumed the Presidency, the posture of the American Government toward the Soviet Union became more hostile, and Henry A. Wallace intensified his criticism of those who sought to avoid any cooperative relations with the Russians. On September 12, 1946, at Madison Square Garden, Wallace delivered the speech that led to his forced resignation from the President's Cabinet. He summarized and reiterated the approach that he had taken for the past year. "Russian ideals of social-economic justice," he told his audience, "are going to govern nearly a third of the world. Our ideas of free enterprise democracy will govern much of the rest. . . . By mutual agreement this competition should be put on a friendly basis, and the Russians should stop conniving against us in certain areas just as we should stop scheming against them in other parts."

Wallace's speech became political dynamite. As he spoke, Secretary of State James F. Byrnes was in Paris, about to negotiate with the Russians on postwar peace treaties. The speech threatened to disrupt Byrnes's get-tough approach, since Wallace claimed that the President had read his speech and said that it "represented the policy of his administration." Truman later claimed that he had approved only Wallace's right to present the speech, and had not endorsed it "as constituting a statement of the foreign policy of this country." On the 18th, Secretary Byrnes asked the President to prevent Wallace from discussing foreign affairs, since Wallace's views led diplomats to wonder whether Byrnes's policy would be followed. On September 19, Truman asked Wallace to resign, calling attention to the need of government to "stand as a unit in its relations with the rest of the world."

In his *Memoirs*, Truman wrote that he had not read the Garden speech and that Wallace had only "told me he was going to make a speech." However, the official record of the President's press conference on September 12 indicates that President Truman did approve of what Wallace was to say. In response to a question whether the speech represented administration policy, Truman replied "that is cor-



rect," and later reiterated that "I approved the whole speech."

It has not hitherto been explained why the President, himself a leader of those who advocated a militant position toward Russia, had been reluctant to allow Wallace to leave the Cabinet. Truman himself offered the explanation that "Wallace had a following," and that "his appeal had some effect." If he was kept in the Cabinet, "I might be able to put some check on his activities."

The second part of this explanation does not stand up, since Wallace's most active public role was that of consistent critic of American policy. Wallace had spoken out directly, and even after the Garden speech, made it clear that he would continue to do so. On the other hand, Truman did have good reason to fear Wallace's potential drawing power. As David A. Shannon pointed out in *The Decline of American Communism*, "it was not until mid-1947 that Truman appeared as a champion of liberalism, after a Republican Congress afforded him a conservative backdrop. The Democratic record on price control and inflation had been poor, housing was a mess, and Truman had even asked Congress for power to draft strikers. . . . In 1946, it seemed to the liberals that Truman would undo everything Roosevelt had gained." In this atmosphere, the President may have hoped that the liberals would not become an effective opposition force if Wallace remained in the Cabinet. Even under pressure from Byrnes, Truman first asked only that Wallace refrain from criticism until the Paris negotiations were completed.

But granting that Truman may have had good reason not to break with his Secretary of Commerce, why did Wallace prefer to stay within the administration, when he might have led his supporters out at a time when this form of pressure could have forced reversal of policy? To answer this, one must first know that Wallace did not hold the President responsible for the negative turn in foreign policy. Truman had consistently told Wallace that they shared the same approach toward American-Soviet relations and Wallace believed that this assured his ability to influence the course of policy from within the administration itself.

Some examples will indicate the effectiveness of the President's approach. On March 14, 1946, Truman had appointed Gen. Walter Bedell Smith ambassador to Russia. Wallace wrote Truman expressing hope that Bedell Smith would be able to break the diplomatic deadlock in American-Soviet relations. He believed Smith's task would be made easier if the United States consented to discuss long-range economic problems with the Russians. Soviet intransigence was due to the Russians' dire economic needs and to their disturbed sense of security. America should prove its desire for peace, Wallace wrote, by trading with the Russians, and a group should be sent to Moscow to initiate talks on the subject.

President Truman wrote later that Bedell Smith had asked for Wallace's letter, along with Truman's initials, to indicate that the President approved of Wallace's view. Truman wrote: "I ignored this letter of Wallace's. I had expressed my policy to Bedell Smith and had suggested the approach he should take to the Kremlin. I could see little to be gained from the Wallace proposal."

It is clear that Truman did not intend to test whether increased trade with Russia and a receptive attitude toward Soviet demands for security in Eastern Europe would lead to a lessening of tension. But he did not include in his *Memoirs* the answer he gave Wallace. On

March 20, he wrote Wallace that he "appreciated very much your letter in regard to the Russian situation which you handed me at the cabinet meeting last Friday. I have seen General Smith and have discussed conditions with him. I believe he is going to Russia with the right attitude in mind. I have great hopes of his getting our relations on a better plane. He impressed me as being a capable person." In the context of events, Wallace took this skillfully worded reply to mean that Truman agreed with his suggestions. Therefore, when Wallace appeared with the President at a dinner held on March 23, he praised Truman as one who was carrying on FDR's fight for peace. Claiming that the "people believe as you do, Mr. President," and that they "dislike all this talk of inevitable war," Wallace's approach brought forth no repudiation from the President.

Wallace had become involved in yet another conflict in March of 1946—a debate over the presence of American military bases in Iceland. He had told a Swedish A.P. reporter that if it was true that Scandinavians did not want the United States to remain in Iceland, and had appreciated Soviet withdrawal from the Danish island of Bornholm, that as a "private individual and not as a member of government" he thought it would be better for world peace if the U.S. "pulled out of Iceland." The comment found its way to *The New York Times*, which printed the private remark as a public statement. Secretary of State Byrnes became upset, since he felt that his attempt to gain bases in Iceland had been aborted by Wallace's statement. Secretary of Defense Forrestal supported Byrnes, declaring it to be inappropriate for a Cabinet member to make comments on foreign policy contrary to the position of the Secretary of State. The bipartisan Senate leader, Arthur Vandenberg, agreed that "everything was quite agreeable" until Wallace's statement interfered with policy. Wallace was depicted as an administration member whose actions were defeating his own government's avowed policy.

The press pictured Wallace as opposing a course of action with respect to Iceland bases that was favored by the President. The Alsop brothers, writing in *Life* for May 20, declared that Wallace opposed "the agreed policy of the American government, approved by the President." They used the same argument that the President himself would adopt when dismissing Wallace four months later. Wallace had a "right to his opinion," the Alsop brothers wrote, but if it did not prevail, he should "resign or . . . remain silent." Similarly, a June 2 column by Bert Andrews of the New York *Herald Tribune* claimed that the President believed Wallace should "go along with the policy . . . or keep quiet."

The debate over Iceland air bases was a foreshadowing of the impending confrontation over the Garden speech. Yet in June, Truman again indicated to Wallace that he was not dissatisfied with his Secretary's approach. Wallace had sent the President a copy of his answer to *Life*, in which he claimed that the Alsops had distorted his real views and had based their statement on his purely personal talk with the Swedish reporter. Truman's answer to Wallace on June 7 indicated that he agreed the press was once again distorting Wallace's views and treating him unjustly. Truman wrote:

> *Your note of the 3rd enclosing me copy of your correspondence with Wilson Hicks of* Life *is all right. I was happy to receive it. It seems that* Life, Time *and* Fortune *magazines take particular delight in garbling anything that you or I have to say.*

By judicious choice of language, Truman had connected distortions of the press against Wallace with those against himself. Wallace did not know that at a Cabinet meeting from which he was absent, Secretary Byrnes had argued that he "must *not* thus be 'shot in the back' by his own colleagues." Wallace's reaction to Truman's letter was to feel assured once again that the President supported the fight for peace. Wallace would constantly argue, until his dismissal—that he and the President stood side by side on the question of Russian policy.

This conviction led Wallace to reject any thought of forming a third party, and to choose instead to fight within the government "as long as blind acquiescence is not a condition of service in the Cabinet of the President." Wallace was never acquiescent. He intensified his critique. On July 23, he had presented a memorandum to the President summing up his entire approach toward foreign policy. It looked to the world, Wallace wrote, as if the United States were preparing for a war it held to be inevitable. Four-fifths of its budget was spent for warlike purposes, and it had secured air bases around the world from which the rest of the earth could be bombed. Asking the President to consider reversing events, Wallace inquired "how it would look to us if Russia had the ten-thousand-mile bombers and air bases within a thousand miles of our coast lines and we did not?" Wallace insisted that "we should be prepared, even at the expense of risking epithets of appeasement, to agree to reasonable Russian guarantees of security."

President Truman was himself making liberal use of such epithets. He recorded in his diary for September 18, a day on which he had conferred with Henry Wallace, that "Mr. X" was not as "fundamentally sound" as he had thought. X was a "pacifist 100 per cent," who wanted to "disband our armed forces, give Russia our atomic secrets and trust a bunch of adventurers in the Kremlin Politburo. . . . The Reds, phonies and 'parlor pinks' seem to be banded together and are becoming a national danger. I am afraid they are a sabotage front for Uncle Joe Stalin." Such was the response of the President to Wallace's reasoned criticisms—a caricature of his Secretary's true arguments which allowed the President to evade a confrontation with Wallace's views by vulgarizing them.

In retrospect, the criticisms offered by Wallace in 1946 were more than well taken. Standing almost alone, he held it was folly to believe that the United States could maintain a long-term monopoly on the knowledge needed to produce atomic weapons. He urged that the United States should not base its policy on an illusion, and therefore opposed any use of the bomb as an instrument of diplomacy. Because of his suggestion that Russian demands for security in Eastern Europe be honored, he was accused of "appeasement" and pro-communism. The equation of dissent and criticism with treason and radicalism had begun. Henry Wallace's examination of the assumptions of cold-war policy are still relevant. Americans concerned with the backward nature of contemporary foreign policy have much to learn from his views and his experience.

Government by Freshmen

Maine's Year of the Donkey . . .

David L. Graham

Freeport, Me.

Wouldn't a *Nation* reader find a term in Maine's traditionally conservative state legislature frustrating and dismal? You might think so, but I have been through the experience and found it educational, stimulating and, at times, wildly exhilarating—as, for instance, when a pair of bills I was sponsoring squeaked through in the last days of the session, one of them by two votes.

State legislatures, like families, have their little jokes. A favorite of the 102nd Maine Legislature was to hail Rep. Dana Childs as the best Democratic Speaker of the House in half a century. No question about it. The Democrats hadn't elected a majority of the House, hence a Speaker, since 1914.

Except for the very close victory of Rep. Stanley R. Tupper, a Republican who had dissociated himself from Goldwater, Maine Democrats made a clean sweep in 1964, electing one U.S. Senator (Muskie), as well as Maine's other U.S. Congressman, and winning majorities in both houses of the state legislature.

It was in an almost panicky anti-Goldwater stampede that many Democratic legislators were hustled into office. The mill towns, being predominantly Franco-American, were Democratic as usual, only more so, but my town of Freeport hadn't sent a Democratic Representative to Augusta since before Lincoln's time.

We Democrats who awoke on November 4 as victors were almost as dismayed as we were elated; a sudden burden of responsibility had descended upon us. We hadn't expected to win *control* of the legislature. Many of our successful candidates had really been stand-ins, allowing their names to be used just to fill out the ticket. Rumor had it that one victorious Democrat was indignantly demanding a recount.

By the opening of the legislative session last January, a good many Democrats were wondering uneasily if their party, after more than fifty years on the side lines, could do anything substantial for the state of Maine. Not only had these elected Democrats never been a majority party; more than 50 per cent of the entire legislature were freshmen. Fortunately we had one very good and experienced man in the House, whom we chose Speaker; and an equally good and experienced man in the Senate, who was elected President of that body. These two became the Democratic leadership, with the *eminence grise* of Senator Muskie hovering benignly in the background.

Along the Maine Coast

To me, the most important bills in the legislature were, of course, the ones I myself introduced. Shoving these bills up the ladder to enactment, or struggling in vain to keep them from tumbling off into the eternal night of "indefinite postponement" was a cram course in politics. The lesser duties of a legislator, the errand-boy aspect of the job, I plunged into with zeal, wangling passes to the races, getting jobs for people, and even filling a rush order for a license to trap muskrat. It behooved me, I felt, to perform these humble chores faithfully, because who was going to rely on a freshman Representative, a political innocent, to push through important legislation? But being known from my weekly newspaper columns as a liberal, I soon acquired what one newspaper man described as the "three most controversial bills of the session."

However, I had begun working on one bill even before the session started—it was to provide a decent school for Pownal, a town in my district that had nothing but five

David L. Graham, who represents Freeport and adjoining towns in the Maine legislature, writes a weekly column that appears in three of the state's newspapers.

dilapidated, overcrowded, one-room schoolhouses. Pownal was already getting the maximum help from the state, and lacked sufficient taxable property on which to borrow the money that would be needed to build the simplest consolidated school. Only by wheedling a special grant from the legislature could the job be done. The task fell to the town's state Representative—me.

My first step—first maneuver, if you will—was to get myself appointed to the Joint Committee on Education. Every bill has a hearing before the appropriate committee, and there its future is usually decided by the committee's "ought to pass" or "ought not to pass" report. The Department of Education wrote up my bill for me, the Legislative Research Committee put it in proper form, and I dropped it in the hopper. The notion that legislators dream up and write up their own bills is a myth. Certainly 95 per cent of our bills emerged full blown from some lobbyist's pocket. I use the word in the broadest sense—not just to cover paid agents, who must register with our Secretary of State, but any individual, company or group (including departments of the state government) that promotes the passage or defeat of any particular bill or bills.

In due course the Pownal bill had its committee hearing and the Pownal School Board ably presented its arguments. But afterward, in executive session, the committee balked. They deeply sympathized, they said, but felt they couldn't make an exception for Pownal. If they approved a bill making Pownal a one-town school district, twenty or thirty other towns that were as badly off would demand like favors.

My answer to this had two parts: (1) Let them, I said; if they are as wretchedly equipped as Pownal, they deserve special help; and (2) oh, no they won't, I assured my colleagues, it's too late for any more bills to be introduced in this session. Let the next legislature worry about the precedent of Pownal.

Like most glib answers, mine impressed almost no one but the utterer. The Education Committee issued a 7-to-2 "ought not to pass" report, which is enough to kill nearly any bill. But when Pownal came before the House, I arose in my legislative innocence and moved that we accept the minority report. Choking with nervousness — this was my maiden speech—I suggested that outhouses had little educational value, that Pownal's children were entitled to a school with plumbing, good lighting and adequate space.

Lacking eloquence, my voice quavered with sincerity, one of the rarest of legislative commodities. The House ignored the committee's recommendation and went along with Pownal. The Senate did not, but the Committee of Conference—three members of each house—which resulted from the deadlock rewrote the bill with minor changes and then approved it unanimously.

With victory apparently at hand, the bill was then held up in the House. Prayers and entreaties heavily seasoned with tact overcame the objections, and the hope of Pownal plunged forward once more, finally landing on the Senate appropriations table. This was the last hurdle on the track to the Governor's desk. In Maine all such money measures must clear the Senate's appropriation table, where bills requiring expenditures are matched to available funds. A sort of legislative "pearly gate," this appropriations table; from here money bills introduced by members of the majority usually go to their reward and minority party bills are cast into outer darkness.

For weeks the Pownal bill lay dormant on the appropriations table. Meanwhile, the legislative mills were grinding out my other bills. One of these, affecting kindergarten education, I had introduced "by request"—from courtesy rather than conviction; yet it went through with no delay and without the slightest assistance from me. I was photographed with the Governor as he signed it, and never did a legislator get more publicity for less work. But another bill that would have permitted tow-truck operators to claim abandoned cars that they had hauled off the highways and kept for a reasonable time ran into opposition from General Motors and General Motors prevailed.

However, it was the Pownal bill and three others that provided the basis of my political education. Early in the session representatives of the NAACP asked me to sponsor a so-called "Fair Housing Bill," to prohibit racial and religious discrimination in the rental of housing. No bill seemed to me more important or more worth while.

My second controversial bill would have permitted Maine savings banks, like those of Massachusetts, to sell life insurance. Again flattered to be allowed to carry the ball and eager to emulate Justice Louis Brandeis, who in his younger days had led the fight to bring Savings Bank Life Insurance to Massachusetts, I accepted at once—only to find that I was no Louis Brandeis. The life insurance lobby slaughtered us.

The contrast between the fates of these two bills was a lesson in the workings of democracy. Both were clearly in the public interest; both were controversial in the extreme, being bitterly opposed by special interests; both had not passed in previous legislatures.

Behind our Fair Housing Bill we had a small but persistent pressure group, the NAACP, which, though insignificant as a political force in Maine, had, with the aid of various churches, state-wide coverage and dedicated workers. These people got their campaign going even before the legislature convened. Voters from all over the state began approaching their legislators by letter, telephone or personal interview. Several newspapers gave the bill their blessing. Meanwhile I and the bill's co-sponsor, a prominent Republican whom we had prevailed upon to join us and add the luster of social respectability to the cause, began lining up our legislative colleagues one by one.

Except for one organization, the Maine Association of Real Estate Boards, the opposition was furtive and ashamed. And the association's opposition was so extreme—it called the bill "discriminating legislation" and referred to it as "Forced Housing"—that it reduced its case to absurdity. Some 400 supporters turned out at the bill's public hearing before the Judiciary Committee. More than a score of speakers discussed the merits of the bill from different angles, speaking briefly and with feeling. Whereas the bill's opponents (consisting of a paid lobbyist, several real estate salesmen and two or three overwrought extremists) made themselves seem isolated, selfish and anti-democratic.

In executive session, the Judiciary Committee amended the bill to the extent of excluding from its provisions small, owner-operated rooming houses and two-family dwellings, one unit of which was occupied by the owner. An anti-discrimination bill that allows a little discrimination is like a virgin who admits she is a tiny bit pregnant. In accepting this tampering with our bill—statutory rape, you might call it—we compromised our principles. But we had to do it to get a favorable verdict from the Judiciary Committee, which then handed down a 9-to-1 "ought to pass" report.

Victory seemed at hand. But we took no chances, because in the previous session the bill had gone through twice, only to be defeated on its third and final vote. Three of us dedicated ourselves to canvassing the entire legislature. For me this meant talking with some forty members of the House, pleading, cajoling, vote swapping.

Meanwhile, the bill's supporters around the state maintained the pressure on their respective Senators and Representatives. And as if to dramatize our cause, the march on Selma got under way. "The road to social justice leads through Augusta also," we said.

Our presentation in the House was good—we could speak with sincerity and feeling. As rarely happens, several legislators switched sides as a result of the debate and came over to us. Our roll-call vote was a smashing 87-to-47 triumph. And when, next day, die-hards attempted to add crippling amendments, we beat them even more decisively. In the Senate with its larger Democratic majority things went even better. We had won.

The Savings Bank Life Insurance bill, while intrinsically as worthy—why shouldn't the people of Maine be allowed to buy inexpensive, over-the-counter life insurance?—had no drive behind it. The Savings Bank officials were for it—most of them—but in a dignified, business-as-usual way. Against us we had one of the most powerful lobbies in America, the life insurance lobby, which kept itself in the background, letting the insurance agents man the barricades.

About 500 of the latter, showing up at the public hearing, believed or pretended to believe that our little bill would run them out of business. The citizens for whom we were fighting watched from a distance, uncomprehendingly, if they watched at all. Newspapers which had favored the Fair Housing Bill were afraid to touch the sacred subject of life insurance. From the speeches of hostile legislators, you would have thought we were trying to sell some yokels the Brooklyn Bridge. The Committee on Business Legislation came out with a 9-to-1 "ought not to pass" report and the House voted us down by almost the margin with which it had approved the Fair Housing Bill. Special interests, capitalizing on apathy, had defeated the public interest.

The lesson I learned from this may seem elementary, but it is one that no legislator can afford to forget: it is not enough that a piece of proposed legislation have merit. Every bill is somebody's "good bill." What all bills, especially controversial bills, need for enactment is support — intelligent, earnest support right up to the moment the governor signs them into law.

A final measure rounded out my political education. This was the most controversial of them all—a state income-tax bill. The League of Women Voters, loath to see the state sales tax of 4 per cent increased, and yet convinced of the need for additional state services, were the sponsors. The ladies could find no one to introduce the bill until, at last, they came to me "You believe in the ability-to-pay principle in taxation, don't you?" (Yes.) "You wouldn't load more sales taxes on the backs of the poor, would you?" (No.) "You realize the state is going to need more money this biennium?" (Of course—the state needs more money every biennium.) And so I agreed: partly because I do believe in the ability-to-pay principle; partly because the party leadership implored me to oblige—they wanted to have an income-tax bill in the works, just in case; and partly, I'm afraid, because all this attention intoxicated me. I hardly saw the noose I was sticking my head into.

Maine has no state income tax. The news that I was introducing one in the legislature hit the afternoon papers. That evening angry telephone calls began pouring into my home; then letters and postcards. After that, there was no place for me to hide. From being a bashful, fence-sitting freshman Representative, I had become overnight a man to be despised—and respected; to be denounced—and praised. For praise also was forthcoming; especially, praise for my courage. I shall always be grateful to the League of Women Voters: they got me typed as a "courageous" legislator.

What the backlash at the next election will be I cannot predict. Probably most people will have forgotten all about the income tax—I hope. Needless to say, nothing came of it. The Democratic majority wasn't going to pass an income tax if it could possibly avoid doing so. To reward the voters thus for giving the party power after more than fifty frustrating years seemed suicidal. The leadership got the Republican Governor to agree to a package that raised some existing taxes and put a sales tax on intrastate telephone calls. But no income tax.

Thus Maine's first Democratically controlled legislature in more than a generation wound up its regular session, and the state was still solvent — nay prosperous. Even the ultraconservative Bangor *News* hailed our achievements. No legislature had ever done more for education. In addition, we raised the wages of nearly 7,000 state employees, enacted a pesticide-control law, forbade racial and religious discrimination in housing and employment, raised the minimum wage, liberalized Maine's employment security law and the workmen's compensation law, and expanded health and welfare services. Summing it up, the conservative Portland *Press-Herald* said, "Maine's Legislature, Under New Management, Chalks Up Fine Record."

As for my own fondest hope, the Pownal School bill: during the final hours of the session, the Senate majority leader raised it from the appropriations table and rammed it through to enactment. My sponsorship, at the party's request, of the state income-tax bill had not been forgotten.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

not going to give up all we have gained since the Reformation," and something to the effect that the "white race" is there in Asia, etc. . . . I leave it to you and your readers to explain the thinking behind such rhetoric.

Frances L. Marx

Back issues

New York City

Dear Sirs: I have back issues of *The Nation* covering the last ten or twelve years which I would be glad to send in whole or in part to any interested person.

Robert Boss
98 Riverside Drive

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Posthumously Rehabilitated

THE PROSE OF OSIP MANDELSTAM: The Noise of Time. Theodosia. The Egyptian Stamp. Translated, with a critical essay, by Clarence Brown. Princeton University Press. 200 pp. $5.

Donald Fanger

These are the memoirs in prose of a major Russian poet who did not—in Akhmatova's phrase — know how to reminisce; modernist elegies that give new life to the dead tradition they sing; the work of an essentially non-Jewish Jew of Isaac Babel's generation who was as brilliant a writer and as tragic a victim of the so-called "cult of personality." Mandelstam (born 1891), died in a Siberian prison camp in 1938, and has been, in the official phrase, "posthumously rehabilitated." What this means is that his name and works can once again be mentioned in print in Russia. Real rehabilitation would mean republishing the collected works and permitting serious critical discussion of them. That must come, but it has not yet, and while Akhmatova has recently reported literary youth in the Soviet Union to be "wild" about this prose, the fact remains that the only substantial reprintings in Russian have been done in this country. And now we have an elegant English translation, with an equally elegant critical commentary.

Mandelstam's is the experimental prose of a poet convinced—as were so many of his generation—that the revolution marked not only the end of a cultural era but of the forms associated with that era. The preconditions for traditional fiction seemed gone: the individual was dwarfed by social forces, and opportunities for heroism appeared not so much in life as in art. "A new heroic era has opened," Mandelstam wrote in 1921, "in the life of the word. The word is flesh and bread. It shares the fate of bread and flesh: suffering."

The result, as Clarence Brown notes in his introductory essay, is that "one's feeling in reading him is constant and unflagging amazement — amazement precisely at the novelty and originality of his vision, and the uniquely personal character of his conception of the world." *The Noise of Time*, for instance, begins with a child's-eye evocation of "the unhealthy tranquillity and deep provincialism" of the 1890s, the period and atmosphere that we think of as Chekhovian—all in terms of their characteristic furniture: ladies' bouffant sleeves, drop-seat droshkies, a suburban railroad station with its usual change of conductors "which seemed to me a change of dynasties."

The temptation to quote this prose at length is overpowering. Here is the Czar moving in his carriage through streets along which "policemen had been spilled like peas." Here are "the monotonous prettiness of the host of infantry and its steeds, the stone-faced battalions flowing with hollow tread down the Millionaja, gray with marble and granite," brilliant evocations of student riots, French governesses, and a cultural life summed up with astonishing tact in this fashion: "Like summer insects above the hot globe of a lamp, an entire generation was carbonized and scorched by the flame of literary celebrations with garlands of allegorical roses, enormous assemblies which bore the character of a cult and expiatory offering for the generation."

The key to the form of these fragmentary memoirs lies in Mandelstam's desire to speak not about himself but to "track down the age, the noise and germination of time," and in his observation that "where for happy generations the epic speaks in hexameters and chronicles I have merely the sign of the hiatus, and between me and the age there lies a pit, a moat, filled with clamorous time, the place where a family and reminiscences of a family ought to have been." The times being out of joint, only a disjointed prose can be honest; hence the "heroism" of Mandelstam's accomplished word.

Much of the force of the perspective in *The Noise of Time* comes from the fact that Mandelstam sees himself as poised, culturally, between a mirage and a chaos:

> *All the elegant mirage of Petersburg was merely a dream, a brilliant covering thrown over the abyss, while round about there sprawled the chaos of Judaism—not a motherland, not a house, not a hearth, but precisely a chaos, the unknown womb whence I had issued, which I feared, about which I made conjectures and fled, always fled.*

The point is important, for unlike Babel, Mandelstam can find no spiritual sustenance in ancestral traditions. "Once or twice," he reports, "I was taken to a synagogue as if to a concert." Not in his own house but in another did he meet Semën Akimych Anskii, from whom "Russian-Jewish folklore . . . flowed out like a thick stream of honey in marvelous unhurried stories." As a result, there is no overt pathos in Mandelstam's testimony to his era. "I so love," he says in a characteristic passage, "to extinguish the heat of literature with the frost and the barbed stars. Will it crunch like the crust of snow? Will it brighten up in the frosty weather of the Nekrasovian street? If it is genuine, the answer is yes."

The other two pieces in this book are also concerned with "the noise of time." *Theodosia*, published in 1925, is an evocation of a Crimean town at a particular moment during the civil war, in the hands of the Whites, exotic, unreal, a relic of "normalcy" whose days are numbered, its hills "populated sepulchres." Contemplating it "on one of those icy Crimean nights," Mandelstam senses "with physical clarity the plague that had descended upon the world, a Thirty Years' War, with pestilence, darkened lamps, barking of dogs, and, in the houses of little people, appalling silence."

Theodosia is concerned only with the present moment. *The Egyptian Stamp*—a fragmentary blend of fiction and memoir—returns to the mirage of Petersburg, and to the literary tradition of that mirage which runs through Gogol and Dostoevsky in the 19th century to Blok and Andrei Biely in the 20th. Parnok, the 20th-century counterpart of the traditional "little man" (and Mandelstam's alter ego), is adrift in the dangerous and nightmarish city, as cut off from its past as he is from his identity and the prosaic items of apparel that symbolize it. The dominant feeling of this surrealistic fiction is terror: "It is terrifying to think that our life is a

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tale without a plot or hero, made up out of desolation and glass, out of the feverish babble of constant digression, out of the delirium of the Petersburg influenza." Memory here, for the hero as for the writer, is not so much a conscious act as a desperate gamble at escape from an intolerable present, a new ice age; it is "a sick Jewish girl who steals away in the night from her parents' house to the Nicholas Station thinking that perhaps someone will turn up to carry her off."

The gamble is a marginal success. "Destroy your manuscript," Mandelstam writes at the end of *The Egyptian Stamp*, "but save whatever you have inscribed in the margin out of boredom, out of helplessness, and, as it were, in a dream." Having apparently done as much himself, Mandelstam has performed an act of literary salvage, and added a strange but living link to a century-old tradition.

This is difficult prose—difficult in the diverse manners of Joyce and Biely. As such it is of enormous interest and importance for anyone concerned with modern Russian literature, or with modernism in general. Felicities of vision and phrasing are abundant enough to sustain a nonspecialist reader; but the larger connections and deeper meanings need elucidation. This the translator's long introduction and notes provide. Clarence Brown's prefatory essay is a model of its kind—informed, cogent and graceful. Professor Brown has been through the critical literature, has interviewed the survivors of Mandelstam's period who could throw light on him or his work, and has given us a fascinating and nuanced chapter of cultural history in his portrait of the man and his work.

The volume itself is beautifully produced, complete with period illustrations, photographs and a Picasso drawing. The translation reads very well, and offers few grounds for criticism. When Mandelstam is made to say: "In my childhood I absolutely never heard jargon," the last word should be "Yiddish." And "gymnasium" for secondary school, like "football" for soccer, may mislead some American readers. But these are minor lapses in a distinguished and important book.

Was Tolstoy A Gentleman?

RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND MODERN ENGLISH FICTION. Edited by Donald Davie. University of Chicago Press. 244 pp. $5.50. $1.95 paper.

Andrew Field

Surely this anthology of critical essays, articles and reviews is grossly mistitled, but then a book must have *some* title, and one is hard put to find the suitable label for Donald Davie's collection. Although I am fully aware of its inadequacy, I offer as a suggestion for future reprintings: *The Russian Soul As Seen on English Soil (and Vice Versa), Being Also a Panoramic Survey of Social Attitudes and National Prejudices, Both Negative and Positive.* Of course even this title does not acknowledge the presence in the book of a good deal of Russian criticism of Russian literature, an essay by Thomas Mann on Chekhov, or a long essay by Ford Madox Ford on John Galsworthy (which includes an anecdote or two about Turgenev), but I think it does better capture the spirit of the collection, and so I ask indulgence to refer to it in this way.

I hasten to add at this point that *The Russian Soul As Seen on English Soil* is on the whole a joyful and enriching reading experience. Donald Davie has made a discovery the importance of which at this writing can only be guessed at, namely, that literary criticism of little intrinsic value as criticism may, all the same, possess great social value and charm when dug up years later by the sensitive anthologist. This new approach was foreshadowed by the usage of mock criticism as a literary device in such authors as Jorge Luis Borges and Vladimir Nabokov, but Donald Davie is the first to have built an entire book from the curiosities which are usually cited once or twice in stuffy old-fashioned modern studies.

The collection begins with an anonymous 1862 review of Tolstoy's *Childhood and Youth* which announces: ". . . We naturally wish to know what a creditable Russian is like. But the translator, although possessing a very fair command of the English language, knows very little of English tastes. . . . The world can get on very well without criticisms written by a son on the behaviour of his father at his mother's funeral."

But Tolstoy did gain slowly with the English, and in 1907 we find George Saintsbury writing: "The Count is a gentleman as Lamb was and as Byron was not; just as he is a gentleman as Shelley was and as Hazlitt was not." Saintsbury, to whom Anna Karenina was uninteresting as a literary character, cites Matthew Arnold to question whether Tolstoy's novels are works of art at all; and to claims for their verisimilitude to life, he snorts: ". . . perhaps they are, but in a strangely unlicked and unfinished condition."

The essay by George Moore, written in 1919, has an opening sentence which could be envied by any writer of criticism: "One morning, while thinking of Tourgueneff, my thoughts were interrupted by the galloping of a horse." Turgenev, decides Moore, is in reality a Greek tragic genius, and "did not whisper once reach me that Tourgueneff came from the Crimea, once a Greek colony?" Tolstoy, on the other hand, is "a Tartar hungering for the desert."

D. S. Merezhkovsky on Dostoevsky and Tolstoy is included, presumably on the grounds that his essays were early translated into English and therefore had a formative effect on English opinion. (Certainly there can be no other grounds.) Merezhkovsky, with his fatal penchant for philosophical questions and critical antipodes (in this his *Tolstoy and Dostoevsky* must bear the indirect paternity of George Steiner's *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky*), uses both authors for his own ends. But Merezhkovsky does always keep the texts before him as he preaches, which gives him a decided advantage over some of the other contributors to *The Russian Soul.*

The most lively selections—really, almost none, except serious old Henry James, are dull!—are those by D. H. Lawrence. Here we fully appreciate the importance of the context in which the articles appear, for we see not only the themes dear to Lawrence's heart but also the critical tradition in which he follows: "We've got another of these morbidly introspective Russians, morbidly wallowing in adoration of Jesus, then getting up and spitting in His beard. . . . Oh, how I love purity!—and so forth. Then they give a loud *crepitus ventris* as a punctuation." To this irritating

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Andrew Field is currently at work on a critical study of Vladimir Nabokov, to be published by Little, Brown, and is a regular contributor to The New Leader *and other journals.*

national character defect Lawrence gives the term "Russianizing."

This anthology is not really for the student of Russian or English literature, but it is of great value to those seeking a picture of the socio-literary atmosphere of the past. One can imagine what good use might be made of our critical press in a century. The overall impression is that of approaching an exotic statue from behind and attempting, from the grimaces and gesticulations of the crowd in front of the statue, to construct an image of it in your mind. *The Russian Soul* is especially recommended for those who have grown overly complacent about the "comparative literature problem."

There is a sudden shift of tone toward the end of the anthology with a spirited and interesting exchange (1961) between Henry Gifford and Raymond Williams on D. H. Lawrence and *Anna Karenina*, and—an afterthought?—homage is given to modern American criticism with Philip Rahv's 1949 essay on Gogol. Most important, there is a long and rambling essay on Tolstoy, Lermontov, Stendhal, Sterne, Pushkin, Rousseau, Turgenev and a few others by Donald Davie himself. At 40 pages it is by far the most extensive piece in the collection, and one fears that uncharitable minds will accuse Davie of having built an anthology to house his own piece. But there is no doubt in this reviewer's mind that Donald Davie's book is one of the most refreshing and fascinating literary put-ons of our time.

Mutual Misunderstanding

RUSSIA AND GERMANY: A Century of Conflict. By Walter Laqueur. Little, Brown and Co. 367 pp. $6.75.

John Gimbel

Mr. Laqueur states in his preface that this book is "a study in mutual misunderstanding," that it is a "history of ideas and attitudes as they shaped the political consciousness of millions of people in Central and Eastern Europe, thus decisively affecting the history of our time," and that it is written with a "feeling of immediacy." He states, further, that it concentrates "on the metapolitics of Russian-German relations. Diplomatic initiatives should not be overrated," he continues, because "diplomats really had very little scope for their activities" since "they did what they were told to do."

Mr. Laqueur hopes that he will not be "rebuked for failing to provide a systematic diplomatic history," but he is convinced "that what Germans and Russians thought about each other, their civilizations, ways of life, and political systems mattered much more in the long run than all the diplomatic reports." It would, admittedly, be unfair to criticize him for not writing the diplomatic history he never intended to write. It *is* fair, however, to question whether it is possible to shed light on political questions by discussing "metapolitical" relations. In short, the uninitiated (unconsecrated?) reader who is accustomed to rely upon more mundane evidence and documentation will find the "metapolitical" approach less than convincing, if not disturbing.

Approximately half of *A Century of Conflict* is covered in the first 50 pages. The bulk of the study traces Nazi-Soviet "misunderstandings and misjudgments" roughly from the end of World War I to the end of World War II. There is a brief and superficial discussion of postwar developments, a chapter—only tangentially related to the rest of the study—on Stalin and Hitler, and a short chapter entitled "Russia, Germany and the Future." The study concentrates particularly on the objectives and functions of the Anti-Komintern; on the Nazi image of communism; on the Soviet image of fascism; and on the role of the Baltic Germans (Alfred Rosenberg, Marx Erwin von Scheubner-Richter, et al.), and the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* on the rise of National Socialism.

Mr. Laqueur's description of the Nazi image of communism and the Soviet image of fascism is indeed lucid and clear. The Nazis viewed communism as "the revolt of the criminal underworld against the Aryan race and all its values" or as "the Judaeo-masonic revolt of the racial underworld." The Nazi position was not an ideological one and it made little sense in Rome and Tokyo. It was, however, sufficient for Germans and National Socialists. They "were not great theoreticians but they knew instinctively who were their enemies." The Soviets, he shows with precision and detail, viewed fascism as "the open terrorist dictatorship of the most reactionary, chauvinistic, and imperialistic elements of monopoly capitalism," and they thought Fascists to be "the praetorian guard of monopoly capitalism." This view of fascism blinded Communists to some of the essential characteristics of totalitarian National Socialism: its strong nationalist base and its tendency to make the "economy subservient to its own non-economic purposes (such as war or aggression)." The Soviet view of fascism is particularly interesting in light of the observation that the Soviets did not study fascism anew from 1945 to 1953 and that they have done nothing substantial since 1953.

Mr. Laqueur is obviously at his best here. His main interest was, from the outset, what Germans and Russians thought about each other. When he writes with this focus, his contribution is significant and most interesting. But his discussions of the Baltic-German influence and the Anti-Komintern—both major segments of the book—are not convincing, and they have the deleterious effect of destroying the focus of the book.

Why should we accept his idea that Rosenberg, Scheubner-Richter, and the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* had a "more tangible and substantial impact" on the early Nazi movement than those factors which have been "prominently featured" in the literature to date? His own statements beg the question: The Nazis' early propa-

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His Gift

My father loved my mother when she died.
After that he stayed away from houses.
He lived in forests with the hounds and foxes
who made an old, fierce grief articulate.

I learn still from small animals of wood
he carved and put into my hands in place of words.

Betty Sharp Adcock

ganda "was directed against the 'November criminals' (the Social Democrats and Democrats) who had stabbed the victorious German Army in the back and accepted the Versailles Treaty. . . . Ideologically, Scheubner-Richter's impact on Hitler was negligible. . . . Hitler and Rosenberg did not need the assistance of Russian right-wing extremists [whose ideas were spread in Germany by Rosenberg] to formulate a National Socialist political philosophy. . . . Close relations between these Russian groups and the Nazis were not resumed after Hitler emerged from prison. . . . The Nazis were indifferent to these potential allies, and did everything to discourage them [at a time—it might be added — when the Nazi Party emerged in its full colors]. . . . Hitler always had a propensity for autosuggestion."

In sum, these statements suggest that despite his extensive treatment of the Baltic-German influence, Mr. Laqueur is himself not quite ready to abandon the prevailing analyses of the origins of National Socialism found in the works of George L. Mosse, Allan Bullock, A. J. P. Taylor, Gerhard Ritter, Friedrich Meinecke, and even William L. Shirer. (It may be an insignificant curiosity, but none of these people are mentioned anywhere in the book, and only Bullock is listed in the bibliography.) Mr. Laqueur states that Hitler's enemies, in the beginning, were Jews, the peace treaties and Marxism, which meant "in nine cases out of ten, the ruling Social Democrats, not the Communists." From all this it might be concluded that Hitler may not have needed the Baltic Germans at all. True, the latter provided convenient ammunition to use against Hitler's enemies, but the mainsprings of his movement seem to be the very factors "prominently featured" in current analyses of the origins of National Socialism.

Had Mr. Laqueur related the Baltic-German influence to the conventional wisdom on the ideological roots of National Socialism, the personal prejudices Hitler developed in his Vienna and Munich experiences, and the political, social and economic problems faced by Germans because of the lost war, the economic crises and the peace treaties, his contribution would be most significant. It is simply asking too much to expect the reader to assimilate this new information and relate it to the body of literature already in existence, no easy task even for the scholar steeped in the subject. Since the reader is in no position to do this, and since Mr. Laqueur did not do it, one is led to wonder if it can be done with any degree of clarity at all. It is apparent from Mr. Laqueur's own statements, and from his summary of what a future historian will say about fascism, that the Baltic-German influence is hardly a substitute for the conventional wisdom on the origins of National Socialism.

Discussion of the Anti-Komintern—another topic on which Mr. Laqueur adds new material—is no more satisfying. Mr. Laqueur's major point is that "the true aim of the Anti-Komintern was not to denounce the Soviet Union but to gain support in the West for Nazi policy." This interesting and provocative idea literally begs documentary support of a political rather than metapolitical nature. But the reader gets only the same idea three times restated, and three times the reader is denied clear and precise documentation. As a matter of fact, what documentation there is raises more questions than it answers. For example: Mr. Laqueur submits a statement by the secretary of the Anti-Komintern to the effect that it had "only *one* assignment; the struggle against Judaeo-Bolshevism," and then quickly adds the undocumented correction that "its real aim was to win friends and support for Nazi Germany." In support of this correction, he quotes—without citation—Ribbentrop's observation that Anti-Komintern activities "will make us many friends abroad," and then goes on to show at some length that the Anti-Komintern sought contacts with the Western world through its office in Holland and by other activities. But is this sufficient evidence for such a new and revolutionary thesis? Given his position, what else should Ribbentrop have said on his first meeting with the secretary of the Anti-Komintern? Where else should the Anti-Komintern have sought contacts? In Russia? But Mr. Laqueur himself tells us that the Gestapo handled the campaign against Bolshevism and that the Anti-Komintern's "assistance was in any case hardly needed."

More crucial than the foregoing details is Mr. Laqueur's failure to relate his thesis to the dissolution of the Anti-Komintern. He reports the fact of the dissolution in August-September, 1939, but he fails to show how this is related to its attempt to win friends in the West. The traditional view is that the new political alliance with Russia caused its demise. But if its purpose was never anti-Communist or anti-Russian, one might ask why it didn't just change tactics and continue to promote its real objective? In any case, the Anti-Komintern's public posture as an agency to combat communism and the fact of its dissolution at the time of the Russian-German *rapprochement* need to be set aside, if a case is to be made that its "real" objective was to win friends in the West. Neither is done effectively.

So long as Mr. Laqueur confines himself to his objective to show what Germans and Russians thought

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about each other, he does an outstanding job. In suggesting a new factor in the origins of National Socialism and a different orientation of the Anti-Komintern, he apparently forces his materials beyond what they will demonstrate. The first point he hardly believes himself, and the second he does not document adequately, nor does he reconcile his conclusions with the evidence to the contrary which he presents also.

What impression does the author hope to leave with readers when they have forgotten all the details: that the National Socialists are gone and have long since been replaced by Germans who are willing to analyze the totalitarian episode in their past, and that this results in a clearer view of the totalitarian nature of the Soviet regime? What he writes about Soviet writers since Stalin is revealing in this context: "However emphatically Soviet writers might denounce Fascism, there would be uncomfortable parallels, and how could they possibly fail to compare it with other dictatorships? Reading about the *fuehrerprinzip* [*sic*] in Germany, for instance, what Soviet citizen could help thinking about the 'cult of the individual' nearer home?" Is the book trying to tell the reader that Germans no longer misunderstand Communists in the way Nazis did, but that the Soviets persist in misunderstanding fascism?

Thank God for Goering!

LENINGRAD 1941: The Blockade. By Dmitri Pavlov. Translated by John Clinton Adams. Foreword by Harrison E. Salisbury. University of Chicago Press. 186 pp. $4.50.

Alexander Werth

Harrison Salisbury, who now contributes an admirable foreword to it, strongly urged in *The New York Times* three years ago that Pavlov's book on the blockade of Leningrad should be published in English. It is excellent that his advice should at last have been followed. Written by a Soviet official who describes himself a little vaguely as one "who dealt with problems of food supply from the beginning of the siege [in September, 1941] till the end of January, 1942," Pavlov's story is one of the most important source books on the grim subject of the Leningrad famine. According to the Russian figure quoted at the Nuremberg trial, more than 600,000 died in Leningrad as a result of the blockade, but it is now commonly asserted in Leningrad that at least a million died (that is, about one-third of the 3 million people trapped in the city by the Germans on September 8, 1941). Pavlov does not go into this; what his book contributes is a mass of factual and statistical material. A part of Pavlov's story is a severe indictment of the unjustified optimism, thoughtlessness and incompetence of the people in charge of the city's defense. Instead of evacuation, they mobilized nearly a million people to dig trenches and build fortifications which would slow down the German advance. In this they were perhaps right; though there were at least 2 million others who could have been evacuated. Even old people to whom evacuation was suggested but who proved reluctant to leave were praised by the authorities for their courage and their "Leningrad patriotism."

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This heroically unrealistic attitude was to end in tragedy. Some quite absurd things happened; when the Germans started their air raids on Leningrad, many children were evacuated to places that were about to be captured by the Germans, and had to be promptly brought back to the city. Important food stores were moved from areas in the south and west threatened by the German advance, but instead of sending such stores to Leningrad, they were sent farther east. Plans had also been drawn up for evacuating most of the industrial equipment of Leningrad. However, by the time the German ring closed round the city (except for the precarious waterway across Lake Ladoga), very little had been done, and the bulk of the industrial equipment could not be sent east until the famous Ice Road across the lake had properly come into operation, that is, not until February, 1942.

Pavlov's story is particularly valuable for supplying exact figures of the incredibly low food reserves in the city of 3 million people, and for explaining, in great detail, how the rations, already meager enough in September, had to be lowered *five times* between the beginning of the blockade and November 20, when they reached the all-time low of half a pound of bread for "privileged" ration-card holders, and of a quarter of a pound for the "unprivileged." This lasted till December 25, when the rations were very slightly increased, but so slightly that at least 5,000 people continued to die of hunger every day, often dropping dead in the street, their bodies lying there, covered with snow for days. Several hundred thousand people died of hunger between November and February; but many hundred thousand more died of the aftereffects of the famine between February and the next summer.

If the first part of Pavlov's story is a serious indictment of those who had failed to foresee the blockade, the second part is, on the contrary, a warm tribute to the heroism and stoicism of the people of Leningrad, and to Zhdanov, who organized, under incredibly difficult conditions, a life line across Lake Ladoga. It was essential, above all, to have enough food for the 200,000 or 300,000 soldiers who were firmly holding the fortified lines both north and south of Leningrad—in some places only 2 or 3 miles outside the city boundaries. Under German bombs and shellfire, small

Alexander Werth, The Nation's *European correspondent, is the author of* Leningrad *(Knopf, 1944) and* Russia At War *(Dutton, 1964). His* De Gaulle: A Political Biography *has been published in England and will be brought out here by Simon & Schuster.*

ships and barges brought food to Leningrad across the 30 miles of Lake Ladoga, and when the lake froze, the great problem was to build an Ice Road across it. By capturing Tikhvin, east of the lake on November 9, the Germans ruined the chances of the Ice Road. The Russians could then reach Lake Ladoga only along an improvised 200-mile road crossing a wild forest. This road proved completely useless, and it was only by recapturing Tikhvin on December 9 that the Russian troops, under General Meretskov, literally saved Leningrad. It was during this critical "Tikhvin" phase that the rations in Leningrad were cut down to almost nothing. Even after the liberation of Tikhvin it took at least six more weeks before the famous Ice Road could be put into operation. By February the road was working well; its organization was a remarkable feat of human endurance.

The grim story of the civilians of Leningrad is one of the most tragic in the whole war. With one exception, I was the only Western correspondent to have been in Leningrad during the blockade; that was in 1943 when the city was still under shellfire, but the worst of the famine was over. Literally everybody talked about the famine of the winter of 1941-42. When I was in Leningrad again last year, older people who had lived through the famine still talked about it. It was a nightmare which, even twenty years later, they could not forget. And yet, most of them recalled those days with a touch of pride. The tragedy was different in quality from, say, that of the Nazi extermination camps; Leningraders died often with the comforting last thought that the city had not been surrendered to the Germans. Pavlov rightly pays tribute to the discipline and the high morale that marked Leningrad even during those fearful months; to the incredible toughness and endurance of the young people who, though faint with hunger themselves, were cutting timber, looking after the sick and dying, and spending hours on roofs doing anti-fire service.

Some of the more fearful aspects of the famine are glossed over in Pavlov's book; but there are some references to them in an equally, perhaps more valuable Russian book, A. V. Karasev's *Leningrad in the Days of the Blockade,* not yet translated. Karasev speaks of the numerous cases of "psychic trauma" produced by the famine; and when I was in Leningrad last year, I heard of elderly people I had known in my youth, and of others, who had gone insane during the famine. It is also well known that, in desperation, people cut off pieces from the corpses lying all over the place and ate them (often with fatal results), and that there were even some cases of cannibalism when children were killed and eaten.

There is, I think, another element which might be added to the Leningrad story—even though it is an odd word to use in this tragic context — and that is luck. Not only did the Germans fail to capture Leningrad in September, 1941, but during the 900 days of the siege that followed they failed to destroy it, despite Hitler's maniacal screams that this should be done. Is it not a case of again saying "thank God for Goering!"? For if the *Luftwaffe* had been able to do to London, Moscow or Leningrad what the Western air forces did to German cities like Dresden (not to mention Hiroshima), the war might have taken a different course. If in the worst air raids on London not 2,000 but 100,000 had been killed each time, I doubt whether London could have "taken it." I am not trying to minimize the heroism of the soldiers who stopped the Germans; what I mean is that World War II was probably the last major war in which the weapons of destruction were often still not strong enough to make human courage and endurance *quite* meaningless—as no doubt they will be in World War III—if and when it comes. Even in 1945, German and Japanese courage no longer mattered.

Pavlov's book constitutes a strong critique of Stalin, who is held responsible, at least indirectly, for Leningrad's fearful plight; it is, at the same time, an apologia for Zhdanov and other leaders of the city's defense. I know from my own 1943 experience that Stalin was not popular in Leningrad, and his pictures, even in public offices, were fewer than Zhdanov's. After Zhdanov's death in 1948, Stalin started a major purge against the Leningrad party chiefs who had had the effrontery to suggest that, after all it had suffered and achieved, Leningrad be made the capital of the RSFSR (i.e., the Russian Republic), while Moscow remained that of the USSR, with the result that most of the leaders of the defense of Leningrad were shot.

Today Leningrad is a sad city. It has become provincial. What talent Leningrad produces—in science, in literature, in the arts, the theatre or cinema —sooner or later drifts to Moscow. Among the writers, there are a few die-hard Leningraders still — Anna Akhmatova, Olga Bergholz, Yuri German and a few more. The spiritual, rather than physical decline of Leningrad since the war is one of the saddest phenomena of postwar Russia. It is impossible to dissociate it entirely from the tragedy of 1941-1944, which killed not only people but also something of the historical and cultural tradition they represented.

LETTER from BERLIN

Helga Lohr

Between intellectuals of East and West Europe, a device that might be termed "meet-ins" may succeed in blowing life into the concept of peaceful coexistence, such as the by now famous conference on Kafka in Prague several years back; the West German and International Writers Meetings in East Germany in May of last year; the Rome meeting of the European Community of Writers on the meaning of European *avant-garde* (report by Elisabeth Mann Borgese, *The Nation*, November 1); and the 8th International Week of Documentary and Short Films in Leipzig (November 13-21).

While these conferences took place on an international and professional level, there are other, more casual "meet-ins" which concern exclusively the two parts of Germany, the Federal Republic of Germany and the German Democratic Republic. Writers, theatre people and other creative artists have an opportunity here to meet a public which, while sharing similar intellectual interests, are of differing ideological views. Such gatherings may be prose or poetry readings in East or West Berlin; the opening in West Berlin of an exhibition of the work of an East German artist, followed by a cocktail party where discussion flows freely; or a lecture where an actor from an East Berlin theatre group discusses new problems in Socialist theatre with interested people in Hamburg. Reactions are generally unexpectedly fresh, stimulating new cultural as well as politi-

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Helga Lohr is a free-lance journalist and commentator for the German Democratic Republic radio. She has spent many years in the United States and is now living in East Germany.

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cal viewpoints between the divided minds of East and West.

In the course of the last two years, some of these gatherings have become regularized, particularly the literary evenings held in Siegmunds Hof, a student settlement in West Berlin. In a hall seating barely 150 people, sometimes as many as 200 crowd in to listen to some well-known German Democratic Republic poet, like the late Johannes Bobrowski, or novelist, like Anna Seghers, reading from their own works. Nobody seems to mind having to stand for two or three hours. The important thing is to succeed in throwing a barbed question at the visitor from "the other side" to elicit answers pointed to new aspects of the subject under discussion. It is particularly the younger people who are most eager to open doors to one another's minds.

They are a highly sophisticated section of the youth, from both East and West. Although liberal in their thinking and tolerant in their attitudes, young intellectuals from West Germany have little or no inclination to accept Socialist doctrine or Socialist reality as they see it today. Their approach is one of fairness, their motivation a mixture of a genuine desire to find answers for themselves and an honest curiosity about how the other side "thinks." They share with their East German counterparts a desire to prevent a deepening of the emotional and intellectual schism within their country.

Reunification of a divided homeland is only touched on at the periphery; there is too much realistic thinking in the ranks of this group to see such an eventuality as conceivable within the near future. West Germans, however, do express cynicism toward their government's conduct of foreign affairs, and do not condone its stubborn refusal to recognize officially the existence of the German Democratic Republic, or to deal with it in a manner conducive to political *rapprochement*.

West German writers like Günter Grass, Rolf Hochhuth and, to a certain extent, Heinrich Böll, are heroes to these young liberals because they do not shrink from personal engagement in their writings and in their actions. I saw some of these bright, open-minded young people, bearded and unbearded, at a pre-election meeting with Günter Grass in Oberhausen in the Ruhr. They acclaimed Grass for the contempt with which he dealt in his talk with former defense minister, Franz Joseph Strauss, prime mover in the campaign against relaxation of tensions between East and West, and applauded Grass's support for the patient negotiations between the late GDR deputy minister, Erich Wendt, and West Berlin Senator Horst Korber for an agreement permitting West Berlin citizens to visit relatives in East Berlin. This rally marked the first time that West German writers campaigned for a political party, in this case the Social Democratic Party. The fact that Chancellor Ludwig Erhard and party spokesmen like Franz Joseph Strauss labeled these writers *Pinschers* and attacked their political involvement as "childish" only further endeared Grass and Hochhuth to this youth.

A tendency to cast doubt on the integrity and judgment of these young people exists on both sides. In the East, however, the original fear that meetings such as those held at Siegmunds Hof might turn out to be an occasion for "decadent" West Berlin students "to make trouble" has faded; while on the Western side both fear and criticism are on the increase.

As recently as last November 13, the Hamburg daily, *Die Welt*, featured a lengthy article: "It Would Be a Pity for Berlin," subtitled: "Discontent With the Development of an Intellectual Trend." The author, Hans Nerth, expressed deep-felt regret at the passing of the old hostile attitude toward Eastern intellectuals that marked the founding of West Berlin's "Free University." He labeled this generation of West Berlin youth "unprejudiced" but also *ahnungslos* (without any conception of what they are doing), because they have undertaken to create small breaks in rigidly frozen attitudes. He described the writings of East German authors as "chromed Marxist-Leninist confessions" and bemoaned the lack of ideological training in the West to guarantee immunization against greater mutual tolerance. He worried that: "Here and there, the present generation of (West) Berlin already harbors rather easterly dreams today," and feared that this might lead to a "secret longing for vacation-and-study trips, for closer contact with the Zone (the West's term for the German Democratic Republic), with Hungary, Poland or Russia and to the labeling of any skeptic as a 'cold warrior.' "

A rising neo-Fascist atmosphere in West Germany breeds a climate of hysteria against nonconformists, in which occurred the recent book burnings in Düsseldorf, where *The Tin Drum* by Grass and works by Erich Kaestner were consumed by flames. This mad ritual, reminiscent of Hitler days, was performed by the "Young Forceful Christians" with the permission and full approval of the city authorities of Düsseldorf.

I was present at this season's opening session of the Siegmunds Hof "meet-ins," when GDR author Stefan Heym read a chapter from his latest published novel, *The Lenz Papers*, dealing with the 1849 revolution in Baden. Written originally in English, as are all his lengthier works (Heym was born in Germany but spent most of his formative years in the United States), a GDR edition appeared in 1963 and a West German edition has just appeared under the title: *Lenz or Freedom.*

To the "in" audience present that evening, it was common knowledge that there is a manuscript by Heym on the Berlin events of June 17, 1953, which has not yet been published in the GDR. The chairman, in opening the meeting, expressed disappointment that Heym was not reading from that manuscript. To the question, "When will it be published?" Heym replied: "Within a historically foreseeable future," and promised to come and read from it four weeks before publication. To the question, "Why do you think it is not being published?" he simply answered, "Probably it is at present not useful." "Not useful to socialism?" "Yes, not useful to socialism."

On the day of his appearance in West Berlin, a whole page of quotes from *The Lenz Papers* had appeared in one of the foremost West German cultural weeklies, *Die Zeit*, all of which obviously were chosen to display the rebellious mind of Stefan Heym. The page carried the misleading, but sensationally useful head: "The Novel About the 17th of June." It was amusing to note that of the quotes used, a good number were directly from Marx and Engels, who appear as characters in Heym's book, which deals with one of the most active periods of their involvement in the German revolution. The original source of the quotes, however, was conveniently not mentioned by the editor of the page. A week earlier, the same paper had reprinted a piece by Heym from *Les Lettres Françaises* and the Italian cultural magazine, *Rinascita*, stating Heym's credo of the responsibility of a Socialist writer to advance the cause of socialism by telling the truth. There had also been two TV interviews with him in West Germany in October.

It was clear that a large number of those who packed the little hall in Siegmunds Hof had come to hear a controversial writer debate his political views as an artist. This, however, did not constitute the main discussion; the emphasis of the debate was on literary values. In its course, it became clear that literary taboos existing in both parts of Germany are instrumental in creating mutual misunderstanding and that writers and readers in both worlds suffer from such limitations. West Germany had published only one of Heym's numerous books until *Lenz or Freedom* was issued at the end of September. On the other hand, writers in East Germany have limited access to valuable new writing published in West Germany and elsewhere in the West. Though it is possible to obtain copies of *avant-garde* works through libraries or other sources, the efforts involved in doing so are so time consuming that they interfere with the day-to-day work of writing. In the West, the whole spectrum of the literary market is available, from realistic to the most experimental works, except, naturally, all that appears politically undesirable to the literary guardians of that society. Within the great mass of this mostly mediocre literature, there is some very good writing which is very much missed. These losses may turn into a serious handicap even for the best of writers in the Socialist world. Because they are judged and criticized only within the

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framework of one school of writing, the "Socialist realism" school, Socialist writers are deprived of important critical standards which other forms might impart to their own, realist style.

Heym's audience judged the style of the section of the work he read as too simple, and so realistic in detail as to suggest a cinemascope film. Heym explained: "You think I am old-fashioned in my writing. But the problems I want to get across are too complicated for me to engage in stylistic tricks." He mentioned Aragon as somebody akin to his own style. Yet, one could see, his listeners were not entirely convinced.

In the end, though a total meeting of minds was not achieved, there was undoubtedly a great deal of heightened mutual respect. Once again, a small break had been made in a rigidly frozen ideological front.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE WHITE DEVIL

Down amid the roisterers and derelicts of Bleecker Street in the oblong room which is known as the Circle in the Square, off-Broadway's literate audience has made a hit of John Webster's 1612 "tragedy of blood," *The White Devil.* Little wonder: it is a thoroughly contemporary play.

As I left the theatre (unshaken) I asked myself if it is also "great," a masterpiece or whatever it is we usually call a play that has survived the ages. All I felt at the moment was that, with due allowance for near-plagiarism from Shakespeare, it is a "well-written" play, as people (critics included) say when they wish to avoid thinking about a play's content. It is better than well written; it is magnificently written. But was it, I put the question to myself, *good!*

The story is intricate. At times one fails to discern the connective plot tissue. The style alternates between rank melodrama and doleful lyricism, with, in addition, the mad scenes beloved by the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists. There are flashes of savage wit; there is chronic anger. I counted at least seven murders.

The audience doesn't simply approve the play; it has a ball with it! It is in its element. For *The White Devil* is anti-Establishment: all, any, every Establishment from its time to eternity. Webster based his play on events which took place in Italy, but we know he was thinking beyond the confines of the peninsula.

Paul Tillich called Hamlet the first existentialist hero. For existentialist read "modern." But Marlowe's Tamburlaine and Faustus were already that. Machiavelli had previously dissected, explained and rationalized the anatomy of rule (he is mentioned in *The White Devil*) to the evident consternation of Shakespeare and other sweet souls. The secret was out — government, officialdom, the church, courts of law — were all instruments of a destructive process which Jan Kott in his *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* designates as the Great Mechanism. The Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists were bitterly skeptical of power, politics and chivalric action. Hamlet doubts the moral validity of the revenge he is enjoined to wreak upon the King. His doubt renders him indecisive, hopeless and great.

Shakespeare's pessimism is mitigated by love. There is no mitigation in Webster. "Blood, Iago, blood!," Othello cries out in piteous horror. There is no pity in Webster. His heroes are villains. The most fascinating — I almost said attractive — characters in *The White Devil* are a whore and a pimp — brother and sister.

What lends the corruption and violence of the play dignity and makes it something more than a butcher's holiday is its social indignation. For example: "Wilt hear some of my court wisdom? To reprehend princes is dangerous, and to overcommend some of them is palpable lying." Or, "He was a kind of statesman that would sooner have reckoned how many cannon bullets he had discharged against a town, to count his expense that way, than how many of his valiant and deserving subjects he had before it." And again, "I have known men that have come from serving against the Turk, for three or four months they have had pension to buy them new wooden legs and fresh plasters; but after that, 'twas not to be had."

Not only are the aristocracy scorned but the law and religion as well. ". . . here they sell justice with those weights they press men to death with." And, "The first bloodshed in the world happened about religion." War alone is not feared. "There are mighty strokes come from the hand, But there are killing strokes which come from the head." Princes as well as the people suffer. "Misery of princes. That must be censured by their slaves! Not only blamed for doing things are ill, But for not doing all that men will —" And finally, "O, happy they that never saw the court. Nor ever knew great men but by report."

Retribution is rarely suggested except in such lines as: "Dost thou imagine thou canst slide in blood, And not be tainted with a shameful fall?" Treachery not only commands and prevails but is pictured as inescapable. One suspects that the young man who metes out justice at the end — "Let guilty men remember, their black deeds Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds"— would prove still another sanguinary miscreant if the play were to go on.

Here and there as in all plays of this period there are the customary obscenities—as inevitable as the obligatory nudes in present-day films. These too make our audience feel at home. They recognize kinship with this unhypocritical play. It combines features of the play of social protest with those derivatives of the Theatre of the Absurd which extenuate the impulse to protest. But much of these aspects in *The White Devil* remain abstract to our audience. The play is fun, "art"— undisturbing. There is no pain in it at all.

To a large extent this is due to Jack Landau's production. It is "well spoken, with good accent and good discretion." In this sense one may commend Frank Langella, Paul Stevens, Eric Berry, Robert Burr, Maria Tucci and the blond oddness of Carrie Nye (the white devil) whose diction, voice and carriage of neck and shoulders are equally peculiar. But though continuously interesting it is in another sense hardly a production at all. For economy's sake the

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characters are dressed in mufti. Modern clothes do not make a play any more contemporaneous than period dress since on the stage everything must be both false and real — in a word *expressive* of a dramatic meaning. For economy's sake too we get no significant sense of place. Imaginative costumes, settings and character make-up would contribute much to the kind of atmosphere this play demands if it is not to be a bare graph.

The production's most serious lack is some "flower of evil." The actors all struck me as wholly without blemish, even without concupiscence: thoroughly innocent! *The White Devil* becomes child's play. Is it that — together with the painted horror — which pleases its Village audience? Never mind: it deserves its longevity; it is still worth seeing.

ART

Max Kozloff

EPIPHANIES OF ARTIFICE

As recently as five years ago, I had resigned myself to a mere fondness for the art of René Magritte. His deadpan pranks in paint, such as the choo-choo steaming out from beneath the mantle, tickled a genuine, if self-indulgent wonder. But it was not the regressiveness of my taste for seeing impossible things which held back respect. Rather, it was the absence of any striving for the impossible in his *way* of seeing them. Which is to say that the transparent means by which he visualized his images were academic, or at least appeared to be academic.

And now, after Johns and Pop art, after the "*chosisme*" of Robbe-Grillet, and the illusionist theories of Ernst Gombrich, there seems something not only more cagey and owlish in Magritte but more profound and liberating as well. The enigmas which he set out "to picture" have backfired into the substance and meaning of that "picturing" — that is, the representational process itself. Currently, a nice retrospective of this Belgian Surrealist, dealing with his career from 1927 to the present, is on view at the Museum of Modern Art. It is something of a revelation.

Practically everything within Magritte's extremely diversified output can be summarized by the word "contradiction." If one does not understand that objects or conditions are deliberately opposed to each other, one understands nothing. The village sleeps in deadest night, and the sky unpretentiously glows with the day, in "The Empire of Light." These are hard, unalterable facts. But, of course, there are differing values of contradiction and of understanding. Conversely, there are also different aspects of intention and overall significance. What so frequently happens in Magritte is that a self-evident idea-puzzle conceals a subtle epistemological jolt. Understanding has here to be a little tactless, a little analytical.

Perhaps the least arresting of his procedures is initially the most shocking: metamorphosis. Nothing by now could be more banal than fish-headed humans, shoe feet, and burning tubas. Such mutations or miracles, long a stock in trade of fantastic art, are arch when they are not romantic. And Magritte, with his factual style and suburban outlook, tends not to be a Romantic.

But the discrepancy between metamorphosis and *displacement* gratifies the curiosity in a more demanding way. Perhaps the most celebrated of his canvases is "The False Mirror," 1928, an enormous eye whose iris has been replaced by the sky, and whose pupil becomes a black sun. Instead of rapidly adjusting to slick plastic surgery—the sort of thing so tasteless in Dali—the spectator here oscillates between the sensation of looking through, and of being observed by, an aperture; or of being simultaneously inside and outside an interior. Spatially, it is a clever enough *double-entendre;* but intellectually, it succinctly illuminates Magritte's diabolical open-endedness. The mind and the eye are false mirrors of reality, echoing nothingness between themselves. And yet, they are the only organs of perception we have. Although he rightly disclaims using symbols, here is Symbolism of a kind—and the real chimera of his vision.

From "The False Mirror" to "The Human Condition I," 1934, the most archetypal of his ideas, one takes only a short step. A view of a landscape from a window is almost blocked out by a canvas on an easel, depicting that same landscape. Yet, with huge coincidence, "painted" and "real" nature turn out to be identical. The contradiction here consists in *not* showing the difference one expects. There is a tradition in modern art of painting pictures within pictures. Whether the contained is in the same style as the container is relatively unimportant, if the overall style, that is, the particular subjugation of the outer world, is established. But Magritte's transparency, his apparent *stylelessness* gives this scene a disturbing plausibility. By showing that there is no difference between "fact" and "representation," he undermines both. "The Human Condition" is an epiphany of artifice. No matter how objective, the artist is doomed to paint only what pre-exists in his mind. Yet, if sensory data happens to concur with mental prejudice —and in Magritte nothing is accidental—then the idea of the imagination itself is a figment. It goes a long way to explain the still-point, or perhaps the still-life, aspect of Magritte's art, that everything one knows is at the same time self-canceling and affirming. Painting, considered simply as a process of "making" images and "matching" them with observed "reality" — in Gombrich's terms — becomes an infinitely mysterious business.

As if to ward off those who would insist on making distinctions of quality within that mystery, Magritte reiterates that he is not interested in painting. This is his ultimate contradiction. The real heresy to an artist of his persuasion would be the sniffishness of a spectator who would deflate enchantment into a sequence of handsome or indifferent objects. Often enough, in his works, one finds no correlation between extraordinary conceptions, such as those I've just mentioned, and beautiful handling. Under no circumstances will Magritte tolerate any aesthetic distance from the bewilderment he hopes to elicit. But

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this is a heresy the viewer in turn transcends, if he recognizes at all the differences between art and life. Any distractedness, any merely prosaic limning of the Magrittean world, in fact, tends to prevent him from entering with the desired credulity. These delirious coincidences have to "exist" after all, and only the power of painting—luminous, tactile and chromatic—can bring about that existence.

The most remarkable aspect of Magritte's pictorial vocabulary is its uncanny equilibrium between the general and the specific. Rather flat and dry, with a firm tonal control, his execution is well suited to a descriptive chore it never quite completes. Part of its appeal is that it can obviously tell so much more than it is willing to tell. Solidity is just a trifle too bald, and atmospheric distance a bit overschematized, to root one down or gear in space with perfect comfort. The light, too, in his paintings is tangible without being particular. Unlike de Chirico, who in other respects greatly influenced him, Magritte de-emphasizes shadow. Given these strictures, it requires the most exquisite discrimination, the most diffident bravura, to cube a fluffy clouded sky, or paper it onto the walls of a room. And to anyone interested in the vicissitudes of lines that lose themselves in leafy shapes, or blur into mountain creases or ocean foam (they exhibit a surprising similarity), Magritte's drawing can be a very subtle spectacle. Throughout, there is a whiff of stage-set painting here, done up, however, with a great deal more good faith, high definition, and optical brilliance than the "real" thing.

Or rather, I should say there is a portrayal of stage-set situations, for if one can accept, one cannot quite locate, the environment of his various tableaux. Psychologically, it is absolutely necessary that this be so, for to personalize a dilemma is also, in some fashion, to be able to escape from it. Magritte's settings, while obviously Northern European, are denatured enough to press deeply into everyone's consciousness of the familiar. Yet there is nothing very nostalgic or very immediate about his quotidian. A homeless naturalism informs his parks and caves and hotel rooms; and a geographical vagueness lurks under every physical clarity. Exempt from time, the bourgeois context, with its imaginatively wrought *déjà vu*, distills a reluctant poetry.

But it is more in a kind of inverted logic that Magritte, diverging rapidly from orthodox Surrealism, excels. Rain may fall on *top* of a lowly cloud, a tree may take the shape of one of its leaves, or a house will appear within the room revealed by one of its own opened windows. In "The Wind and the Song," 1928-29, a pipe is subtitled "*Ceci n'est pas une pipe*"—startlingly, but rationally, since one can't smoke it. Representations, words and the objects they label are demonstrated not to be the same things, which makes a great deal of sense, but not to customary usage. Magritte was also among the first to make primers of discontinuity, so that a man reading a paper is present in only one of four portrayals of his living room, or the body of a nude is segmented rather agonizingly in five small panels. These irrevocable absences, cuts from a witless cinema, are highly disconcerting.

Variation on a Theme by Robert Graves

O greater mother
consider the case
of one who twists
his neck
from under your foot
to bite the big toe.

Six times!
I brought you
libations and flowers.
Each time I came
you gobbled us up
then fed me the fish-eye
through two of my blind ribs.

O mantis-muse
flexing calves to crack
an inferior back
I'm going to cloud
your mirror with my death.

George Stade

Milder, but I think more beautiful, are the analogies, sometimes incidental, sometimes prominent, that the artist makes between disparate phenomena. The striations in a giant tortoise-shell comb and in cloud patterns have something to do with each other. And the conical turret juxtaposed with a receding boulevard the same height and shape, on a canvas within the canvas ("The Promenade of Euclid"), almost foil examination. These are not visual quips so much as isolations and magnifications of neglected confusions. Compared to such extremely simple, intimate analogies of totally unlike presences, techniques of scale change and levitation, spelled out elsewhere, do not reveal Magritte at his best. For, they require him to "picture" an exotic vista, instead of far more sympathetically camouflaging, and hence abstracting, the ordinary.

By means of this camouflage, Magritte raises the most fruitful doubts about the conventions of painting—doubts that are now seen to have pointed toward the future. Johns, for instance, unconsciously takes Magritte's juggling of known conventions into real space, expunging representation entirely. And yet, to oppose, as he does, the perception of literal material, mere markings on a cloth, with the illusionistic potential of that material, echoes the example of Magritte. As for Jim Rosenquist, he enlarges, subdivides and transplants the processes of the Belgian master into our hectic hard-sell advertising imagery. Despite the quietism of the one, and the uproar of the other, Magritte himself goes blithely on, in confirmed and beguiling impurity.

ART

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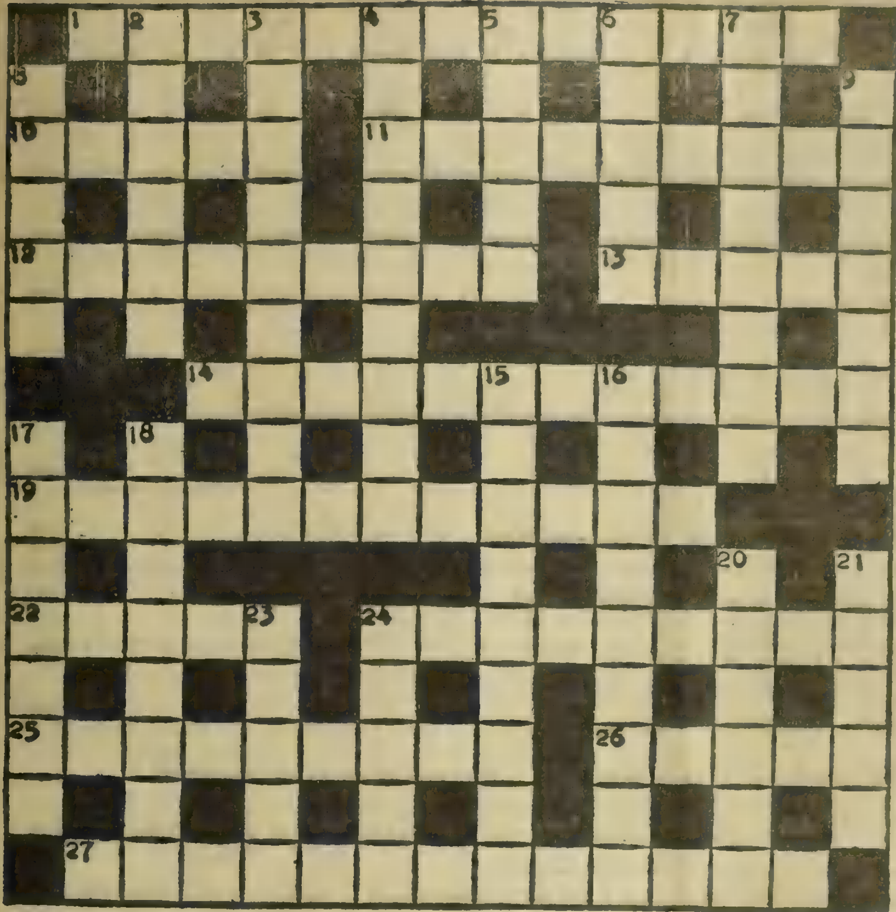

ACROSS:

1 People who scan their work shouldn't necessarily consider them supercilious. (8, 5)
10 Felt an aversion to death, in a way. (5)
11 Would you have duty lie so, in the manner of dull routine? (9)
12 Could one possibly consider it up to prior construction? (Someone undoubtedly put a lot into it.) (9)
13 One might be expected to keep such fruit, unless one is spoiled.
14 One of the things a soldier should remember makes the old-fashioned movie fare less lively. (6, 6)
19 Lie euphemistically? (12)
22 Proving Kenneth Roberts is beat, at heart. (5)
24 Rephased a point of the attack, perhaps. (9)
25 No proper action implied of ice nor mud. (9)
26 Finding six in 1 could cause a sheepish expression. (5)
27 Check with the automobile magazine you have—not everyone believes in it! (13)

DOWN:

2 Sat, in a way, with possibly the brave and cunning. (6)
3 Mythological 27 of the dead Roman. (9)
4 Forbid an indirect T-formation (9)
5 More than one spoke to the point!
6 Could it be interpreted as 0501 to 500? That's about the shape of it!
7 One of the first things to do if the set performance is bad. (4, 4)
8 Cracks made by commen men? (5)
9 Assays visually perhaps—but the result isn't pleasant to look at. (7)
15 Initially he might have his college close to his heart. (6,3)
16 The sole position might be in the way (5, 4)
17 Koko's victim was seized by a little one. (7)
18 Ask Barnaby to reluctantly allow something. (8)
20 One bit of trouble Il Duce made!
21 A psychiatrist might sound just the type to mix things up! (5)
23 As a philosopher, might one be rasher? (5)
24 A country such as this might be associated with a lupine comedown. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1134

ACROSS: 1 Close to the vest; 9 Unclear; 10 Samurai; 11 Choppy; 12 Marshall; 14 Annexed; 15 Camus; 17 Laser; 19 Roadbed; 21 Trout fly; 23 Fiscal; 25 Ratting; 26 Paladin; 27 Horse latitudes. DOWN: 1 Churchill; 2 Osceola; 3 Eye opener; 4 Ours; 5 Husbandman; 6 Vamps; 7 Sarcasm; 13 Extralegal; 15 Cabriolet; 16 Shillings; 18 and 8 Shoot to kill; 20 Decided; 22 and 21 Twin stars; 24 Spat.

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that—World War II declarations to the contrary—Formosa is not part of mainland China. (In fact, our man, Chiang Kai-shek, argues that mainland China is part of Formosa.)

(3) Made Formosa into a naval and air base, one of the strongest in the world, and entered into an alliance with Chiang which was backed up by a Senate resolution.

(4) Gave Chiang military and economic aid, to hold offshore islands in the very mouth of the Chinese harbor of Amoy, to maintain constant aerial surveillance over the mainland, and to keep threatening to restore his sovereignty there by force of arms. General Eisenhower, while standing for the Presidency, announced his intention to "unleash" Chiang.

(5) Consistently spearheaded the fight to keep China out of the United Nations—it would have been admitted long since but for our hostility. The widely accepted belief that China would not accept membership has been knocked down most effectively by Robert Elegant of the *Los Angeles Times*; he says in essence that China would accept membership and wants it, but not on a "second-class" basis.

(6) Consistently tried to make it difficult for China to trade. We have done our utmost to put the quietus on all Chinese trade and cultural missions in Latin America, Africa and in all countries where arm-twisting or bribery could avail.

(7) Deliberately kept our people uninformed about China. With no more than a single exception, our journalists have not been permitted to travel there. When so hardheaded a historian as Hugh Trevor-Roper visits China and writes a generally critical, even hostile, report, but does say: "One man's aggression is another's defense," and adds that the danger of Chinese aggression is at present remote, only a few American newspapers carry the statement. But whatever makes the Chinese look like lunatic aggressors is headlined in the American press.

(8) Ringed China with bases (see map, p. 66, this issue), staged an enormous military build-up in South Vietnam and Thailand, maintained a huge army in South Korea, and solicited combat detachments from other Asian countries (currently the Philippines) and Australia.

Almost any week, the Chinese leaders can read in the U. S. press a blast by some high-ranking officer, active or retired, advocating bombing of their nuclear installations. They can also read public-opinion surveys indicating that almost half the Americans questioned would approve using nuclear weapons in Vietnam if the Chinese should join the fighting. They have also read reports of Messrs. Rusk and McNamara's speeches at the December NATO meeting, warning against China's nuclear potential and demanding European help in Vietnam.

Is the Chinese conviction that they are threatened by us so incredible? If we were on the receiving end, and the Chinese had the power to harm us that we have to harm them, we would have blown our tops long ago.

Collective Bargaining?

As this is written, the New York transit strike continues with no immediate prospect of an early settlement. Once again, the familiar plaintive query has been raised: why has collective bargaining failed? But it is the collective bargainers, not collective bargaining that is at fault in this instance; there has been all too little collective bargaining. The transit workers opened with an initial proposal that was far in excess of any "package" they might reasonably expect to receive. That is more or less standard procedure, but in this instance the opening demands were so astronomically high as to seem frivolous. Even so, the Transit Authority should have made a prompt counter-offer, if only to create the "aura" of collective bargaining. The Authority made no response until one day before the strike deadline.

By then the union's demands had been reduced, but by then, also, the merits of its case has been almost completely obscured by the histrionics of Mike Quill—his posturing, his arrogance, his gutter tactics—all of which came though with intolerable clarity on television. The mediators, experienced men, could act only within a framework of "voluntarism"; the parties had first to be willing to bargain in good faith, which neither seemed interested in doing, before the experts could help. Nor was the collective bargaining process furthered when an injunction was sought. The first effect was to arouse labor's ancient hostility to "labor injunctions." Quill's brief visit to jail did nothing to break the jam. Tough fines levied against the union's treasury would have been more to the point. Nor did Mayor Lindsay's in-again, out-again attitude expedite the bargaining; the proposition that he could not accept responsibility before taking office, sound enough in law, did not square with the realities.

But there is a more basic explanation for the failure of the collective bargaining. There has been very little genuine bargaining between the TWU and the TA these many years. "Political fixing," not collective bargaining, has been the rule. A series of carefully staged, artfully rehearsed sessions usually culminated in a cliff-hanger solution whereby, at the last moment, a general tie-up was averted. To some extent, this "fixing" formula has been unavoidable; a public agency, which operates under a specific grant of authority and with specific limitations, cannot bargain in precisely the same way as a private concern. But in New York the element of politics has become the main consideration, with the various major city employee groups in active competition and with the leaders of these groups being forced into an increasingly irrational position. Neither party to the transit dispute seemed to realize that time had run out on this makeshift bargaining, and both seemed surprised when the old routine did not work. Some new form of bargaining, tailored for public agencies, must be brought into being if the equities of city workers and the public interest are both to be safeguarded.

Defense Without Competition

It is ironic that the U.S. Defense Department, the biggest buyer in what is supposed to be the most competitive nation in the world, consistently purchases more than 80 per cent of its merchandise without allowing formal competition through bids. How do the department's 15,000 purchasing agents do business? By "negotiated contracts" mostly. That—they insist—does not mean whim and favoritism. They will admit that they buy where and how they please, but J. M. Malloy, head of the Defense Department's purchasing division, has said very earnestly: "There is absolutely no politics in our buying program."

But neither is there much shopping around, and his assurances of politics-less buying, like much else that the Defense Department says, must be taken on faith. Almost all missile and aircraft contracts—the real plums of the defense budget—are awarded after "negotiations." That is the way Lockheed, which has led the pack in defense work for four years straight, won its recent $1.3 billion job to build fifty-eight of the new Air Force transport giants. It may have been a nonpolitical (though highly arbitrary) decision, but the results of the decision will be very political indeed: since Lockheed's Georgia plant will get most of the money, Sen. Richard Russell will gather some gratitude votes when he runs next fall against Governor Carl Sanders, his strongest competition in years. The Defense Department has seventeen excuses for not accepting bids. Perhaps the most interesting is the catch-all excuse, "Impractical to Secure Competition by Formal Advertising," which it used last year to spend 14 per cent of its budget.

Every once in a while, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara puts out a pious statement about how he sure wants to increase competition. He was proud that last year his department pushed its competitive buying up to 17.6 per cent of the budget—a record!

The escalation of the Vietnam war has nicely deferred any further reform along that line. Lockheed, General Dynamics, McDonnell Aircraft, General Electric Co., North American Aviation—the top five prime defense contractors last year—and other great champions of private enterprise are safe once more from the specter, puny though it was, of being required to put their bids on record.

A Thousand Years Too Late

The threatened strike at St. John's University, called by the United Federation of College Teachers, will be a reality by the time this is in print, barring the unlikely possibility of a cave-in by either side in the controversy. St. John's, following a period of extremely rapid growth, is now the largest Catholic university in the United States. Shortly before the Christmas recess, more than thirty members of the faculty were summarily dismissed. The administration gave no reasons for this wholesale firing, either to the teachers or in response to repeated requests by the Federation, the press or by other interested parties. Attempts on the part of the city labor commissioner and others to mediate were rejected with a statement to the effect that this was a purely "academic matter," and that negotiation would therefore be "inappropriate."

For roughly a thousand years, from the 5th to the 15th centuries, education was the almost exclusive property of the Church; the ability to read and write, in fact, was confined for the most part to communities of religious, who were bound, as a condition of receiving this exclusive privilege, by vows of absolute obedience to their superiors. The notion of academic freedom, as understood today, would have been unthinkable in that milieu. Nevertheless, such scholarly communities preserved for us the history and literature of the Classical period. For this we are thankful.

But the president of a large modern university who discharges his professional colleagues out of hand, giving them neither hearing nor reason, is today both irrational and grotesque. To demand unquestioning obedience of college teachers, as though they were monks under the absolute authority of an abbot, is not merely out of date. It is a thousand years too late.

The Obsolete Negro . . . . Robert G. Sherrill

Washington, D.C.

The misery of the black men of Mississippi is reaching such proportions that the Johnson Administration's conscience could be measured once and for all according to its response to their needs. The Delta Ministry of the National Council of Churches has predicted that between 10,000 and 12,000 Negro sharecroppers will be evicted this winter. The Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party recently reported that, according to its best count, 2,000 are already homeless. On one plantation alone, 200 families—an estimated 1,000 persons — were turned out.

It is hardly necessary to add that these people, most of whom earned no more than $3 a day during crop time, have no savings, have nowhere to go, have little clothing and no food. Such help as they are getting comes mostly from other Negroes, who have little enough to share. One Negro farmer offered 40 acres of his place to any of these wanderers who want to set up tents and try to survive the winter there.

The New York Times reports tent cities going up in Alabama, too, especially in Lowndes County, where perhaps fifty families have been evicted for registering to vote.

New York Rep. Joseph Resnick went down to Mississippi and looked it over. He was a long way from his own district, but no one else would go and the Negroes pleaded with him to come. He found complaints were modest compared to the actual situation. In a letter to Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach he warns that the white people of Mississippi have set upon a calculated campaign to drive Negroes out of the state.

"In spite of the fact that this potential human disaster is well known in Mississippi," he writes, *"not one single state or federal employee or agency has made plans to cope with the extremely unfortunate situation.*

"These people will need temporary housing immediately to withstand a cold winter, with agricultural surplus foods delivered by federal authorities—as state authorities will not distribute them through the normal welfare department procedures or permit other agencies to do it for them."

That's the short-range goal. Long range, one sensible plan would seem to be to do everything possible to keep these people on the farm, but in such conditions that they earn more than slender subsistence. The alternative is to watch them drift inevitably into big-city slums.

Those Negroes who are still holding on to a place are convinced that they too will eventually be forced, by economics, into leaving unless they can have more of a voice in the Agriculture Stabilization and Conservation Service Committee that determines who gets what crop allotments and farm loans.

Last year the Negroes organized in twenty-one counties of Mississippi and put up candidates of their own—enough candidates, in fact, to control the ASCS committees in each county. Thirty-two Negroes won positions in six counties, but only nineteen were voting delegates, and in no county did they come close to winning control of the committee. The whites outmaneuvered them, sometimes by cheating, sometimes by duplicity, sometimes by threat of violence.

The ASCS elections are conducted by mail. Many Negroes received envelopes containing no ballots. Many sharecroppers did not receive ballots because they were sent to their white plantation bosses instead. Some Negroes received ballots but their wives didn't (although they were entitled to vote). In addition, the whites tried to split the opposition vote by putting other Negroes on the ballot who did not want to serve and, in several instances, did not know they were running. One Negro who was so listed against his will is 73 years old, blind, has heart trouble, is illiterate, and could not possibly have served if he had been elected.

One Negro candidate was visited at midnight by a carload of white farmers who told him he'd better get off the ballot. Negro farmers who met in a church to map campaign strategy heard that they were going to be bombed. They notified the FBI, but without results. They stayed on anyway, one of their leaders setting the mood by declaring that he had decided to run for election against the white man who owned his land and his house because "I used to be afraid of the white man, but I've changed. There's one of two things I'm gonna be—either a living free man or a dead free man."

Now that the election is over and the Negroes are beaten again, the whites continue to get revenge. Roosevelt Sais, who was a candidate in 1964, and whose child is in an integrated school in Rolling Fork, was turned down when he tried to get a loan for wheat. He tried to get a loan for breaking land and was turned down again. He

should have his land prepared now for this year, but doesn't, and can't. His equipment and cattle are mortgaged. He owes on his land. Many others, turned away by the white-dominated ASCS committee, are in the same bind.

Their desperation is such that Mrs. Ada Holliday, acting secretary of one Negro farmers' group in Clay County (where fraud in the elections was most evident), wrote Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, demanding a recount and adding in tones new to the dark citizens of Mississippi:

> *For the first time, Negro farmers are challenging the right of white men to dominate completely our lives. Because of the importance of the ASCS committee, we Negroes are willing to stake our lives, if necessary, to have a voice in this committee. The ASCS office will not run another year without us, and we will go to jail again if needed, to make our participation in the control of our livelihood a reality.*

Significantly, she asked that Freeman have the allegations of vote fraud investigated by somebody other than the FBI, an organization which has been notably indifferent to Mississippi Negro appeals for fair play. Said Mrs. Holliday, "Our experience with the FBI has been that a federal payroll does nothing to change a man's heart."

Will the Department of Agriculture require a new, strictly supervised election? At this moment it is still "studying" the matter.

The ASCS elections were the main reason why Representative Resnick went to Mississippi, and he wrote Freeman shortly afterward: "The voting irregularities were so flagrant in the three counties I visited that I came away convinced that all other ASCS elections in Mississippi were being run on the same basis."

Aside from rigged elections, Resnick found that the FHA would lend money to white farmers to build houses but wouldn't lend to Negro farmers; that federal employees working for the Department of Agriculture refused to talk to Negro farmers on the phone, making them come into the office; that federal employees in Mississippi refuse to call Negroes by ordinary respectful titles; that federal farm agencies will help white farmers with their crops but won't help Negroes.

The rough treatment Negroes get from state agencies is something else again. "A farmer was fined $149 for transporting surplus food from a depot to the outlying plantations," Resnick said. "The state police claimed that he did not have the proper type license plate."

Resnick found also, as might be expected, that every piece of social legislation passed in the last two sessions of Congress, from the Voting Rights Act of 1965 to Headstart and other welfare programs, is being "repealed by non-enforcement."

All this and more Resnick has put in letters to Freeman, Katzenbach, President Johnson and Vice President Humphrey. So far there is no tangible sign that they have heard, or understood.

The Freedom Democratic Party has added its own appeals, complete with stacks of affidavits from displaced farmers, such as this from Fred Morganfield of Rolling Fork:

> *The day the bossman told me to move I'd been working and came in for dinner. Bossman said he had another family to move in (no one ever did) and that we'd have to be gone by next day. The same morning my wife had registered Joe and Lester in the white school in Rolling Fork. Three weeks before this the bossman took another son's pay ($9.75 for three and one-fourth days work) and put it on my debt. I said I didn't take my family's pay to pay my debt, but he took it anyway.*

If the Morganfields don't like it, they can get out of the state. Machinery will take their place anyway.

Some believe that the Mississippi black man is not so dispirited that he will not, if pushed much further, fight back. Resnick came away thinking so. He has warned Katzenbach of the possibility of "a full-scale guerrilla war which would disgrace and shame us all." He is convinced that unless the Johnson Administration does something fast, "it is my terrible feeling that what happened in Watts will be a tea party compared to what will happen in Mississippi."

The Freedom Democratic Party, which is in much closer touch with the Negroes and which knows of that letter, has not disputed it.

The People Beneath the War . . . Raymond R. Coffey

Rep. Robert McClory (R., Ill.) was winding up a two-day visit to Vietnam when he was encountered one afternoon armed with a movie camera and loping down Saigon's Le Loi Boulevard in a late November downpour. One of the more obscure members of Illinois' Congressional delegation, McClory had dropped in for a firsthand look at the war as it can be seen from the well-traveled V.I.P. path being worn into the Vietnamese terrain these days.

"I find the [Vietnamese] people range from indifferent to hostile," McClory began as he came in out of the rain, joining a reporter in the shelter of an arcade. "But things are going well for us," he concluded. Though he appeared oblivious to the paradox in what he said, McClory had neatly stated one of the saddest facts of the war.

Everyone talks about this being a political war in which the key to victory is, as the weariest cliché in Saigon goes, to "win the hearts and minds of the people." And yet, as the fighting grows in scale and intensity, there appears to be more and more inclination to judge progress in military terms alone. What's happening to the Vietnamese people, what they're getting out of it all, and what they think about the war appears to be of ever diminishing concern.

The shooting war is coming to be such a full-time job that political and social problems get shuffled to the bottom of the pile. And, almost imperceptibly, people like McClory—and others with considerably more experience and responsibility in Saigon—develop the notion that the war can be going well even if the Vietnamese are indifferent, hostile, apathetic or unhappy. The fact is, the long-suffering people have

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Raymond R. Coffey has recently returned from a four-month reporting assignment in Vietnam for the Chicago Daily News.

been given little reason to support the government side of the war. The United States's goal, supposedly, is to guarantee them liberty and an opportunity to establish some kind of free and representative government. But if the shooting stopped tomorrow, the populace of Vietnam would still be stuck with a military dictatorship, a system that is astonishingly corrupt and incompetent.

It's probably true, as U.S. officials in Saigon insist, that the military is the only organization in the country capable of running a government in the current situation. It is also perhaps true that the last thing the country needs for a while is another coup. But it does seem that, with all the leverage our economic and military presence gives us, the United States should be able to lean on the Saigon government a lot harder to make it more responsive to and more concerned with the people.

The Vietcong are hardly popular heroes, despite what many of the anti-war demonstrators at home appear to think. They can be harsh and terroristic, they conscript labor and troops by force, they bleed the peasantry for rice and taxes. But they do, as one U.S. counterinsurgency expert in Saigon put it, have an "image of morality" and they do promise the people a better life, even if they haven't delivered. That puts them far ahead of the Saigon regime, with its generals roaring around in big black limousines and their wives getting rich by speculating in real estate near American bases.

Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, the jaunty little Air Force general who heads the present government, is considered to be personally honest and to have a genuine concern for his country. His own position, however, is precarious and he is trapped with very little personal power in a sick system that almost daily gives the people another reason to doubt in victory and its rewards.

Several weeks ago the U.S. mission pulled its aid representatives out of Binh Tuy Province on the basis of evidence that the province chief, a Lt. Col. Pham Dinh Chi, had diverted to his own uses a substantial amount of U.S. money. The aid men also had reportedly been threatened with death if they exposed the situation. Ky hemmed and hawed for weeks under U.S. pressures to oust Chi. Finally he did—but only to give him another post in the defense ministry where the pickings may be even better.

The government also talks a good game of political freedom. Ky informs student groups, for example, that they are free to discuss and criticize the government. Anyone who takes him at his word is looking for trouble. "We are not going to have seminars [demonstrations] in the streets," Ky says. One of Saigon's English-language newspapers was recently slapped with a five-day suspension because a censor decided that it was printing news stories comforting to the Vietcong. Anyone who shows promise of leadership or of developing a following is looked upon as a dangerous threat to the incumbents, instead of as an asset to a country that needs leaders as much as it needs peace.

Shortly before leaving Vietnam, I wrote a story about a political-social action project in one of Saigon's worst slum quarters. A small group of dedicated young army officers and government officials had persuaded Ky to let them try a new approach among the poor who are most vulnerable to the Vietcong and have the least reason to believe in the government. They had recruited hundreds of part-time student volunteers who were helping the people to build schools, establish dispensaries, organize hog-raising co-ops, even to hold unofficial hamlet elections to choose their own spokesmen. The project greatly interested the United States; it was a hopeful new effort to "win the hearts and minds of the people." Ky and U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge themselves had visited the project.

But less than twenty-four hours after the story about the project had gone through the government-run cable office, a young army lieutenant, who is one of the leaders of the project, was called upon by a representative of the national police and reprimanded for getting "too much personal publicity."

The Vietcong promise the people land reform and a better break in life. Now and then the Ky government talks about reforms, too, but mostly it simply lectures the people sternly about how it is everyone's duty to support the war and the government. No one bothers even to tell the people what they might expect in the way of improvement if and when the war ends.

"They [the government] don't trust the people," the young lieutenant who was reprimanded said. "The crisis in our country is that no one has confidence in anyone any more. We cannot have a [social] revolution just by changing the actors in the scenario. We must start at the bottom with the people." The people, according to the lieutenant, don't believe anything the government says. They want to see action—the kind of action they were getting from the student volunteers in the slum project—before they will start believing words again.

The most discouraging thing about the whole situation is that the government, from Saigon to the remotest district, is indifferent to what the people want or expect. Every province and district chief is appointed by Saigon and is a military man with command responsibilities, as well as civilian administrative duties. U.S. military and civilian representatives out in the country complain that often they have a hard time even getting their Vietnamese counterparts to stand around and look interested in village "civic action" programs, such as visits by American medical teams. The U.S. representatives take great pains to make it appear that such aid comes from and is arranged by the Vietnamese government. But their efforts are often futile because the local Vietnamese government man makes plain that he knows nothing about the program and cares less.

A U.S. adviser, giving one typical example, said that his district chief agreed to take part in a food and clothing distribution program only after he was permitted to take for his wife a few of the surplus WAC blouses that were to be distributed among the needy women of a village.

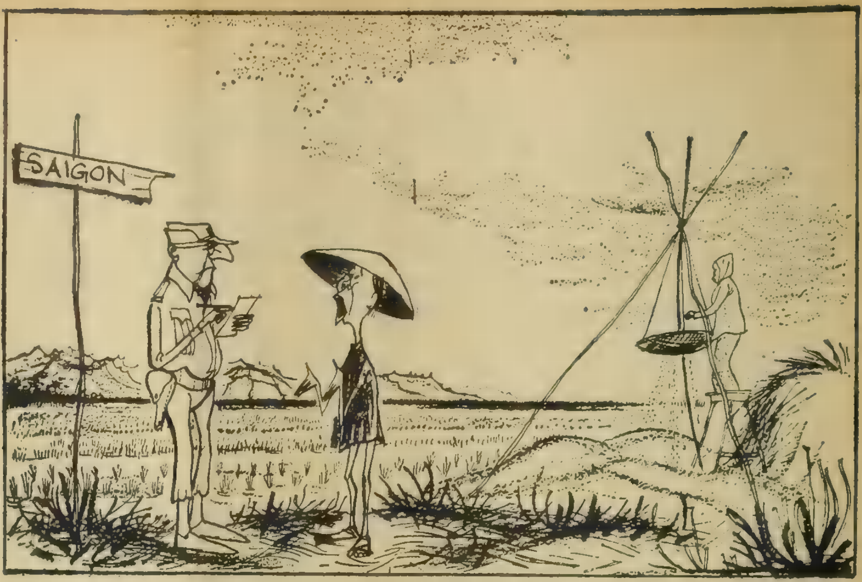
If, then, the job is winning over the people, it is a job that is going very badly. And, despite McClory and the U.S. military brass whose opinions he was obviously echoing, the military side of the war is not going a great deal better. It's perhaps true, as Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara says, that we've "stopped losing," but we're still a long, long way from winning, even militarily.

Astonishment is sometimes expressed that Hanoi does not seem exactly panting for the chance to negotiate. The reason seems plain enough: the other side is nowhere near convinced that it has lost all chances for victory. American and Vietnamese troops are inflicting tremendous casualties on the enemy. But our own losses are mounting and, despite the thousands of enemy soldiers killed in the past year, enemy strength has grown. The Vietcong now control a greater part of the countryside than they did a year ago. Thus the Saigon government is invisible and unknown in many areas of the country. How can people be persuaded to support something they can't even see, a government that offers them no security against the Vietcong?

The U.S. forces in Vietnam, now totaling around 200,000 men, are performing splendidly. They are brave, tough, resourceful, well motivated in battle. Beyond that, they generally exhibit more interest in and compassion for the people they're living amongst than does the Vietnamese government. The same, unhappily, cannot be said of the Vietnamese military. They continue to suffer many more casualties than do the Americans, and that indicates something about their willingness to fight. However, many of their casualties still result from an apathetic unwillingness to learn the lessons of guerrilla warfare, and from a lack of aggressiveness and leadership among their officers.

The officer corps is very weak, excessively occupied with keeping Saigon happy and inclined to duck a fight. Vietnamese commanders are always more than ready to break off an engagement in time to get back to camp for lunch. They tend to look upon their jeeps as something they have been given to get their kids to and from school. Beyond all this, it is a fact that Americans don't really trust the Vietnamese who fight beside them. American commanders privately complain that security is often compromised as soon as the Vietnamese are informed of a military operation.

Another factor that weighs against the "things are going well" judgment of McClory and others is the massive increase in enemy arms and men being infiltrated from the north. The enemy is no longer a ragtag bunch of poorly armed guerrillas wearing black pajamas and wondering where their next bowl of rice is coming from. In the recent major battles in the Ia Drang Valley, for example, the U.S. First Air Cavalry Division tangled with North Vietnamese regulars who were well equipped and well armed with Russian and Chinese weapons, including a high proportion of automatic weapons that can be deadly against low-flying aircraft. The enemy troops were carrying, in many cases, a basic load of 120 rounds of ammunition per man. That is more than a whole platoon of Vietcong guerrillas would often have in days not long past.



Tanner, Australian Bulletin; Ben Roth

"Sure I'm pro-Government—Which Government Do You Mean?"

The one great weapon we have that the enemy still lacks is air power. But air power, the way it is being used in this war, is not always an asset. There have been many calls for an end to the bombing of North Vietnam, but it appeared to some in Vietnam that a more urgent problem was restricting the "in-country" bombing of South Vietnam.

Our pilots have done a magnificent job of providing close air support for troops engaged with the enemy on the ground. And no one argues with the use of air power in those situations. However, there are also hundreds of air strikes every day against villages and other targets "suspected" of harboring the Vietcong in cases where there is no ground engagement. Thus one day just outside Saigon six Vietcong were reported seen among a string of thatch huts lining a canal. Hours later, long after the enemy had left, I rode along with a Forward Air Controller in a light Cessna who directed a flight of eight Skyraider dive bombers in an attack on the target. Four huts were destroyed, four were damaged and huge black craters were torn in the surrounding rice paddies. Should it take eight airplanes and thousands of pounds of bombs to knock out eight flimsy huts? And what evidence was there really that the huts and rice paddies were owned by the Vietcong?

On another day, a paratroop unit approaching a small village drew half a dozen rounds of small-arms sniper fire. The unit halted and called in an air and artillery strike that leveled the village. It seemed an extraordinary response to a few rounds of sniper fire, and one not likely to "win the hearts and minds" of any innocent civilians in the village.

Many of the Vietnamese jamming the refugee camps all over the country make clear that they came into the government areas not out of any particular fondness for the government and not to escape the Vietcong, but to get out from under our bombs. Top military authorities in Saigon say great care and discrimination is exercised in selecting targets. But some of the top counterinsurgency experts in the U.S. mission, and some of the advisers working out in the countryside, still believe the "in-country" bombings in some cases are hurting our cause among the uncommitted people.

But, as Congressman McClory's distressingly innocent comments made so discouragingly plain, there are people who somehow believe the war can be going well regardless of what the Vietnamese people think or feel or want.

VIETNAM

SETTING THE MORAL EQUATION

Howard Zinn

When those of us who would make an end to the war speak passionately of "the moral issue" in Vietnam, only our friends seem to understand. The government continues to bomb fishing villages, shoot women, disfigure children by fire or explosion, while its policy brings no outcry of opposition from Hubert Humphrey, Oscar Handlin, Max Lerner or millions of others. And we wonder why.

The answer, I suggest, involves the corruption of means, the confusion of ends, the theory of the lesser evil, and the easy reversibility of moral indignation in a species which is aroused to violence by symbols. To explain all this, however, is to get involved in a discussion of dangerous questions, which many people in the protest movement avoid by talking earnestly and vacantly about "morality" in the abstract, or by burrowing energetically into military realities, legal repartee, negotiating positions and the tactics of "broad coalition." Yet it is only by discussing root questions of means and ends— questions such as violence, revolution and alternative social systems—that we can understand what it means to say there is "a moral issue" in Vietnam.

To start with, we ought to recognize the escalation of evil means during this century—a process in which few of us can claim innocence. What Hitler did was to extend the already approved doctrine of indiscriminate mass murder (10 million dead on the battlefields of World War I) to its logical end, and thus stretch further than ever before the limits of the tolerable. By killing one-third of the world's Jews, the Nazis diminished the horror of any atrocity that was separated by two degrees of fiendishness from theirs. (Discussing with one of my students Hochhuth's *The Deputy*, I asked if we were not all "deputies" today, watching the bombing of Vietnamese villages; she replied, no, because this is not as bad as what Hitler did.)

The Left still dodges the problem of violent means to achieve just ends. (This is not true of Herbert Marcuse and Barrington Moore in the book they have done with Robert Wolff: *A Critique of Pure Tolerance*. But it was so true of the Communists in the United States that the government, in the Smith Act trials, had to distort the facts in order to prove that the Communists would go as far as Thomas Jefferson in the use of revolutionary violence.) To ignore this question, both by avoiding controversy about comparative social systems as ends, and forgoing discussion of violence as a means, is to fail to create a rational basis for moral denunciation of our government's actions in Vietnam.

I would start such a discussion from the supposition that it is logically indefensible to hold to an absolutely nonviolent position, because it is at least theoretically conceivable that a small violence might be required to prevent a larger one. Those who are immediately offended by this statement should consider: World War II; the assassination attempt on Hitler; the American, French, Russian, Chinese, Cuban revolutions; possible armed revolt in South Africa; the case of Rhodesia; the Deacons in Louisiana. Keep in mind that many who support the war in Vietnam may do so on grounds which they believe similar to those used in the above cases.

The terrible thing is that once you stray from absolute nonviolence you open the door for the most shocking abuses. It is like distributing scalpels to an eager group, half of whom are surgeons and half butchers. But that is man's constant problem—how to release the truth without being devoured by it.

How can we tell butchers from surgeons, distinguish between a healing and a destructive act of violence? The first requirement is that our starting point must always be nonviolence, and that the burden of proof, therefore, is on the advocate of violence to show, with a high degree of probability, that he is justified. In modern American civilization, we demand unanimity among twelve citizens before we will condemn a single person to death, but we will destroy thousands of people on the most flimsy of political assumptions (like the domino theory of revolutionary contagion).

What proof should be required? I suggest four tests:

(*1*) Self-defense, against outside attackers or a counterrevolutionary force within, using no more violence than is needed to repel the attack, is justified. This covers that Negro housewife who several years ago in a little Georgia town, at home alone with her children, fired through the door at a gang of white men carrying guns and chains, killing one, after which the rest fled. It would sacrifice the Rhineland to Hitler in 1936, and even Austria (for the Austrians apparently preferred not to fight), but demands supporting the Loyalist government in Spain, and defending Czechoslovakia in 1938. And it applies to Vietnamese fighting against American attackers who hold the strings of a puppet government.

(2) Revolution is justified, for the purpose of overthrowing a deeply entrenched oppressive regime, unshakable by other means. Outside aid is permissible (because rebels, as in the American Revolution, are almost always at a disadvantage against the holders of power), but with the requirement that the manpower for the revolution be indigenous, for this in itself is a test of how popular the revolution is. This could cover the French, American, Mexican, Russian, Chinese, Cuban, Algerian cases. It would also cover the Vietcong rebellion. And a South African revolt, should it break out.

(*3*) Even if one of the above conditions is met, there is no moral justification for visiting violence on the innocent. Therefore, violence in self-defense or in revolution must be focused on the evildoers, and limited to that required to achieve the goal, resisting all arguments that extra violence might speed victory. This rules out the strategic bombing of German cities in World War II, the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; it rules out terrorism against civilians even in a just revolution. Violence even against the guilty, when undertaken for sheer revenge, is unwarranted, which rules out capital punishment for any crime. The requirement of

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focused violence makes nonsensical the equating of the killing of village chiefs in South Vietnam by the Vietcong and the bombing of hospitals by American fliers; yet the former is also unjustified if it is merely an act of terror or revenge and not specifically required for a change in the social conditions of the village.

(4) There is an additional factor which the conditions of modern warfare make urgent. Even if all three of the foregoing principles are met, there is a fourth which must be considered if violence is to be undertaken: the costs of self-defense or social change must not be so high, because of the intensity or the prolongation of violence, or because of the risk of proliferation, that the victory is not worth the cost. For the Soviets to defend Cuba from attack—though self-defense was called for—would not have been worth a general war; for the United States to defend Hungary from attack—though self-defense was called for—would not have been worth a general war. For China or Soviet Russia to aid the Vietcong with troops, though the Vietcong cause is just, would be wrong if it seriously risked a general war. Under certain conditions, nations should be captive rather than be destroyed, or revolutionaries should bide their time. Indeed, because of the omnipresence of the great military powers—the United States and the USSR (perhaps this is not so true for the countries battling England, France, Holland, Belgium, Portugal) — revolutionary movements may have to devise tactics short of armed revolt to overturn an oppressive regime.

The basic principle I want to get close to is that violence is most clearly justified when those whose own lives are at stake make the decision on whether the prize is worth dying for. Self-defense and guerrilla warfare, by their nature, embody this decision. Conscript armies and unfocused warfare violate it. And no one has a right to decide that someone else is better off dead than Red, or that someone else should die to defend his way of life, or that an individual (like Norman Morrison) should choose to live rather than die.

It would be foolish to pretend that this summary can be either precise or complete. Those involved in self-defense or in a revolution need no intellectual justification; their emotions reflect some inner rationality. It is those outside the direct struggle, deciding whether to support one side or to stay out, who need to think clearly about principles. Americans, therefore, possessing the greatest power and being furthest removed from the problems of self-defense or revolution, need thoughtful deliberation most. All we can do in social analysis is to offer rough guides to replace nonthinking, to give the beginnings of some kind of moral calculus.

However, it takes no close measurement to conclude that the American bombings in Vietnam, directed as they are to farming areas, villages, hamlets, fit none of the criteria listed, and so are deeply immoral, whatever else is true about the situation in Southeast Asia or the world. The silence of the government's supporters on this—from Hubert Humphrey to the academic signers of advertisements—is particularly shameful, because it requires no surrender of their other arguments to concede that this is unnecessary bestiality.

Bombings aside, none of the American military activity against the Vietcong could be justified unless it were helping a determined people to defend itself against an outside attacker. That is why the Administration, hoping to confirm by verbal repetition what cannot be verified in fact, continually uses the term "aggression" to describe the Vietnamese guerrilla activities. The expert evidence, however, is overwhelming on this question:

(1) Philippe Devillers, the French historian, says "the insurrection existed before the Communists decided to take part. . . . And even among the Communists, the initiative did not originate in Hanoi, but from the grass roots, where the people were literally driven by Diem to take up arms in self-defense."

(2) Bernard Fall says "anti-Diem guerrillas were active long before infiltrated North Vietnamese elements joined the fray."

(3) The correspondent for *Le Monde*, Jean Lacouture (in *Le Viet Nam entre deux paix*) confirms that local pressure, local conditions led to guerrilla activity.

(4) Donald S. Zagoria, a specialist on Asian communism at Columbia University, wrote recently that "it is reasonably clear that we are dealing with an indigenous insurrection in the South, and that this, not Northern assistance, is the main trouble."

One test of "defense against aggression" is the behavior of the official South Vietnamese army—the "defenders" themselves. We find: a high rate of desertions; a need to herd villagers into concentration-camp "strategic hamlets" in order to control them; the use of torture to get information from other South Vietnamese, whom you might expect to be enthusiastic about "defending" their country; and all of this forcing the United States to take over virtually the entire military operation in Vietnam. [See article by Raymond R. Coffey, p. 61].

The ordinary people of Vietnam show none of the signs of a nation defending itself against "aggression," except in their noncooperation with the government and the Americans. A hundred thousand Vietnamese farmers were conducting a rebellion with mostly captured weapons (both David Halberstam and Hanson Baldwin affirmed this in *The New York Times*, contradicting quietly what I. F. Stone demolished statistically—the State Department's White Paper on "infiltration"). Then they matched the intrusion of 150,000 American troops with 7,500 North Vietnamese soldiers (in November, 1965, American military officials estimated that five regiments of North Vietnamese, with 1,500 in each regiment, were in South Vietnam). Weapons were acquired from Communist countries, but not a single plane to match the horde of American bombers filling the skies over Vietnam. This adds up not to North Vietnamese aggression (if indeed North Vietnamese can be considered outsiders at all) but to American aggression, with a puppet government fronting for American power.

Thus, there is no valid principle on which the United States can defend either its bombing, or its military presence, in Vietnam. It is the factual emptiness of its moral claim which then leads it to seek a one-piece substitute, that comes prefabricated with its own rationale, surrounded by an emotional aura sufficient to ward off inspectors. This transplanted fossil is the Munich analogy, which, speaking with all the passion of Churchill in the Battle of Britain, declares: to surrender in Vietnam is to do what Chamberlain did at Munich; that is why the villagers must die.

The great value of the Munich

analogy to the Strangeloves is that it captures so many American liberals, among many others. It backs the Vietnamese expedition with a coalition broad enough to include Barry Goldwater, Lyndon Johnson, George Meany and John Roche (thus reversing World War II's coalition, which excluded the far Right and included the radical Left). This bloc justifies the carnage in Vietnam with a huge image of invading armies, making only one small change in the subtitle: replacing the word "Fascist" with the word "Communist." Then, the whole savage arsenal of World War II—the means both justified and unjustifiable — supported by that great fund of indignation built against the Nazis, can be turned to the uses of the American Century.

To leave the Munich analogy intact, to fail to discuss communism and fascism, is to leave untouched the major premise which supports the present policy of near genocide in Vietnam. I propose here at least to initiate such a discussion.

Let's refresh our memories on what happened at Munich. Chamberlain of England and Daladier of France met Hitler and Mussolini (this was September 30, 1938) and agreed to surrender the Sudeten part of Czechoslovakia, inhabited by German-speaking people, hoping thus to prevent a general war in Europe. Chamberlain returned to England, claiming he had brought "peace in our time." Six months later, Hitler had gobbled up the rest of Czechoslovakia; then he began presenting ultimatums to Poland, and by September 3, 1939, general war had broken out in Europe.

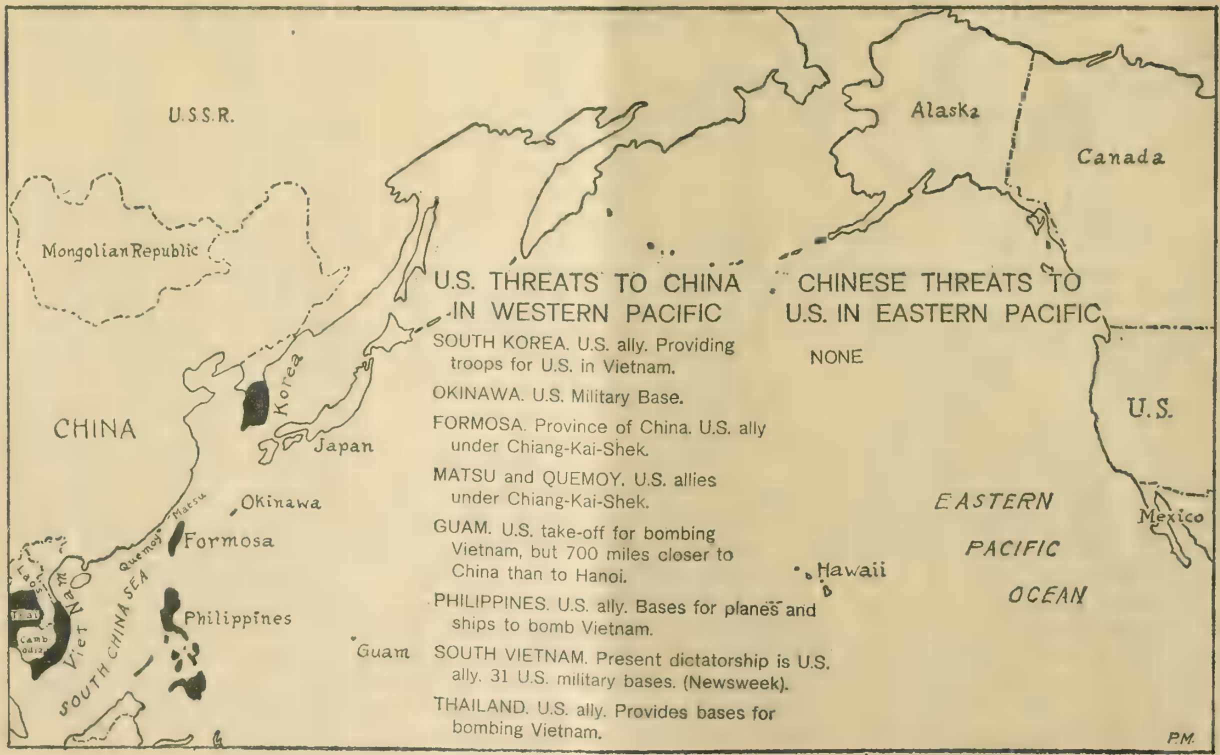
There is strong evidence that if the Sudetenland had not been surrendered at Munich—with it went Czechoslovakia's powerful fortifications, 70 per cent of its iron, steel and electric power, 86 per cent of its chemicals, 66 per cent of its coal —and had Hitler then gone to war, he would have been defeated quickly, with the aid of Czechoslovakia's thirty-five well-trained divisions. And if he chose, at the sign of resistance, not to go to war, then at least he would have been stopped in his expansion.

And so, the analogy continues, to let the Communist-dominated National Liberation Front win in South Vietnam (for the real obstacle in the sparring over negotiations is the role of the NLF in a new government) is to encourage more Communist expansion in Southeast Asia and beyond, and perhaps lead to a war more disastrous than the present one; to stop communism in South Vietnam is to discourage its expansion elsewhere.

We should note, first, some of the important differences between the Munich situation in 1938 and Vietnam today:

(*1*) In 1938, the main force operating against the Czech *status quo* was an outside force, Hitler's Germany; the supporting force was the Sudeten group inside led by Konrad Henlein. Since 1958 (and traceable back to 1942), the major force operating against the *status quo* in South Vietnam has been an inside force, formed in 1960 into the NLF; the chief supporter is not an outside nation but another part of the same nation, North Vietnam. The largest outside force in Vietnam consists of the American troops (who, interestingly, are referred to in West Germany as *Bandenkampfverbande*, Bandit Fighting Units, the name used in World War II by the Waffen-S.S. units to designate the guerrillas whom they specialized in killing). To put it another way, in 1938, the Germans were trying to take over part of another country. Today, the Vietcong are trying to take over part of their own country. In 1938, the outsider was Germany. Today it is the United States.

(2) The Czech government, whose interests the West surrendered to Hitler in 1938, was a strong, effective, prosperous, democratic government—the government of Benes and Masaryk. The South Vietnamese government which we support is a hollow shell of a government, unstable, unpopular, corrupt, a dictatorship of bullies and torturers, disdainful of free elections



U.S. THREATS TO CHINA IN WESTERN PACIFIC

SOUTH KOREA. U.S. ally. Providing troops for U.S. in Vietnam.

OKINAWA. U.S. Military Base.

FORMOSA. Province of China. U.S. ally under Chiang-Kai-Shek.

MATSU and QUEMOY. U.S. allies under Chiang-Kai-Shek.

GUAM. U.S. take-off for bombing Vietnam, but 700 miles closer to China than to Hanoi.

PHILIPPINES. U.S. ally. Bases for planes and ships to bomb Vietnam.

SOUTH VIETNAM. Present dictatorship is U.S. ally. 31 U.S. military bases. (Newsweek).

THAILAND. U.S. ally. Provides bases for bombing Vietnam.

CHINESE THREATS TO U.S. IN EASTERN PACIFIC

NONE

and representative government (recently they opposed establishing a National Assembly on the ground that it might lead to communism), headed by a long line of tyrants from Bao Dai to Diem to Ky, who no more deserve to be ranked with Benes and Masaryk than Governor Wallace of Alabama deserves to be compared with Robert E. Lee. It is a government whose perpetuation is not worth the los of a single human life.

(3) Standing firm in 1938 meant engaging, in order to defeat once and for all, the central threat of that time, Hitler's Germany. Fighting in Vietnam today, even if it brings total victory, does not at all engage what the United States considers the central foes—the Soviet Union and Communist China. Even if international communism *were* a single organism, to annihilate the Vietcong would be merely to remove a toenail from an elephant. To engage what we think is the source of our difficulties (Red China one day, Soviet Russia the next) would require nuclear war, and even Robert Strange McNamara doesn't seem up to that.

(4) There is an important difference between the historical context of Munich, 1938, and that of Vietnam, 1966. Munich was the culmination of a long line of surrenders and refusals to act: when Japan invaded China in 1931, when Mussolini invaded Ethiopia in 1935, when Hitler remilitarized the Rhineland in 1936, when Hitler and Mussolini supported the Franco attack on Republican Spain 1936-39, when Japan attacked China in 1937, when Hitler took Austria in the spring of 1938. The Vietnam crisis, on the other hand, is the culmination of a long series of events in which the West has on occasion held back (as in Czechoslovakia in 1948, or Hungary in 1956), but more often taken firm action, from the Truman Doctrine to the Berlin blockade, to the Korean conflict, to the Cuban blockade of 1962. So, withdrawing from Vietnam would not reinforce a pattern in the way that the Munich pact did. It would be another kind of line in that jagged graph which represents recent foreign policy.

(5) We have twenty years of cold-war history to test the proposition derived from the Munich analogy—that a firm stand in Vietnam is worth the huge loss of life, because it will persuade the Communists there must be no more uprisings elsewhere. But what effect did our refusal to allow the defeat of South Korea (1950-53), or our aid in suppressing the Huk rebellion in the Philippines (1947-55), or the suppression of guerrillas in Malaya (1948-60), have on the guerrilla warfare in South Vietnam which started around 1958 and became consolidated under the National Liberation Front in 1960? If our use of subversion and arms to overthrow Guatemala in 1954 showed the Communists in Latin America that we meant business, then how did it happen that Castro rebelled and won in 1959? Did our invasion of Cuba in 1961, our blockade in 1962, show other revolutionaries in Latin America that they must desist? Then how explain the Dominican uprising in 1965? And did our dispatch of Marines to Santo Domingo end the fighting of guerrillas in the mountains of Peru?

One touches the Munich analogy and it falls apart. This suggests something more fundamental: that American policy makers and their supporters simply do not understand either the nature of communism or the nature of the various uprisings that have taken place in the postwar world. They are not able to believe that hunger, homelessness, oppression are sufficient spurs to revolution, without outside instigation, just as Dixie governors could not believe that Negroes marching in the streets were not led by outside agitators.

So, communism and revolution require discussion. They are sensitive questions, which some in the protest movement hesitate to broach for fear of alienating allies. But they are basic to that inversion of morality which enables the United States to surround the dirty war in Vietnam with the righteous glow of the war against Hitler.

A key assumption in this inversion is that communism and Nazism are sufficiently identical to be treated alike. However, communism as a set of ideals has attracted good people—not racists or bullies or militarists—all over the world. One may argue that in Communist countries citizens had better affirm their allegiance to it, but that doesn't account for the fact that millions in France, Italy and Indonesia are Communist party members, that countless others all over the world have been inspired by Marxian ideals. And why should they not? These ideals include peace, brotherhood, racial equality, the classless society, the withering away of the state.

If Communists behave much better out of power than in it, that is a commentary not on their ideals but on weaknesses which they share with non-Communist wielders of power. If, presumably in pursuit of their ideals, they have resorted to brutal tactics, maintained suffocating bureaucracies and rigid dogmas, that makes them about as reprehensible as other nations, other social systems which, while boasting of the Judeo-Christian heritage, have fostered war, exploitation, colonialism and race hatred. We judge ourselves by our ideals; others by their actions. It is a great convenience.

The ultimate values of the Nazis, let us recall, included racism, elitism, militarism and war as ends in themselves. Unlike either the Communist nations or the capitalist democracies, there is here no ground for appeal to higher purposes. The ideological basis for coexistence between Communist and capitalist nations is the rough consensus of ultimate goals which they share. While war is held off, the citizens on both sides—it is to be hoped and indeed it is beginning to occur—will increasingly insist that their leaders live up to these values.

One of these professed values—which the United States is trying with difficulty to conceal by fragile arguments and feeble analogies—is the self-determination of peoples. Self-determination justifies the overthrow of entrenched oligarchies—whether foreign or domestic—in ways that will not lead to general war. China, Egypt, Indonesia, Algeria and Cuba are examples. Such revolutions tend to set up dictatorships, but they do so in the name of values which can be used to erode that same dictatorship. They therefore deserve as much general support and specific criticism as did the American revolutionaries, who set up a slave-holding government, but with a commitment to freedom which later led it, *against its wishes*, to abolitionism.

The easy use of the term "totalitarian" to cover both Nazis and Communists, or to equate the South Vietnamese regime with that of Ho Chi Minh, fails to make important distinctions, just as dogmatists of the Left sometimes fail to distinguish between Fascist states and capitalist democracies.

This view is ahistorical on two counts. First, it ignores the fact that, for the swift economic progress needed by new nations today, a Communist-led regime does an effective job (though it is not the only type of new government that can). In doing so, it raises educational and living standards and thus paves the way (as the USSR and Eastern Europe already show) for attacks from within on its own thought-control system. Second, this view forgets that the United States and Western Europe, now haughty in prosperity, with a fair degree of free expression, built their present status on the backs of either slaves or colonial people, and subjected their own laboring populations to several generations of misery before beginning to look like welfare states.

The perspective of history suggests that a united Vietnam under Ho Chi Minh is preferable to the elitist dictatorship of the South, just as Maoist China with all its faults is preferable to the rule of Chiang, and Castro's Cuba to Batista's. We do not have pure choices in the present, although we should never surrender those values which can shape the future. Right now, for Vietnam, a Communist government is probably the best avenue to that whole packet of human values which make up the common morality of mankind today: the preservation of human life, self-determination, economic security, the end of race and class oppression, that freedom of speech which an educated population begins to demand.

This is a conclusion which critics of government policy have hesitated to make. With some, it is because they simply don't believe it, but with others, it is because they don't want to rock the boat of "coalition." Yet the main obstacle to United States withdrawal is a fear that is real—that South Vietnam will then go Communist. If we fail to discuss this honestly, we leave untouched a major plank in the structure that supports U.S. action.

When the jump is made from real fears to false ones, we get something approaching lunacy in American international behavior. Richard Hofstadter, in *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*, writes of "the central preconception of the paranoid style — the existence of a vast, insidious, preternaturally effective international conspiratorial network designed to perpetrate acts of the most fiendish character."

Once, the center of the conspiracy was Russia. A political scientist doing strategic research for the government told me recently with complete calm that his institute decided not too long ago that they had been completely wrong about the premise which underlay much of American policy in the postwar period—the premise that Russia hoped to take over Western Europe by force. Yet now, with not a tremor of doubt, the whole kit and caboodle of the invading-hordes theory is transferred to China.

Paranoia starts from a base of facts, but then leaps wildly to an absurd conclusion. It is a fact that China is totalitarian in its limitation of free expression, is fierce in its expressions of hatred for the United States, that it crushed opposition in Tibet, and fought for a strip of territory on the Indian border. But let's consider India briefly: it crushed an uprising in Hyderabad, took over the state of Kerala, initiated attacks on the China border, took Goa by force, and is fierce in its insistence on Kashmir. Yet we do not accuse it of wanting to take over the world.

Of course, there is a difference. China is emotionally tied to and sometimes aids obstreperous rebellions all over the world. However, China is not the source of these rebellions. The problem is not that China wants to take over the world, but that various peoples want to take over their parts of the world, and without the courtesies that attend normal business transactions. What if the Negroes in Watts really rose up and tried to take over Los Angeles? Would we blame that on Castro?

Not only does paranoia lead the United States to see international conspiracy where there is a diversity of Communist nations based on indigenous Communist movements. It also confuses communism with a much broader movement of this century—the rising of hungry and harassed people in Asia, Africa, Latin America (and the American South). Hence we try to crush radicalism in one place (Greece, Iran, Guatemala, the Philippines, etc.) and apparently succeed, only to find a revolution—whether Communist or Socialist or nationalist or of indescribable character—springing up somewhere else. We surround the world with our navy, cover the sky with our planes, fling our money to the winds, and then a revolution takes place in Cuba, 90 miles from home. We see every rebellion everywhere as the result of some devilish plot concocted in Moscow or Peking, when what is really happening is that people everywhere want to eat and to be free, and will use desperate means and any one of a number of social systems to achieve their ends.

The other side makes the same mistake. The Russians face a revolt in Hungary or Poznan, and attribute it to bourgeois influence, or to American scheming. Stalin's paranoia led him to send scores of old Bolsheviks before the firing squad. The Chinese seem to be developing obsessions about the United States; but in their case we are doing our best to match their wildest accusations with reality. It would be paranoid for Peking to claim that the United States is surrounding China with military bases, occupying countries on its border, keeping hundreds of thousands of troops within striking distance, contemplating the bombing of its population—if it were not largely true.

A world-wide revolution is taking place, aiming to achieve the very values that all major countries, East and West, claim to uphold: self-determination, economic security, racial equality, freedom. It takes many forms—Castro's, Mao's, Nasser's, Sukarno's, Senghor's, Kenyatta's. That it does not realize all its aims from the start makes it hardly more imperfect than we were in 1776. The road to freedom is stony, but people are going to march along it. What we need to do is improve the road, not blow it up.

The United States Government has tried hard to cover its moral nakedness in Vietnam. But the signs of its failure grow by the day. Facts have a way of coming to light. Also, we have recently had certain experiences which make us less naive about governments while we become more hopeful about people: the civil rights movement, the student revolt, the rise of dissent inside the Communist countries, the emergence of fresh, brave spirits in Africa, Asia, Latin America, and in our own country.

It is not our job, as citizens, to point out the difficulties of our military position (this, when true, is quite evident), or to work out clever bases for negotiating (the negotiators, when they *must*, will find a way), or to dissemble what we know is true in order to build a coalition (coalitions grow naturally from what is common to a heterogeneous group, and require each element to represent its colors as honestly as possible to make the mosaic accurate and strong). As a sign of the strange “progress” the world has made, from now on all moral transgressions take the form of irony, because they are committed against officially proclaimed values. The job of citizens, in any society, any time, is simply to point this out.

RESEARCH: THE MIDAS TOUCH

Rep. Henry S. Reuss

Higher education has always been among our first national priorities. During the past twenty years, scientific research and development have also assumed a leading position in these priorities. Research and higher education share many goals; both are concerned with extending scholarship and developing the intellectual resources of the country. Indeed, science is most at home on the campus.

Today, not only growing affluence but the raising of educational sights have placed nearly 5 million students in the higher education system. And this number would be substantially higher if there were more scholarships, more teachers, more colleges and universities throughout the country.

Federal spending for research and development has now reached a huge $16 billion per year, having ascended a dizzy 20 per cent per year spiral in the past fifteen years. Public support has been won for this rapid growth and huge scale of expenditure because the money has bought benefits the public seemed to want—from ballistic missiles for defense to tiny transistors for hearing aids; from synchronous communications statellites to new materials for industry; from nuclear power plants to polio vaccines; from computers to radioisotopes in medical diagnosis and therapy.

Education has also reaped benefits from this accelerated spending. Research, once the province of the scholarly few, is now prized and sought by the many. Lush material rewards have been accompanied by esteem for scientists and for the institutions which foster them.

Out of the annual federal budget for research and development, higher education now gets $1.8 billion — some 15 per cent of its annual revenues from all sources. Several research-performing universities receive enough public money to cover 40 per cent or more of their entire operating budgets. Tens of thousands of scientists and graduate students in science are now assured the opportunity, money and excellent facilities for their work.

But this bonanza for education has not been pure gain. The institutions have paid for their research-based affluence.

Scientists and engineers of the highest talents and training are indispensable to productive research and development. They are also indispensable to maintaining and elevating the quantity and quality of higher education. They comprise a small community which cannot be made to grow rapidly. When too many are diverted to research, the price exacted is a shortage of teachers and a downgrading of the profession of teaching.

Short-run federal research needs can be satisfied by concentrating science money at a few large universities. Many excellent scientists are already there and others will join them. But as talent is drawn into elite pools, research and instruction elsewhere suffer. The top of the educational tree may flourish, but the roots wither.

Since the government's needs are overwhelmingly in the natural sciences, these get almost all the money. But colleges and universities must transmit knowledge and encourage scholarship in all fields of learning. If government tips the scales in favor of scientists over humanists or physics over history, the structure of higher education is threatened.

Just how serious are these damages? To educate the 5 million students now enrolled in junior colleges, colleges and universities, there are at present 324,000 teachers, including some 19,000 graduate assistants. There are too few to supply all the needs, yet half of the nation's colleges and universities report that some faculty positions have gone begging for two years or more. The shortages affect most severely the smaller colleges and universities; they are most acute in the natural sciences.

To a considerable extent federal research programs contribute to these shortages. In 1960, an estimated 124,000 scientists and engineers, with master's degrees or better, had been drawn off to federal research and development work outside educational institutions. Nor did the seduction of scientific manpower stop at the gates of colleges and universities. On the campuses, research that was financed mainly by the federal government claimed the full-time equivalent of 43,000 faculty personnel.

If later figures were available, they would undoubtedly show that more scientists and engineers of college teaching caliber had been diverted to federal research and development. Federal expenditures for these purposes more than doubled between 1960 and 1965, with corresponding claims on manpower. But even 167,000 is massive when compared with the present 324,000 teachers *of all subjects* now deployed throughout the higher education system.

The prospects for relief of present teacher shortages are bleak. By 1970, college enrollments are expected to rise to 7 million. If even present teaching standards are to

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be maintained for the 1970 student population, 90,000 teachers with doctoral degrees must be added to faculty rolls. Present trends indicate that only half that number will in fact be enlisted. If this happens, the unattractive alternatives will be to curtail enrollments or to watch the quality of instruction deteriorate.

But scientists are not only neglecting undergraduate teaching; they are downgrading its value. Good teaching, they realize, will rarely confer the prestige, recognition and money which come from research. Teaching cannot be published, does not produce invitations to prestigious conferences, or often result in appointments to committees. In fact, good teaching is largely invisible, except to the fortunate student. As Dr. Alan Thorndike, senior physicist at Brookhaven National Laboratory, reminded the House Research and Technical Programs Subcommittee: "There is no Nobel Prize for teaching."

When teaching becomes a poor relation to research, the undergraduate suffers. Having hurdled the rising admission barriers which shortages of capacity, including teachers, make mandatory, he may find that the great professors he sought begrudge time spent on teaching undergraduates, and shift what they regard as a burden to ill-directed young assistants.

Testifying before the subcommittee, Dr. W. T. Lippincott, professor of chemistry at Ohio State University, said that government support of university research is "potentially the most powerful destructive force the higher education system in America has ever faced." He went on to say that the loss to students of "stimulation, guidance, and experience-inspired knowledge," which has traditionally been passed on to young people by research scholars, will affect the future supply of "dedicated teachers, competent scientists, engineers, scholars, and well-informed citizens."

According to Dr. Clark Kerr, president of the University of California:

> *There seems to be a "point of no return" after which research, consulting, graduate instruction become so absorbing that faculty efforts can no longer be concentrated on undergraduate instruction as they once were. . . . How to escape the cruel paradox that a superior faculty results in an inferior concern for undergraduate teaching is one of our more pressing problems.*

Whatever may be appropriate for institutions which specialize in graduate instruction, this depreciation of undergraduate teaching is a denial of the first obligation of higher education: to stimulate young people to think, to question, to seek answers for themselves. If this be the price of research, the cost is unacceptable.

Fifty-four universities, out of a total of more than 2,000 colleges and universities, presently get about 60 per cent of all federal money for research and science education. The concentration is geographic, too. Sixty per cent of federal science funds have gone to institutions in five states — California, Massachusetts, New York, Illinois and Maryland (District of Columbia).

Because of this extraordinary concentration, few colleges and small universities can offer the research opportunities which scientists naturally seek. As they lose many of their ablest professors and are unable to attract replacements, they necessarily increase the teaching load of the faculty who remain. As the teaching load goes up, time for research goes down. In the process, smaller institutions become even less attractive to prospective science faculty.

Are there clear benefits from the concentration of research to offset this progressive weakening of the smaller institutions? The federal government and the scientific community had hoped that if most of the money were given to a relatively few Ph.D.-granting institutions, the production of doctorates would significantly increase, and higher education in general would share the benefit. These hopes have not been realized.

The educational system, including the contract research centers which it manages, now gets six times as much federal science money per year as it received a decade ago—$1.8 billion for 1965, compared to a relatively modest $300 million in 1955. The number of science doctorates produced per year has gone up about 1.7 times—from 8,500 to 14,500—a meager return on the research investment, even if all the gains are attributed to that investment. And the cause-and-effect relationship is doubtful, since the number of non-science doctorates per year has gone up as fast as science doctorates.

Furthermore, there is no clear relationship between doctorate production at particular research-performing universities and the volume of federal science funds. For example, the University of California in 1964 produced 2.3 times as many doctorates as the University of Wisconsin, but received 3 times as much money; it produced twice as many doctorates as Purdue, but received more than 10 times as much money; it produced 2.8 times as many doctorates as Iowa State but, again, received some 11 times as much money.

Finally, the science Ph.D.s who do emerge today strongly prefer research to teaching. More than two-thirds of all new doctors of science in 1962 elected to take research jobs or post-doctoral fellowships that permitted research. The corresponding figure in the social sciences was 21 per cent; in the arts and professions, 7 per cent; in education, 6 per cent.

Federal funds for research go 98 per cent to the natural sciences and 2 per cent to everything else. Such a disproportionate allocation damages not only the neglected humanities and social sciences but the natural sciences as well. Neither science nor scientists can flourish if the other disciplines languish.

Killing science by cutting off research funds will not help higher education, but continuing present federal research policies will gravely damage both science and higher education. A better balance between research and education, combined with incentives to increase the flow of qualified scientists into teaching could save both.

The House Research and Technical Programs Subcommittee last October made the following recommendations for policy changes:*

(*1*) Weigh the priorities between teaching and research — in the White House and the Bureau of the Budget — before undertaking, continuing or expanding research programs having large scientific manpower needs.

(2) Encourage researchers to teach, by requiring that those who receive federal research awards and fellowships assume minimum teaching responsibilities.

(3) Institute science teaching fellowships which pay as much as research fellowships.

(4) Establish a Presidential award for outstanding undergraduate teachers.

(5) Modify the criteria for research awards to spread their contribution over a broadened list of institutions, in a wider area.

(6) Make more representative (by selecting younger members from more diverse institutions) the panels which judge the scientific merits of project applications.

(7) Expand the National Science Foundation's promising Science Development Program of "institutional grants" to colleges and universities, unrelated to specific "projects."

(8) Accept as an important national goal a massively increased support for the humanities and the social sciences.

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*"Conflicts Between the Federal Research Programs and the Nation's Goals for Higher Education," H. Rept. 1158, 89th Cong., 1st sess., October 13, 1965.

The Merchant Marine

WILDERNESS OF TIGERS . . . . .

Howard Junker

Lately the sick and sinking American merchant marine has been snarling, clawing and backbiting like a wilderness of tigers, the cause being the formulation of a new federal maritime policy. The President is expected to present a new program to Congress this month.

There is every reason to expect that current policy, laid down by the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, should now be obsolete—times have changed. But government support of a tiny service industry that cannot face foreign competition without massive subsidy has attained the status of tradition. The vested interests—unions, operators, shipbuilders and the U.S. Navy—have so much at stake that rather than submit to reform they sometimes even assert that the merchant marine is shipshape. It all depends on motivation: why should the government keep a merchant marine afloat? The answer to that question determines the kind and size of crutch Uncle Sam should offer.

American seamen, who now enjoy the American standard of living, earn four times as much as foreign sailors. Building a ship in American yards costs twice as much and takes twice as long as it does abroad. To overcome these obstacles to international competition, the merchant marine is given several kinds of assistance. Fifteen liner operations, which run 300 deep-sea ships, receive 75c of their seaman's dollar from the government. The government will also pay up to 55 per cent of construction costs, give insurance on construction loans and mortgages, trade-in allowances for obsolete ships and certain forms of tax relief. In return, the lines must operate American-built, American-manned ships on regulated trade routes, subject to much government supervision and inspection; they are committed to return half of all profits above 10 per cent. In the past twenty years, federal subsidies have totaled about $2 billion, of which less than 10 per cent has been recaptured.

About 300 tankers, 100 unsubsidized liners, and 250 tramps survive because coastal shipping is reserved, as it has been since the War of 1812, to the American flag, and because cargo preference rules send all military cargo and 50 per cent of aid cargo in American bottoms. In all, the government pays $320 million in direct subsidy, $80 million above world rates in cargo preferences each year. And the merchant marine carries less than 10 per cent of America's foreign trade, only 30 per cent of its liner trade.

On October 4, 1965, an interagency task force, headed by Alan S. Boyd, Under Secretary of Commerce for Transportation, and composed of representatives of nine departments and agencies, offered a basic outline of what a new maritime policy might be. In general, the Boyd report reflected the cost-conscious, incentive-minded, "the greater the subsidy the less the progress" attitudes of the controversial Maritime administrator, Nicholas Johnson.

Johnson graduated from the University of Texas Law School in 1958. Since then he has clerked for Hugo Black, taught law at Berkeley, and practiced in Washington with Dean Acheson's firm. He was named head of Marad in March, 1964, the assumption being that a fresh viewpoint was needed.

Johnson is a vivid talker and cocky. Though he has repeatedly insisted that he wants a stronger merchant marine with more ships, although he has repeatedly called for industry cooperation and suggestions, he has become, during his short term in office, the industry's whipping boy. The task force included representatives of Marad, the Federal Maritime Commission, the Bureau of the Budget, the Council of Economic Advisers and the Departments of State, Agriculture, Labor, Defense and Commerce; but blame for the whole thing has been laid on Johnson, who was not even a member.

Most shocking in the report was the suggestion that the government should support the merchant marine only to the extent that wartime needs might dictate. This perpetuates the traditional assumption that

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Howard Junker is a free-lance writer.

a commercial fleet must be maintained as a ready auxiliary, but other considerations — the arguments from prestige, balance of payments, rate stabilization, trade leverage and retention of skills—have never been so summarily dismissed. The report envisioned a 1985 fleet of roughly today's size, but carrying twice today's tonnage because its ships would be larger, faster, automated and economically managed.

To achieve this leaner, more competitive merchant marine, the report recommended:

- Eliminating the subsidized passenger fleet. (These thirteen ships now cost $50 million a year—one-fourth of the operating subsidy.)
- Reducing seafaring jobs in the next twenty years by 40 per cent, from 47,000 to 27,000. (Most of these jobs would be among service personnel, such as stewards, who could find work ashore, but an automated engine room can cut crew size by 30 per cent.
- Allowing construction in foreign yards. (It is the Navy, which spends close to $3 billion a year—not private industry, which spends but $240 million—that maintains American yards. Only six of twenty-one yards are doing any private construction at all. Yet 68 per cent of the active merchant fleet is of wartime vintage.)
- Building five dry-bulk carriers a year—to be operated with subsidy—and thirty to forty instead of the current fifteen to seventeen general cargo ships a year. (The United States has no bulk carriers on order today, although 225 ships have been ordered for registry under the flags of Norway, Great Britain, Japan and Liberia.)
- Eliminating cargo preferences. Permitting flexible trade routes. Encouraging operation outside conference structures. Eliminating profit recapture.
- Encouraging the formation of a single maritime union. (Some ships are manned by a dozen different unions.)
- Encouraging maximum automation, reduced manning scales and efficient management.

Though the layman might find these suggestions progressive and of some promise, the industry was stunned. The President's Maritime Advisory Committee, representing the industry, labor and the public, rejected the report immediately as "contrary to law and executive policy." Admiral John M. Will, board chairman of American Export Isbrandtsen Lines, speaking for the subsidized liners, said the report "reveals an almost total lack of understanding of the problems involved, an absence of business sense and a stubborn adherence to preconceived but unproven ideas. . . ." (A few weeks later, Jakob Isbrandtsen, one of the few to have kind words for the report, suggested the elimination of cargo preferences—which would not affect liner operations—and the consolidation of all passenger ships into one line.)

Shipbuilders declared that the report was sabotage. The unions concurred, rejecting the plea for labor consolidation and adding, for good measure, a demand that the 50 per cent cargo preference rule be upped to 75 per cent with a 30 per cent requirement for all incoming oil shipments. Members of Congress, among them Warren G. Magnuson (D., Wash.), chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, called for an independent Federal Maritime Board to solve the problem. And as if to dissipate Congressional energy still further, the House Merchant Marine Committee set up a nine-man special subcommittee to study maritime education.

Nicholas Johnson and Boyd pleaded for a rational, unemotional evaluation of the report, though Johnson himself was not exactly contributing to a relaxed atmosphere. It seems that he adds little messages to his intra-agency recorded answering service. One of these, just after the report was issued, went, in part:

". . . [the Boyd report] represents the first time in thirty years that the Executive branch of our federal government has agreed upon the importance of the industry and the need for a new maritime policy. Secretary of Labor Wirtz is the only dissenting official. . . ."

The message went on to suggest that copies of the report could be obtained from "your supervisor." Obviously the message was not intended for the public, but the industry got hold of the telephone number, and calls—not felicitous—poured in.

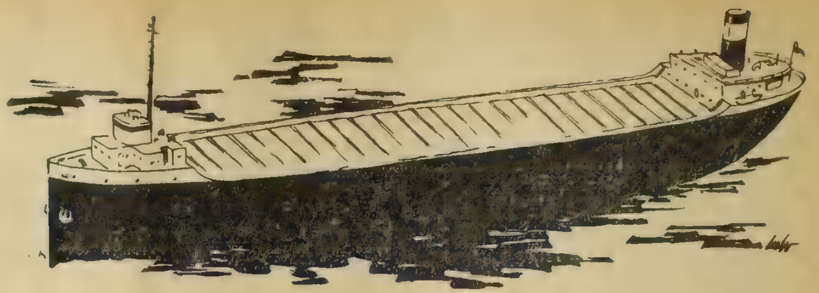
(About this time a poster contest for high school students, sponsored by the maritime industry in conjunction with the government and run by *Scholastic Magazine*, was announced. The students are asked to develop the theme, "American Ships Chart America's Future." The prize poster will be displayed on all U.S. mail trucks and in all post offices during May, a date which will perhaps coincide with final Congressional deliberations on maritime policy.)

Quite apart from its possible need in time of war, the merchant marine is considered in many quarters to be a "vital part of our national posture." Sensing the prestige in having their own fleets, twenty-eight nations since the war have launched merchant marines. And arguments here for a strong merchant marine are often steeped in patriotic piety: Ship American. Build American. Keep America Strong and Working. The task force report refused to accept these exhortations as implying the need for a big, fat fleet. In fact, our exports of grain, for example, suffer because all this Americanism is expensive. Therefore the farm bloc, the State Department and the Department of Agriculture line up against Ship American. But the pro-merchant marine spokesmen insist that we are losing something called the battle of the high seas. The Russian fleet is sixth, and gaining fast; we have sunk to fourth. And our share of foreign trade has sunk from well over half to less than 10 per cent and so on and so forth.

In short, the tough-minded economies—"penny-pinching theorizing and double talk"—of the task force report just don't go down with the patriots who have something to lose if the so-called private industry is revamped and stripped of some of its protective padding. It would be "politically hazardous at best," ventured *The Journal of Commerce*, for any Congressman to support a maritime policy that was not in some way "expansive."

Last month the Maritime Advisory Committee produced its own version of the new policy. The MAC accepted the arguments from prestige and trade balance and therefore proposed spending $700 million per year, subsidizing six new lines, retaining the passenger fleet, capturing the "runaway" fleet and, by all means, Build American.

With industry and labor united in opposition to the austerities of the task-force report, construction may be the only substantive issue remaining for debate. H. Lee White, president of Marine Transport Lines, member of the MAC, followed



"the second program" with a 75-page minority opinion. White concluded that Build American only forces the operator to subsidize the shipbuilder, that the operator must be permitted to build abroad. Marine Transport Lines, for example, owns twenty-six foreign-flag ships, twenty U. S.-flag vessels.

Meanwhile, as the war in Vietnam goes on, the merchant marine is needed as a military auxiliary. Until recently, the Military Sea Transportation Service (MSTS) was able to handle supplies to Vietnam—about 90 per cent of which go by sea—with little difficulty. On average in 1964, forty-five ships carried 250,000 tons a month. By last September, however, the number of ships and tonnage had doubled. In January about 1,200,000 tons will have to be carried.

Slight panic broke out in early November and MSTS called a series of special meetings to urge the commitment of more ships from private industry. So far MSTS has chartered some eighty ships and pulled seventy-five ships out of moth balls. Reactivating a ship takes a month and costs about $300,000. More than 600 were pulled during Korea, some 200 during Suez. About 950 ships remain in the reserve fleet, all ancient, though some are unused (on a par with a '50 Chevy that has run 15,000 miles).

Fifty ships were chartered by MSTS during the summer when the subsidized lines were hit by a strike. The unions did not interfere with shipments to Vietnam, so the deal worked well for all concerned. Some operators later wanted their ships back lest foreign flags steal their customers, but since the November SOS, MSTS has picked up seventy-five charters and the current crisis is manpower — enough engineers and skilled crewmen to handle the expanded fleet.

Occasionally, when United States ships were not available for military cargo, foreign vessels have been used. There have been instances, perhaps as many as half a dozen, in which sailors working foreign ships have refused to sail to Vietnam. Chinese, Greek, Indian and Mexican crews have been involved. These incidents have touched off bitter reactions from the unions.

After warning Secretary McNamara that the use of foreign ships to carry military cargo "violated the law, hampered our effort in South Vietnam, and exposed our country to repeated humiliation," Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, sued the Secretary and the Department of Defense. The case is now pending in federal district court, District of Columbia.

Curran contends that federal maritime policy has not encouraged a strong merchant marine, that only American crews working American ships can be depended upon in crisis. He would like to use the stranding of military cargoes as a lever to reopen debate on the "flag of necessity" question. About 450 ships, mostly bulk carriers, are owned by American interests—oil and metals companies as well as independents—but registered under Panamanian, Liberian and Honduran flags to escape high American taxes and wages. These ships are committed to "come back" if called by the Department of Defense. The owners claim that the PanLibHon maneuver is the only way they can compete with *totally* foreign interests. The unions have tried to organize these "runaway" ships, to save the foreign crews from exploitation. After an attempted international boycott, the Supreme Court declared the unions had no jurisdiction over foreign crews, but the current crisis gives union leaders another chance to wave the flag.

As if the pressures of reform and "wartime" demand were not enough, the merchant marine is also in the midst of a technological revolution. Automation has not helped labor-management relations—the seagoing unions struck for seventy-seven days last year, the longshoremen were out thirty-three days. Taft-Hartley injunctions have been used eight times to stall labor disputes—but it could help the merchant marine become competitive. Wages account for about half of operating costs; port charges for about half of ocean freight rates. New methods of cargo handling alone can be helpful. Containerization — standardized boxes for general cargo — may work a miracle.

The new ships are larger and faster (tankers have pushed past 150,000 tons) and old, small ships are being jumboized in the shipyards. Assembly line methods — building "flights" of three to six ships at a time—could help cut construction costs. Adoption of gas-turbine engines similar to those used in jets might work. Surface-effect ships, using hydrofoils, may soon carry high-tariff cargo at 100 knots. The world's first nuclear merchant ship, *Savannah*, developed by Marad and the AEC, is now operating under charter to American Export Isbrandtsen. Further, the industry is seeking greater stability through diversification.

There are promises all along the line, but the bickering goes on and on. Somebody will be unhappy no matter what is done to and for the merchant marine. Everyone wants a stronger fleet, but what would that be, and how to obtain it? There is no question of the government's pulling out. It is only a question of what the government is willing to pay for.

In some respects, the problem is minuscule: only 40,000 men go to sea; only 50,000 work in shipyards, only 85,000 work as longshoremen. While the nation's total transportation bill runs to $126 billion, 20 per cent of the GNP, ocean transport costs only $1.4 billion. And the government puts up only $400 million. Yet the national interest is no easier to determine in the merchant marine microcosm than anywhere else where vested interests wrap themselves in the banners of national security. Ultimately, Nicholas Johnson and the others who demand value for the government dollar, who see that competition in the world market is essential and would be increased if available technology were exploited, if labor were less boisterous, if management were more efficient, will probably not prevail. Certainly not, if the tigers continue their senseless roaring.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

In Search of Edmund Wilson

EDMUND WILSON: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time. By Sherman Paul. University of Illinois Press. 237 pp. $5.75.

Frederick J. Hoffman

One of our most productive and most intelligent journalists, Edmund Wilson, has moved solidly through the 20th century, holding a mirror to its hopes, its treacheries and its follies. In Sherman Paul's spare, lean interpretation, Wilson comes to us largely through his published works. This is not a biography, but a search for a literary man in his literary results.

They are in some respects a disappointment. Paul has to give much space to mediocre performances like the novel, *I Thought of Daisy* (1929), and Wilson's plays of the 1920s, solely on the grounds that they yield evidence of Wilson's disposition toward his times. He therefore cannot legitimately judge whether the works were merely documents or works of art, or perhaps a little bit of each. Yet no one in our century has reacted so sensitively to contemporary history; and Paul may be forgiven for overstressing the evidence occasionally, if only because the total image is so engaging.

After having once met him, Zelda Fitzgerald is said to have described Wilson's face as "beautiful and bloodless." It was, and is, a serious, an intelligent face, and the mind behind it has always been inspired both by the memory of homes in the past and heroes in the present. In fact, Wilson seemed constantly to work in terms of two realities: that of the decisive mind imposing itself upon history, making society change and time move; and that of the rather less worthy and rather more mediocre life as he discovered it about him. Wilson tried to push an idealistic conception of our civilization, and occasionally —in his figures for Christian Gauss ("Civilization was his passion") and Norman Kemp Smith, he thought he had found the models for it. But generally his world is inhabited by little or inadequate persons, like the poetess Rita of *I Thought of Daisy*, and the falsely romantic Villagers of his early plays.

The great Wilson works are not literary, but personal extensions of history and biography. It has always seemed to me a little more than just that the 1920s should have closed out with the book *Axel's Castle* (1931), as the 1930s did with *To the Finland Station* (1940). The one summed up the essence of the "new literature" (though it is scarcely new now, as every schoolboy, at least in Berkeley, knows); the other communicated the excitement of history developing in a line toward direct action. Just what role *Patriotic Gore* (1962) will have by way of explaining Wilson's reaction to the events following the Second World War (he began writing it during the war), it is difficult to say. All these are major engagements with intellectual history. *Axel's Castle* is a remarkable product of sharp and sudden intelligence; and, though its conclusions are occasionally narrow-minded, its understanding of modern and even of contemporary literature is unusual and almost unique in its times. *To the Finland Station* is an act both of historiography and hero worship. Wilson's analyses of 19th-century historians and economists are fresh and extraordinarily intelligent; so that one reads the book for two purposes, to understand its subject and to understand its author. As for the latter, his idealistic views of the human intelligence, of the great, quiet, humble, but decisive mind that shapes society and reorders time are both early American and early 20th century in their nature.

He believed in human intelligence as perhaps no contemporary did; he practiced it also, more often than not, though he could be capable (in the preface to *Patriotic Gore* and elsewhere) of quibbling and of aimless wrath. To us, his contemporaries, his principal value lies in the many ways he has transferred the reality yielded by one discipline to the realities derived from others; he has been both a master synthesizer and a great dramatist of the meaning of present and recent past history. This reality it is the task of Sherman Paul to interpret to us. As in his other work (on Emerson, Thoreau and on Paul Rosenfeld), Paul has shown a remarkably vivid sense of the task before him, of its meaning and its dangers. There is no wasted space here, no attempt to inflate Wilson's value or to escalate his significance. If anything, the performance is a bit muted; one would like more facts, for example, more of the personal *ambience* that gave Wilson his very special role as a superior journalistic critic and integrator of our history.

The key phrase is "discordant encounters," the title of one of Wilson's earliest books (1926). This title, and his use of the human paradox in that volume, give us a sense of the curiously effective "dialectic" of contemporary history that Wilson provides in his work. Paul gives us an ample view of what the phrase means in Wilson's writings; from the beginning, there is a succession of awkward encounters between the ideal and the fumbling, awkward, even mean-spirited real. Wilson's writings sometimes take on the character of a disappointed romance with the ideal.

The Civil War is a turning point of sorts; and Wilson's acerbic treatment of its many aspects suggests a sense of reality that has gradually turned his idealism sour. Throughout his book Paul gives us a sense of the paradoxes, which began with the fact that Wilson as a boy in Red Bank, N. J., "felt the interior strain of the corrosive outside world," and the ambiguities deriving from the Jay Goulds being the Wilson neighbors. The very rich showed themselves disconcertingly irresponsible: and, as Paul says, something of the memory of those times returned to Wilson at the time of the First World War, and again later, during the years of "the Great Depression." He was always contrasting the irresponsibly privileged world with the intellectual hero. But in the

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Winter in Vermont

Where is the green, the revolutionary?
What good can come of snow and slate?
Vermont or father what's my theme?
I eye the skin of a woodchuck
Left hanging on barbed wire.
A stream moves under a foot of ice
Like the last words of Henry Adams:
"My child keep me alive."

Stanley Moss

end (as we see again and again in the "discordant encounters" of *Patriotic Gore*), life did not offer up even so moderately complex or so easily comprehensible a set of evidence.

We are here presented with a man of great intelligence, engaging in a number of encounters with reality, as a journalist (in *Vanity Fair*, *The New Republic*, *The New Yorker*) and as a literary historian. Wilson's world was and is ours, the 20th century, in all its resplendence and its ambiguity. It is good to have the record given to us by so modest and so intelligent an interpreter as Sherman Paul.

To Die in New Mexico

TALES OF CIBOLA. By Ramón Sender. Translated by Florence Sender, Elinor Randall and Morse Manley. Las Américas Publishing Co. 383 pp. $5.

Oliver T. Myers

The end of the Spanish Civil War scattered over the world a whole generation of Spaniards, a near-perfect sampling of Spanish society. That generation of exiles is now almost gone, through death or absorption into the adopted culture or abandonment of exile and ideals. The exiles who are no longer refugees have succeeded in becoming naturalized at the cost of giving up something of their Spanishness. But some few could survive only by virtue of remaining Spaniards. A creative artist who draws on the common people of his homeland for inspiration is the one who loses the most by remaining abroad. A prominent Chilean novelist told me that if he spent more than a year or two away from home, his language, his thought, everything would be contaminated. A writer in exile shares the predicament of Antaeus held aloft by Hercules: his strength comes from the soil, yet he cannot touch it. Some writers adapt, changing their style or their language, or wind up writing for a tiny group of their fellows. Others continue to return to the soil through the spirit and find within themselves enough of the essence of national life, in this instance Spanishness, to thrive. Among the Spanish exiles, Ramón Sender is one of these.

After twenty-five years of exile, Sender is still one of Spain's best writers. In a sense, he represents a dead end. The younger school of novelists that sprang up after the war has taken off from a different starting point. Sender is continuing a tradition of the twenties and thirties. A new work of his gives one the feeling of reading a lost manuscript of a generation ago. Cela and Delibes, and the next younger group, such as Goytisolo, Matute, Aldecoa, are leading off into new directions, and it is from them that the novel of the future will emerge. Sender is the last of his line and gives us a glimpse of what Spain might have become had it not been for the war. (No postwar Sender has been published in Spain. Censorship is so arbitrary that a de luxe edition of Marx might be approved as too expensive for the masses—but that possibly a new edition of the Quixote might be turned down. Even Howard Fast now is printed in translation. See *Libros nuevos* for August, 1965).

The present collection contains six novellas and a short story from his *Novelas ejemplares de Cíbola*, plus two other tales. They are not about Spain; they are about Spanishness. The original title is suggestive not only of Cervantes but also of Unamuno and the medieval *exempla*. They are, in a broad sense, moral tales. They deal with faith and with death, but they are more reflective and less violent than much of his early work. The setting is the United States, but in the Spanish states of the Southwest, where the natives are Indians, Mexicans or New Mexicans, that is gringos who have become Hispanized. The outsiders are New Englanders or Germans or "An-

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glo-Saxons" (the usual Spanish way of describing what ails us Americans). The outsiders are seen from the outside, and no matter how shrewd and pointed are the portrayals they are always external: only the Hispanos are probed beneath the surface. Somehow the non-Hispanized Americans remain caricatures; the sympathetic Americans are those who have settled psychologically into the life of the Southwest and accept its strangeness and violence.

The most perfectly realized figures in the collection are Father Zozobra and don Godofredo; the best told tale is that of Delgadina. But these are all Spanish characters and are moved by Spanish emotions. Delgadina's story is told against the background of folk ballad, in the ancient tradition of the Spanish *Romance*, lending a semi-legendary aura to the narrative; Sender has woven fragments of the ballad into the structure of the present as he did earlier in the *Requiem for a Spanish Peasant* and *A Man's Place*. Father Zozobra (the translation does not explain the significance of this nickname, which refers to his drunken staggering) failed as a martyr in the Orient and has now wound up as an alcoholic in a home for wayward priests. Purging his soul means immolating the flesh—alcoholic mortification does not suffice. It is his own soul that is his concern.

Godofredo, who entered the United States illegally as a wetback, cannot die until he recovers his identity. Death would not find him under his false name. The search for the real self also preoccupies John St. John, professor of Greek at a New England college, but what he finds is a grotesque parody of the Spanish male and this leads to his tragedy; he kills, senselessly, absurdly, in a blind fit of rage, jealousy, pride and pigheadedness, the Spanish emotions he has just discovered within himself. But it is difficult to believe fully in this person; Sender has not quite succeeded in convincing us. Father Zozobra and Godofredo are no less strange in their answers to life, but we believe in them because Sender knows them completely and has made us know them. One's soul is the only real thing in life, faith is the only road to salvation. The aim of life is learning how to die, that is to learn to live so that one may die as a man. This is Sender.

Ramón Sender is probably the most translated novelist of Spain today, one who has an immediate appeal to American readers, one whose style overcomes problems of translation. The present translations are adequate but not satisfactory. There are too many jarring notes, faults in style and errors that are not the author's. The reader will be slowed down at crucial points and will puzzle over minor obscurities that were crystal gems in the original. Spanish syntax comes through at times pointlessly, and some pages read like a literal first draft. What can we make of "more than one woman shrank to her navel," "Don't you mistreat them for me, because they have more lights than you have," "If you take them apart, neither marijuana nor wine do too much harm," "One of them had denounced a mine" (meaning *staked a claim*, a use documented in Webster's Third), "the guide lit a powerful reflector" (that is, spotlight)? A nonexistent Latin form Procustus, appears for Procrustes; Sender wrote Procusto, correct in Spanish usage. *The Perfect Spouse* is attributed to the wrong Fray Luis; the Spanish reader would know that it was not Granada but León. Interjections and slang are handled poorly; I've heard *mequetrefe* a lot more in Spanish than *jackanapes* in English. When someone exclaims, "The pest!," who would guess that what is meant is "damn" and not "he's a pill"? Sender wrote *vientre* (belly) and *nalga* (buttock), not the Victorian "abdominal region" and "most prominent part (of the pants)." Some critical omissions from the opening story, "Professor St. John Comes of Age," make less inevitable the gratuitous outburst of violence that marks the professor's "growing up." Sender is simply a better writer than may appear from these versions; he deserves more.

The Prisons of Apartheid

117 DAYS. By Ruth First. Stein and Day. 142 pp. $3.95.

NO EASY WALK TO FREEDOM. By Nelson Mandela. Edited by Ruth First. Basic Books. 189 pp. $4.95.

Hilda Kuper

It is easy to revile a country one does not love and in which one has not lived. Distance and strangeness contribute to freedom from responsibility. For many non-South Africans, South Africa provides a scapegoat on which to project righteous hatred of injustice without risk of involvement in action, or of rejection of childhood friends or members of the family; but for those who, over many long and troubled years, have had no other home, there is the anguish of ambivalent identification. Righteous hatred may be intensified, but no outside scapegoat is provided. The self alone can serve as sacrifice, and for that self-conscious self, the choice is hard—to suffer as immigrant or exile in a foreign land or to remain in danger of imprisonment, torture or death.

Ruth First, a South African-born white, and Nelson Mandela, son of a Tembu chief, committed themselves courageously and consistently to fight against apartheid; each became involved, through separate but interacting paths, in the liberation movement.

In South Africa, where a white minority monopolizes political power, dominates enterprises, controls education and backs its rules by physical force, color is the crucial identification. But it is always easy to oversimplify complexity into duality—to marshal black against white, and to interpret oppressed against oppressor in terms of racial opposition. The South African situation is not that simple; and from these two books the dialectic of the struggle emerges not as the fight between white and black but as the battle between those who affirm and those who deny racism, black *or* white, a struggle between the affirmation of human rights against the denial of a common humanity. In Africa the ultimate outcome of the struggle between black and white is numerically certain and predictable; the outcome of the deeper and more vital struggle, a struggle symbolized by the Firsts and the Mandelas, may continue even when the last white man has left the African continent. For this struggle has no fixed color line and no final index of victory. When one issue is won, others associated directly or indirectly with the principles it represents come to the fore and evoke action and counteraction. There is no utopia, only the striving toward it.

117 Days is the period Ruth First was kept in prison under the Ninety Days Act—an act passed by the

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Hilda Kuper was born in South Africa and took degrees at Witwatersrand University and the London School of Economics. She is presently professor of Anthropology at the University of California. In addition to many books on anthropology she has written a novel, Bite of Hunger *(Harcourt Brace & World).*

(white) nationalist government under which virtually any person in the country may be imprisoned (euphemistically described as "detained") under no specific charge, no legal trial, no definite sentence. It does not even mean "ninety days;" at the moment of release the victim may be rearrested. It is a most powerful weapon of destruction, aimed at the spirit and heart of resistance. Locked alone in a cell, deprived of news or contact with the outside world, haunted by memories and imagination, the detainee is periodically subjected to the ordeal of interrogation. This may be supported by additional instruments of torture, and the actual tragic cases cited by Ruth First give proof that electric shock, beating and other acts of brutal violence take place in spite of public denial by apartheid officials.

The price of freedom is the betrayal of others. Some who knew little were detained as hostages; others, like Ruth First, were suspected of knowing "everything." After all, her husband, Joe Slovo, a prominent left-wing lawyer, had been equally if not more involved in public protest and public trials. And Joe could not be found. The police were armed with a full dossier of the Slovos' anti-apartheid activities. Ruth's greatest fear was that she should reveal more than the police already knew. Shortly before her arrest, an informer had led detectives to a house in Rivonia, a respectable white suburb of Johannesburg. A small meeting was in progress, and political figures long sought by the government were trapped with no escape. Numerous documents were also seized. The house was headquarters of the underground resistance. Shortly thereafter, Ruth First was arrested in her home.

With stark, almost documentary detail (a journalist by profession) she relates her own experiences and reaction: "For the first fifty-six days of my detention in solitary, I changed from a mainly vertical to a mainly horizontal creature. A black iron bedstead became my world." She marked days by sewing stitches on the lapel of her gown. She noted the pointless minutiae of prison routine, the characteristics of the warders, the sounds of people in cells. Her imprisonment became "an abandonment in protracted time."

She experienced a terrible need to speak to other human beings, and at the same time knew the danger if she responded to those who tried to make her speak. It is difficult to know one's "cracking point." The detectives promised that if she made her "statement," she would be "free." She agreed to speak, and tried to tell nothing. She evoked the exasperated comment: "It's a funny thing, isn't it . . . but every name you've given us is the name of someone who has left the country." She does not know why they released her at last. Perhaps by that time they had learned from others what they wanted to hear. "When they left me in my own house at last, I was convinced that it was not the end, and that they would come again," the author reports.

The book moves beyond the autobiographical to a hauntingly terrifying and yet sometimes tantalizingly incomplete account of many people, some referred to by name, others by initial, linked together in a tangled web of political events. The reader who is not familiar with the complexities may sometimes be bewildered and lost; even those who know it feel it as a Kafkaish nightmare.

In England now with her husband and children, Ruth First has edited the articles and speeches of Nelson Mandela, who is still in prison.

The Mandela volume spans ten crucial years, 1953-63. In this period of steadily mounting oppression and persecution Mandela led the nonviolent Defiance Campaign against unjust laws and founded the underground resistance movement, Umkonto we Sizwe (Spear of the Nation). The opening article, "No Easy Walk to Freedom," was Mandela's presidential speech to the African National Congress. Banned from attending public gatherings, he could not deliver the speech in person. The last article is his powerful and moving statement as "First Accused" in the Rivonia trial. Throughout, he appears as a man of courage and deep integrity, a tragic and noble figure.

He was trained as a lawyer and his profession provided daily evidence of the effects of apartheid on his people. In several moving passages he voices the African need, and demand, for land, education, security and equality. With penetrating insight he exposes the hypocrisy of government promises, rejects the tribalism of the Verwoerd regime, and analyzes the policy behind Bantustans as a "grim programme of mass evictions, political persecution, and police terror."

In 1956, the government initiated its notorious treason trial against Nelson Mandela and 156 others, among whom were the two Slovos. The trial ended after four and a half years, during which time there was the shooting at Sharpeville. Much of the record of the trial is the cross-examination of Mandela who, when the team of lawyers withdrew, was elected spokesman for his fellow prisoners. All were found "Not guilty and discharged," but acquittal did not mean freedom. Raids and humiliation persisted. Opposition groups, including the African National Congress were branded illegal; but an illegal leadership continued. Despite government mobilization of the army and police, a general strike was executed with some success. Mandela, in a detailed analysis reprinted here in full, shows how the strike marked a turning point in African political tactics. "Even up to the present day the question that is being asked with monotonous regularity up and down the country is this: Is it politically correct to continue preaching peace and nonviolence when dealing with a government whose barbaric practices have brought so much suffering and misery to Africans? With equal monotony the question is posed: Have we not closed a chapter on this question?" Shortly after, on South African Freedom Day, June 26, he concluded: "A Letter from Underground": "I will not leave South Africa, nor will I surrender. Only through hardship, sacrifice, and militant action can freedom be won. The struggle is my life.

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I will continue fighting for freedom until the end of my days."

During a surprise appearance at the Addis Ababa conference in 1962, he delivered to the members of the Pan African Freedom Movement the speech, "A Land Ruled by the Gun." On his return he intensified his underground activities. But after seventeen months of hiding, the "Black Pimpernel" was caught, thrown into prison, and charged with inciting African workers to strike, and with leaving South Africa without a valid travel document. His speech at the trial, published under the heading "Black Man in a White Court," is both a scathing indictment of white domination and a clear restatement of his own nonracial values. ". . . in the course of this application I am frequently going to refer to the white man and the white people. I want at once to make it clear that I am no racialist, and I detest racialism, because I regard it as a barbaric thing, whether it comes from a black man or from a white man."

Mandela was found guilty. After he began serving his five-year prison sentence, police raided the house in Rivonia. Mandela was taken from his cell, and with the men arrested at the meeting, charged with sabotage and a conspiracy to overthrow the government by revolution. When Mandela opened the defense case he admitted that he was one of the persons who helped form Umkonto we Sizwe, but his impressive and sincere speech is not that of a man who enjoyed violence, but of one driven to violence as the last resort. "During my lifetime I have dedicated myself to this struggle of the African people. I have fought against white domination and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve. But if need be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die." Of the nine accused, eight (six Africans, an Indian and a white) were found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. Ruth First records: "They stood erect to hear the sentence and when it was passed they turned in a body to the packed court, smiled and waved their arms. . . . As he was driven away under heavy guard, Mandela gave the thumbs-up 'Afrika' salute of the African National Congress."

Within the border of the Republic of South Africa, resistance has been driven ever deeper underground. A few leaders wanted by the police are still alive and active, but overt opposition has been destroyed. Lawyers, teachers, ministers, factory workers, trade unionists, liberals and radicals have been exiled, banished, banned, imprisoned. Their voices cannot be heard, and they are prevented from hearing the voices of others. Books in which great men expressed noble ideals throughout the ages are prohibited; to publish the words of any person who is or has been banned is a criminal offense. Criticism is communism; thought is sabotage. South Africa has become a vast and terrifying prison.

117 Days and *No Easy Walk to Freedom* are powerful and dramatic books, voicing an eloquent and disturbing appeal to those who are outside South Africa to understand the nature and the tragedy of apartheid.

Stitches in a Wound

AFRICAN STORIES. By Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster. 636 pp. $7.95.

Mary Ellmann

As political and social evidence, Doris Lessing's *African Stories* confirm in precise and painful detail, like stitches in a wound, the abuse of the native population of Southern Rhodesia by the white settlers of British descent. To bring these stories together for the first time, when they have been dispersed over many years of writing, has a retrospective effect, summing up Mrs. Lessing's permanent image of the colonials: as fat, white, motionless grubs absorbing nourishment from an immense and ceaseless black exertion beneath them. Helpless without African labor in every corner of their lives, the colonials, in managing to extort that labor, experience sensations of independence and power. They grow as reluctant to leave as to stay in Rhodesia. Their vanity and complacence are marred only by their terror of rebellion.

Yet to the American reader, even this explicit statement of racial injustice in the stories seems a fantastic version of the familiar. The defensive sophistries ("Their stomachs aren't like ours"), the repressive pseudo-legalities, the passive contempt ("What can you expect?") of the Rhodesian settler are those of the American segregationist. We recognize, as in the semantic shifts of a nightmare, that the *cheeky native* is the *uppity nigger*, the *white kaffir* is the *nigger lover*, the Afrikaaners are, for the British, the *poor whites*. And there are further reaches of similarity in the stories: it is as though our own national guilts had swirled, in erosive release, half around the world, to settle again in new but still too recognizable patterns. As the *natives*, those from whom the country has been taken, the Rhodesians (in "The Old Chief Mshlanga") are like the American Indians, while as the blacks, from whom labor has been taken, they reflect the American Negroes.

In describing the first, the taking of the country, the stories are disturbing for an American too in their evocation of a second pioneer period. Doris Lessing's work is an uninterrupted study of loneliness, but here it is particularly the isolation of a few white exiles, claiming vast strange land. By daylight the men hope to exploit its fertility, the women to remake tiny plots into nostalgic postcard pictures of Home. But at night both are intimidated by the same country they may eventually subdue. So, almost comically, in all the stories, the whites, who think of themselves as warders, live like prisoners. Huddled, nervous, wary of an alien vegetation and an alien skin, they are deprived, as they would be in jail, of the privacies and subtleties they enjoyed in tiny, crowded England. Even their adulteries, as in "Old John's Place," must be cramped and audible, the invariable third stage of the colonial get-together. The more widely their control spreads, the more tightly the masters restrict their own freedom. Mrs. Lessing dwells — as she says in her preface, with "bile"— upon their self-encasements: their two-roomed, tin-roofed brick houses (fending off all seasons), their barred windows (fending off robbery and murder by those whom they have robbed and beaten), their screens (fending off exotic diseases) and, always, outdoors, their hats (fending off that most un-English sun). Even the eyes of the men, the last aperture through which the black might approach the white, are squinted almost shut. The women nurse headaches in darkened rooms or take solitary, errandless walks. Relieved by Africans of all the household chores except introspection, they circumnavigate

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Mary Ellmann is currently preparing a book about women novelists for Harcourt, Brace & World. Her articles on fiction have appeared in Commentary.

their geranium beds, asking themselves, "Who am I?"

There must be some gratification, then, for the Rhodesian nationalist in Mrs. Lessing's wry indictment of the white minority. But the nationalist is bound to want more than the moral degeneration of the colonialist; he is concerned with the restitution of native rights. For this purpose, the stories are more tortuous than explicit. Only one, "Hunger," is the sort of Marxist chronicle of the ideological rescue of the oppressed, which a politician might order from a writer. And such straight-faced hope is, for Mrs. Lessing, a literary accident. In general, her dramatic assumptions of naïveté do not produce her best stories. The observation of adult vagaries through little-white-girl eyes is skillful; though inevitably, after so many members of the wedding, its technique is somewhat obtrusive. And for Mrs. Lessing to think and speak as the primitive, in "Hunger" and "The Pig," is a waste. Her excellence is the ambivalence of the "civilized" (a word she dislikes), the analytic, even, in a high sense, the displaced mind, and to repress that in order to assume a simple, native consciousness is to fall into incredibility.

Mrs. Lessing is fond of her story "The Pig" because its style is *not* "feminine," but "straight, broad, direct." But this seems an envy, like Yeats's, of the spontaneous and instinctive by a writer who feels as much plagued as blessed by self-consciousness. The better stories are not those of the native, but those of the outsider, whose perceptions of the country, however sharp, are also oblique. The better subjects are two varieties of spectator: the resident, even from birth, of a country which never becomes quite his, and the new arrival. A paradigm of the second is "A Home for the Highland Cattle" in which an Englishwoman stands behind her curtains to overhear, with shock and envy and amusement, the houseboys' talk in the yard. The social, the *placed*, are outdoors, and indoors the individual longing to know and listening to understand.

For her first thirty years, while she thought of going to England, Doris Lessing seems to have listened to Southern Rhodesia as no other writer has been able to do. It remained, even after she had left it, all nature to her. As one associates her English work with flats and offices, one associates the African stories with swollen suns and moons, head-tall grass, and the secret constant stirring of animal

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life—her first novel about Africa was called *The Grass Is Singing*. Africa is for her not only a society in which the white people use their exile like a weapon against the black; but also a place, supporting both white and black, which endlessly enacts the conflict of forms, the effort of every living thing, at the cost of other living things, to achieve what is right for itself, its sustenance and continuation. Africa, not England, impressed the knowledge of necessary cruelty. In "Sunrise on the Veld" a boy watches battalions of ants carry off pink flesh bits of a screaming buck. Ants invade the metaphor of pubescent, ripening flesh, the pomegranate, in "Flavours of Exile." It is disconcerting, in fact, to come so repeatedly upon instances of anarchic hunger, the form of whose seeming formlessness is painful to trace, within stories of straightforward, even old-fashioned, organization. It is this preoccupation with a necessity, which in moral terms can seem a criminal chaos, that disrupts conventional literary form in *The Golden Notebook*.

The possibilities of human interventive pity are limited. In "A Letter from Home" a beetle impaled on a thorn wriggles free to fall on its back on the ground. A man impales it once more, fitting the thorn carefully back into the original puncture of the stomach, as he explains that in this way he rescues the beetle from the ants. But anger is irrelevant too. In "A Mild Attack of Locusts," after a swarm has destroyed a farm, the farmer compliments one locust on the strength of its legs and opens the door to let it fly off. In the face of natural cruelty, the stories insist upon a "resignation of knowledge," in much the way that the novel *Retreat to Innocence* insists upon a full knowledge of historical cruelty. So educated, the white settler is advised, at the least, to cultivate his own garden with "shrewd ironic patience." He works under an inhibitive weight, the recognition of a surrounding reluctance, which can be brushed (in "The Story of Two Dogs") with the tameness of love but which reverts easily to the wildness of killing. The settler's error, nonetheless, is the failure to honor the illusion of distinction between natural and human life. Irony lies in the simultaneous sense of illusion and the determination to maintain it. The settler who turns his gold mine into an ant heap, his African laborers into its scurrying ants, imitates a nature which, even without imitation, must always encroach upon human settlements, and must always, with each new season and new birth, be pressed back by the makeshift and surprisingly fragile devices of justice.

It seems an ironic grace in turn that, at the most inept moment of English relations with Southern Rhodesia, a writer who is English as well as Rhodesian should speak with so much talent to the point.

Robes of the Gods

For Stefan Hirsch, 1899-1964
(after his painting, "Robes of the Gods")

As the wind discovers itself
through fields of thistle, buckwheat,
great ragweed, like a carefree boy, blowing
his whistle out of a seed, split,
so the gods use us.
This painting,
garments racked on a line like gaudy,
hung-up slabs of beef, knows this; the gods,
a hum throughout, dress up in brave
and bloody carcasses.
Still, sly
as they are, loving to lie low, showing
off — a few of us their special finery — only
when they will, they don the crowd
for daily wear:
jeans, worsteds,
uniforms. But changes they propose here
too, from shrill mad children, newly dipped,
skipping in and out, designs-to-be,
to sots, hags, beggars,
patches
stitched into a motley. And the fitting
wardrobe inbetween, when, stript to nothing
but a shiny skein, a complex network
of taut veins,
lovers set off Mars
and Venus, wrapt in one another's arms;
like a battlefield, in the rough and tumble
of a naked bed, the lightning flashes
then, rain, shuddering.
Attached
to reels we cannot see, impulsive robes
which, brooding, breed, we feel the tugging:
moods our own, yet struggled through
us, rugged, violent.
And strange,
affecting wills that much as not resent,
and would resist, those powers filling them,
resent with horror greedy blotches
and the rips
the body must sustain
that very moment wills are all knit up
to forward them. By Jove, by God, by bowels
and wounds that Jesus bound him in,
what is this
most outrageous dress,
this breath that we spin out, in which
we're spun, this blundering flesh and blood
by which we, living, die, that must
at last be thrown
away with us?
And yet at times, though days yearlong
they seem to cast us off, cast into darkest
corners of a suffocating closet,
something stirs
as though we, nodding, had snagged us to a god passing;
in a steadfast wind, like hides I once saw
drying, golden-airy, in a Pisan sun,
he takes us up.
Even as they, riot-
hearted, drag us, busy muck the highway,
into bedlam, its engrossing frolics enough
to crack our seams, a joy bursts
forth that's nameless,
whole, inexplicable.
And as they shine through us, like rags,
like slubbered stuff the fire, taking,
flourishes, we shine; through tears
and blood we, whirling, shine.

Theodore Weiss

Nabokov As Novice

THE EYE. By Vladimir Nabokov. Trident Press/Phaedra Press. 114 pp. $4.50.

Stephen Koch

There aren't many surprises in *The Eye*, Nabokov's first novel (written in Russian in 1930), beyond the mild jolt of reading it as if it were new, now that its freshness and promise have been so thoroughly fulfilled. Though obviously germinal Nabokov, its faults are not those of the master but of the novice, and for that reason it hardly seems like Nabokov at all. *The Eye*—proud, elegant, unapologetic—forced one principally to appreciate the tenacious ingenuity with which Nabokov has developed his rather limited idea of fiction.

Thus far, *Lolita* and *Pale Fire* remain the most extraordinary books Nabokov has written, and with the exception of his Gogolesque study in surrealistic terror and comedy, *Invitation to a Beheading* (translated in 1959), they humiliatingly outdistance his other works. Nabokov is one of the few modern authors whose novels are all facets of an *oeuvre*, an extended literary project. But I doubt that he will be remembered for this project. Despite his great verbal gifts, his merely conventionally excellent works immediately reveal their trivial, antiquated forms. Finally, Nabokov's is a virtuoso, rather than original, genius. His greatness lies in certain spectacular manipulations of conventional, even reactionary, ideas.

All Nabokov's work is gripped by a tension between modernity and nostalgia; this seeker of the timeless must be located historically. In a now famous review of Nathalie Sarraute's *Portrait d'un inconnu*, Sartre named as a modern phenomenon a certain formal self-consciousness in Nabokov, Waugh and Sarraute herself, which adopts a wholly negative attitude toward such hoary, time-tested fictional concerns as psychology, the force of social convention, moral or thematic truth, and the like. Demoted from their eminence as the novel's subject, these became its techniques or, better, its devices, while the subject becomes fiction itself. Sartre is at least partly right: Nabokov's recurrent theme *is* self-consciousness, and not the homely process of self-examination so much as sensitivity to the implications of the narrative act—an awareness of what it means to re-create the world. The novel as art (understood as poetry, love, immortality, self-discovery) becomes the theme of the novel. It reflects on itself.

But formal self-awareness is nothing new, even in the novel, though the naturalistic tradition makes aesthetic naïveté seem, to some, a virtue. An entirely different problem complicates Nabokov's relation to his own time.

Nabokov has found in his own life the model for a literary convention—and an extremely *conventional* convention, at that—which governs all his activity. From his beginnings as a young Russian *émigré*, he has indulged the rigidly formulated, 19th-century romantic nostalgia that sees the poet as one at war with reality and his own time, who lives in exile, who speaks in a tongue too beautiful and too much his own for others to understand. This idea, lying at the heart of the 19th-century's pathos, is Nabokov's pretext for both his extraordinary wit and his "poetry"—those ingenious moments of lyric ecstasy in his books which we are to take as absolutely authentic transcendence. For Nabokov himself, this convention and fact have bisected each other with such horrible precision that one might expect his treatment of it to be painfully solemn. But strangely enough, he is almost never solemn; he overplays the formula in the name of comedy (flattening, for example, American social reality to make it seem even more intractable and Philistine than it is) while he undermines the lyric tendency with perversion, vulgarity, simple-mindedness. Though he still dreams of its overreaching ecstasy (and seems to attain it) Nabokov has shifted the romantic agony into the realm of wit.

Nabokov's major devices: his style; his propensity for allusion and metaphor; his inevitable bifurcation of the narrator are all devices for ambivalence. Even in *The Eye*, where they are behind not wit but a polished and extended joke, such devices are meant to dissolve the moralizing solemnity the "real" is supposed to invoke. Humiliated by the outraged husband of his mistress, a fumbling Russian *émigré* tries to shoot himself, wakes up in a hospital, and believes himself his own ghost. Within this ethereal liberation, free to think of himself as an object, he becomes fascinated by the mystery of another, flesh-and-blood man who turns out, of course, to be himself.

> *Ever since the shot—the shot which, in my opinion, had been fatal—I had observed myself with curiosity instead of sympathy, and my painful past—before the shot—was now foreign to me. . . . In respect to myself, I was now an onlooker. My belief in the phantomatic nature of my existence entitled me to certain amusements.*

But all this is Nabokov in theory alone. However conceived, fragmenting the narrator's identity must be upheld by a style to succeed. In place of a style, *The Eye* has a clean, graceful manner which contributes nothing to the book. The wit of the later works does serve a purpose; it bases itself on the more profound ambivalences being developed by turning on itself, *becoming aware of itself* as the work

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Stephen Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

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of a poet who, in the name of beauty, is cheating reality with words.

The attitude toward words is the decisive issue in Nabokov's art: it underlies his romance, and it underlies his modernist irony. Nabokov the romantic nostalgist wants to re-create reality and evoke traditional beauty in the fumes of language. Nabokov the ironist and wit ("Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul") uses words to laugh at themselves in recognition of how questionable this process is. But even drenched in wit, Nabokov finally insists upon recouping the losses the poet has suffered under modernism. Thus, Humbert does finally "share" an "immortality" with Dolly: he completes his creative act by renouncing her and freeing her for the realm of art—a realm which, even at this late date, Nabokov wants to exist in *pathetic* relation to facts. An absolutely standard, creakingly archaic pathos over the artist as outcast, the beloved as lost, stops the irony with a tragic overtone.

This entire convention is now so exhausted and suspect that Nabokov is forced to treat it as the pretext for wit. Yet, his commitment to it is that of an unflinching traditionalist. More than anything else, he wants its ecstasy to be real. The actual conflict in Nabokov is not between the poet and reality, but between the ironic novelist and the ecstatic poet. The latter, who is the hidden genius of all his work, must see his timeless vision as rendering temporal reality inauthentic. But the novelist who bases his art on a conflict between imagination and fact can never wholly discredit the durability of fact. Nabokov resolves this contradiction through a sly subversion. Reality is undermined with wit, and poetry triumphs.

Yet, such poetry claims to derive its value from a novelistic conflict that does not really exist. Nabokov is perfectly aware of this, and it doesn't trouble him in the least. True to the most advanced insights into the substitution of formal manipulations for mimetics, Nabokov feels no obligation to make his situation felt as life might be felt. "Art is free," he seems to say. "If my poetry is there, it's there." But the thrill of *Lolita's Liebestod* or the more abstract aesthetics of *Pale Fire* rather resembles the *frisson* of bumping into Napoleon in a waxworks. It is astoundingly convincing perhaps, but there is something vulgar in trying to make a lost, glorious past look so real.

Whereas Nabokov has been unable to resurrect the true grandeur of his convention, the aspiration to do so undoubtedly saves his work from the flashiness and vulgarity that repeatedly threatens it. On the other hand, his wit and the stunning ingenuity of his formal devices (particularly in *Pale Fire*) easily surpass those of any other novelist now writing in English. But his literary virtues gnaw at one another, undermine one another, and tend to become the vices of gratuitous verbal display and *ersatz* transcendence. Nabokov defends his own work on the basis of a narrow hedonism, the "aesthetic bliss" his work provides. But this is not enough for the great and antiquated form of human nobility he has adopted, which resolves itself *beyond* hedonism. Somewhere he is aware of this—perhaps it underlies the truculence of his public position and the extreme, virtually metaphysical importance he attaches to his work. The anti-novelist in him is willing to examine the romantic idea in the light of cruel irony. But the aristocratic *émigré* who lingers over Pushkin will not tolerate the slightest suspicion of its final value. Nabokov's "bliss" is not self-contained or serene. It is not even elevated. It is intensely hortatory, virulently nostalgic. The greatest traditionalist now writing in English stands on modern literature's shakiest ground.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

MARAT/SADE

Everyone should be grateful to the Royal Shakespeare Company of London for bringing its production under Peter Brook's direction of Peter Weiss's *The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade* to the Martin Beck Theatre. Whether or not you are going to like it, you ought to see it. For when all is said and done—and much is done and said through the hubbub of the performance—the production is a fascinating entertainment. For scrupulous care in make-up, for subtlety in costuming, for ingenuity in dealing with movement, for the feeling of novelty throughout, New York has not seen the like in a long time. We witness here what a well-organized repertory theatre of talented players and leaders can accomplish.

In last week's issue I observed how certain people, having seen a "shocking" play, remark first of all that it is "well written." In like manner, much of the talk during the intermission of *Marat/Sade* centered on Peter Brook's "use of space." It is indeed brilliant. So is Richard Peaslee's incidental music. Even more persuasively theatrical are the sound effects—for example, the employment of the wooden platforms as "drums," to be struck by whatever objects are available to the actors. Breughel, Bosch, Goya have provided models for the visual aspect of various figures. There is a memorable grouping in which the actors' faces alone are seen, their bodies being submerged beneath the stage floor. The impression is that of a heap of severed heads tossed helter-skelter on the ground. There is witty business to match the playfulness of the text, such as the pouring of red paint from a pail to indicate the shedding of the people's blood, changed to blue when the aristocrats' blood is spilled, and then to milky white when Marat finally succumbs to Corday's murderous knife.

More impressive perhaps than all this is the actors' zeal, their unrelenting concentration and byplay so that nothing on the stage is allowed to become static or to fall out of line. Even the musicians in the side boxes participate in pantomime. Voices are resonant, diction is admirable, though I could not always make out the words of the ensemble singing.

The kind of acting demanded, though physically strenuous, is of the simplest sort, requiring attitudes and postures rather than intimate emotional transfiguration. The well-managed trick for most of the cast is to show that the "actors" of the play they are presenting at Charenton are syphilitics, spastics, catatonics, schizophrenics, paranoiacs, manic depressives or otherwise debilitated persons, none of them consistently able to remember the script's lines or to keep within the confines of the author's (de Sade's) scenic scheme. The team work is exemplary.

Of the individuals in the excellent company, Ian Richardson as Marat, Patrick Magee as de Sade, Robert Lloyd as the fanatic Jacques Roux, John Steiner as an aristocrat afflicted with satyriasis, Susan Williamson as Marat's ever faithful mistress, Simonne Evrard, Michael Williams as the Herald (master of ceremonies) deserve special mention though my particular favorite, an actress of insidious attractiveness, is Glenda Jackson as Charlotte Corday.

Apart from noting "the use of space," the professionally oriented playgoer may speak of Brecht and "alienation" or of Artaud's "theatre of cruelty." The production is punctuated by frenzied paroxysms, as the text is replete with images of extreme violence. There is also—and this is not as noticeable in an English translation as it would be in the original German—a good deal of expressionist hysteria (abhorred by Brecht), a kind of roaring and macabre lyricism.

It should be noted in regard to influences, which though they have a certain interest do not affect the heart of the matter, that while many of Brecht's devices are employed—the most salient being the use of remote historical material to make topical points—certain elements in the production, almost baroque in their profusion and nerve-racking in their intended impact, are antithetical to Brecht. It should also be said, of a production in which the staging very nearly swallows the script, that Weiss's text might be produced with less emphasis on the hectic and bizarre, and that the insanity of the characters need not have been rendered with as much graphic distortion as Brook has employed. In that case although the results would not be quite so showy, we might more readily discern what Weiss had in mind.

What is certainly untrue, as some have intimated, is that there is no *play*, no meaning or message in Weiss's writing. Here we come to the question of the evening's real worth, of which discussion limited to its stage excitement is actually an evasion. (Do *you* go to the theatre to enjoy "the use of space"?) In Germany where it was first produced *Marat/Sade* was pre-eminently a political play. (To be sure it also reveals Weiss as a master of the theatrical medium, quite apart from Brook's contribution.) It is a particularly German political play though its author lives in Sweden and stresses his internationalism. There is a reference to the "Final Solution" (the Nazi extermination of the Jews), but the issues raised extend beyond such history. Even allusions to "wars whose weapons rapidly developed by servile scientists will become more and more deadly until they can with a flick of a finger tear a million of you to pieces" are not of the utmost moment here.

Marat/Sade is a debate within its author's spirit. The political issue which gave rise to it is the division of Germany (and the rest of Europe) into capitalist and Socialist camps. In this play Weiss stands between the two camps. He sees fascism beaten and capitalism still oppressively hypocritical. He sees an apparently victorious socialism lead to a crippling conformity. His skepticism turns to bitterness; anxiety to despair. Man is a destructive beast as Weiss's de Sade (who arrives at his sadism through masochism) says; the people still demand a revolution which will realize the everlasting dream of peace, plenty, freedom of conscience and expression.

Again and again, as the songs in *Marat/Sade* voicing this dream are turned into satires, Weiss mocks the idea that any political action can end oppression. All determined struggle in this direction, he seems to be saying, the promises of all social, cultural and religious institutions, end in betrayal. Remember that all the central characters in the play—including the most articulate, the ultraradical Marat and the mortified de Sade—are demented, their world a madhouse.

Weiss does not make the Marat/Sade duel a one-sided affair. He tosses and turns in indecision. The final lines of the play are Roux's outcry, "When will you learn to see, when will you learn to take sides?," an outcry stifled by the People's trancelike march and shouts. Yes, one must take sides but isn't there something futile, Weiss infers, in it all? To which, Weiss or Brook has appended an ironically facetious speech telling us that we can compose our own moral, draw our own conclusions, from the proceedings.

That I am not wholly mistaken in my interpretation I call Weiss himself (apart from his text) in evidence. He has recently announced that since the writing of *Marat/Sade* he has changed his attitude, he has decided to take sides: he has become a Socialist. But for the playgoer or the critic it is perhaps not initially imperative to declare oneself on the validity of Weiss's position in this play but simply to recognize that the play aims to illustrate the anguish of decision, the gravity of the human problem involved: that social change always entails the possibility of sanguinary upheaval—a price too terrible to pay in view of man's disposition to turn the most high-minded enterprises to mediocrity, and in the end to perpetuate injustice.

Yet I left the theatre unmoved, almost indifferent. (I was reminded of Tolstoy's quip about Andreyev: "He wants to frighten me, but I'm not scared.") I am moved by the "coolness" of the Berliner Ensemble in Brecht's *Mother Courage*. In like manner I am truly concerned about Galileo's dilemma in the same author's account of it. With *Marat/Sade* I am left only with a sense of an adult entertainment—surely a precious boon these days—rather than stirred by any vitalizing thought or feeling about the play's subject matter, ostensibly of crucial importance.

It is true that when Coulmier, the asylum's supervisor, jumps up to intervene—after Roux has shouted, "Once and for all the idea of glorious victories won by the glorious army must be wiped out. Neither side is glorious"—with the admonition, "This is outright pacifism. At this very moment our soldiers are laying down their lives for the freedom of the world and of our world," the audience applauds (and how delighted many of us are that it does) in recognition of the attack upon a contemporary parallel. Still, I venture to say that it is not really engaged in the play's theme, never truly disturbed by the cardinal question raised, or stimulated to search itself for an answer. LeRoi Jones's savagery (another sort of

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"theatre of cruelty") appalls us. *Marat/Sade* converts all our political and intellectual concern into display, an artful fun house, a magnificent toy. It is distinguished decoration, first-class theatrical "salesmanship."

Whether or not this is due in part to the sort of brilliant direction Brook has given the play, the fact remains that most of the text, though cleverly or cutely phrased in deliberate doggerel or near verse, is trite. There are long passages popularizing primary existentialist pronouncements as understood in cafés, and often reduced, despite Germanic vehemence, to a facile pessimism very comforting at bottom to the presumably despised bourgeoisie.

Since *Marat/Sade* is a dramatization of political inconclusiveness or nihilism, a position which many smart folk nowadays equate with true wisdom, I shall set down my own sentiments in regard to the misgivings which the play enunciates.

Yes: the French Revolution was followed by Napoleon's autocracy, the hopes of the early Russian revolutionaries were mangled into Stalinism, the war against Hitler has brought Germany, France and Italy to various degrees of stultifying complacency. History offers no guarantees. If pressed hard enough, men will assert their livingness to the point of bloodshed to achieve what they deem to be a better life. Man moves and sometimes fights because he *is* man and wants to make a world according to his material and spiritual needs. This is an impulse, if you will, a fact of nature, to which I say "yea"—no matter how often history appears to negate man's efforts. One does not even have to believe in Progress to assent to and justify the never-ending struggle. As long as there are creatures on earth more sentient than computers, men will, because they must, make choices, and they will not be deterred by what wiseacres in the future may decide as to the sagacity of these choices. When asked, "Is life worth living?," Samuel Butler answered: "That is a question for a foetus not for a man." To despair because man's extreme efforts to modify conditions of social injury or physical misery frequently result in new humiliations is to be either an intellectual sissy or a moral coward.

The best compliment I can tender *Marat/Sade* is that it has provoked me to this declaration. And if anyone objects that in approaching the play in this manner I have exceeded the bounds of the "trade," that is, gone beyond the theatre, I must once again affirm that unless theatre and theatre criticism do this they both become paltry and inconsequential. "He knows no drama who only drama knows."

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD

The Spy Who Came in From the Cold is endowed with the best thriller script since, let's say, *The 39 Steps*—John Le Carré in his own very different style being the peer of John Buchan at spider webs. Given half a chance, then, the picture is bound to rise out of the detergent bubbles of contemporary film traffic. It gets that half chance and is as good entertainment as you can find on the screen this month. The pity is that it wasn't given the production it deserved, in which case we might have had a film for the museum archives and the late, late shows of twenty years hence.

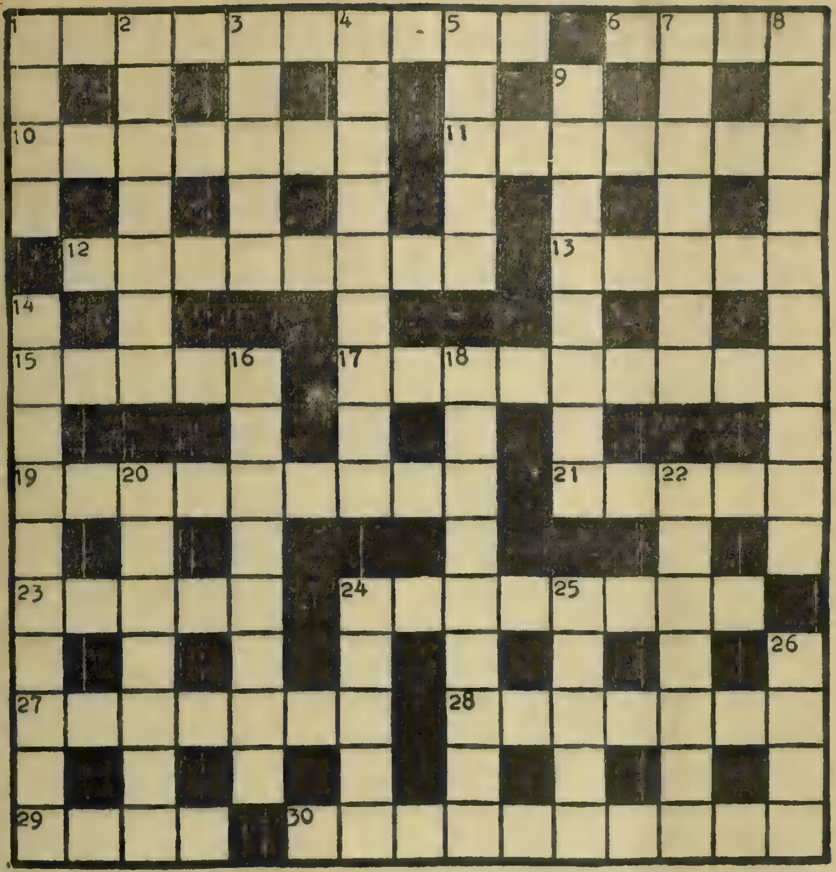
The story is a masterpiece of ironic heroics, of expectations frustrated, of red-herring disclosures. Much of this carries over to the screen, but a trouble is that director Martin Ritt has a defective sense of timing. His camera work — pseudo-naturalistic — is good, with a fine appreciation for the chill of bleak lighting. Such effects are routine in present-day cinema but they are here well done. What Ritt seems not to understand is the mechanics of tension. This is noticeable at the opening, where he keeps us hanging around Checkpoint Charlie until the suspense slides out from under the scene and the clap of violence comes as anticlimax. Time and again, the air leaks out of his carefully pumped up situations; it is a bad fault in a spy yarn because it allows you the distraction to wonder about plausibility and even Le Carré's sophisticated espionage won't stand too much cold logic.

Then the casting is not as good as it should have been, considering that the book pivoted its suspense primarily on character. Richard Burton, the spy of the title, is at the center of almost every scene, and he cannot develop enough individuality to keep interesting. He can look sodden, resentful, suspicious, remorseful, but he can play no changes on these flat statements. Also, he is physically the wrong man for the job: Alec Leamas, the spy, was not an ex-athlete gone to seed, but more a lawyer's clerk with too much on his conscience. Alec Guinness, maybe, or Donald Pleasence. Claire Bloom, as his girl friend in the spiritualist library, lacks the spinster desperation that makes the character's impetuosity both convincing and poignant.

Oskar Werner as the Jewish East German interrogator and zealot is first rate—inventive, surprising, so substantial that his fate matters. On the other hand, Peter Van Eyck's conception of the blond Nazi beast is a waxworks absurdity. *The Spy Who* is an uneven achievement, aiming for implacability but skittering off too frequently to the safety of movie platitudes. It is still worth seeing for its triple-cross clockwork—a machinery that requires alert attention. The key to staying with it is never to assume that Alec Leamas understands the game he is playing.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1136

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Would a fast shuffle with this extra ace be cause to increase irritation? (10)
6 and 23 across Order something from the back stove, perhaps. (9)
10 It's beautiful being given a dowry of stone! (7)
11, 24 down and 27 across You don't sit in front of the counter if you do take a position! (5,2,3,2,7)
12 Are they in the middle of flight, or is one of them after? (8)
13 The Carpenter had to ask the Walrus. (5)
15 Certain features might be difficult to see in one, but a guest loses it. (5)
17 and 26 down Picks up and carries the catcher, by which the bag is held safely. (8, 5)
19 Changed one's habit, getting set right. (9)
21 It's a crime to find it ran so poorly! (5)
23 See 6 across.
24 They are responsible for a comedown during 12. (8)
27 See 11 across.
28 Throws things out after the fire. (7)
29 Killed a great number, as some might say. (4)
30 Pinchers so out of shape as to be applicable to the officially objectionable. (10)

DOWN:

1 Decry. (4)
2 One wouldn't expect to find an early settler in this. (7)
3 Endangered, but not with resentment over the clue. (5)
4 Specialists in bloomers, perhaps.
5 Charges, with certain work. (5)
7 Relating to the finish? (Aspiring savants hope to.) (7)
8 Keeping down and decreasing things all over again? (10)
9 Not well placed in a ray falling over the shoulders. (8)
14 Obvious haystacks are made, but not contracted for. (10)
16 Gives another term. (8)
18 Such things as the clepsydra might have some stories to tell! (3-6)
20 A substitute for ivory? (7)
22 Nick, when old, or mar even when new. (7)
24 See 11 across.
25 The Irish at first could be belonging to them. (5)
26 See 17 across.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1135

ACROSS: 1 Cavalier poets; 10 Hated; 11 Tediously; 12 Potpourri; 13 Dates; 14 Serial number; 19 Inexactitude; 22 Throb; 24 Spearhead; 25 Indecorum; 26 Ovine; 27 Reincarnation. DOWN: 2 Astute; 3 Andromeda; 4 Interdict; 5 Radii; 6 Ovid; 7 Test tube; 8 Chaps; 9 Eyesore; 15 Letter man; 16 Underfoot; 17 Pigtail; 18 Begrudge; 20 Benito; 21 Adler; 23 Bacon; 24 Syria.

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BRUCE PAYNE, ORGANIZER OF YALE TENURE PROTEST, SAYS IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF THE ACTIVIST:

"SNCC's approach to history strikes me as wildly schizophrenic. Their passion for reading and talking about southern history is equal to their opponents' passion for exaggerating it. On the other hand, they are sympathetic to **HOWARD ZINN's** attack on the 'tyranny of history,' **SNCC**—if it has a single attitude toward history—sees it as being of value only if it is politically useful. History, if it is not useful, must be altered. But to alter history is to admit that it is not, in fact, useful: it is to recognize that our past accuses us. The psychological reaction of 'double-think' then becomes necessary: we change our history while insisting—and believing—that it could never have been otherwise."

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amples are Gen. Abdul Haris Nasution in Indonesia and Gen. Joseph Mobutu in the Congo, who have given short shrift to Communists in their countries.

Although the Kuss emissaries are temperamentally inclined toward the hard sell, they are models of discretion when U.S. interests seem to require it. Or at least they try. Consider the arms race in the Middle East, where the Arab countries hate one another only less than they hate the Israelis. President Nasser in Egypt has supersonic fighters, so King Faisal of Saudi Arabia had to have them. He flashed his credit card and got $400 million worth of airplanes provided by the British, and Hawk antiaircraft missiles of American make. Then there is the current deal involving 100 Patton tanks for King Hussein of Jordan. This had to be a hush-hush affair, because in 1965 we secretly supplied a quantity of the same tanks to Israel, via West Germany. The secrecy did not last long in either deal. In the case of Jordan, it fell open when the State Department's U.S. Information Agency ran an article in a regional magazine for Arab readers boasting that Uncle Sam, ever the friend of Islam, was supplying tanks that would give the Jordanian army "greater mobility and fire power." The Israeli Ambassador made a point of calling on Secretary Rusk, and Mrs. Golda Meier was soon assuring the Knesset that the Israeli army would be getting additional tanks from somewhere to meet the Arab threat.

One also remembers the Pakistan-India war, fought with U.S. equipment on both sides, though both had pledged to use it only against the Communists. But these little difficulties do not faze Mr. Kuss in the slightest. He is not only offering still newer and better weapons but training "a new breed of engineer-diplomats" to distribute them, all in the interest of peace. Drew Pearson reports that a delegation of U.S. Senators touring Asia reached the different conclusion that "U.S. arms supplied to once-neutral nations are breeding war." Now that Congress is in session again, would not this sort of thing be a valid topic for debate in the Senate?

The Quick and the Dead

Lal Bahadur Shastri died much like Abraham Lincoln, at the height of his popularity and when a longer life, by all indications, would not have given him greater historical stature. He was a remarkable human being and an even more remarkable politician—one who had mastered the art of compromise and was seemingly unable to make enemies. Death struck him down only a few hours after the accomplishment of an act of rare statesmanship, in which he rose above the pressures of domestic politics and achieved a measure of reconciliation with a nation only recently at war with his own. The best tribute that could be paid to him would be the lasting peace which he so ardently desired and which India so desperately needs.

In the January 9 London *Observer*, during the closing days of Shastri's life, Edward Crankshaw discussed the Soviet Union's new role as peacemaker in Asia and showed how ludicrous the simplistic view of history can be, especially when it is based on the principle that the more things change, the more they are the same. If there was one axiom in the 19th-century British view of international relations, it was that the Russians must never be allowed to approach the plains of India. Yet it was on Russian soil that Shastri of India and Ayub Khan of Pakistan were brought together, and the mediator was none other than Premier Aleksei N. Kosygin of the Soviet Union. Whitehall looked on approvingly, perhaps a little envious that it had not seized the opportunity itself, but glad that the fighting between the heirs to the subcontinent was over for the time being and, one may hope, for as far as man can see into the future. And beyond India, what any 19th-century British statesman would have regarded as an eternal enmity between Russia and Persia, Russia and Turkey, is simultaneously in process of dissolution. The czars, the minstrels of empire led by Rudyard Kipling, Benjamin Disraeli and Lord Curzon not only lacked the gift of prophecy; reality has turned out to be almost the complete opposite of what they foresaw.

If time confounded these would-be seers, they were at least spared humiliation while they still strutted on the world stage. America's statesmen have not even that consolation. The Soviet Union is involved in Southeast Asia only in the comfortable role of a supplier of arms and friend to small nations, while the United States is embroiled in a bloody, ignominious war which is dissipating all the credit it earned through occasional acts of magnanimity in the past. Both the Soviet Union and the United States fear the emergence of China as a major military and industrial power. But the Soviet Union, though engaged in ideological conflict with China, shows not the slightest intention of using its military strength against its erstwhile Marxist partner, while the United States has already gone so far along that perilous path that it may never be able to retrace its steps. If they can still learn from current history, Dean Rusk and his colleagues should ponder what has happened in Tashkent. It is not napalm and nuclear power that win diplomatic victories, but intelligence and patience—and the ability to profit by an opponent's folly.

Now the Germans

Dollars are sweet, and in the decades after World War II the United States had no buddies more cloying than Japan and Germany. But the friendship bombing of Vietnam, and the therapeutic burning of its villages, appear to be more than even our plump ex-enemies can take with equanimity. The opposition of Japanese artists, intellectuals and students has been evident for some months [see statement in *The Nation* June 14, 1965]; and now Germany adds its voice to the international chorus of protests.

The German critics of Uncle Sam, it must be admitted, have had some trouble making themselves heard; the Bonn establishment still finds its bread buttered on the State Department side. On November 26, all West German newspapers received a statement signed by some 200 writers and teachers, including (to cite names that will be most readily identified by American readers) Günther Anders, Ernst Bloch, Heinrich Böll, Rolf Hochhuth, Uwe Johnson, Robert Jungk, Erich Kastner and Peter Weiss. After declaring the struggle in Vietnam a civil war and deploring American participation as morally unjustified and threatening a much wider conflict, the signers dissociated themselves from any moral or financial support given the war by the German Federal Government, welcomed the call of France and the Third World countries for a settlement on the basis of the Geneva Agreement and joined hands with the "5,000 American university professors and teachers who have asked for an immediate halt to the war and the neutralization of all Vietnam."

No West German paper published this statement (though an appeal to warm-hearted Germans to buy replicas of Berlin's Freedom Bell, the proceeds to go to the families of Americans killed in Vietnam, was widely publicized). Then on December 15, *Der Spiegel*, a magazine whose independent line has consistently pricked the complacency of West German officialdom, broke the silence and printed the entire text. It followed this a week later with a report on the widespread suppression of the manifesto. A colorful detail in the official blackout was the offer of the West Berlin police to arrest a cabaret satirist named Neuss (he had referred to South Vietnam General Ky's hero worship of Hitler) for "insulting the Occupying Power." Said Power had at least the good sense to oppose this fawning nonsense. The imperfect suppression of the statement has thus become a scandal in West Germany and, as always happens with defective censorship, the affair is kicking up more attention than the protestors could otherwise have expected.

If, as now seems probable, the Johnson Administration is trying to negotiate its way off the escalator, one reason may be that the multilingual protest of humanity is at last being heard on the banks of the Pedernales.

Citizen Diplomacy

Clemenceau's saying that war is too important to be left to the generals can now be extended to the diplomats, especially when the chief U.S. diplomat is as uninspired and uninspiring as Dean Rusk. It may have been this fact of modern life that impelled Staughton Lynd, Thomas Hayden and Herbert Aptheker to tresspass on the sacred preserves of the State Department and journey to North Vietnam to see for themselves.

Nor is this the only venture of its kind; it is merely the most conspicuous and defiant. Last summer Sanford Gottlieb, political action director of SANE and organizer of the spectacular November "march" on Washington, conferred with leaders of the South Vietnam National Liberation Front, and he is reported to be leaving shortly—if he has not already left—for a second exchange of views. The locale in this case is Algiers, which is not part of the State Department's proscribed territory; no Apthekers are involved, and SANE reports to the Department on the results. As a practical matter, however, it is hard to distinguish between the Lynd-Hayden-Aptheker reconnaissance and that of Gottlieb. Donald Keys, SANE's program director, says that the current mission will be "mainly to try to judge the temperature as to any openings for negotiations that we could discern, and help interpret the American viewpoint and attitude." These two objectives were certainly in the foreground of the Lynd expedition.

Lynd and his colleagues, reporting on their return that they had found nothing to indicate that the United States had made any direct approaches to North Vietnam, elicited from the White House and the State Department the information that shortly after Christmas Eve a message had been handed to a North Vietnamese diplomat by an American embassy official and had been accepted, but that no reply had so far been received. This enabled Bill Moyers to tell the press that the self-appointed emissaries were "totally uninformed," but it also enabled him to release information which makes the Washington "peace offensive" look better, and which could not very well have been revealed without some such excuse. In Hanoi, Lynd made a speech which called U.S. policy "inhuman, unlawful and anti-democratic"—a characterization with which some millions of Americans would agree—but he also made it clear that this was a minority view even among intellectuals that the U.S. labor, as represented by the AFL-CIO, strongly supported President Johnson's policy on Vietnam. Dispelling the ludicrous Marxist illusion that the working people of America are eager to cast off their chains and make common cause with their comrades abroad was alone worth the trip and should be regarded as a service both to the United States and to the cause of peace.

For these accomplishments, Lynd, Aptheker and Hayden may be indicted for two synthetic crimes: violation of the 1799 Logan Act, a statute as antiquated as a colonial butter churn; or the more modern prohibition against travel without a validated passport. Referring to the idiotic statute, the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, one of the best newspapers in this hemisphere, headed an editorial: "They were right to go, will they be welcome home?" "Persecution of Prof. Lynd by the U.S. Government," the paper says, "would only convince many of its critics that for all its pious declarations, Washington has no real desire to negotiate."

In this connection, the attitude of Yale University toward a minor but conspicuous faculty member has so far been altogether praiseworthy. Without mentioning Mr. Lynd by name, President Brewster laid down the principle that "the long-run charge which this university bears from its own tradition makes it unthinkable that we should penalize a faculty member for his political position." The government of the United States could well afford to follow the same rule.

Civil Service Unionism

How To Avert Another Strike . . . Timothy J. Cooney

A major civil service union finally has gone out on strike and completely tied up New York City. It was bound to happen in time. During the past two years such lesser unions as the ferrymen, the welfare workers and the motor vehicle operators have struck, and for the past decade the giants — the Transport Workers, the sanitation men and even the police—have been threatening to do so. The promise of disaster came still closer when the teachers staged their work stoppage, and it was fulfilled when for twelve days the TWU threw its picket lines across the public transportation of the country's busiest city. For almost two weeks, angry citizens, politicians and editorial writers deplored and condemned and offered impossible solutions. The strike was at last settled, but the problem of such strikes was not solved, and no workable solution is possible until the unique phenomenon of present-day civil service unionism is understood.

Until a few years ago, the average civil servant in New York City, and no doubt elsewhere, did not believe he had the right to strike. He was prevented from striking by his own convictions and not by laws or injunctions. Balanced against his relatively low wages and his inability to bargain collectively was the fact that he had job security and was not subject to depression or recession cycles. This seemed like a fair deal to him.

In recent years, however, there has been a marked change of attitude. The younger civil servant is a different breed from those who remember the hard times of the depression. Just having a job is not enough. The old and ineffective civil service associations have become aggressive civil service unions, modeled after industrial unions and led by militant and salaried union leaders. The parallel goes right down to the picket line. Like other unionists the new civil servant not only wants higher wages and shorter hours but now believes that laws, reason and public will to the contrary, he has the moral right to strike in order to win his demands. He does not accept or acknowledge any distinction between himself and workers in the private sector. Since he threatens to strike and actually does strike with impunity—in New York the law against strikes by civil servants has seldom been enforced —he is proved right in practice if not in theory.

There is, of course, a fundamental difference between industrial unions and civil service unions: it rests in the substantive difference between the respective employers and their relationship to the economy. Underlying all labor negotiations in the private sector is an unspoken premise that labor and management understand and accept. Labor cannot demand more than business can give *without going out of business*. As a corollary, and at the risk of moving onto metaphysical ground, a fair wage might be defined as one that business can pay and still make some profit. Obviously, this definition does not apply to the public sector. Government is a nonprofit operation and it cannot go out of business.

The problem, and it is at the heart of the matter, is that in New York City today no agreed upon rationale whatsoever underlies civil service bargaining. Thus there is no objective standard for determining whether the TWU's demands, or demands by similar unions, are justified or unjustified. In his last few years of office Mayor Robert Wagner gave up trying. Increasingly, he agreed to higher and higher wages because crippling strikes were threatened, not because he or anyone else believed that a wage demand was fair or justified. The results have been startling. In 1958 the city's expense budget was under $2 billion; today it is well above $4 billion, and by the end of this fiscal year the city expects to be a half billion in debt. At least 70 per cent of the increase since 1958 has gone into higher wages.

The transit workers and other civil service unionists have had, in a sense, their own internal rationale. At the end of every contract period they demand more money because, since their last contract, other civil service unions have gotten more. There is no end in sight and the future looks grim. Michael J. Quill has always used the threat of a strike to win his demands, and when at last he struck, his men were obviously ready. Other union leaders had better be willing to outdo Mr. Quill if they want to hold the loyalty of their membership.

When Quill said, on his way to jail, that the "second team" of negotiators would be tougher than the first, he was hinting at one of his own problems and the problem of every civil service union leader in New York City. In the militant, if irrational, world of civil service unionism a legion of Young Turks is ready to jump to the fore and develop an impassioned argument along the following lines: We have been sold out; other unions have gotten nice fat contracts for their men; if we strike and stop vital service City Hall will find the money quickly enough; nothing is going to happen to us if we do strike; the public be damned.

Whatever the shortcomings of this argument in terms of truth and civic virtue, there is no doubt that it works, and if a union leader wants to remain a union leader he is well advised to make this speech before one of his juniors makes it. The day he becomes concerned about the city's problems is the day he finds himself an ex-leader.

In short, civil service unionism in New York City has become a runaway engine driven on by competition among unions; civil servants who are willing to strike and won't recognize any laws or arguments to the contrary; and militant union leaders who, for their own protection, must demand more and more and be willing to go to jail to win their demands. This engine has neither a brake nor a governor, and it recognizes no speed limit.

Is there any way out? I believe there is, but my solution is far short of what an angry public may demand. Its only virtue is that

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it may work—where solutions arising from the demands of an angry public will not. From the analysis made above, I start with the following assumptions: No punitive legislation or compulsory procedure that distinguishes between civil service unions and other unions is going to succeed, because the unions won't accept or acknowledge the distinction.

Right or wrong, like it or not, civil service unionists consider themselves full-fledged American unionists with all of the rights and privileges of other unionists. In this, they are being no more than realistic, since a qualified unionism, which usually means that the members may shout but may not strike, lacks the power to force a showdown that gives unionism its meaning. In any case, there are just too many unionized civil servants to argue with. Cracking down on them will only strengthen them; jailing their leaders will only rally them; penalizing them or calling out the National Guard will only raise other issues that must be settled before they will go back to work.

Central to my solution is the creation of an independent authority that would recommend wages, hours and fringe benefits for all of New York City's civil servants. This authority would be directed by three distinguished citizens appointed by the mayor to long terms (thus separating them from political maneuvering). They would hold public hearings at which union leaders and all interested parties could speak. They would command the services of a professional staff of researchers, investigators, program planners and analysts. These specialists would be competent to analyze and evaluate such factors as the qualifications for specific jobs, comparable salaries for similar jobs in government and private industry, the New York City cost of living index, etc.

If this authority were as capable and independent as it could be, it would give the city what it now desperately needs—a rational foundation for the discussion of civil service wages. Even if the authority recommended substantial increases for some classes of civil servants, I believe that the mayor and the general public would accept these recommendations rather than risk a retreat to the anarchy that now exists.

In the beginning the civil service unions would probably neither accept the concept of the authority nor its recommendations. Union leaders would, no doubt, add to their standard speech the expletive, "The authority be damned."

The mayor and the public may be severely tested. Yet the recent blackout and the subway and bus strike have proved that New Yorkers are capable of taking much. If they felt that the authority's recommendations were fair, they might well endure the inconvenience that a strike would bring and support a mayor who stood by those recommendations. Thus the solution I offer does not promise that there will be no more strikes—given civil service unionism as it exists today, I can envision no solution that can offer such a promise—but after a testing period I believe that such an authority would greatly reduce the likelihood of walkouts.

I make this prediction because I feel that an authority—always assuming that it proved capable and independent — might ease much of the anxiety and bitterness that have driven civil servants to their present position. The average civil servant can live on what he earns, but he cannot *live with* the thought that others have gotten more. Furthermore, since no one has ever offered him a definition of a fair wage based on any criteria he could accept, it is little wonder he assumed that he was being shortchanged. For as long as he can remember, no budget director or director of personnel has ever voluntarily proposed that he get a raise. He was the forgotten man and it was always a struggle. The only answer to the "politicians" and an apathetic public has seemed to be a militant, industrial-type union that was willing to go on strike.

An authority would ease much of the civil servant's anxiety by sharing it. Regardless of the size of his union or how powerful it is; regardless of who is in City Hall or what the public thinks or doesn't think; even regardless or whether or not he strikes, the authority would be "worrying" about his wages and hours. If they were not fair, the authority would speak with a voice that the mayor and the public would have to heed.

There is one final reason for believing that an authority would be accepted by civil servants. Civil service unionism may have become an irrational force, but civil servants, individually, are no more irrational than the next man. When one speaks to them in private it is at once apparent that they too want a solution, for they too are New Yorkers and they are not unaware of the potential disasters that loom ahead. The subway men will suffer as much as anyone if the police or firemen or hospital workers go out. An authority would in no way restrict their freedom as unionists, but it would offer them an honorable alternative to the present situation.

Latin American Land Reform

ENEMIES OF PROMISE . . .

William C. Thiesenhusen

"We will shape the future through the principles of our Alliance," declared President Johnson last summer in reaffirming his support for the Alliance for Progress, "or we will find it swallowed up in violence that is bred of desperations."

But the fact remains that the nations of Latin America have made only halting progress toward recasting their social and economic structures since 1961 when, at the signing of the Charter of Punta del Este, they promised vigorous reform. It has been nearly three years since ex-President Juscelino Kubitschek of Brazil and Colombian ex-President Alberto Lleras placed the preponderance of blame for the sluggishness of the *Alianza* on its U.S. administration and Latin America's "poor showing" respectively. The time seems ripe for frank discussion of South America's slow headway, particularly in the matter of agricultural reform.

That change will come—with or without the Alliance for Progress—scarcely needs documentation. Experience the world over is that when people are relegated to the economic margins of their own society—which without them becomes steadily more affluent—they will attempt to rectify a situation they perceive as unjust, and will resort to violence if their claims are unheard. In the southern half of the Western Hemisphere a traditional "have and have not" situation is steadily exacerbated as population growth (which will triple the population in the next thirty-five years) adds to the ranks of the disenchanted more rapidly than to those of privilege. It becomes explosive as better communication makes the lower classes painfully conscious of their plight. Mere scale threatens not only riot but revolution.

Those observers who pass off latter-day violence in Latin America as being politically motivated, or more specifically "Communist-inspired," miss the central issue—a well-perceived breach between those who possess and dispense privilege and power and those who have neither. Instead of moving toward equality of opportunity, the gap separating rich and poor is growing. The farm labor force in Chile, for example, making up about 87 per cent of those engaged in agriculture, earns only about one-third of the income generated by that sector of the economy. The top 1 per cent of the agricultural population now receives 25 per cent of the agricultural income. *Campesinos* earn an average net cash income of about $150 a year, a sum inadequate to provide their families with the essentials of life. The vast majority of Chilean agricultural workers have suffered a decline in purchasing power of about one-third over a five-year period because the legislature has failed to raise minimum salaries to compensate for the falling value of the peso. Some agriculturists find ways to evade even the legal minimum. Powerless to organize—the government prohibits agricultural unions except in very special instances—workers have, until lately, fallen into resignation. Even though the Christian Democratic government of Eduardo Frei, which took office in November, 1964, has promised to change the discriminatory labor codes, landlords can be expected to continue informally to discourage agricultural unions.

A 1961 report notes that throughout Latin America farm owners receive incomes twenty to forty times larger than the wages of farm workers. Later research, like that of the Inter-American Committee for Agricultural Development (ICAD), shows the differences to be even greater. In the rich cacao plantation area of Bahia, Brazil, the average gross farm income of several large estate owners was 100 times larger than the average annual cash income of a small but typical group of workers interviewed in 1963. If the situation were similar in the United States, a farm hand who cleared $2,000 a year would be working for a proprietor whose gross annual cash farm income was $200,000.

These extremes are not peculiar to Latin America's countryside (although income disparities are usually more marked there); they exist in the city as well. And they are found not only in Chile and Brazil but throughout most of Latin America. Changing the situation by peaceful means is one goal of the Alliance. As a step toward evolutionary progress, some recent commentators have suggested a revision of our two-class stereotype of Latin American society. They note the existence of a substantial middle class, if one judges by occupations normally so identified: white-collar workers, professionals, government workers, small business entrepreneurs, et al.

But the middle group in Latin America, as Philip W. Quigg (drawing on research by Claudio Véliz) has noted, "arose in potential conflict with the industrial worker and the urbanized proletariat." Instead of feeling identity with the working group, most middle elements seem to identify with a privileged upper class. Therefore, the middle stratum has not seriously urged structural reforms which would tend to draw the lower class into the greater society. Allied with the upper class, it favors the *status quo*.

By imitation, Latin American middle and upper groups (with some exceptions) have taken over the consumptionist attitude of the United States middle class—without the long period of savings and investment that preceded the phenomenon in North America. Generally, they seem intent upon improving their own condition without dividing the pie with those below them, and without realizing that the entire pie might be larger in the long run if they did.

Chile's governments were led by the middle group from 1938 to 1952, but Federico Gil, Latin American scholar, has observed of this era: "At no time . . . did the leadership of the temporarily allied government parties attempt any program involving the partition, the expropriation or even the taxation of the landed estates."

Now the informal middle- and upper-class coalition in Latin America—the group "in power" today

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in most of Latin America—feels Alliance for Progress pressure to bring about basic land and tax reforms. Countries requesting aid must move toward fulfillment of the Alliance stipulation that reform be in progress. On the one hand, then, the upper-middle group faces the dissatisfaction of the downtrodden which is increasingly being translated into political leverage; on the other, it is threatened with loss of its own prestige and economic power. An appropriate description of upper--middle-group response to this situation is well expressed by Tancredi in Giuseppe di Lampedusa's *The Leopard*: "If we want things to stay as they are, things will have to change."

Four years of the Alliance for Progress have opened superficial chinks in the façade of society, but the old foundation stones remain in place. Of course, there are rays of hope. The Social Christian parties, speaking loudly for peaceful but effective reform, are gathering adherents and even power in some Latin countries. Some reforms have been enacted by Latin American parliaments. But we should not be unduly optimistic, despite the fact that since 1960, thirteen agrarian reform laws have been passed in the Central and South American countries that are part of the Alliance for Progress.

The passage of legislation meets a basic Alliance requirement. A quick reading of the complicated laws seems to show each country sincere in its desire for land reform. But often the legislators, themselves members of the privileged classes, have built interminable delays into the law's application. Sometimes the agrarian reform legislation cannot stand by itself—a set of enabling acts must also be passed before anything can be done. The effectiveness of the entire document may then hinge on several of these—or even on a constitutional amendment—not apt to pass a conservative congress.

Expropriation of land for reform purposes is sometimes contingent on demonstrating that present use is inefficient; that is a fluid concept, as hard to define as it is to measure. Land condemnation may become subject to innumerable judicial proceedings and the matter passed from court to court without ever being resolved—or, what is more serious, without anyone's expecting a resolution. And even if the law becomes workable, there is usually no provision for deferred payment in case of expropriation, so land reform must depend again on a recalcitrant congress to vote operating funds. Without a deferred-payment clause, no Latin country, regardless of the generosity of its parliament, can proceed very far with land reform; by definition, the national budget of an underdeveloped country is limited, and land prices are often high.

The slim budget usually allotted to agricultural redistribution implies that few families will be granted land. This number is frequently reduced further because administrators make it a practice to design programs with high costs per family unit—one, that is, which provides settlers with houses, sheds access roads, electricity, redesigned irrigation systems, etc., immediately upon arrival at the colony. In Chile, the reform agency's expenditures for this overhead capital ran above $2,000 per family settled during the pre-Frei government.

To be sure, social and economic overhead capital are important in a country where the rural areas are devoid of many basic facilities. But too little thought has been given to providing colonists with only their rudimentary needs, with equipment of lower priority to be supplied over time through colonist initiative and the earnings of his farm operation. This would spread funds across a larger program or make sums available to improve the productivity on the new farms. A recent United Nations publication shows that the cost of land plus installation varies from an average of $17,000 per family settled in some Argentine projects, to a low of $3,000 to $4,000 in Guatemala and Ecuador.

Where in addition, and as frequently happens, the program is administered by a long-established bureaucratic structure that has been rechristened "agrarian reform agency" merely to meet Alliance terminology, progress is bound to be lethargic. (In Mexico, Bolivia and Cuba, revolutions have been a short cut across such delays, but at a high social—and apparently also economic—cost.) Most accomplishments under recent agrarian reform laws fall far short of announced goals. Under the Center-Right coalition that governed Chile until late 1964, between 10,000 and 12,700 *campesinos* were to be established on their own farms. But in two years of "reform" (1963 and 1964), only about 1,100 were settled. In Colombia, only 1,400 were settled in three years and 16,500 were given titles to lands in the public domain which they already occupied. The records of some other countries—like Panama, Paraguay and Brazil—are even less impressive. Only in Venezuela, where income from oil has made high settlement costs easier to pay, is real progress evident. Land owned by Pérez Jiménez and his cronies went into the public domain after the dictator's demise, and was available for reform use.

But before becoming self-righteous about the "Tancredi attitude" of the Latin Americans, we must recognize that the U.S. attitude toward the Alliance for Progress also supplies some brakes.

The Charter of Punta del Este is a convincing document, and the United States, as an author and signer, declares itself on the side of reform. But a statement of principle is seldom enough to solve a foreign-policy problem, and in complex situations other, even stronger, criteria may produce a different or even opposite effect. Thus our liberal Alliance statements make up only a part of the "bag of tools" our diplomats use for dealing with any given situation in Latin America. Another, often overriding, element is the tendency of U.S. policy makers to view foreign relations in the context of the East-West struggle. Indeed, agrarian reform becomes meshed into our policy of containment, not only because all major foreign relations are thus involved but also because land has long been a rallying point for the Left in Latin America. When it evaluates its policy toward Latin America in East-West terms, the United States is reluctant to support any program that coincides with the position of the "populists."

This attitude is the more sweeping because we tend to see the Left as a monolithic group: parties which for internal political reasons must form coalitions with the far Left are considered fully as "Red" as Chinese-style Communists. In some areas of the world our powers of discrimination have sharpened with the Russian-U.S. *détente*, but in Latin America (perhaps because we fear another Cuba or because we have always misunderstood Latin American politics), our classifications are still largely black or white.

At the level where decisions are made, this creates real difficulty. Since each foreign-policy problem must be solved on a case-by-case basis, issues like agrarian reform are shortchanged because of their leftist associations, with persuasive local arguments losing out to global strategy. To the U.S. policy makers, such decisions may seem perfectly logical, but Latin Americans see our support for the solution of their pressing domestic problems as equivocal at best.

Because of its concern with the spread of communism, the United States has a built-in aversion to groups seeking domestic reform, and makes common cause with the most conservative, often even militaristic, forces in Latin America. But there are other reasons why the United States finds the Left repugnant. The stated economic development program of leftist groups usually includes, in addition to agricultural reform, expropriation of at least some of the industrial assets now owned by United States private investors. A desire to nationalize the means of production is rooted in the Left's economic analysis, as is a growing sense of nationalism. But nationalization through expropriation would tend to make the short-run business climate less favorable for American investment. Without much doubt, U.S. aid would shrink accordingly.

Prof. Robert F. Smith reports that although the Alliance for Progress Charter underplays the role of private investment in Latin America, subsequent interpretations have rejuvenated "dollar diplomacy." The Clay Committee's 1963 report on the Alliance for Progress asserts the primacy of public investment and private enterprise, proclaiming nationalization alien to economic development. The Joint Economic Committee of the U.S. Congress seems to take the same line. In 1962, its subcommittee on Inter-American Economic Relationships gave some attention to the need for social reforms, but two years later the basic theme of its report was that the success of the Alliance depends on creating a good climate for business. It denounced any expropriation of private property, even for agrarian reform. Thus, the need to attract venture capital south of the border has been made a central focus of the Alliance. This goal, admittedly important, conflicts with agrarian reconstruction in several ways, and to date reform has lost out at most confrontations.

Our alliance with the Right has a long history in Latin America and is not easily forgotten there—particularly since it is constantly reinforced because the rightists, being the best educated and the most often in power, have the best opportunity to hobnob with our diplomats. Furthermore, contacts between U.S. diplomats and U.S. businessmen are frequent in these countries, if only because of the common language.

The assumption that we habitually support the Right has been fortified recently by the affair of the Dominican Republic. Many Latin Americans say that our action there confirms what they have always known—the United States is a power "dedicated to throttling any revolutionary movement of whatever center-to-left stripe." The recent controversial House resolution, which deemed unilateral intervention "proper" in any country of the Western Hemisphere that was suspected of creeping communism, brought loud and all but unanimous protests from the parliaments of Latin America.

Other problems further complicate the situation. Although our present "official" policy on agrarian reform appears liberal enough, those who carry it out are often holdovers from a former age to whom "reformist" ideas are untried, unproved and unattractive. Thus, preoccupation with the East-West power balance, the threat of expropriation, and policy-making inertia combine to make U.S. backing of agrarian reform considerably less wholehearted than one might expect from a review of those clauses of the Alliance Charter that treat of the subject.

This does not imply that the problems are in themselves easy to solve—it is hard to imagine a situation more complex. But a frank and continuing discussion of the inherent difficulties and possible solutions is in order between statesmen and the public in the United States and Latin America.

Having assessed the lukewarm support that agrarian reform seems to elicit, one instinctively looks for some alternative means to solve the depressing social and economic problems of rural workers in countries south of the Rio Grande. Some see the farm-to-city migration in Latin America as a near repetition of the movement that has taken place in the United States. Here, often in response to higher wages in town, the migration has reduced farm population from more than half of the populace in the mid-19th century to a scant 6.8 per cent in 1964. The process has not yet gone that far in Latin America. Whereas fifteen years ago rural population represented 60 per cent of the total, today rural and urban percentages are about equal. Moreover, the population is swelling and, in absolute terms, the number of people on farms is growing. It might be implied, though, from the experience of developed countries, that eventually the farm problem in Latin America will solve itself as country people move into the cities.

A closer look at the situation shows that only the process of the two farm-to-city migrations is similar; the character of the phenomenon is different. In the boom years of the U.S. move to the city, the promise of jobs was not a mirage. But an extremely large number of peasants in Latin America move to the city out of desperation; they are utterly unequipped for urban employment and life. Upon arrival, they often live in belts of poverty around major urban centers described by one observer as "showing human life at levels of degradation far worse than one finds in the average rural slum." There are few

jobs because industry is growing slowly. And a job requires skills that the *campesino* “fresh off the farm” is unlikely to have. The education of farm laborers in Latin America is far below that of agricultural workers in the United States, even in the twenties or thirties.

A Venezuelan official summed up the situation recently. He claimed that half of Caracas’ 1.3 million people live in shacks, schools fill up as fast as they are built, and 80,000 people come on the labor market each year to compete with the more than 500,000 Venezuelans who can’t find jobs even now.

His statement fails to mention another large group of underemployed. In addition to those who move cityward of their own volition, others are forced off the farms by labor-saving machinery. Landlords may find mechanization prestigious or a hedge against inflation. More important, the proprietor’s social problems with labor can be partially averted as scarce capital is substituted for bountiful labor. Some Latin governments have encouraged this tendency by equating modernization of agriculture with mechanization, and giving import duty and/or exchange rate “breaks” to those who bring agricultural machinery into the country.

There is another point of difference in the population shifts of the two hemispheres. Agriculture in the United States has been immensely productive—so productive that farm surpluses have grown during the exodus to the cities. In Latin America, however, food supply has not even been able to keep up with population growth. In 1964, the Inter-American Development Bank reported that population in Latin America is growing at a rate of 2.7 to 2.8 per cent annually, yet total farm production has averaged only a 1.6 per cent growth over the past five years. When farmers leave the land (where they at least scrape out a minimum sustenance) they spend the few pennies they earn to buy food, thus inflating the demands on an insufficient supply. Scarcity of food seems to be one of the basic causes for chronic inflation in many Latin American countries.

Economists in most underdeveloped countries doubt that industry can absorb workers even at the rate of natural population increase. Each job created implies a huge investment of capital. Scarce machinery for industrialization is expensive and often must be imported. Foreign exchange is not available for the purpose, since much of the country’s scarce credit must be used to bring in food not produced by a lagging agriculture. Besides, industrial markets in Latin American countries are limited and will remain relatively so, despite common-market plans for widening outlets. And goods manufactured in developed countries usually have a cost advantage on the world market. Under these conditions, industrialization will necessarily proceed slowly in Latin America.

For the immediate future, development emphasis in Latin America should be given to improving the agricultural sector by making it more productive; and by employing more people in the countryside —or, at least, not attempting to drain any more from country to city. Developing agriculture will undoubtedly be followed in due time by industrial progress. As Gunnar Myrdal has put it, “any realistic agricultural planning program [for underdeveloped countries] must count on a tremendous increase in the labor force in agriculture.”

The basic question about agrarian reform still remains to be answered. Why can’t cropping patterns be intensified without agrarian reform and, in the wake of more efficient resource use, provide farm employment for more people? In Chile, as in other Latin American countries, we have little evidence that the large estate-small holding complex is productive. Chile has a Mediterranean climate and some good soil and water resources, yet agricultural yield seems far below potential. Great Britain, a country with about equal farming area and a far less salubrious climate, reports farm output three or four times higher than Chile.

Land in Latin America is frequently held for prestige purposes or, again, as a hedge against inflation, rather than as a factor of production. One study has noted that in the central zone of Chile, its area of greatest agricultural potential, nearly half the land is devoted to natural pasture. Improved pasture could handle three or four times the number of animals, and even greater production would be possible if this land were planted to more intensive annual crops. Prof. Peter Dorner’s studies and those of his students in Chile have noted that increases in productivity per acre of at least between 15 and 20 per cent are possible in the short run and could free, by reducing imports, millions of dollars a year for the Chilean economy.

Perhaps land could be taxed, thus forcing landlords to produce more to meet this overhead expense. Yet over the years, landlords in Latin America have successfully evaded taxation or, more frequently, legislated against realistic valuations and fair tax rates. (Prof. John Strasma reports that this may be changing, at least in Chile, where all real estate has just been revalued.)

In addition to producing less, patterns of farming that are extensive and nondiversified are likely to use less labor than desirable. In fact, as previously asserted, capital is often substituted for labor. There is little question that, with land reform, more people would be productively employed in the country. At least it would be some time before the beneficiaries of reform could amass labor-saving capital. What is doubtful is that productivity would really rise under reform; it might well drop still further—at least for a considerable period—as the organization of farming changed.

Of one matter we can be fairly certain: if land reform is defined narrowly as merely splitting up underutilized land and turning it over to *campesinos*, total production on these lands will probably not rise much closer to its potential than it has under the present hacienda system. To be successful, reform must be "integral," in that credit and technical assistance must be supplied. If the formerly landless are deserted after receiving their piece of land, there is no reason to expect that, with little or no previous management experience, they will turn overnight into productive entrepreneurs. Speaking of this task and the one of effecting a reform in the first place, Prof. T. Lynn Smith has called bringing about a wide distribution of land ownership "child's play in comparison with . . . developing the necessary managerial skills on the part of the heads of families whose only roles previously have been the limited ones of the agricultural laborer."

If the Latin American countries are not willing to devote considerable resources and planning to agriculture, once rights over the land are redistributed, the only concrete result of reform may be that the *campesinos* who participate in the reform will themselves eat better. (Admittedly, that is very necessary.) Concurrent with reform, new landowners should probably be made to shoulder realistic tax schedules and/or land-amortization payments to encourage production and to siphon off some of their profits to help pay for general economic development.

Whatever the economic alternatives of reform, it is doubtful that economists will be consulted in the early stages of the matter. A country's decision to engage in, or refrain from, reform, as Doreen Warriner has noted, is usually political. But to economists and other social scientists will fall the difficult job of making reform work.

As for the U.S. role in this process, what we especially need is a foreign policy flexible enough to distinguish between the pressing domestic problems confronting Latin America and the East-West and private business issues, precisely where such distinctions are hard to make; we need somehow to dissociate the genuine desire for vital reforms from our natural reaction to anti-Americanism and our instinctive aversion to leftist attacks on our foreign policy and our economic system. Perhaps we need a different policy for varying kinds of leftist groups. To repeat: there must be more serious and documented discussion of this complex issue.

The current world policy-making situation, suggests Walter Lippmann, "is a vicious circle in which dogmatic communism and dogmatic anti-communism incite and exasperate each other." The way out, he suggests, is by "fostering the ascendancy of national interests over global ideology."

Agrarian reform in Latin America is a case in point.

Peace for Vietnam

THE GOP's NETTLE of SUCCESS

Karl H. Purnell

If President Johnson has reaped a harvest of protest among Americans who deplore his war policy in Vietnam, it is not from any effort by the national leaders of the Republican Party. Not only do Republicans blandly accept the White House commitment of American soldiers to Vietnam, they are even rushing desperately into the President's arms with declarations of approval. It is true that some of the leaders, such as Richard Nixon and Senator Everett Dirksen, find him excessively prudent; they join with the war hawks in demanding escalation. However, the basic GOP position is one of approval of the President's policies.

Republican Minority Leader Gerald Ford has further blunted the possibility of a more feasible party position by demanding, of all things, a formal declaration of war by the Congress. Lest anyone be surprised that these particular Republicans should be so unanimous in their hawklike position, it should be remembered that they are the same men who put Barry Goldwater's nomination across in the San Francisco Cow Palace. One cannot question their consistency.

At the same time, there is serious doubt as to their political sagacity. Nixon, the old pro, apparently felt in his bones the political jackpot awaiting the Republicans when he stated recently that Vietnam could be the major issue in the 1968 elections. Yet Nixon, like his peers, seems to have forgotten that Goldwater lost the 1964 election in part by advocating the hawk position. Furthermore, Dwight Eisenhower won the 1952 election by promising negotiations and peace in Korea, not by undertaking to bomb north of the 38th Parallel. Certainly, Senator Dirksen might remember that Democratic bungling of foreign policy was standard Republican campaign fodder against Wilson and Roosevelt.

Since they are hurt by internal dissension and lack any good domestic issues, it is surprising that these Republican leaders should shun the only apparent issue which might bring them victory in 1968, and which is entirely consistent with the Republican position of the past forty-five years. Admittedly, Republican spokesmen would have to be astute in defining their opposition to the Administration. There is no political advantage to be gained by demanding immediate withdrawal or by urging negotiations that would leave South Vietnam to the whim of a vindictive National Liberation Front.

Nevertheless, the range of practical and responsible alternatives is impressive. A strong stand against further escalation, particularly the bombing of urban centers, could

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Karl H. Purnell is a Republican member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives and publisher of The Union County Journal *of Lewisburg, Pa. He was a member of Governor Scranton's campaign staff in 1964.*

do much for the GOP's tarnished image. A program for nonmilitary victory in Southeast Asia by use of substantial economic aid would be a most seductive alternative to the bombs-and-guns technique now being employed with so little success. Republicans also stand to gain by emphasizing the possibility of free elections in South Vietnam as a means for obtaining negotiations.

These and other alternatives exist. The strategic and moral dilemma raised by the prospect of fighting hordes of Asians on their own terrain, where our air and naval might is of little effect, constitutes the best chance the Republicans have had in fourteen years for obtaining a national majority. And, if alternatives to the present military abyss contain a political opportunity for the GOP, the incredible manner in which the present Administration has conducted its operations in Vietnam is a sure-fire issue on which alert Republicans could stage a popular comeback.

The shifts in policy, the evasiveness of the Administration, the lack of candor in explaining to the American people what is happening in Vietnam constitute fair game for an opposition party. Republican spokesmen could have a field day excoriating the President and his advisers for the statements they have made about Vietnam in the past two years.

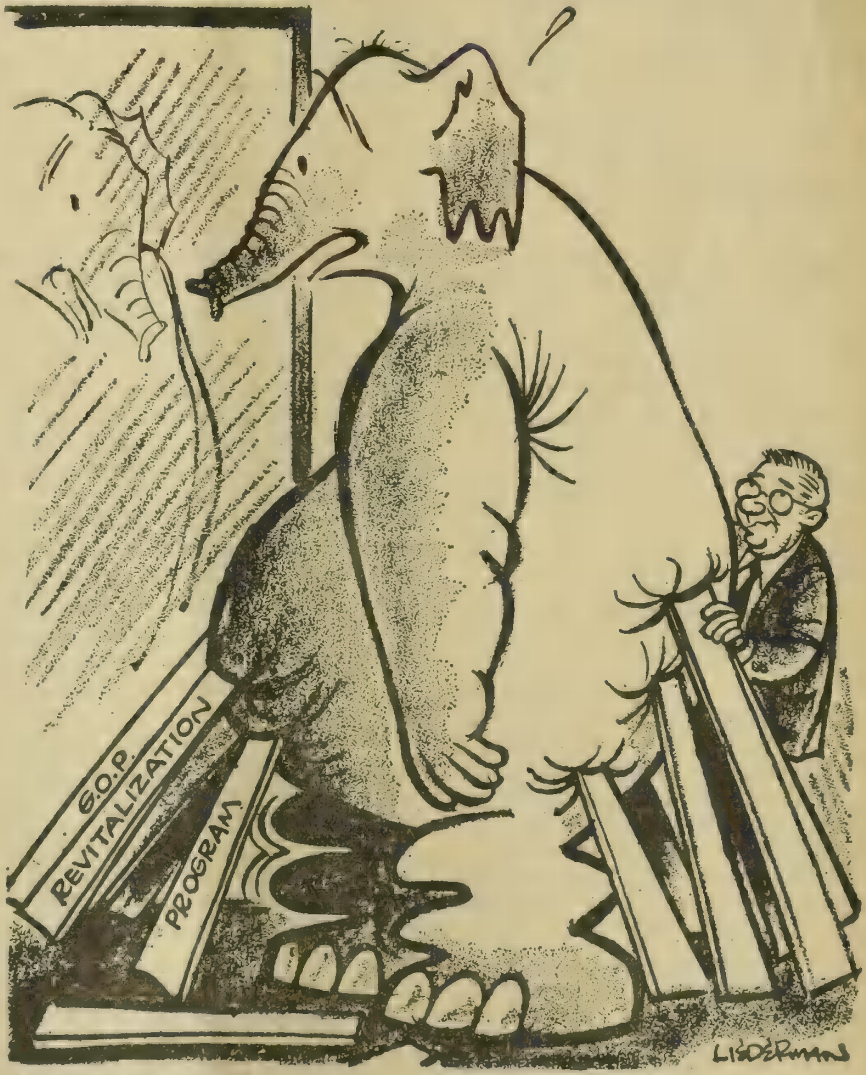
After all, it was John F. Kennedy who stated on the floor of the Senate in 1954 that if the American people were to go to war for the fourth time in this century, "particularly a war which we now realize would threaten the survival of civilization, they had a right to inquire in detail into the nature of the struggle and the possible alternatives." The details on this subject that have been forthcoming from the Administration lately are both sparse and misleading.

For example, in 1962, Secretary McNamara said after visiting Vietnam: "Every quantitative measurement we have shows we're winning this war." In the spring of 1963, Americans were again treated to false hopes when he authorized the announcement that: ". . . we have turned the corner in Vietnam." Now, the Defense Secretary estimates, perhaps with less myopia and more candor, that it will be a "long war."

The question of negotiations has been subject to the same kind of high-level chicanery. On July 13, 1965, President Johnson told a press conference: "I must say that candor compels me to tell you that there has not been the slightest indication that the other side is interested in negotiations or in unconditional discussions." As one commentator wrote later, "Candor did not compel the White House, however, to give a very accurate account of U Thant's message about the peace feelers." The whole sad story of Administration offers to discuss a solution in Vietnam is an issue in itself which could be exposed for public discussion to the advantage of the Republican Party.

Even Representative Ford recognized that. In a statement appearing in a recent Republican National Committee monthly magazine, he suggested that Johnson's actions in connection with the peace feelers "ought to make the American people a little dubious about freedom of information and the right to know as far as their government is concerned."

The shifts in what the White House is and is not prepared to do make interesting, if frustrating, reading. Dean Rusk at the beginning of 1965, decried the idea of negotiations. Yet in July, Johnson vowed that unconditional negotiations would be acceptable. In 1964, the White House was unwilling to recognize the Vietcong in any talks, but by spring of last year they were welcoming them to a bargaining table. The whole question of why our troops are in Vietnam at all should be subjected to closer scrutiny. According to Rusk, "Our task remains, therefore, that which President Johnson has often stated—namely to assist our friends in South Vietnam to repel the aggressor against them and at the same time to keep open every possibility of a peaceful settlement." What does the Secretary mean by "assist our friends"? Are American boys



Long Island Press: Ben Roth

really dying by the hundreds in order to keep South Vietnamese villagers free from Vietcong rule? Or does Mr. Rusk really mean that the United States is attempting to stop Communist expansion 50 miles from the border of China?

Furthermore, just how far is the United States willing to go in assisting its friends? In 1964, this meant supplying them with arms and advice. A few months later it meant defending strategic bases with our own troops. Finally, it came to mean search-fix-and-destroy missions by U.S. Marines pitted against the Vietcong army. Does assisting friends mean that next we are to fight China on the Asian mainland? Of this last prospect, President Eisenhower said in 1961, "no man could be more bitterly opposed to getting the United States involved in a hot war in that region than I am."

Republican spokesmen who were willing to ask questions about the policy statements being made by Administration officials might well be surprised by the reaction they would get from the American people. An honest and candid dialogue on the issue of Vietnam has been demanded of the Democratic Administration by a large and responsible segment of the American people. That this has not been forthcoming is an unparalleled opportunity for a GOP strategy that would be both politically useful and patriotic in the right sense of the word. Messrs. Ford, Nixon, et al., get close to the issue every so often. But their obsession with more bombs and their fear of dealing with the vital questions have prevented them from attaining the role of responsible minority leaders by advocating a policy for peace and suggesting an end to secrecy.

Perhaps the final irony in all this is that the most promising Republican heroes of 1964 became the disappointing mutes of 1965. The Scrantons, Rockefellers, Romneys, Percys and others have steered safely clear of this most vital issue of the '60s. Once again their reluctance has allowed the Old Guard to step into the limelight, thus dimming the hopes of progressive, thoughtful Republicans throughout the country. The war in Vietnam is likely to continue for a long time. The Johnson Administration will, if present and past tactics continue, be the legitimate target for responsible criticism. If the Republicans realize in time the potential of the opportunity that waits to be seized, there may yet be a serious struggle for the White House in 1968. As yet, this prospect is unlikely.

Strip-Mine Morality

THE LANDSCAPING OF HELL . . . . Wendell Berry

"No!" interrupted the doctor. "There is no peace and no rest in the development of material interests. They have their law, and their justice. But it is founded on expediency, and is inhuman; it is without rectitude, without the continuity and the force that can be found only in moral principle."
Joseph Conrad, *Nostromo*

I have had quite a bit of trouble with this. I know what it means. Our homes are being destroyed . . . our wildlife destroyed, our peace destroyed . . . our dead rooted out of the grave.
Elder Dan Gibson of Fisty, Ky., at a hearing on new strip-mine regulations

Port Royal, Ky.

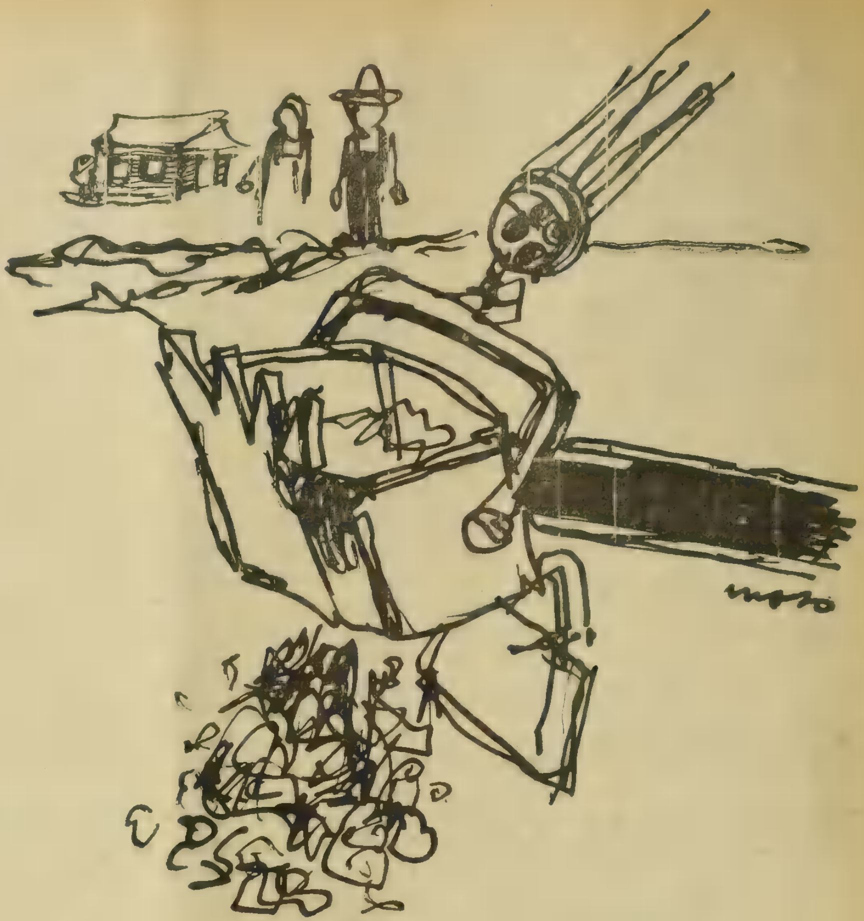
At Frankfort, Ky., last August 25 and October 4 and 5, there was a hearing on three new strip-mine regulations proposed by the Strip Mining and Reclamation Division of the Kentucky Department of Natural Resources. These new regulations were later adopted and put into effect, and now even stricter measures are pending before the present session of the state legislature. And so there begins to be some evidence that the state government has at last undertaken a serious interest in one of the state's most urgent problems. But since they face a powerful and determined opposition, the supporters of Governor Breathitt's new legislation might do well to consider the attitude and the morality displayed by the mining companies at the hearings of last August and October.

The proposed rules, as was made clear, were based on the careful research of trained men. Their purpose was to control—if not stop, then at least reduce—the erosion and water pollution that have so far been the inevitable by-products of strip mining. The gist of much of the testimony of the division's expert witnesses was that the authors of the regulations had striven toward a maximum leniency. For instance, the table of standards that would regulate contour stripping of the steep slopes of East Kentucky was based upon a safety factor of one, which would assure control only under ideal conditions—the lowest possible safety factor. "To recommend a factor lower than one," a University of Kentucky professor of Civil Engineering testified, "is to recommend failure." It was also stated, without contradiction by the coal companies, that of the 112 coal operations in East Kentucky all but twenty-two were at present working within the proposed limits as to extent of cut and degree of slope—which suggests that the regulations are lenient indeed.

But in spite of the minimal nature of the proposals, the opposition of the coal companies was inflexible and absolute. The company lawyers in their rebuttal made it clear that they would not be satisfied except by the defeat of even the least attempt to establish not only stricter controls but *any* controls whatsoever. They displayed no disposition to compromise, and no interest in discovering less destructive ways of mining. (Their witnesses indicated that the companies spend little or nothing on experimentation which might lead to less wasteful methods of extraction and reclamation.) The testimony of the expert witnesses who appeared in behalf of the companies was peculiarly clouded and disordered by the assumptions and intentions of the company lawyers, and by the testimony of several coal operators who also appeared as witnesses.

Wendell Berry is a poet, now living in Kentucky. His latest collection of poems is The Broken Ground *(Harcourt, Brace & World).*

There was a very obvious intent to use scientific evidence to prove that the best method of mining is the one that is most profitable, and that the best method of reclamation is the one that is cheapest. There was much yielding to the temptation to present theory and opinion as fact, and to look upon the failure to discover a remedy as proof that there is no remedy.



The testimony of one after another of the company witnesses turned on the same two arguments: (1) Any regulation that would reduce profit would be wrong; (2) control is impossible, in any case, because of the diversity of mining conditions ("every job is different"). I believe that most, if not all, of the scientists who testified for the coal companies repeated the second argument, as if ignorant or oblivious of the moral and legal—and scientific — implications. One of them, F. A. Braley of Pittsburgh, a former member of the Ohio River Valley Sanitation Commission, testified that there is not much that can be done about acid water from the mines ("a very minor factor as far as water pollution is concerned"): "Best thing to do is pay for the fish that you kill and forget about it." This was pronounced with an oracular glee unaccountable in a scientist. And one of the engineers admitted that he had got his figures, in connection with an alternative proposal which would favor the coal operators, from the coal operators.

Instead of the proposed maximums of a solid bench* width of 60 feet on a slope of 30 degrees, the operators almost unanimously asked for a solid bench of 175 feet on a slope of 35 degrees. At least one of them suggested regulations that, under cross-examination, proved to be not only more lenient than the ones proposed, but more lenient than the ones already in effect.

There was in the statements and questions of the coal company attorneys, and in the testimony of the operators, the unmistakable implication that anything can be justified by profit; that a man may own the land in the same sense in which he would own a piece of furniture or a suit of clothes; it is his to exploit, misuse or destroy altogether should he decide that to do so would be economically feasible. The question of the morality of any practice, for these men, has been completely replaced by the question of its profitability: if it makes money it is good; if it makes money for *them* they are doomed and eager to defend it. Evident in the testimony of some was the assumption that the steep mountain sides, now being ruined on an almost unbelievable scale and at great speed, are good for nothing else.

In short, the strategy of the coal companies was simply to ignore or redefine the issue. The issue, so far as the division was concerned, was to determine how much control there should be. The coal companies hardly bothered to deal with that question. The issue they persisted in raising and speaking to was whether or not there should be any control at all.

At the close of the hearing one of the company lawyers rose to offer the "assurance" that, though the operators are working for profit, they do not wish to do so at the expense of the public welfare, or the welfare of their neighbors. They're concerned about the economic factor, he said, because they operate on a narrow margin of profit. There are a lot of irresponsible people in the coal business, he admitted, but he predicted reassuringly that those irresponsibiles will bring about their own failure. He did not explain this process; presumably they will be dealt with by the same just and unerring Fate that so effectively deletes irresponsibility from the legal profession.

If the formalities and quibblings of the hearing room tended to diminish the urgency of the strip-mining problem, if the rebuttal of the coal companies seemed to imply that the issue of control was extremely debatable and surrounded by doubts, one had only to travel for a few hours on the back roads of East Kentucky to acquire a knowledge that would show the coal companies' self-justifications to be not only arrogant but vicious—and the division's proposals to be mild.

Standing at the edge of the bench of a new strip mine on the mountain in back of the coal camp of Hardburley, one can look down into a narrow cove at a house which might reasonably serve as model and emblem of the predicament of the whole region. As mountain houses go, this is an exceptionally good one. It has been well cared for. There is a neat grassy yard with a hedge fence, and a garden. The slope above it has been planted in young pines—undoubtedly with the help of the federal reforestation program. One can see, even from the height of the mine bench, that a man has taken a proud stand there, has put into the place the long and dear investment of his attention and love and work and hope; that because of the expenditure of himself there he has come to be in that place what he would not have come to be in any other place on earth. And one cannot stand there looking down without some sense of the great value, the great human potential—beyond profit making and productivity, and all our other fashionable and belittling sociological measures—of that man's response to the demands and attractions of that place.

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* The "solid bench" is the horizontal plane of the cut in the mountainside.

But overhanging the house on three sides is the spoil bank of the mine. When I was there—in dry weather, soon after the cut had been opened—the spoil was already beginning to slide. The rest of the story is sorrowfully predictable. As soon as the winter rains have soaked the ground, great masses of muddy spoil will begin to flow down the slope toward the house, destroying the timber and all the life of the mountainside as it comes. Since there is no natural law that protects the plantings and buildings of men, it is probable that the descending spoil will eventually destroy the stand of young pines, the garden, the yard and the house itself. Or if the slide stops short of the house, the acid water from the opened coal seam will get into the well and make it unfit to use. It will pollute and kill the stream in the crease of the cove; where it once ran clear and glittering over the rocks it will begin to slide over a residue of mine filth, yellow, greasy-looking, stinking, utterly dead. Waters farther down will be polluted in their turn. And following the pollution will come the rubble and mud, filling up the stream beds, increasing the hazard of floods, destroying the health and the beauty of whole valleys. If the man of the house is not forced to move out of the danger of the sliding spoil, if in spite of all he chooses to stay, then he will live in a place as ugly and desolate as a city dump — the place, his life in relation to it, his hopes, his work, all as utterly destroyed as if bombed. And what then will his dreams be, and his hopes? How will he live then without a bitterness that will corrode and destroy him—and that none might dare hope would destroy only him?

Or one might drive up the valley road along Clear Creek at the foot of the same mountain—feeling the quietness and pleasantness of the pretty valley, and then coming aware of the presence in the tributary coves of the gray looming masses of spoil; coming aware that one is entering a doomed place—to see the story's end, not in prediction, but in fact: a house literally swept from the mountainside by a flow of mud and rubble from a spoil bank. And below the house, seeing the sterile earth and rock and splintered timber already cramming in to choke the little stream that runs there, one realizes that through its comely valley Clear Creek already runs as dead as a sewer.

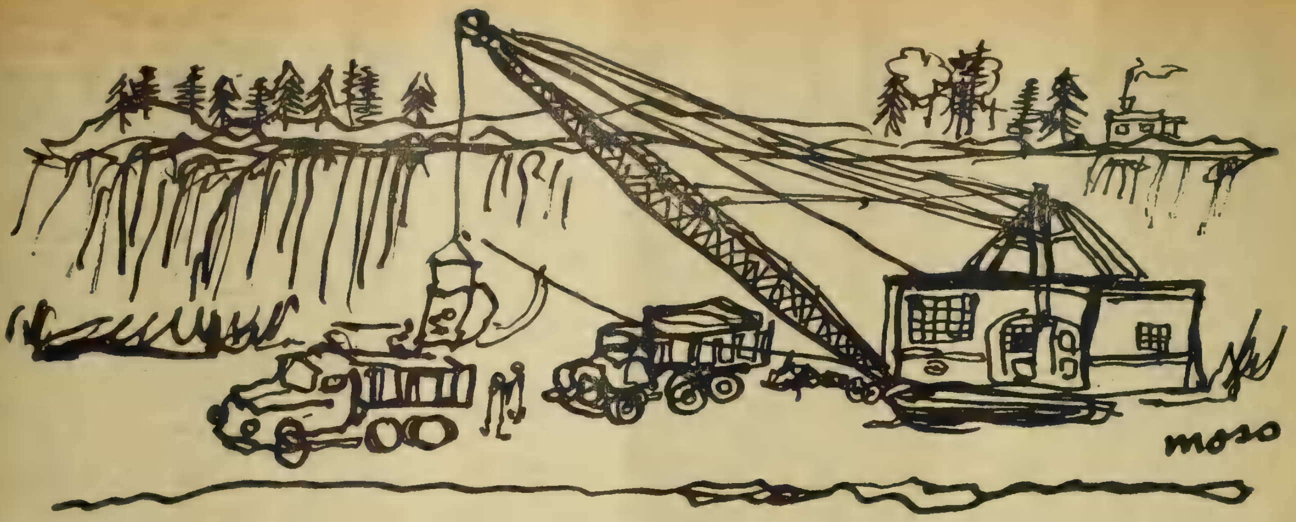
Or one can travel the Little Shepherd Trail, recently built along the backbone of Pine Mountain to attract tourists to see the natural beauty of Kentucky. But even there if one wishes to specialize in natural beauty one dare not look to the east, for on that side, paralleling the Trail for many miles, the most prominent feature of the scenery is a huge strip-mine scar in the side of Big Black Mountain. After one looks to the east the mountains to the west will seem to stand precariously in the same storm light that surrounds the bison and the whooping crane. To look east is to receive the poison of a doom that one did not expect at all to come upon in the woods.

Most of the mineral rights in the Kentucky mountains were bought up sixty or so years ago, long before present mining practices had become imaginable, for as little as $1 an acre. If the price were all that was objectionable in those transactions, that alone would be cause to suspect any good intentions ever professed by the coal companies. But that is far from all.

Most of these purchases were legalized by deeds which conveyed, in addition to the ownership of the mineral, the right to build such roads, tipples, pit openings, etc., as would be necessary to remove the mineral from the property. The Kentucky courts—for reasons that may safely be left to the imagination—have until now held that this right implies the right to strip mine a person's farm or tract of timber without further payment. In other words, the surface rights on a piece of property, the mineral rights of which are held by a coal company, are now virtually worthless. At any time it pleases, the company may overturn the surface and whatever is on it—timber, croplands, buildings, roads, graveyards — without paying compensation or damages. And the point is not that this is legally possible, but that it is *being done*. Now, in the mountains of East Kentucky, it is common practice. The following complaint, printed in *The Hazard Herald* on September 30, is not unique, but typical:

> *. . . they brought a scraper and pushed red dog from the road over into my garden and yard. When I got after them about this, they promised to get the red dog off my property and to replace my fence. My fence and fence posts are still lying flat on the ground where they left them. . . . One of their bulldozer operators unloaded his bulldozer right in the edge of my yard, drove it over a weeping willow tree that was about fifteen feet tall, breaking the tree off level with the ground. The men . . . told me that this . . . operator had been shell shocked in the war so he didn't know any better. So one cannot help wondering if all of these men have been shell shocked as none of them seems to have any respect for the other man's property. Next, the culvert at Jack's Branch was stopped up, by mud, rocks, and trees . . . and flooded my barn, my pig pen, washed away a large stack of lumber, and washed out my chicken lot.*
>
> *You can call their representative about all of this, and he tells you he has nothing to do with it. . . . Finally I managed to get a couple of calls through to this operator, but he practically makes fun of me for trying to get him to take care of the damage he has done to my property. I wonder what this man would do if someone treated him in the way he has treated me.*

When the hearing was being held at Frankfort, a number of boulders (as large, it was estimated, as 60 tons) were allowed to roll off the bench of a strip mine into the vicinity of homes; three families were forced to move out for a time to avoid the danger. No warning had been given. (An officer of the com-



pany whose mine this was, testifying in Frankfort, said that it was "possible" that such incidents might have taken place, but he could not "remember" that any had.) At about the same time similar boulders were rolled across a county road at a time when a school bus might have been passing, again without any warning to anybody. One afternoon a housewife discovered, only by accident, that a blast was to be set off in a strip mine immediately above a road which a school bus would soon be traveling, and was able to call the principal in time for the children to be kept at school until the danger had passed.

The mining companies, then, have made it abundantly clear that they will destroy anything, they will stop at nothing, so long as the result can be inked in black on their accounting sheets. They have been abetted by the mischief and greed of local officials, by public indifference, by state paralysis, by federal cross-purposes and confusion. Against them there has been only a local organization of small landowners, The Appalachian Group to Save the Land and the People, headed by Leroy Martin of Hazard.

It has become plain that if there is to remain any hope at all for the region, strip mining, at least in its present methods, will have to be stopped. Otherwise, all the federal dollars devoted to the region's poor will have the same effect as rain pouring on an uprooted plant. To recover good hope and economic health the people need to have their land whole under their feet. And much of their land, seemingly beyond the reach of the bemused and fumbling powers that might have saved it, has already been destroyed.

To destroy a forest or an ecology or a species is an act of greater seriousness than we have perhaps yet grasped, and it is perhaps of graver consequence. But given even a comparatively short time, these destructions will mend. The forest will grow back, the natural balances will be restored, the ecological gap left by the destroyed species will be filled by another species. But to destroy the earth itself is to destroy all the possibilities of the earth, among them the possibility of recovery. The land destroyed by strip mining is destroyed forever; it will never again be what it was; it will never be what it would have become if let alone. Such destruction — which can now be accomplished on a vast scale by a few men in a short time—makes man a parasite upon the source of his life; it implicates him in the death of the earth, the destruction of his meanings. Those men who send the bulldozer blades into the mountainsides bear the awesome burden of responsibility for an act that no one can fully comprehend, much less justify.

And though violence to the earth must seem in the long view to be the gravest of their offenses, one is no less troubled by their violence to justice. For do not all our rights have as their ultimate expression and meaning the right of a man to be secure in his own home? When this right is no longer defended by any power greater than himself, his days begin to come to him by accident, in default of whatever caprice of power may next require his life. When the possessions and households of citizens are no longer honored by the acts, as well as the principles, of their government, then the concentration camp ceases to be one of the possibilities of human nature and becomes one of its likelihoods.

The new strip-mine legislation that Governor Breathitt is asking the 1966 legislature to pass would, according to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, "come close to making the coal companies leave the land in the shape they found it." It would require that, in mining operations on steep slopes, the overburden be piled back in the cut, rather than pushed down the mountainside; it would promote an interstate strip-mining compact to create uniform controls among the states; it would stop damage to private property, and in other ways limit the surface destruction.

Today, before the enactment, and enforcement, of this legislation, some skepticism is still in order, but one must be encouraged by the apparent willingness of the Governor to risk measures based on an honest evaluation of the need. The new bills, if they are not so strict as some might have liked, are nevertheless more strict than might have been expected. They are too strict, they too willingly risk a bitter fight and the making of powerful enemies, to be merely a gesture. And so, in a state where political conflicts tend to be purely political, these bills give reason to begin to hope.

What is particularly hopeful about them is that they seem to be an effort by the state to pre-empt its own political and moral ground. If they are passed and enforced, we may be spared the necessity of a federal solution. And that—in a time when the federal government is often not only the ultimate authority but also the most immediate—is a most pleasing prospect.

No one, I think, welcomes the intervention of federal power in the affairs of a state, except as a last resort. That seems the crudest of solutions. It is not a moral solution at all. In being forced to do what is right, men lose the dignity of being right. The right itself is debased as an aim and incentive.

A state solution to the strip-mining problem is, of course, less desirable than a personal solution. One wishes that the *persons* who own the mineral rights and run the mines had taken for themselves the prerogative of responsible and just behavior. If they had been willing to govern themselves strictly enough, it seems unlikely that they would now face the prospect of *being* strictly governed. But a state solution is, by the same token, more desirable than a federal one. The closer to home the correction is made, the better it is—the more moral it is.

Mining interests will, as a matter of course, bitterly oppose the new laws. They can be expected to argue, as they have before, that further controls will seriously impair the coal economy, and that to impair the coal economy will be to impair the economy of the state. Their moral poverty is shown by the fact that this, their principal argument, has already been publicly discredited. It is now generally known that, while their profits are enormous, their contribution to the state's economy is small. Their property taxes, for instance, are notoriously low, and Kentucky has not imposed a severance tax. That in the last three-quarters of a century coal worth billions of dollars has been mined in East Kentucky, with the result that the region is now a "depressed area," ought to testify sufficiently to the real nature of the coal industry's contribution to the state's economy.

Another danger, not so much to the passage of the legislation as to its ultimate effectiveness and meaning, may lie in the idea of "control." There is a possibility that the legislation can have its fullest meaning only as an intermediate step, leading toward a law that will abolish strip mining altogether. Nagging at the hope aroused by the Governor's bills is the fear that the idea of controlled destruction may be as much a rationalization, as potentially a delusion, as the idea of limited war.

Still another danger is the possibility that the proposed laws will be looked on simply as a local solution to a local problem. Their importance seems to me to be much greater than that. They represent what may be the most advanced effort on the part of a state to deal with the problem of strip mining. But more significantly, they are part of an effort, still young and faltering, to correct our abuses of the earth. They are part of an awareness that the earth belongs not only to us but to our children. They take a stand against a crippling and peculiarly modern discrepancy between power and principle, the predicament of men whose use of the most powerful machines is governed by a morality that would be barely adequate to the use of a team of mules. The strip-mine issue brings to light only one of many monstrous possibilities created by the selfish use of principle—which is to say, contempt for principle—and by a moral climate in which a man can be, without discomfort to his conscience, *only* a coal operator, or only a doctor or only a general.

In attempting to control the local activities of a few men, Governor Breathitt and his supporters have become, in fact if not by intention, the opponents of a widespread and widely respected set of attitudes toward life and toward the earth: the assumptions, inherited from the frontier, that the natural world is an enemy to be conquered and exploited, and that its riches are inexhaustible; the identification of economic license with political freedom, and the corollary that a free man is somehow morally obligated to get rich, his worth directly proportionate to his wealth; the willingness to be subsidized by posterity, to become rich at the world's expense.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

Siglo XXI. There is hope, then, that there will be a Spanish edition of *Pedro Martinez.* And if *The Children of Sánchez* created an uproar, *Pedro Martinez* may produce an earthquake.

M. Tejada

Adequate counsel

New York City

Dear Sirs: I sympathize with Margaret A. Fellows' defense of the memory of Emanuel Bloch, attorney for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg (letters column, *The Nation*, Dec. 27). It usually serves no purpose to slur anyone's memory, especially of one who, like Bloch, went through so much agony in a fight against overwhelming odds.

However, Fred J. Cook, in his review of *Invitation to an Inquest* makes a valid point; as the trial minutes in the Rosenberg case show, *Gold was not cross-examined.* It is incredible to any attorney versed in the trial of criminal cases that this should have occurred. Contrary to what Miss Fellows states, cross-examination of a witness does not depend on whether you have evidence which will contradict the testimony given by the witness. The purpose of cross-examination is to attack the witness' credibility. Since Gold left the stand without being cross-examined, the jury was permitted to believe that Gold's story was true. . . .

Although we cannot undo the Rosenberg result, we must understand that every defendant needs adequate counsel, not *any* counsel. This understanding is of prime importance today in view of the trend to provide indigent defendants with counsel paid by government. Such counsel should be experienced, independent, and possessed of the necessary determination to fight for their clients. Otherwise, we shall continue to witness the conviction and punishment of innocent people.

Samuel B. Waterman
Attorney at Law

Right to petition

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your readers might be interested to know of the difficulties I have encountered in trying to circulate the Freedom House petition, which supports the American commitment in Vietnam, at the New School for Social Research where I am a part-time student. . . . The New School just plain forbids me to collect signatures for this petition in its lobby, although analogous privileges plus the use of meeting rooms are generously bestowed upon the New School Radical Union and the New School Committee to End the War in Vietnam. . . . Currently I am pinning my hopes on the Civil Liberties Union, which has kindly interested itself in this matter, to restore the New School to the path of righteousness.

Jules Sandock

BARBARA POWERS

She Married a Sky Spy . . . . **David Cort**

The celebrated case of the U-2 pilot, Francis Gary Powers, shot down near Sverdlovsk in the Urals, could certainly not be closed until we heard what Powers' divorced wife had to say. This critical lacuna has now been filled by a paperback called *Spy Wife*, by Barbara Gay Moore Powers and W. W. Diehl (Pyramid, 60c).

Absurd, ignominious and barely readable though this true confession is, it also gives us some backdoor information, which we must appreciate, about the style of the Central Intelligence Agency, and the people it hires, not to speak of their families. From a moderately pretty and commonplace Georgia girl we ought to be able to read the truth, if we learn how to read her.

And so, what sort of girl is Barbara? She is the product of a representative Georgia family. Her mother, who is a matron in the Milledgeville mental hospital, has had four husbands: #1 disappeared, #2 died of a heart attack, #3 an alcoholic, was committed to the asylum, #4 also an alcoholic and also committed, was released. When the U-2 case broke, it meant to her primarily that her son-in-law was a $30,000-a-year man; she began spending on that scale, and got violent about it. Later, the family followed its magic formula by committing Barbara for alcoholism. However Barbara, who can type 160 words a minute, is not stupid and was out in five weeks. Her problem was not only alcohol; it was, she said, that her mother could outdrink her. Barbara looks on liquor as high style; her mother is more Georgian about it.

Powers, whom Barbara married while he was an Air Force lieutenant, apparently had no problems. Originally a shy farm boy, he was accomplished in archery, skin diving, tennis, bowling, hunting and speleology—a natural athlete. If we can believe Barbara, he never told her — after he joined Lockheed, fronting for the CIA—what he was doing. Eventually he offered her the cover story of "weather reconnaissance." This fact tells a good deal about both his taciturnity and his conjugal love.

Barbara's character comes out in her memoir style: of her wedding night, "Lordy, but how that Ridge Runner of mine could make love!"; after a miscarriage, "Gary was demanding my body within four days"; of the Parthenon, "its 48 [there are 46] great columns are thrilling to behold," and other dutiful tourist raptures. The Russians allowed her three hours alone with Powers in his cell. She says that under the pretense of holding hands they scribbled coded CIA messages on each other's palms. (This sounds preposterous, but how could anyone invent such nonsense?) A moment later, she says, she was naked ("stark," naturally) and they brought it off three times in the allotted three hours, doubtless scribbling code meanwhile on each other's anatomies. Back in the United States, the CIA's main line of interrogation was to determine that she was sure the man she had seen was Powers.

A good deal of *Spy Wife* is given to repleading her case at the divorce, and in a few years these passages will bore even Barbara. They may interest her mother's town of Milledgeville, where the bystanders included the late Flannery O'Connor whose fictional version of that society is in no way contradicted here.

At the end Barbara says that her secondary aim, after defending her fair name, is to expose "the highly questionable machinations" of the CIA. In support of this aim, she cites *The Nation* several times. The impression does come through that the CIA habitually acts with dreamy extravagance and summary haste. On May 6, 1960, five days after Powers' capture, two CIA men appeared at his wife's trailer in Adana, Turkey, at 5 A.M. and bundled her off (with a broken leg) to America. The CIA supplied the U-2 group with the "best houses" in Adana, described by Barbara as hovels, then with 50-foot house trailers. The group was forbidden to associate with other Americans, and thus entertained one another at unending cocktail parties. A C-47 was always available to fly the wives all over the Eastern world. Powers, when caught, was equipped with a poison needle in a silver dollar in case he felt like committing suicide. (He isn't the type.) When Powers was released, the CIA hid him out, first at the CIA-staffed Ashford Farms near Bellevue, Md., for twenty-four days, then whisked him with Barbara over the countryside in convoy, telling them to duck to the floor when passing through villages. At Powers' divorce, a CIA man was in court to nod permission to Powers to answer questions.

The CIA's every action breathes decision but not thought. What it needs is somebody who can think second or third thoughts.

Beyond this, one may wonder whether America typically produces espionage types who are not also automatic security risks. The college wild men, the check bouncers, the remittance men have not been accepted and tamed here, as they have in England. Actors and public relations men might be suitable for some CIA functions, but in America they prefer their careers. Perhaps a promising CIA crop is now being nurtured in the beatniks, after they calm down, or rev up. Perhaps the CIA should be taken over bodily by the high-pressure news magazines, with special assignments for *True* and *Playboy*. I wish I could solve the agency's personnel problem, but I doubt that espionage is a national talent.

Of course, Powers was not a spy; he was a mechanic and, so saying, James Donovan was able to negotiate the exchange of one true spy, Rudolph Abel, for three Americans, including Powers. Donovan flew home with Powers on February 10, 1962, and has this to say: "Powers was a special type. People at home had been critical of his performance. . . . Yet in charity, suppose you wished to recruit an American to sail a shaky espionage glider over hostile Russia. . . . Powers was a man who, for adequate pay, would do it, and as he passed over Minsk, would calmly reach for a salami sandwich."

Aside from the fact that the sandwich was Spam, pimiento and tuna fish, many men would settle for that much of an apostrophe.

David Cort is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Pathology of Undevelopment

THE FERMENT OF REALISM: American Literature, 1884-1919. By Warner Berthoff. The Free Press. 330 pp. $5.95.

Sherman Paul

This book, the first in a seven-volume history of American literature, is a remarkable essay in literary history. It has what Mr. Berthoff, in discussing the literature of argument, considers the classic qualities of the arts: "original perception, compositional intelligence, and concordant style." Its intellectual performance is sustained and will delight those who, already moderately informed about the literature and history of the period, take pleasure in discrimination and judgment and elegant formulation. From Henry James, the most complete and accomplished writer of the period, Mr. Berthoff has learned the requisites of art and criticism, and while he tests for the one, he practices the other, showing himself to be, as he says of James, "exactly discriminating in judgment [and] steadily perceptive in defining the virtue and limitation of individual cases."

His book surmounts most of the difficulties (and tediousness) of this loose genre by being literary history in a precise sense. Artfully composed of individual cases, it is a history of formal achievement or, better, a celebration of the moments in our history of artistic mastery. Mr. Berthoff characterizes writers and defines their artistic (formal and moral) success and failure. In reassessing the work of Twain's last years he indicates his rule: ". . . there is little point in making false claims for the writings conveying it [the spectacle of Twain's compassion and anguish]. They belong, surely, to the tortuous natural history of the American spirit but not to the creative record of American literature."

The literary moments are few—that is the lesson of this history and, if treated as rigorously, probably of the remainder of our history. The landscape is as bleak as that surveyed by Van Wyck Brooks, only the reason is to be found less in the pressures of a hostile environment than in deficiencies of craftsmanship and moral insight. Berthoff is as concerned as Brooks with the failure of American writers, but where Brooks inveighed in their behalf and gave them a usable past and a sense of the literary life, Mr. Berthoff instructs them in the requirements of high literature and sets before them, when our history permits, the masters who, for him as for Eliot in the essay on tradition and the individual talent, are permanently available teachers. (This, incidentally, is a principle guiding his sense of continuities.) His judgment of most of the period is contained in a remark on the literary nationalism of magazines like *The Seven Arts* and the pre-twenties *Dial* which, he notes, did not speak "so clearly for new standards of judgment and performance" as their European counterparts: "It is an appealing faith, but it was not one by which writers were likely to get their proper practical education and come into their mature growth."

Like many critics before him, Berthoff is troubled by this conspicuous problem of nurture. He says of Ellen Glasgow, for example, that "what once seemed an exemplary career in the service of a steadily maturing art now presents itself as one more monotonous case history in the pathology of American undevelopment"; of Willa Cather, that "she matured late and hardened early, in the American fashion"; of Frost, that he cherished his personal and technical individuality at the expense of "another kind of development that can best be described as imaginative and moral." His touchstone of the middlebrow writer, a new phenomenon then, is a "thoroughly parasitic" regard for craft, an "underprovided" imagination. His summary judgment of such critics as Babbitt, More and Brownell is that none of their work "contributed much to the effort of the significant artists and writers of the period. . . ." Mr. Berthoff does not look to any special virtue of the American soil, as the literary nationalists did, for the necessary nourishment, and his endorsement of expatriation, formally completing the argument and design of his book, is an endorsement of education. The young writers—as if having come to the conclusion of this book—seek out the masters and critics who can teach them their craft. (In his previous book, *The Example of Melville*, Mr. Berthoff pursues this end.)

Mr. Berthoff's judgments are strict and tend to depress the desire one has to read the many books his own genuine gusto for literature has led him to read. One assents to a comment made in connection with James: "The demands the few greatly creative writers make on our attention, and the rewards they offer, are so remarkable and so continuous that their lesser contemporaries are lucky to be commemorated at all." By using the lesser contemporaries as foils, Mr. Berthoff commemorates them. By assigning places, he adds to their ranks: Howells, for compromising his themes; Herrick, for his condescension and irritation ("peculiar disorders of the dispossessed superior man of modern times"); Norris, for a style which, he says, "is as if Cole Porter had written novels"; Wharton, for punishing her characters. Given a higher place than that usually accorded them are Lafcadio Hearn, "a maker of verbal shapes and forms," in whose writing "we sense his hold upon a wider literary culture and also a more discriminating feeling for style than in almost any other American of his time"; Sarah Jewett, whose *The Country of the Pointed Firs* "marks the crystallization of the broad undifferentiated impulse toward realism in America into the durable forms of an objectively valid art"; Henry Adams, whose *Esther* "Howells, for all his rumination about 'moral complicity,' could not have written . . . in a hundred years"; Stephen Crane, for his "irresistible authority" as a visionary writer; Dreiser, for introducing "a new seriousness and authenticity into American realism"; Robinson, for having "the foremost talent in American poetry between Whitman and Eliot." Those already securely placed re-earn their places under critical scrutiny: Twain, James, Frost. And—it is the most notable and original thing about the book—writers of the literature of argument are judged by the same literary standards and given the prominent place their achievements deserve: Veblen, William James, Henry Adams. (Dewey, "a remarkably careless writer," is not rated highly.)

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One might feel that the concentration on literary essentials rather than historical circumstances results in a lack of thickness. But there is considerable history here, not only in the opening chapter (the least notable) but everywhere, because the close treatment of themes opens into history in the most sensitive way. The discussion of Dreiser's "middle-placed floaters" (Lester Kane in *Jennie Gerhardt*) is an exemplary case in point. Then, the wide education needed by the critic who sets about *placing* secures those relevancies that give depth to the book. The present is a constant dimension. "Churchill," we are told, "could tell his conventional story as efficiently as could, say, James Gould Cozzens a generation later, and with a distinctly pleasanter wit"; history, H.R. Trevor-Roper notwithstanding, should be written in the grand manner. Yeats measures Frost, as the great Europeans measure their American contemporaries. Henry Brewster is introduced to prefigure the present sensibility. Twain is linked with another "artist-performer," Charlie Chaplin; Poe keeps appearing in the discussions of Bierce, Hearn and Crane; and other threads of continuity are suggested — most brilliantly in the case of Emerson and William James, and in the treatment of Robinson's *wordiness*. Mr. Berthoff speaks of his "piecemeal chronicle," but provides all the unity he needs when, in passing, he mentions "that passion for interior truthfulness which since Emerson and Poe has remained the central formal motive in all our practice of the arts."

The only large flaw in the book is the brief final chapter, which seems to me too sweeping and unsupported in its judgments. The period did not come to an end so simply. Expatriation was, of course, sometimes undertaken for the purposes of art education but, more often, as a repudiation of politics. There were "schools" at home: "291," *Others*, *The Dial*. It is not just to say that the "best prospective members [of a national school] abruptly turned away," for some stayed, poets like Crane and Williams, critics like Rosenfeld and Wilson, who even at home learned from the masters. And it is unfair, as also in the case of Babbitt and More, to consider criticism in a way so restricted that its role in creating intellectual situations (from which artists benefit) counts for nothing. Perhaps the volume that follows will modify these judgments—judgments which in no way detract from my belief that Mr. Berthoff is one of the few historians of our literature who have thoroughly and finely possessed it.

The Knack of Doing Double Duty

THE OLD GLORY. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 194 pp. $4.95.

Alexander Laing

This trilogy of short plays, spotted across two centuries, is a speculation upon the harshness with which representative Americans behave under stress. There is no other unifying resemblance between the protagonists. Governor John Endecott, in the 1630s, asserts the force of the state. Robin, a fictional Deerfield youth, carries in 1775 only the power of his cudgel. Captain Amasa Delano resorts, in 1800, to the armaments of his private ship. Their behavior is symbolically unified by the use of flags at the climaxes and through a deepening ambivalence of motive.

Robert Brustein's preface, adapted from his review of the original production a year ago, claims that *The Old Glory* "heralds the arrival not just of a brilliant new dramatist but of one who may very well come to revolutionize the American theater." It would be a glory indeed if, in the pattern of Marlowe or Molière, a poet could reinvigorate our vacuous stage. Jonathan Miller abets this hope when he refers in a separate note to Robert Lowell's "rich proposals" during rehearsals, "all pointing the way to some unprecedented reward of new drama." But Miller, British director of the New York production, admits that the "grand design" was "seriously damaged" when the first play had to be jettisoned before the opening night. This play, *Endecott and the Red Cross*, presumably is now printed with the benefit of many doctorings in rehearsal to which Miller alludes. It still has structural flaws that pose

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a mournful question: does a poet who may revolutionize our theatre assume that a work which he has not yet made playable is good enough to be read? Is he returning us toward the condition he might amend, an admitted distinction between workable theatre and dramatic verse?

For 2,000 years, poetry was the normal utterance of playwrights. Old verse plays have persisted as the surest staples of the commercial theatre, even while new ones of the last century or two have been relegated more and more often to the condescension of closet audiences. We know that a deft versifier with a good sense of dramaturgy (Maxwell Anderson) can meet the competition of Broadway; a fine poet (Robinson Jeffers) can give new voice to the supplied structure of a play already famous. The question now is whether we can hope to see again the artist who creates as poet and playwright both, who—rather than restate a greatness provided—can by his own invention raise traditional material to a loftier dramatic utterance, in a new shape. Can we have this hope of Lowell? Miller cut his curtain raiser because it has "too many scenes of ritual festivity with long passages of contemplative recitative." To put it candidly, Governor Endecott displays his mind to the audience by addressing a series of stooges. One of them, Elder Palfrey, belatedly objects:

> *You are talking statecraft. This is over my head.*

Exactly. The line itself is the playwright's on-stage apology for having committed much too much contemplative recitative, the dismal sin of plays done for the academic "poet's theatre."

The retention of a free audience, even in the Theatre of the Absurd, requires a continuous perceptible alteration—in the relationship between players, or within a single player who, like Prometheus or Krapp, is pitted alone against circumstance. An admiring director's difficulty with Lowell's first play evidently proceeded from the manner in which it merely shuttles back and forth between two static conditions: soliloquy and choreography.

Endecott and the Red Cross takes its name from one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales;* its content comes mainly from another, "The Maypole at Merrymount" and from Thomas Morton's chaotic *New English Canaan* of 1637. Morton was the proprietor of a gaily pagan settlement which lasted only as long as you might think in the back yard of New England puritanism. Hawthorne's Governor Endecott closely defines his independence from Archbishop Laud by cutting only the red cross of the state church out of England's flag, then calls for a flourish "in honor of the ensign of New England" as he waves the remainder. Lowell's Endecott cuts down the entire flag, kicks it, and at once orders the murder of his inoffensive Indian captives—a hint, in collapsed time, that full independence will foster a cruel contempt for old legal safeguards.

This first play, derived from three overlapping sources, gave Lowell his freest chance to create his own dramatic structure; yet in this it is notably weak. His dramatic inventiveness operates to far better effect in the second play, *My Kinsman, Major Molineux*, based upon the provided, finely dramatic structure of Hawthorne's single narrative. Hawthorne carefully underplays the drama and enhances the mystery as Robin, aged 18, enters Boston by ferry in the evening, seeking the preferment that an affluent uncle can bestow within a system of privilege. His inquiries are met by truculence and mockery until the reason emerges in a lurid climax. The Bostonians themselves were seeking out Robin's Tory kinsman, who suddenly is drawn around a corner, tarred and feathered. As the mob jeers its anguished victim, in both story and play, Robin emerges from his horror to laugh loudest of all.

Holding closely to details of Hawthorne's main dramatic movement, Lowell admirably displays the dramatist's knack of making them do double duty. There is a hint of Charon in the ferryman who vanishes early out of Hawthorne's tale; Lowell brings him back at the climax to act as Charon in fact. Robin is given, in the play, a younger brother who experiences the bafflements with a difference. The boys' talk, far better managed than Endecott's harangues at his audience-surrogates, replaces much of Hawthorne's narration. There are evocative new symbols such as the proliferating rattlesnake flag. Hawthorne's last inference is strengthened: that the young seeker of privilege will be able, in the new order, to rise by native wit.

On paper, this is emphatically the best drama of the three.

The structure of Lowell's third play is taken more selectively from another single original, Herman Melville's morose novella, *Benito Cereno*, which lately has been sequestered by some of its academic explicators in weird shoals of guff. Its chief oddity, a clutter of redundant legal documentation embedded near the end, can be explained simply enough. A superbly talented writer, in the sharp decline of his fortunes, was hacking for *Putnam's Magazine* when he wrote it, at $5 a page. He wearily padded out his third magazine installment by copying word for word, with necessary minor changes, a large part of the 20 pages of depositions with which Amasa Delano sought to validate the peculiar story he told in Chapter XVIII of his 1817 *Narrative*.

Robert Lowell concludes his play in time to ignore all of this, and uses the action in Melville sparingly. Again a contrapuntal character, John Perkins, is newly invented to develop the protagonist's qualities. Much of the dialogue has no relation to anything in the source. The playwright is beginning to free himself. The manner and the reason deserve attention because the sense of Hawthorne's stories can translate directly into a sympathetic contemporary relevance, whereas Melville's is a pattern of splendors and crudities adding up to a moral disaster. I see no evidence that Lowell, in amending its inferences, went back on this occasion to the primary source for dramatic verities that Melville reversed.

The historic Captain Delano, visiting a disabled Spanish ship at a remote anchorage, was puzzled by her captain's reticence. As Delano pushed off, Don Benito leaped down into the boat to reveal that he had been the intimidated captive of his Negro "body servant," Muri. (In the original account, Melville combined Muri the "body-servant" and Babo the ringleader of the revolt, into a single character, further developed by Lowell.) Captain Delano dispatched his mate with a boarding party to retake the slave ship from the slaves who had risen under Babo. In maritime law, the ship and surviving slaves now belonged, on shares, to the American crew. Delano nevertheless gave her back to Don Benito, who then sought to cheat his benefactors of even the small fee asked for their services and their wounds. An upright Spanish judge frustrated him.

Melville turns the scoundrelly slaver, Don Benito, into a gentle figure of pathos. He makes the heroic slaves into crafty beasts. His kindest image is animalistic: a woman like a doe with her fawn at breast, its hands "two paws." The ship's defenders' "red tongues lolled, wolf-like, from their black mouths. But the pale sailors' teeth were set." When this was written the Dred Scott case was creeping to a climax. Lowell gives his Delano some of Melville's less virulent phrases concerning Negroes. The stage business is rich in new invention, but the vigor of Melville's appalling tale is lost. Don Benito's dramatic leap becomes a limp speech:

> *Don't you understand? He has been holding a knife at my back.*

The mate and some seamen were severely wounded, in the primary account, by Negroes who fought with "desperate courage." Lowell gives us a stylized mowing down of Negroes by whites. The prototype of Babo in the prior versions was tried and hanged ashore. Lowell's Delano shoots his Babo six times with an anachronistic revolver.

This third play, while inferior in several respects to the fully successful second one, is more complex and original; the moral point, stressed by Delano and inverted by Melville, dwindles to a wry inference.

A comment, finally, is due upon the praise directed toward Lowell for his Jamesian sense of the past, as well as for the poetry of his lines. Here the frequent anachronisms, which I suppose are intended, present a problem. Few readers will care that Samuel Colt has not yet been born when Delano (who in the real fight killed nobody) slaughters Babo with a six-shooter. More will sense a false note in "a beautiful but dumb English actress . . . looked like a 'moron.'" Lowell seems in his mixed idiom to be trying to generalize time. He succeeds rather more in fragmenting it. It seems to me that a sense of the past is achieved not through mannerisms (*Wouldst thou?*) but from a flawless validity of idiom. I find the times of Aristophanes more believable in the rowdy 20th-century idiom of Dudley Fitts's version of *The Birds* than in any of the austere translations: it creates a time wholly consistent within itself. Lowell ranges from passages of lofty symbolic poetry with an antique flavor—odd in a rough seaman's mouth—to bits of our current slang. His seagoing neighbors could have saved him from such howlers as "sealing spears" and hogsheads of water in a whaleboat. Such lapses, singly, matter no more than stout Cortez on the wrong mountain. When there are too many, as there are here, they nick away at the suspension of disbelief.

On the hopeful side, the very variations within the trilogy indicate a restless experimentation which may culminate in a single major work, of poetry and drama both, if the poet can abandon the unsuccessful parts of his experiment as he proceeds.

To Keep the Pot Boiling

LETTERS FROM JACK LONDON. Edited by King Hendricks and Irving Shepard. The Odyssey Press. 502 pp. $10.

Franklin Walker

This year will see the fiftieth anniversary of Jack London's death in Glen Ellen, as well as the ninetieth anniversary of his birth in San Francisco. Of the fifty volumes he produced during his short writing career, which spanned less than two decades, perhaps a dozen are available to the American buyer in hard-cover and paper editions. In the United States, no complete edition of his writings, popular or scholarly, has appeared, although three such editions have come out in Russia; and in England, The Bodley Head is currently bringing out an admirable series of reprints under the editorship of Arthur Calder-Marshall. While London is available to American readers who wish to survey all of his writing only through libraries and a markedly inflated second-hand book market, he continues to be translated and published abroad more extensively than most American and British writers, past or present. *The Index Translationum*, compiled by the United Nations, has consistently indicated the great vogue of London in such widely differing cultures as Rumania, Sweden and Italy.

Though, since his death he has not had as many readers in America as he has deserved, his life has continued to form the basis for myth, to provide the substance with which to create a folk-hero. The admirably developed Jack London State Park at Glen Ellen is one of the most popular excursion spots in California. In Oakland, Jack London Square, created beside the water front from which Jack used to sail his boats, has become the heart of the city's restaurant business, with neither businessman nor tourist caring a whit whether Jack was a juvenile delinquent or a Marxist who signed his letters with a rubber stamp: "Yours for Revolution." Quite correctly they see him as a rebel with stamina, an Alger boy who made good, a spirited adventurer whose life was as exciting as his books. Both to the popular reader and to the scholar (who has long neglected London) *Letters from Jack London* tells more about the man and the writer than anything which has appeared since London's autobiographical novel, *Martin Eden*, and his "alcoholic memoirs," *John Barleycorn*.

King Hendricks of Utah State University, and Irving Shepard, literary executor of the London estate, have selected approximately 400 letters from the more than 2,000 which are extant in libraries and private hands throughout the country as most representative of London's personality and growth. The great bulk of the letters are taken from the extensive London collection at the Huntington Library. With minor reservations, the choice of letters for the volume has been judicious and the result truly representative. Scholars familiar with the London correspondence will recognize that the heart of many of the major items in the collection—the letters to Mabel Apple-

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garth, Cloudesley Johns, Anna Strunsky and George Sterling—were included by Charmian London in her biography, *The Book of Jack London* (1921). However, Hendricks and Shepard have not only supplied the full texts of these letters, and restored Charmian London's censorship of an important letter to Mabel Applegarth ("if I were a woman I would prostitute myself to all men but that I would succeed"); but they have arranged the letters chronologically, have faithfully retained the original spellings and punctuation (except for obvious typographical errors), and have provided a working modicum of informative rather than interpretive footnotes. Even more to the point, they have drawn from the complete file of the Cloudesley Johns letters, recently purchased by the Huntington Library, from the letters to Anna Strunsky which she generously gave to the library before her death, and from the very important correspondence with George P. Brett of The Macmillan Company. Valuable additions are the letters to George Sterling, used only sparingly by Charmian London, in which London is more relaxed and outspoken than in most of his letters (note, for instance, his glee at being able to bring George a gift from the Solomons of "a clitoris, dried with appurtenances attached and strung on a string for an ear ornament"), his exchange of letters with Sinclair Lewis about buying plots from the latter, and his previously unpublished letters to Bessie London, his first wife, and to his daughter Joan (who later was to write the best biography which has appeared about her father). And there are a host of miscellaneous letters reflecting almost every aspect of London's personality.

As a whole the collection supports the editors' claim of creating "a fairly accurate image of London, his intellectual and physical vigor, his impetuousness, his dreams and doubts and frustrations." For orientation, the reader is supplied with brief chronologies in each of the four sections: "Early Years" (when London was learning to write after returning from the Klondike); "Rise to Fame" (which saw the publication of both *The Call of the Wild* and *The Sea-Wolf*, in addition to adventures in England and Korea); "The Years of the Snark" (principally concerned with London's voyage to the South Seas); and "The Years of the Beauty Ranch" (during which London developed his huge ranch in The Valley of the Moon, saw his elaborate "Wolf House" burn down, and deteriorated physically and as a writer). Most valuable of all aids to the reader, at least to the scholar, is the excellent index which lists not only recipients of letters but references to events, writings and persons within the letters. There are some excellent, informal illustrations. Unfortunately the publishers have not done full justice to the material; the type is good but the binding gives symptoms of breaking easily at the spine and the dust jacket would disgrace a box of Crackerjack.

Among the letters, the later ones often present a very discouraging picture of London in his more bellicose and less happy days. The letters to his divorced wife, Bessie Maddern London, in particular, do nothing to endear the writer to posterity; his repeated use of such epithets to her as a "mere jealous sexually-offended, unmotherly, peasant-minded female" is discouraging, to say the least. And in his letters to his daughter, Joan, though it is evident that he craves her respect and love, he is so given to blustering at her that it is a wonder she even considered visiting him at his Beauty Ranch.

The London that comes through as most interesting, and most attractive, is the younger London talking about his youth, about his adventures, about his reading enthusiasms, and about his writing methods. Among his many activities, there is less stress on his socialism than one would expect, although he mentions this interest occasionally and not infrequently writes to some stranger who has inquired about "the Cause." Perhaps the most telling comments on his attitudes as a Socialist appear in a letter to George Sterling, who had asked him, a month after London's *The War of the Classes* appeared, if he would back financially a Socialist paper which Sterling and a friend wished to start. "It's this way, George: I feel that I have done and am doing a pretty fair share of work for the Revolution. I guess my lectures alone before socialist organizations have netted the Cause a few hundred dollars, and my wounded feelings from the personal abuse of the Capitalist papers ought to be rated at several hundred more. There is not a day passes that I am not reading up on socialism and filing socialist clippings and notes. The amount of work that I in a year contribute to the cause of socialism would earn me a whole lot of money if spent in writing fiction for the market."

As for the writings of Karl Marx, he refers as often to those of Robert Browning, whose dramatic force and optimistic philosophy appealed to him very much as a young man, just as Kipling rather than Hardy was the model for his early writings. He even planned to write a novel to be called "The Flight of the Duchess"; though it was to be laid in contemporary California, he confided to Anna Strunsky that it would have "a similar motive to Browning's," presumably referring to the latter's "The Last Duchess."

Although the first letter in the collection was written in 1898 when London was 22, just back from a highly important winter in the Klondike, there is much in the correspondence that reflects both the misery and the adventure of his childhood and early youth. To Mabel Applegarth, who undeservedly became the prototype for Ruth Morse in *Martin Eden*, he complained bitterly that he had gone without food when he was hungry and had worked since he was 10 to help support the family: "Meat, I was that hungry for it I once opened a girl's basket and stole a piece of meat—a little piece the size of my two fingers. . . . In those days, like Esau, I would have literally sold my birthright for a mess of pottage, a piece of meat." In another mood he confided to Cloudesley Johns his joy at getting away from home and going on his own. "When I was just sixteen I broke loose and went off on my own hook. Took unto myself a mistress of the same age, lived a life of wildest risk in which I made more money in one week than I do in a year now, and then, to escape the inevitable downward drift, broke away from everything and went to sea." And to the editor of *The Youth's Companion* he explained in detail just where the *Tales of the Fish Patrol* were true, just where they were fiction.

The references to his early life are but foretastes of the drama and enthusiasm with which he always greeted experience, including reading and writing books, during his 20s. Almost as soon as he started publishing he struck up an acquaintance (through correspondence) with another writer his own age, Cloudesley Johns, and with Johns he discussed in detail his reading interests, his writing efforts and his contacts with those around him. In these letters he rarely becomes tiresome, practically never strident or blustering. Equally revealing are his letters to Anna Strunsky, a student he met at Stanford shortly before he married Bessie Maddern. It is quite possible that he might have married Anna Strunsky if she had not been Jewish. As it was, he wrote letters to her which show more idealism and a deeper emotional response than his letters to any other woman; he, in fact, collaborated with her in producing *The Kempton-Wace Letters,* in which Anna treated love poetically, while Jack treated it "scientifically."

His fairly quick financial success always seemed to him something of a miracle and the living standard it made possible was sometimes accepted as an aspect of a game, at other times as a dream which might vanish overnight. To Anna Strunsky he confided: "I dined yesterday, on canvasback and terrapin, with champagne sparkling and all manner of wonderful drinks I had never before tasted warming my heart and brain, and I remembered the sordid orgies and carouses of my youth. We were ill-clad, ill-mannered beasts, and the drink was cheap and poor and nauseating. And then I dreamed dreams, and pulled myself out of the slime to canvasback and terrapin and champagne, and learned that it was solely a difference of degree which art introduced into the fermenting."

Though he made more and more money, he spent it faster than he made it. It was not that he was extravagant or profligate; a surprising amount of his earnings went to helping others. He was almost inordinately generous with the people he liked. Typical is his account to Johns of his running expenses when he was just beginning to sell stories. "Christmas is just past. Further, a friend has taken up writing with seven children and an undeveloped ability, which said friend I have been helping to finance. Another, both ankles broken badly some time since. Then my mother . . . got back in her debts and I have just finished straightening her out. . . . And my Mammie Jennie (Negro foster mother) came down upon me . . . for delinquent taxes. Furthermore, within a week I expect my wife to be confined."

The story of London's success as a writer is told most fully in his correspondence with George P. Brett of The Macmillan Company. Brett saw his possibilities early in London's career, and by sympathetic advice and treatment, kept him with Macmillan for the rest of his life, except for a short period when London, to his quick regret, turned to another publisher. It is unfortunate that Brett's letters to London have not been included in this collection, for they show him dealing with London with kindness, good sense and helpfulness, comparable to those displayed by Maxwell Perkins in working with Wolfe and Fitzgerald. There is space here for only one excerpt from London's many letters to Brett. "Of course my hope, once I get on my feet, is not to write prolifically, but to turn out one book, and a good book, a year. Even as it is, I am not a prolific writer. I write very slowly. The reason I have turned out so much is because I have worked constantly, day in and day out, without taking a rest. Once I am in a position, where I do not have to depend upon each day's work to keep the pot boiling for the next day, where I do not have to dissipate my energies on all kinds of hack, where I can slowly and deliberately ponder and shape the best that is in me, then, at that time, I am confident that I shall do big work."

In Defense of Nationality

THE WESTERN HERO: In History and Legend. By Kent Ladd Steckmesser. University of Oklahoma Press. 281 pp. $5.95.

Robert Alan Aurthur

At this very instant a dozen writers of TV Westerns are sitting in Nate-'n-Al's delicatessen in Beverly Hills who should *never* read *The Western Hero: In History and Legend.* It is difficult enough grinding out those endless episodes without learning from Dr. Steckmesser that your profitable dreams have little basis in fact. Nor is it a book for the tender-minded among us who need the legends, indeed profess to live by them, and are soothed by the thought of a time in our recent history, to which so many would like to return, when men were pure, issues simple, and freedom easily attainable by those willing to take direct action.

For example, Dwight D. Eisenhower, himself somewhat of a legend, is quoted as follows by Dr. Steckmesser from a speech delivered in November, 1953: "I was raised in a little town . . . called Abilene, Kansas. We had as our Marshal a man named Wild Bill Hickok. Now that town had a code and I was raised as a boy to prize that code. It was: Meet anyone face to face with whom you disagree. You could not sneak up on him from behind, or do any damage to him, without suffering the penalty of an enraged citizenry. If you met him face to face and took the same risks as he did, you could get away with almost anything, as long as the bullet was in front."

It is surely a coincidence and not a deliberate thrust at our former President that James Butler ("Wild Bill") Hickok is one of the four Western archetypes chosen by Dr. Steckmesser to be studied in depth. Nowhere can the differences between fact and legend be more clearly drawn than in the case of "Wild Bill."

According to Dr. Steckmesser, the truth about Hickok as Marshal of Abilene was that he was a well-known boozer, womanizer, and suspected grafter who operated mainly as a gambler from the Alamo saloon. He *did* shoot a lot of people, some of them known bad men and some innocents, but these acts of violence were usually against other drunks and gamblers whom Hickok shot first and investigated afterward. There is not a single recorded instance of "Wild Bill" (or any other Western "hero," for that matter) ever dueling another gunman in empty, dusty streets as a result of

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Robert Alan Aurthur's name has been attached as writer, editor or producer to many of the best TV shows of the last decade. He is currently adapting The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With the Sea *for the screen.*

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challenge. In fact, it's possible that the only time Hickok *was* challenged, by the notorious Texas desperado, John Wesley Hardin, "Wild Bill" talked his way out over a bottle of champagne.

The author marks the beginning of the Hickok legend at Rock Creek, Neb., in 1858, when at age 21, James Butler (not yet "Wild Bill") was employed by a freighting firm as a teamster and station attendant. A man named McCanles, owed money by the freight company, came one day with two companions (all unarmed) and his 12-year-old son to press the station agent, Horace Wellman, for payment. Dr. Steckmesser, in his extraordinarily well annotated and impressively documented book, describes the scene that followed:

> *As McCanles stood outside the station demanding Wellman's appearance, Hickok fired from behind a curtain in the station and killed him with a single rifle bullet in the heart. When Woods and Gordon* [McCanles's friends] *ran up to the cabin, Hickok again fired and wounded both of them. Woods fell near the station, where Wellman came out and crushed his skull with a hoe. Gordon ran along the Creek until "Doc" Brink, the station stocktender, caught up with him and ended his misery with a shotgun blast. Young Monroe McCanles raced back to the McCanles ranch three miles away and sobbed out his story.*

So much for ". . . (meeting) him face to face and (taking) the same risks. . . ." As for an "enraged citizenry," Hickok, Wellman and Brink were acquitted on pleas of self-defense in a trial overseen by a justice of the peace who later as county treasurer was arrested for embezzlement. Young Monroe was not allowed to testify.

The distortion of the McCanles affair was begun immediately by Hickok himself who attempted a partial justification by falsely claiming McCanles to be a Confederate conspirator. After the Civil War the incident, Dr. Steckmesser tells us, ". . . was later resurrected by Hickok biographers to become one of the most celebrated exploits in Western legend." Subsequent accounts identified McCanles as the leader of a gang of ten fully-armed desperadoes whom "Wild Bill" dispatched single-handed.

Hickok might never have become the prototype of Western virtue and heroism if he had not been selected by a writer for *Harper's* magazine, George Ward Nichols, as the subject of an article that would, according to Dr. Steckmesser, ". . . create a character who would fascinate Eastern readers . . . [as well as] create a type-figure of the frontiersman." In attaining his ends Nichols shamelessly distorted facts, made up stories with little or no basis, and thus created a myth that, while fulfilling all the needs of 19th-century romantic literature, bears little resemblance to the real Hickok. Interestingly enough, Nichols himself accompanied his article with this note: "My object here has been to make a slight record of one who is one of the best—perhaps the very best—example of a class who more than any other encountered perils and privations in defense of our nationality."

Unable to find such a real-life paragon, Nichols made him up. Other writers, among them Henry M. Stanley and George Armstrong Custer, later took up the legend and thrust it beyond any reality, a process furthered by dozens of dime novels and biographies—right up to our own time of motion pictures and television. Writing about Hickok was a side line for General Custer who perpetuated his own legend by writing mainly of himself, a self-serving pastime not limited to generals of that era.

One is tempted to deal with Dr. Steckmesser's book in the simple terms of an "exposé," but that would be doing the work a grave disservice. The Western legend is too secure and too deeply ingrained in our national cultural dream to be shaken by any one book, in any case. What Dr. Steckmesser, a historian now teaching at Los Angeles State College, has done is taken Hickok, "The Gunfighter

THREE PRESIDENTS

Andrew Jackson

I want to be a white horse!
I want to be a white horse on the green mountains!
A horse that runs over wooden bridges, and sleeps
In abandoned barns . . .

Theodore Roosevelt

When I was President I ate crackers with Calvin Coolidge.
I crushed snails with my bare teeth.
I slept in my underwear in the White House.
I ate the Cubans with a straw, and Lenin dreamt of me every night.
I wore down a forest of willow trees.
I ground the snow, and sold it.
The mountains of Texas shall heal our cornfields,
Overrun by the yellow race.
As for me, I want to be a stone. Yes!
I want to be a stone laid down thousands of years ago,
A stone with invisible cracks! Holding up the edge of the house!
I want to be a stone that gets up and runs around at night,
And lets the bedroom fall, that leaps into the water
Carrying the thief down with him.

John F. Kennedy

I want to be a stream of water falling.
I want to be water falling from high in the mountains,
Water that dissolves everything,
That is never drunk, falling from ledge to ledge, glass to glass.
I want the air around me to be invisible, resilient,
Able to flow past rocks.
I will carry the boulders with me to the valley.
Then ascending I will fall through space again:
Glittering in the sun, like the crystal in sideboards,
Goblets of the old life, before it was ruined by the Church.
And when I ascend the third time, I will fall forever,
Missing the earth entirely.

Robert Bly

and Civilizer"; Kit Carson, "The Mountainman"; Billy the Kid, "The Outlaw"; and George Armstrong Custer, "The Great Soldier-Martyr" and juxtaposed facts against legend. He has, it seems to me, chosen brilliantly. In each case the subject did operate in an area where heroism was in fact necessary for survival; in each case the subject satisfied a *need* for legend on the part of lesser folk, mostly Easterners, who looked longingly to the frontier for fun and profit, yet feared its dangers; and in each case the subject did lead a violent and colorful life.

One may lament the fact that we need these legends, but, then, what's good enough for Dwight Eisenhower should be acceptable for the rest of us, I suppose. On the other hand, as a one-time weaver of Western legend myself — in the film *Warlock* from Oakley Hall's novel of the same title — I much prefer Dr. Steckmesser's ego-driven, publicity-minded, three-dimensional George Custer to Hollywood's paper-thin Errol Flynn. And the real Billy the Kid, a punk, Frank Nitti-like enforcer serving one side of an economic range war à la the later Capones and O'Banions, is far more interesting than the saintly Robin Hood he has become, pure and blameless — and bloodless.

Yet legend and myth will always be with us. We have just seen, and are seeing John F. Kennedy become a legend before our very eyes; and who dares tell your local Birchers that their hero was a colorless little man distinguished only by the fact that he allowed himself, as legend has it, to be done in by Chinese Reds?

In *Magic, Science and Religion* Malinowski writes:

> *Myth fulfills in primitive culture an indispensable function: it expresses, enhances, and codifies belief; it safeguards and enforces morality; it vouches for the efficiency of ritual and contains practical rules for the guidance of man. Myth is thus a vital ingredient of human civilization; it is not an idle tale, but a hard-worked active force; it is not an intellectual explanation or an artistic imagery, but a pragmatic charter of primitive faith and moral wisdom.*

Dr. Steckmesser obviously takes his legends where he finds them and deals with them in a splendid, tough-minded way. His book should be placed in front of every television set as an antidote. It will do the job.

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Films from the Vietcong

Peter Gessner

Some half-dozen films produced by the National Liberation Front of Vietnam are making their way around the country, shown for the most part in poor screening conditions to limited audiences. According to recent reports in the New York press, at least one film has been shown to local high school audiences, drawing indignant protests from suburban parents. Despite the difficulties imposed by a sound track loaded with hyperbole and slogans (the English narrations have all the literary grace of a pamphlet), and despite the deteriorated physical condition of the films which makes many of these screenings little more than mysterious lantern shows, the very existence of these films merits attention.

As a record of the face of the war in Vietnam, and even more as an indication of what the film makers want "us" to know about them, the NLF films are a humbling experience to the viewer. In one (dated 1965), there is a brief sequence in a Vietcong-held village where, during a lull in the fighting, a Western-style ballet is performed within a ring of watching guerrillas. Even the hardened view which says that such things don't happen spontaneously, that they are arranged for the visiting camera, must cope with the fact that these people, the Vietcong, engaged in a brutalizing struggle, have thought it important to include dance in the midst of footage of a vicious guerrilla war.

If this instance indicates that the Vietcong's vision of itself in some sense includes an awareness of the human implications of the kind of war it is forced to fight, its interpretation of events in the United States appears to be filtered through the prism of ideology. For example, one is saddened by repeated references throughout these films to the "progressive American peoples" linked to shots of domestic anti-war demonstrations. Rather than realistically assessing the size and shape of current anti-war sentiment in this country, the film makers seem to have chosen to plug in the appropriate ideological platitude. It may be that, as James Cameron put it in his recent series of articles in *The New York Times*, "too many officials speak an English or French that was actually learned in slogans"; one also suspects that the twenty-year heritage of civil war brings with it a certain hardening of thought, an impatience with the niceties of language and distinction-making.

Once the narration is peeled away, and the images themselves are allowed to live for what they are, the texture of life in Vietnam forces its way through. Another film contains an extended sequence about captured equipment which begins as an apparent ode to self-sufficiency, only to move in a quite unexpected direction. From neatly stacked piles of guns and machinery, the camera turns to people making candleholders from what seem to be spent shells, to still others cutting jeep tires into sandal patterns. For a moment, the gulf between these people and a civilization which, even in peacetime, has managed to institutionalize the notion that *things* wear out, seems to loom larger than any logistical speculations about how the Vietcong supply themselves.

Of the six or so films now making the rounds, only one seems to go beyond the momentary revelatory glimpse to create a more whole impact. It was produced, probably by the NLF or a militant wing of the Buddhists, sometime after 1963 (there is no more precise internal evidence), and deals with the wave of demonstrations which followed the Diem government's suppression of the Buddhists.

It begins with what is a prologue of almost abstract battle footage: a montage of swooping planes, machine-gun rattles and barbed wire, not unlike Lewis Milestone's *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Abruptly, we are swept into a slow processional of Buddhist priests going out into the streets of Saigon to demonstrate for what, to Americans, would seem to be the most basic of liberties—the freedom to worship. Great bales of barbed wire are unrolled in front of them by soldiers; the younger priests, whose faces strangely recall those of the early civil rights workers in the American South, quietly place their hands around the wire as the soldiers begin to try to cordon them off. A tear-gas grenade lunges across the street, streaming white smoke like some kind of mythic Oriental paper beast.

The Diem soldiers, in camouflaged battle dress and holding shields which resemble the tops of garbage cans and which they seem to use to ward off objects thrown at them by the crowd, begin to move against the priests; at this point, the film takes on the qualities of an ominous pageant play. Oddly incongruous Western symphonic music replaces the English narrator (who, with good sense, has kept quiet throughout most of the demonstration sequence), and an unpredictable concordance of sound and image occurs: stock movie music joined with startling images raises the film to an entirely new level, toward a totality of emotion quite difficult to describe precisely. It is one of those rare moments in motion pictures when one plus one equals three. (Something of the sort happens in Luis Buñuel's *Land Without Bread*, a 1932 documentary of an impoverished region in Spain, in which Brahms's *Fourth Symphony* is used throughout the film *not* as a handy contrast but rather in an almost architectural way to provide a vaulting, an unattainable ceiling of emotion which hovers over the sordid level of human action.) Generally, the NLF film makers do not employ music in such ways: the music in other films is of an indeterminate martial nature, used conventionally to fill in behind the narrator.

The Buddhist film, in many ways the most successful of the NLF group, seems to have received less circulation than what is perhaps the most widely seen but unfortunately the least interesting of the lot. This picture, dated 1965 and bearing the title "Foreign Correspondents Visit the National Liberation Front" (at any rate, something like that), records *Humanité* correspondents Wilfred Burchette and Madeleine Riffaud eating and singing with happy peasants. The film is almost completely uninformative and comes close to being embarrassing — Mlle. Riffaud is more than effusive in her desire to kiss and fondle young Vietcong guerrillas. The quality of the print is mercifully poor and a good portion of all this is practically invisible.

In addition to these films of the war in the South, there is one from the North which depicts recent preparations for air defense. It has an untranslated Vietnamese narration, and does not appear to have been widely seen in this country. The film seems to have been made in 1965, after the start of bombings in the North. Perhaps half the footage deals with preparatory and actual antiaircraft drills, ranging from heavy guns to small arms. An extended and well-put-together sequence begins with telephoto

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Peter Gessner is a free-lance film editor and camera assistant; he was a member of the crew that made Nothing But a Man.

shots of what appear to be United States swept-wing jets returning again and again over an indeterminate target. Small-arms fire is put up from the ground with what seems to be pathetic intensity, but Chris Koch, formerly of WBAI-FM radio, witnessed such drills by students during his recent trip to North Vietnam and, upon returning home, called the Department of Defense to inquire whether small-arms fire could bring down an airplane. He was reportedly told: "Hell yes! During World War II we used to do that all the time." Evidently, massed gunfire forms a kind of super-shotgun spread which can imperil fuel supply tanks, rockets, or other vulnerable parts.

What comes through from this film, and indeed from all the NLF films, despite their monothematic crudeness and technical imperfection, is something of the brute level at which the Vietnamese people, North and South, seem prepared to resist an increasingly destructive and degrading war. The master image might be one of a wounded, angry fox facing the striking force of a mailed fist.

Although the NLF movies draw unexpectedly large audiences (mostly students) wherever they are shown, their net effect is ambiguous at best. They seldom exploit the motion picture as a particular form of communication, nor do they explore the special qualities that set it off from pamphlets or slide shows. The films do not achieve a sense of the camera's own participation in events, a sense present in the footage of volunteer cameramen for the Spanish Republic (*To Die in Madrid*). Judged by the standards we apply to works of art, or even against the more vague measure of some kind of immediacy of feeling, the work is crude and conventional. One responds with something of the suspicion Trotsky felt, perhaps unjustly, for the work of the poet Mayakovsky: "[he] shouts too often where one should speak: and so his cry, where cry is needed, sounds inadequate."

Reports from some of the Vietnam teach-ins have indicated that one of the principal difficulties in raising discussion with students is that cold-war structures of thought have so conditioned people that they do not think of Vietnam in terms of the aspirations, indifferences, antipathies of its people, but rather as a "plot"—vast numbers being manipulated. This writer and a small group of independent film makers—a loosely federated cooperative with no political or aesthetic manifestoes to proclaim—have undertaken to produce a film whose subject will be the very nature of this dilemma (the project has received the support of various organizations, including the Artists and Writers Committee to End the War, and Students for a Democratic Society).

The film is to be directed at those who have remained indifferent to the war or actually support the Administration's policies in Vietnam. It is not to be a work of "propaganda," which seems useless now, but a film which sets out an encounter with all that we know about the war and the American response to it. Selections from the NLF films discussed above will be combined with domestic newsreel sources and extensive shooting in this country. The film will juxtapose footage from Vietnam with official policy statements; it will seek interviews with those in power, with returning soldiers, and perhaps with former French colonials; it will attempt to find and elucidate the visual correlatives in this country which underlie and support the American response to the war. It will attempt to do all this without making ex cathedra statements of its own; rather, it will seek to embody a complex of thought and feeling in the language of film. The film project has received support and offers of advisory assistance from several independent film makers, including Hilary Harris and Leo Hurwitz. In addition, an offer of an original music score has been made by Morton Feldman and other contemporary composers.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

The current New York concert season has been remarkable chiefly for the number of events that have sharply revealed the deep separation in our musical "two cultures," between the public musical life and the state of the musical culture it supposedly represents. At first glance, the observation seems paradoxical: this has been the season in which the activity of music's "inner" world, represented mainly by the many contemporary-music performance groups, has become an established "presence" on the New York scene, partly through its steady increase, but even more because of the secure base it has found within the university community. At the same time, too, the "big" musical world has made some conspicuous gestures toward 20th-century music, most notably those connected with Leonard Bernstein's return to the Philharmonic after a year's absence. But it was, precisely, the contrast with the reality and stability of a seriously functioning new-music world that most clearly exposed the emptiness and naïveté underlying these gestures.

It was possible, for example, for William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony to play in Carnegie Hall the first all-Schoenberg orchestral program ever given in New York (regarding which *The New York Times*, whose music section perhaps represents still a third musical culture, ran the extraordinary headline, "Steinberg Leads Modern Works"). But this kind of event seems almost a cliché to anyone in the least acquainted with the other domain, or even with conventional European orchestra and opera-house activity, and it comes long after both the publication and recording of complete Schoenberg editions have been begun. Furthermore, the quality of execution, which was in fact on

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the level usually associated with first performances of new works, could hardly have seemed tolerable to anyone familiar with the incomparably superior standard available no farther away than the little Recital Hall next door, or the nearest Columbia recording.

A considerably more spectacular, or at least maudlin, gesture has been Leonard Bernstein's publicly expressed anxiety over the state of the symphony in the 20th century, and the pessimistic conclusions about the present and future of orchestral composition (though not orchestral performance) to be inferred from it. The basis for his reflections is being presented in a comprehensive survey, over a few Philharmonic seasons, entitled "Symphonic Forms in the Twentieth Century." Out of this will presumably come the judgment that the orchestra, far from being annihilated by the poverty of 20th-century symphonic writing, is relieved of its unbecoming and painful responsibility to represent the musical present, and now enters a glorious twilight as a museum of comfortable sounds.

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It is an obvious absurdity, of course, to equate the condition of 20th-century orchestral composition with that of "the symphony." For not only has the idea of the symphony lost any real force as a formal distinction in modern orchestral music but it appears only rarely as a designate in the orchestral works of the major 20th-century composers. Those who have cultivated it have been, for the most part, relatively minor figures with little influence on the development of a contemporary orchestral approach. But having set up such an equation, Mr. Bernstein in his programs appears to exclude such infrequent works as do in fact represent serious thought about the contemporary possibilities of symphonic form. Stravinsky is unmentioned in the Philharmonic program book's note on the series, and such primary figures as Schoenberg, Hindemith, Sessions and Carter are mentioned only as future possibilities.

What does emerge in Mr. Bernstein's series is rather more Mahler than he usually performs on three consecutive weeks, and a festival of such antediluvian cream puffs as the complete works of Sibelius, and docile monsters by Vaughan Williams, Nielsen, Prokofiev and Shostakovich, along with a few prewar and recent American works.

The programs I have heard so far included the tiny chamber-music Webern symphony next to the Mahler Seventh, and Ives's least interesting but easiest symphony, his Third, along with the demanding Mahler Ninth, which was in fact played with impressive restraint and control. But the naive attempt to smooth Webern's carefully isolated pitch events into Schubertian phrases, and the painful technical problems encountered, especially by the Philharmonic's horn player, were in vivid contrast to the standards of interpretation and execution that have become routine for the performance of this work in the chamber-music domain.

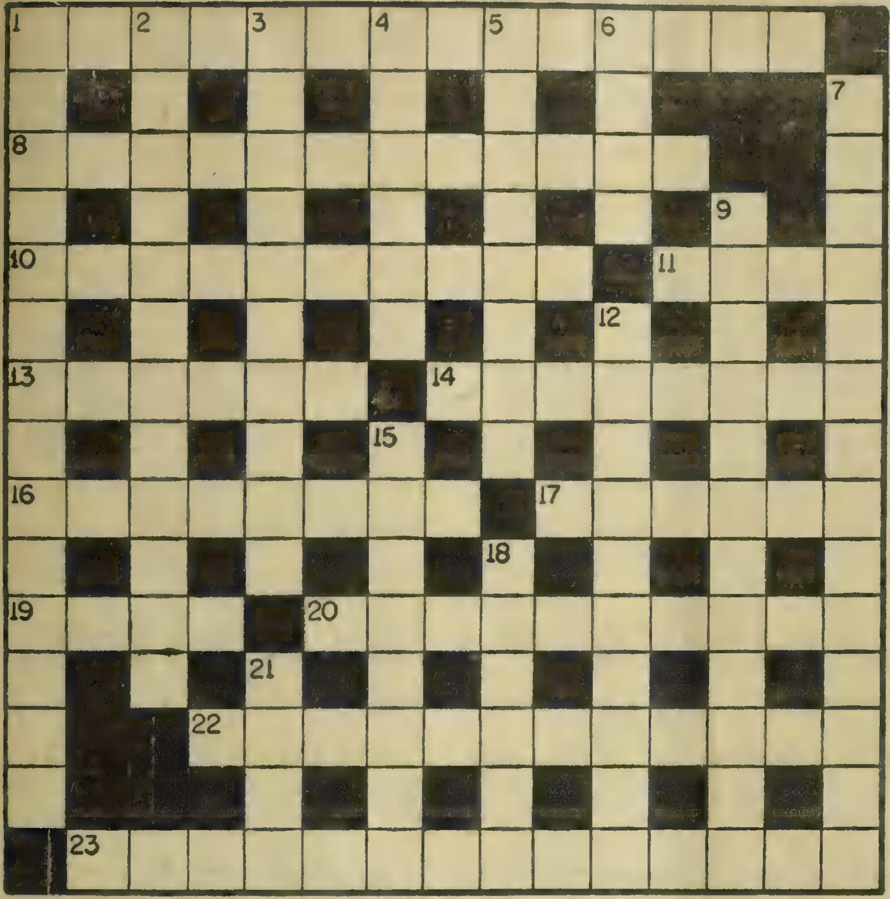
Yet one remembers when, with no publicity at all, the Philharmonic was actually the principal source for first hearings of advanced music—*Wozzeck* had its first American performance here under Mitropolous, who also performed all the major orchestral works of Schoenberg long before they were available on records. And when one recalls that the Philharmonic's own Chamber Ensemble, which in many ways anticipated the recent new-music groups, was still functioning in the early fifties, it appears that the present total discontinuity in the musical world is actually a product of the last ten years, a bizarre corollary both of the phenomenal popular success of concert music in America and the vitality of our compositional activity.

In the new-music area itself this season, interest has focused on the work of the new Rockefeller-supported group in residence at Rutgers, under the direction of Arthur Weisberg. Predictably, given the known superiority of most of the players, and Weisberg's customary conductorial approach, the performances have generally been reliable; but the problem of establishing an individuality in an already crowded field can be seen in the ambiguity of the group's programing. Thus, even the titles of its two New York series display uncertainty; the Hunter College concerts are being presented as "The Twentieth Century: The First Sixty-Five Years," which surely represents the ultimate in noncommitment, while the idea of calling the Carnegie Recital Hall programs "From Hindemith to Stockhausen" (which, strictly applied, would exclude Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Bartok, et al., as well as anyone under 38) seems particularly obtuse for an American ensemble.

But obtuseness, apparently, has been the order of the season: it was last fall that the death of Varèse was considered newsworthy enough only for the deepest inside pages of our newspapers, while the Ford Foundation's orchestral program (see *The Nation*, November 15, 1965) was proclaimed widely as the salvation of American musical culture. And in December, the New York Critics' Circle finally disbanded on the grounds that the major critics could not spare time from "important" concert activity to hear any new works, and that new music was in any case being played in such quantity as to make further encouragement by the Critics' Circle Awards unnecessary. In short, this season has been a time when one wondered whether a serious musician could any longer pretend to recognize in the public world of music some significant aspect of his own concerns.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1137

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Mother's rather confused by the lot, best arranged to keep the coffee hot! (7,7)
8 Was Godiva barely one? (12)
10 Even the best matches wouldn't be marked by it! (10)
11 The sullen part of British ardor. (4)
13 Shed a modified type of 6 down? (4-2)
14 Prose, or prosaic? (8)
16 and 21 down One might, with provocation, give a certain amount of lift to a superior story, or at least expose it. (5,3,4)
17 Get a boat-wreck before getting in? (6)
19 Oil one's speech, by the sound of it. (4)
20 Such oration shouldn't be dear to us, and yet it is rightly so. (4,6)
22 Certain people thought it was an answer to "how're ya gonna get 'em down on the farm." (12)
23 Self-assurance? Ready for anything! (What a racket!) (10,4)

DOWN:

1 Not one of the "Tropics"—according to a much older traveler, en route. (3,7,4)
2 One can tell when one is making them. (12)
3 One might consider them a nuisance when the religious leader travels around a spot in 9. (10)
4 Did one used to get all wound up in writing? (6)
5 An obvious unit of musical sound. (8)
6 It might be camp, but not in the modern version. (4)
7 If this takes the cake, it might be photogenic in a domestic way. (8,6)
9 To get to the bottom of it, one might look for two versions of a bull's point of attack. (5,7)
12 The last reward one might expect. (5,5)
15 Made a "Callooh! Callay!" (8)
18 How to make the grade as an established criminal, or make light of it. (6)
21 See 16 across.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1136

ACROSS: 1 Exacerbate; 6 and 23 Rearrange; 10 Peridot; 11, 24 down and 27 across Stand up and be counted; 12 Landings; 13 Twice; 15 Visor; 17 and 26 Shoulder strap; 19 Redressed; 21 Arson; 24 Aviators; 28 Ejector; 29 Slew; 30 Censorship. DOWN: 1 Espy; 2 Arrears; 3 Ended; 4 Botanists; 5 Tasks; 7 Endwise; 8 Repressing; 9 Mantilla; 14 Overtricks; 16 Reelects; 18 Old-timers; 20 Denture; 22 Scratch; 25 Their.

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fatal to him. So we may be sure that Ky, and his counterparts elsewhere in Asia, are not putting their trust in Lodge, Rusk, Humphrey or other visitors. They are taking care of themselves by all the means open to them, and these are by no means negligible.

Have the events in Korea in 1953 been so soon forgotten? When General Eisenhower set about making peace in Korea, Syngman Rhee took matters into his own hands. One of his threats, reported by Gen. Mark Clark to Washington, was to launch a South Korean drive northward, but this proved to be beyond his powers. Instead, he tried to wreck the armistice by releasing 25,000 North Korean prisoners of war who, according to the truce agreement, were to be repatriated. This might easily have resulted in a renewal of the war; fortunately the North Koreans had had enough by that time and let Rhee get away with it. There is no assurance, in a similar situation, that the North Vietnamese would be equally obliging.

South Vietnam warlords must be thinking hard about what to do if peace really seems to be breaking out in their domain. They have a number of options, such as setting up an ostensibly neutralist government, asking us to get out, and then making the best deal they can with Hanoi. This might not be the worst outcome for the people of Vietnam, but it is not the only possibility, nor the likeliest one. These mercenaries have connections and an infinite capacity for maneuver and murder. According to Senator Young, the CIA opposes a settlement in Vietnam. Presumably the CIA plotters would not care to go it alone in blocking peace moves, but they might have valuable suggestions for their friends in the South Vietnamese government. The South Vietnamese operators also have friends in the growing U.S. expeditionary force, with its array of generals. The potential for mischief is there, and it is a factor tending to tie our hands diplomatically—in Vietnam, in Korea, in Taiwan and elsewhere. Anyone who still has confidence in American policy in Southeast Asia should consider how we have violated the first rule of diplomacy, which is to retain freedom of choice in a changing situation. Unless we can free ourselves of entangling alliances there, peace may be a long way off.

The AMM Decision

The Vietnam war is costly not only in money and human lives (including Vietnam lives—they are human too) but because it obscures the preparations for nuclear war. Whether the climactic catastrophe can be averted may be decided in the next few weeks by a Presidential decision on the anti-missile missile. We have a prototype of sorts, and so have the Russians. By all indications neither is much good yet, but further research and experimentation may result in improvements. That question has been decided: no one in authority, or in an advisory capacity, is opposed to continuing R&D. The matter for decision is whether to put the AMM into production while striving to make it more effective. If the President so decides, the nuclear missile race moves into a new and greatly expanded spiral.

The present situation in this dizzy technology is that a single incoming warhead, proceeding on its original, unaltered ballistic course, can perhaps be destroyed by a nuclear-tipped AMM. But this is very elementary stuff for the scientists and engineers laboring in the doomsday vineyard. The attacker will more likely rely on a missile which, as it approaches its target, will release a flock of decoys, perhaps balloons, to confuse the acquisition and interception radars. The defender counters this trickery with a duplex AMM system, first exploding a high-altitude (250-400 miles) warhead in the incoming warhead's path, and then if it still keeps coming intercepting in the last few seconds with an extremely high-velocity warhead ("Sprint" in the U.S. model), timed to explode in the atmosphere. The advantage of this low-altitude counterfire is that the balloon decoys are slowed up by the atmosphere and the warhead can presumably be distinguished in time. The disadvantage is that the populace must be sheltered, since if the enemy's missile doesn't kill them the fallout from the friendly missile will.

Balloon decoys are, however, already obsolescent. The attacker has many other choices. If he has enough thrust in his rocket, he can equip it to carry and release decoys heavy enough to be indistinguishable from the warhead. Or it may be more efficient to divide the available payload among several warheads, perhaps of different calibers, to be released in different trajectories near the target. Or the missile (or missiles) may be designed to shift from a ballistic course and fool the defensive radar. Or the missile can carry countermeasure equipment to confuse or paralyze the countermissile. Or—a brute-force method—enough missiles can be launched to pour down on the defense until no AMMs are left. Still another technique is to deliver the warhead in a ramjet type of aircraft at an altitude so low that ground radar cannot detect it.

The attacker certainly seems to have the better of it, but in this game no one admits defeat. The Joint Chiefs of Staff are insistent on spending $20 billion on an AMM system, the primary purpose of which will be to defend U.S. missiles in their silos. If they can't have $20 billion, they will accept $8 billion on account for a less complex system. Later, if they get the money, they will try to give "protection" to fifty to seventy major population centers.

On the shelter front, Dr. Edward Teller and his colleague Dr. Eugene P. Wigner advocate quick action. Wigner wants an even bigger shelter system than Teller. He estimates that a nation-wide system of 8-foot concrete pipes could be constructed in seven years, using 8.5 per cent of the nation's construction capacity. The cost is estimated at $38 billion. Interconnection of the tunnels, it is said, would enable families to be reunited, but it seems more likely that the reunion would take place in the next world rather than in this one, where epidemics, floods, plagues of insects and other calamities would bring early death to survivors.

The most sensible suggestion emanated in November from a high-level panel headed by Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner and Roswell L. Gilpatric. They pointed out that the "vertical proliferation" of new weapons systems and the correlated shelter construction would "destabilize" the present deterrence balance. They questioned whether sufficient thought had been given to the political consequences of the deployment of anti-missile systems and proposed a three-year moratorium to assess the situation. R&D would continue. It is hard to see what the country, as distinguished from the military-industrial complex, could lose by such an arrangement.

A Case of Civilized Penology

The federal prison system comprises thirty-one institutions. One of the largest is the penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga. When it was built at the turn of the century, education in prisons was practically unknown. Wardens, in self-righteous agreement with the more or less law-abiding majority, frowned on "coddling" their charges. Prison education had its beginnings when chaplains found that between a third and half of the prisoners to whom they gave Bibles could not read. Some of the chaplains began teaching reading and writing, at first for purely religious reasons. In less than sixty years, the system thus introduced has grown to the point where at Atlanta more than 1,700 of the 2,200 inmates are participating in studies that range from accredited high school programs and apprentice training in prison occupations to subjects like radio-TV servicing and architectural drafting. Other federal prisons offer more or less similar opportunities, but at Atlanta a course in computer programing, sponsored by the General Electric Company, is as unique as it is up-to-date.

No less than 96 per cent of the men and women committed to federal prisons are school dropouts. Experience with the GE-Atlanta course emphasizes again that many youngsters do badly in school not because they are uneducable but because what they are taught, or the way in which it is taught, makes no sense to them. When the computer course was announced, some 300 men applied or inquired about it. The first thought was to consider only high school graduates, but this was reduced to a 10th-grade education when it became evident that otherwise some of the most promising candidates would be barred. Additional screening reduced the number of applicants to thirty-seven; on the basis of standardized aptitude tests, twenty-three were finally chosen.

Running until May, the course totals 120 hours over a period of forty weeks; the content is generally similar to the computer course for GE employees and customers. It is given by the company at no cost to the inmates or the Federal Bureau of Prisons and may be extended to provide time on the large computer at the GE Atlanta office. Eventually the prison personnel records, inventories, training schedules and maintenance may be computerized, with inmates doing the work and at the same time fitting themselves for outside jobs.

Under the best conditions, the waste of human resources borne by society and imprisoned individuals is sad enough. "During their long periods of confinement," one prison official remarked, "inmates will devise ingenious crafts and hobbies in order to keep their hands and minds occupied. They will spend weeks, months, even years, in problem-solving; the smallest detail receives their absolute attention and concentration." No doubt many a prisoner has saved his sanity in this way, but it may have little value when he faces the normal and abnormal difficulties of the outside world. Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach expressed his delight that Atlanta inmates would now have an opportunity to be trained in a fast-developing profession, and said that the Department of Justice wanted every federal prisoner to learn skills that would be useful and profitable to him after his release. If the Great Society is more than a slogan, the work General Electric has begun at Atlanta should serve as an example elsewhere.

India's First Lady

The election of Mrs. Indira Gandhi as Prime Minister of India will doubtless be greeted with editorial surprise and politely wide-eyed comment in various sectors of the press. But it should occasion no astonishment.

That women make notably strong and able rulers is well attested by Elizabeth I and Catherine the Great, to name only two; in our own time the late Queen Salote ruled her small land of Tonga for many years with great dignity. And the time has long passed since the intellectual equality of the sexes was a subject for debate.

The only aspect of this event which might raise an eyebrow is the fact that the East, where women have traditionally been held to subordinate roles, has produced the only contemporary female chiefs of state. (Mrs. Gandhi was preceded by Mrs. Bandaranaike of Ceylon, who inherited the leadership from her murdered husband.) The West has yet to offer leadership to any woman — and it will be some time yet before the United States, for one, is ready to accept the idea of Madam President.

Mrs. Gandhi is, both by inheritance and training, the logical choice for chief executive of a nation which is not only the world's second largest but also a land of incomparable moral importance to the peace of the world, and which stands as a great countering force to the nerve-racking confrontations between the United States, China and the USSR. We wish her well and hope that she can display, in the cause of peace, ability inherited from her father, Jawaharlal Nehru. And the surname she bears will be a constant reminder to the world of our era's most eloquent spokesman for the brotherhood of peoples.

Algeria

BRAKES ON REVOLUTION . . . Schofield Coryell

Paris

The June overthrow of Ben Bella—who was widely regarded throughout Africa and the Third World as an authentic spokesman of principled anti-imperialism and independent socialism—both prevented the Afro-Asian Conference from being held in Algiers and highlighted the fundamental conflicts (army against people, the new bourgeoisie against democratic socialism, Right against Left) that are raging throughout Africa and Asia today.

Despite the new regime's continuing links with China and the Soviet Union, the single most obvious result of the *coup d'état* in the field of foreign policy has been the spectacular reconciliation between Algeria and French business interests and the French Government, which had (privately) been viewing the leftward trend of the Ben Bella regime with profound misgivings. Under Boumedienne, there is no longer any talk in official Algerian circles about further nationalization of remaining French property, and spokesmen of the new regime are encouraging foreign private-capital investment by offering guarantees against the danger of future expropriation. The French press, by and large, has been enthusiastic about the new regime's abandonment of Ben Bella's "doctrinaire socialism," while the Algerian press has reverberated with the glories of Franco-Algerian friendship, coupled with venomous attacks on the French Left for its alleged inability to understand present-day Algerian reality.

The *coup d'état* seems also to have brought about a marked improvement in relations between Algeria and the United States. The sharp attacks on "American imperialism" that filled the press in Ben Bella's time have been considerably toned down, and American officials in Algiers, including those of the USIS, are no longer kept at arm's length. There is talk of greatly increased U.S. aid—which up to now has been confined to (very substantial) surplus wheat shipments.

The improvement in relations with the Western powers would be more encouraging if it were not accompanied by a press campaign against "foreign interference" that borders on xenophobia, and by a much colder attitude toward the various European anti-Fascist and liberation movements, based in Algiers, which operated freely and with full support under Ben Bella. One of the new regime's first acts was to suppress, by Presidential decree, the Institute for Friendship among Peoples, whose function was to mobilize support for the liberation movements of the Continent. The Spanish anti-Fascists operating from Algiers headquarters have been told officially to abstain from further political activity, if they wish to continue enjoying the right of exile.

In line with its turn to the right in foreign policy, the new regime has already given evidence that domestically the move toward socialism will be slowed down if not actually reversed. It was symptomatic that the first concrete act of the Boumedienne regime was to transfer administration of the medical school from the Ministry of Health to the Ministry of Education. The real meaning of this measure, hailed in the press as a "return to democratic norms," is that medical students are no longer, as under Ben Bella, regarded as servants of the state and the people, to be sent upon graduation to the countryside or wherever else their services are most urgently needed. From now on the practice of medicine as a money-making business will be the rule. Recently, doctors have been meeting to prepare for the reopening of private medical offices, banned by the previous regime. The anti-Socialist bias of the new regime is generally enveloped in a smoke screen of comforting words about the "irreversibility of the Socialist option." The precaution is necessary in a country where the center of gravity is far to the left, and capitalism is a dirty word because generally identified with the violence and injustice of colonial domination.

If we cast a brief glance backward, it is significant that, just two days before the *coup d'état* of June 19, the FLN Political Bureau had published throughout the nation a series of radical and long-awaited decisions: expropriation of the holdings of 8,000 *Algerian* landlords (all the French-owned land had already been expropriated); the spread of the system of workers' management throughout the economy, in industry as well as agriculture; stringent price controls, etc. Widely circulated and well-founded rumors had it that prominent leftists were to be promoted all along the line to posts of highest influence. (For example, the famous Communist journalist, Henri Alleg, was to be appointed editor in chief of the official Algerian News Agency.) Apartment buildings of the big cities were to be nationalized and rents drastically reduced, and indeed a wave of nationalization was to end the persisting conflict between the private sector and the Socialist sector. All these plans have been brutally interrupted by the *coup d'état*, despite the fact that most of the men now in power were present in the government of Ben Bella, and paying lip service to his Socialist ideals.

Since the *coup d'état*, the Socialist sector of the economy—which embraces most of the productive land, but only about 20 per cent of the industry—has been coming under considerable criticism in the official press, which uses the weaknesses and inefficiencies of the collectivized firms (inevitable in view of the chaotic conditions left by the war and the shortage of technicians) as an argument against further extension of Socialist methods and techniques. At the same time, wages have been cut in certain socialized enterprises, and needed funds have been systematically withheld. At the same time the regime has been cautiously emphasizing the virtues and necessity of private business—without, of course, explicitly rejecting the concept of a Socialist future. Some collectivized firms—notably the big paint firm of Norcolor—have been returned to their former owners. In his interview with the French illus-

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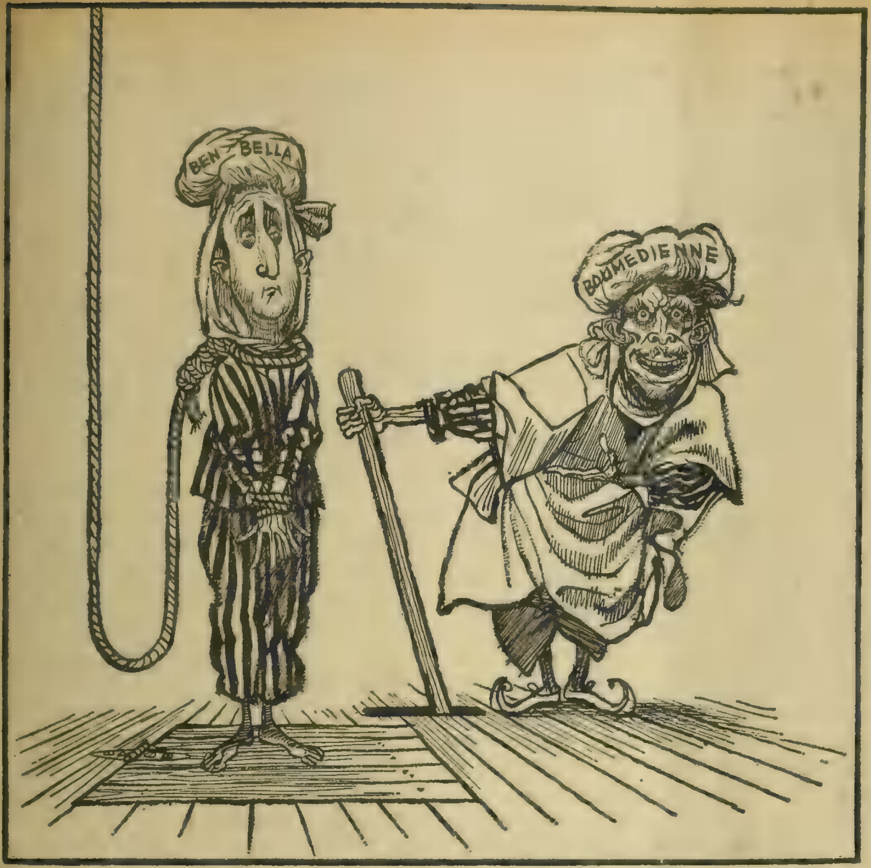
Schofield Coryell is an American journalist now writing from Paris for Africa Today *(New York),* Mainstream *(New Delhi) and Agence France-Press.*



Macpherson, Toronto Star

trated weekly, *Nouvel Observateur,* Boumedienne justified these restorations on the ground that the earlier confiscations had been "hasty" and "unfair."

As for land reform, Minister of Information Boumaza (Minister of Economy under Ben Bella) announced at a press conference in September that the matter must first be studied carefully. "We must not fall into the trap of hasty improvisation." Later, Boumedienne stated that measures in this field would be taken "next year." The fact is that nationalization of the big Algerian estates in the interests of the landless peasants is long overdue; the only obstacle to its execution is the influence of the landlord class on the post-Ben Bella regime.

The drive to slow down—if not reverse—the trend to socialism runs directly counter to the political desires and sentiments of the vast majority of Algerian people who sincerely (though vaguely) believe in a kind of humanist socialism in which the products of collective labor would be shared equitably among the producers themselves, who would own and dominate the economy. It is true that the present anti-Socialist trend is popular with a large number of the Algerian officials, petty functionaries and shopkeepers, as well as with the few capitalists and the feudal landlords: in short, with all those for whom independence from France meant essentially a chance to expand their own privileges. It is in their interest that the army—a military caste created *since* independence—has taken over control, and their reactions of joy and relief when the *coup d'état* took place showed that they knew it.

But the regime lives and moves in an atmosphere of general passive hostility. It has been said that the two things the average Algerian detests most are military despotism and religious fanaticism—and in the eyes of the general population the present government represents both. While most Algerians—especially the agricultural workers—consider themselves Moslems, and cling to their religion, they are not ready to sacrifice their economic interests in the name of Islam, as the present rulers would apparently have them do.

Boumedienne's administration has been meeting considerable resistance from the General Union of Algerian Workers (UGTA). At its annual conference, held shortly after the *coup d'état,* the Algiers section of the UGTA emphasized the need to expand the Socialist sector, and vowed to continue working toward the Socialist goals defined in the Algiers FLN Charter adopted in April, 1964, as the "blueprint for the Algerian path to socialism." The national UGTA president, Mouloud Oumeziane, referred, in guarded tones, to the army's seizure of power as "an event which, to be frank, surprised us." The final resolutions openly criticized "parachuted" agents of the regime, who had been sent into the unions to replace the elected representatives of the workers.

The trade union weekly—*Revolution et Travail*—has been seized several times, since June 19, for its occasional guarded resistance to the new conservative trend, but the editors have managed to circulate several issues voicing sharp criticism. The repression is not total. Even more significant than such verbal criticism are the numerous strikes that have been spreading, in both the Socialist and the private sector, against reductions in salaries, arbitrary firings, especially of old workers and trade union militants, and (a particularly widespread complaint) against nonpayment of salaries and the accumulation of months of back pay.

Another source of constant worry to the regime is the intellectual youth and especially the National Union of Algerian Students. This organization sponsored spirited demonstrations against the *coup d'état,* causing Boumedienne to impose a virtual military occupation over the big cities in June, and thus creating a situation in which it was impossible to convene the Afro-Asian Conference. Since then, despite efforts by the regime, the vast majority of politically active students has remained hostile or uncooperative. No more than a quarter of the National Union's executive committee has expressed its loyalty to the regime; the others are in various degrees of opposition, as the circulation of illegal student tracts eloquently testifies.

At the end of July, scarcely a month after the *coup d'état,* an Organization of Popular Resistance announced its emergence through a widely circulated manifesto denouncing the "stranglers of the Republic," reaffirming a militant faith in socialism, and calling upon the population to form clandestine groups to resist the military regime. While demanding the liberation of Ben Bella and drawing an essentially positive picture of his achievements, the manifesto also admits the weaknesses of the previous government—especially its failure to develop a new Socialist-oriented vanguard party from the nationalist and heterogeneous National Liberation Front which organized the armed struggle during the revolution. The manifesto was signed by Hocine Zahaouane, a youthful leftist member of the FLN Political Bureau under Ben Bella, and chairman of the FLN Orientation Commission before the *coup d'état*, then a stronghold of the Left. The nucleus of this clandestine organization—whose announced aim is to resume the process of evolution from a nationalist to a Socialist revolution—is made up of left-wing intellectuals, partisans (like Zahaouane himself) of a specifically Algerian brand of socialism, based on the concept of workers' control and management of the economy; with them are elements from the essentially pro-Soviet Algerian Communist Party, and political figures strongly influenced by Trotskyism.

Boumedienne lost no time cracking down on this first evidence of organized opposition. Already, several of the principal ringleaders are in prison: Zahaouane, Harj Ali, former chairman of the Algerian Communist Party, and Mohammed Harbi, often described as a Trotskyite, former adviser to Ben Bella and one of the principal architects of the Algerian Charter. Other well-known figures arrested are youth leaders like Boualem Makkouf, former secretary of the FLN Youth, and Houari Muffok, president of the National Union of Algerian Students.

In an effort to create the impression that the opposition is foreign-inspired, the government-controlled press has focused attention on the arrests of a number of French leftists living and working in Algeria since independence. Accused of collusion with the clandestine opposition, these people were imprisoned and severely tortured, according to reports given to the Paris press by some who were later released. A far worse fate awaits the thousands of Algerian leftists now in the hands of Boumedienne's special police, who have been using against the opposition the identical methods of physical and mental torment—electricity, water, etc.—that were once used by the French colonialists against the Algerian nationalists. No one knows the exact number of arrests, and none of those imprisoned for political reasons has as yet been brought to trial. There is still no news concerning the whereabouts or condition of Ben Bella, on whose behalf a group of French intellectuals — those who also signed the famous manifesto against the Algerian war—have issued a humanitarian appeal. [See editorial, "French Conscience," *The Nation*, October 4, 1965.]

Thus, in Algeria, an unpopular, conservative military dictatorship is momentarily in power. The freedom and untrammeled discussion that prevailed under the previous regime have given way to an atmosphere of mutual fear and mistrust; spies of the military are omnipresent. But it can be realistically hoped that the liberty-loving Algerian people—war weary after a seven-year armed struggle against colonial domination—will find a way to restore their democratic rights and create a society in the image of their own earnest desire for social justice and human freedom.

MURDER IN TUSKEGEE

Day of Wrath in the Model Town

Arnold S. Kaufman

Tuskegee, Ala.

This city is widely regarded as a model Southern community. More than 80 per cent Negro, it is the home of famed Tuskegee Institute. Under the leadership of the Tuskegee Civic Association (TCA), headed by Prof. Charles Gomillion, Negroes in the city and the county constituted a majority of registered voters before passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. They combined with white moderates to elect a biracial city council composed of two Negroes and four whites.

Tuskegee has a biracial police force; Negroes work in City Hall, and stores in the downtown area are integrated. The two races meet socially, the Veterans Administration hospital and the Tuskegee Institute staff are totally integrated, and there is token integration of the public school system. The town's officials generally call Negroes by their last name, prefaced with the appropriate title of respect.

Yet, were a more militant Booker T. Washington to return today to the institution he founded, he might reasonably amend his famed Atlanta address, saying: "Drop down your buckets where you are, but wear a bulletproof vest." For the murder of civil rights worker Samuel Younge, Jr., has generated explosive racial tension. How did it happen that the town that was supposed to provide a beacon for all black-belt communities to follow is today ablaze with racial hatred?

The short reply is that the much admired racial amity has been mostly surface and precarious, to a very considerable extent the product of good public relations and bad sociology. For the "progress" achieved has left almost unimpaired the white man's economic and social prerogatives, the black man's nagging sense of indignity. The killing of Younge and its aftermath have made it clear that Tuskegee is yet another instance of tokenism in search of stability. But the short reply requires elaboration, and connection with the specific events of recent days. (See also review by Marvin M. Karpatkin of Robert Penn Warren's *Who Speaks for the Negro?*, page 134 of this issue.)

Younge was shot to death at about 11:45 P.M. on January 3, after a dispute about use of the

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Arnold S. Kaufman, associate professor of philosophy at Michigan University, is spending a year at Tuskegee Institute. He was one of the founders of the teach-in movement.

men's room at a Standard Oil gas station in town. A 22-year-old student at Tuskegee Institute, a Navy veteran who had been aboard one of the ships that supported the Bay of Pigs adventure, he had most recently been very active in the struggle for civil rights. He was a leader of the local student civil rights group, the Tuskegee Institute Advancement League (TIAL), and a SNCC worker. He had spent the day of his murder on a voter-registration drive among the less affluent Negroes of Macon County, where Tuskegee is located. At one point, a knife is reported to have been pulled by the local registrar —a rather infirm old man who resented the uppity ways of Younge and his TIAL associates. But that was not an unheard-of gesture in this model Southern community.

The Younge family is one of the largest, oldest and most respected in Tuskegee's Negro community. Thus the ramifications of the murder reach more deeply into the city than civil rights killings normally do. It is one thing to knock off an "outsider," quite another to kill a young man related by blood, marriage or friendship to almost every prominent Negro in the area. More than a few persons who had before limited their fight for human freedom to talk and infrequent trips to the ballot box are suddenly to be found linking their hands with young student activists, singing freedom songs during mass protest meetings, and participating in protest marches to the center of Tuskegee. The reaction of one influential former moderate and long-time friend of the bereaved family is instructive. Enraged by the murder, he told me that he had lost all faith in democracy, the present city council and the TCA—in that order. He was sorry he had voted in the municipal election for TCA candidates instead of for the more militant slate of an opposition group.

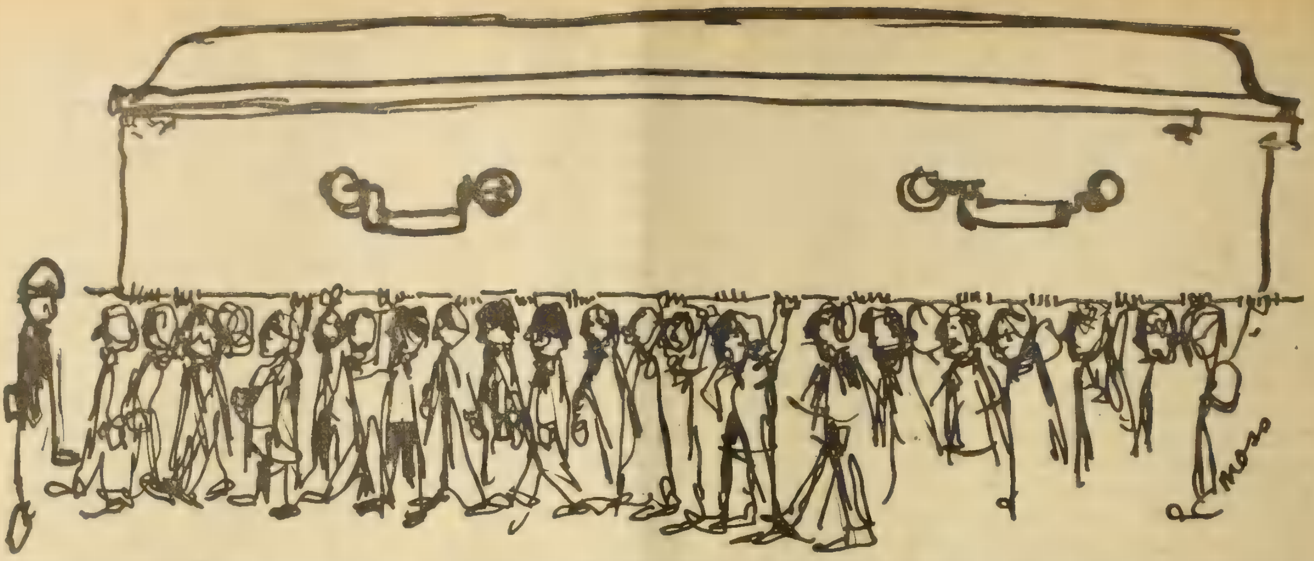
As nearly as one can presently determine, the death that produced this reaction occurred in the following way. About 11 P.M. Younge told some friends whom he dropped at Freedom House, the local headquarters for younger civil rights activists, that he was going out for cigarettes. He drove his Volkswagen to the Standard station, the only one in town open at that time of night. He tried to use the men's room, but was denied permission by an attendant, Marvin Segrest. A 67-year-old native of Shorter, a tiny town several miles away, Segrest's segregationist sentiments are well known to local civil rights workers. An argument developed, and Segrest pulled a gun. Younge ran as Segrest fired a single shot and missed. The young activist then, according to some reports, went to the police station to report what had happened. If this is what he did, the officers in charge did not respond. Younge came back, presumably to get his car. About ten minutes had elapsed; Segrest was still there, gun in hand. The argument resumed. Segrest is alleged to have fired one more shot, hitting the student in the temple. The police were notified. After searching the premises for a while, one officer reported to Younge's parents, who had earlier been informed of the shooting. He reassured them, saying that the report could not be true, since their son was nowhere to be found. More than thirty minutes after this initial search, a cab driver closing up his stand for the night, discovered Younge's body in an alley that separated his stand from the town bus terminal. At the other side of the terminal is the gas station. Segrest was arrested, charged with first-degree murder, and is being held in jail without bond. He admits that the gun with which the murder was presumably committed is his, and that he fired it at the youth.

If one considers Tuskegee to be a model community that has made steady progress toward racial reconciliation rooted in mutual respect and acceptance, it is difficult to explain the intense reaction to Younge's death—an intensity that is only weakly suggested by the four civil rights marches that have already occurred (as of Sunday, January 9). In point of fact, the events of the past year make it abundantly clear that Tuskegee has been living a lie—a lie made all the more dangerous by the apparent control that Negroes have secured over the political agencies of the community. This is not primarily the fault of TCA, nor of its leader, Charles Gomillion; they have displayed immense courage, dedication and resourcefulness in achieving what has been achieved. Nor is it primarily the fault of the white moderates with whom the Gomillion group has cooperated, for within the framework of their political vision they have tried earnestly and in good faith to achieve racial reconciliation. The fault lies in the self-deceptive nature of the vision that guides both groups, and in the external pressure that constrains that vision from moving from status to contract. I do not even speak of that further movement to a genuine fellowship of equals in which race is what in morality it should be—an aesthetic datum of no greater importance than the difference between the white bark of the birch and the dark bark of the oak.

TIAL was organized in February, 1965. Until that time students at Tuskegee Institute had more or less conformed to the pattern so skillfully promoted by Booker T. Washington and those who followed him. Prudent quiescence crossed with genuine indifference had produced the self-limiting and ambitious person so devastatingly portrayed in the opening pages of Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*. But, quite inevitably, the winds of racial change began to penetrate even the protected environment at Tuskegee.

Younge belonged to TIAL, almost from its inception. He had his baptism of protest when the Tuskegee students decided to demonstrate in cooperation with SNCC in Montgomery. Younge was put in charge of raising funds to finance that march, and managed to produce $1,200 within two days. But the demonstration itself was chaotic. It featured an impromptu debate between the leader of TIAL and Al Lingo, the Alabama Director of Public Safety, about the nature of totalitarianism. It also featured one of the strangest lockouts in the history of human protest—the decision by the only nearby Negro church to close its doors to the demonstrators. The consequences of this lockout were more physical than spiritual, as in segregated Montgomery no other rest-room facilities were readily accessible to the protestors gathered at the state capitol. The protest also engendered internal disputes so rancorous that after the demonstration TIAL was reduced to a nucleus of about twelve persons. Younge was one of the twelve.

Enormous hostility was directed toward the members of TIAL by the administrators, faculty and students of Tuskegee Institute, as well as by the TCA and other community leaders. Nevertheless, though members had violated a number of paternalistic regulations, no action was ever



taken against them by the Institute's administration.

During April and May, TIAL devoted itself to voter registration. Its first major success came, however, when it succeeded, through picketing, in so reducing the business of the local A&P that a Negro was employed there for the first time in recent history. Unfortunately, this did not represent a net addition to the A&P's Negro personnel in that part of Alabama, for the man employed in Tuskegee had already been on the company's payroll in nearby Auburn. That was TIAL's first encounter with the means by which those they fought managed to diminish apparent success through clever ruse.

On Commencement Day at Tuskegee Institute, while Martin Luther King was speaking to the assembled graduates, TIAL won its second victory by integrating the local municipal swimming pool. Ten persons, one of them white, gained entrance. That was the last day in 1965 that anyone swam in that pool. For on the following day garbage was thrown into the pool, and despite repeated promises from local officials, white and Negro, the pool was not readied for use again before the time came to close it in the fall. That was TIAL's second encounter with what it reasonably viewed as official duplicity—and this time Negro council members seemed to be participating.

But the major project of the year was the attempt to integrate three local white churches. During this endeavor, a few white men attacked and injured three demonstrators—two white, one Negro. The injured Negro youth was Wendell Paris, Younge's good friend. Paris had tried to protect Younge, who had only one kidney, from their assailants.

The beatings generated more distrust of local officials. As on all other occasions, the leaders of TIAL had carefully informed police of their protest plans and had requested protection. Whether accidentally or not, and many TIAL members think not, no policeman was in the vicinity when the violence occurred. The attackers were arrested, but only after much procrastination, because—as one influential white businessman put it—"We cannot go out and treat these people like common criminals. These are respectable citizens." The grand jury—which despite Negro preponderance in the population, and despite very large numbers of Negro professional people at the institute, the institute hospital and the Veterans Administration hospital, contained only two Negroes of eighteen jurymen—refused even to indict the "respectable" attackers.

In short, the local whites, often with the cooperation of Negroes who undoubtedly are sincerely convinced that they act in the interests of racial reconciliation, have managed to cling to their basic social and economic prerogatives. Though there has been progress, patterns of segregation persist. There is only token integration in the schools, no white-operated restaurant within the city is open on an integrated basis,* the local movie theatre is still shut, housing is rigidly segregated.

But what has had an even more profound impact on the members of TIAL, as well as on many others in the community, is the way in which victory has been repeatedly transformed into defeat by what has appeared to be the deceit of Negroes as well as whites. Whether or not the suspicion is justified, its prevalence has important bearing on the decline of this model Southern community into a scene of violence and tension.

Through all these developments, Samuel Younge, Jr., was active and highly visible. There are responsible members of the Tuskegee Institute community who say that he was long ago marked for punishment by local Klan members. The Klan is active in Macon County, and during the church demonstrations of the previous summer, the Younge home was constantly guarded by fellow townsmen. Nevertheless, he and his Tuskegee friends used to take chances; for as George Ware, the first leader of TIAL, told me: "Despite all that has happened, these guys really couldn't believe that any of their white fellow townsmen were murderous."

Perhaps this remark gives the most important clue to the present temper of Tuskegee. For a long time the struggle there for civil rights had been carried on within what seemed to both militants and nonmilitants to be a tacitly accepted framework of rules which prevented really serious harm to anyone. The bullet in Younge's temple ended these complacent assumptions, and the reaction has been bitter.

Another factor in today's tensions is local politics. In the last Tuskegee election, two of the three major groups were the TCA and the Non-Partisan League. The TCA's basic policy is gradual assumption of municipal power, always taking care to preserve the biracial character of local government. Dr. Gomillion believes, first, that Tuskegee has the obligation to provide a model for other Southern communities, especially black-belt communities. The key, he says, to successful reconciliation of the races is to allay the white man's fear that he will suffer the tyranny he has perpetrated. Second, Dr. Gomillion thinks that the immoderate whites who previously held municipal power were bent on a policy of rule or ruin—that they would have wrecked the city financially had not the Negro majority elected a white majority to council leadership. Finally, he feels that it is tremendously important for Negroes to succeed once they do begin to participate in decision making, and that a period in the minority can serve both to avoid responsibility for failure and to give Negroes the experience they need for success.

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*Since this was written one restaurant has apparently been opened to Negroes.

Whether he is right or wrong, Dr. Gomillion impresses one as a man of strong conviction, great integrity and faultless courage. Few of his opponents deny that he possesses these qualities.

Certainly Dr. Paul Puryear, also a Tuskegee Institute professor and leader of the Non-Partisan League, does not deny it. Acknowledging the historic achievements of Dr. Gomillion and his organization, Dr. Puryear and his group nevertheless opposed the TCA slate in the last city elections—and were soundly beaten. A Northerner and a relative newcomer to Tuskegee, Dr. Puryear sees an essential difference between the two groups. Where the TCA strives primarily for racial reconciliation, even at the expense both of genuine competence in government and of release from a system of deference that degrades the human spirit, the League demands that the most competent persons in the community be elected and appointed to public office, and that the system of deference be dismantled as rapidly as it is politically feasible to do so. His two aims are inextricably connected, for the possible pace of change is very much a function of the competence and dedication of those who hold office.

Dr. Puryear is especially eager to discredit one of the myths that many hold about recent Tuskegee history—that his group put forward a wholly Negro slate of candidates, and that it in fact wants to replace whites with Negroes. Actually one of the League's candidates for council was a white man. Puryear insists that in Tuskegee it is reasonable to suppose that a preponderance of competent persons is likely to be found within the Tuskegee Institute staff and the staff of the veterans hospital, both of which are predominantly Negro, rather than in the white business community. It is also likely that a commitment to dismantling the system of deference will be deeper among Negroes than among whites.

But Puryear and those who side with him emphatically favor a multi-racial society based on genuine equality. Nor are they indifferent to the problems of racial reconciliation in the short run. Puryear deplores the use of force, and would do everything in his power to avert violence—short of selling out the ideals for which the whole political struggle is undertaken in the first place. Moreover, he believes that in the short and long run the most effective way to forestall violence in a community that is, after all, more than 80 per cent Negro is to provide genuine relief from the indignities of a system based on segregation and to provide constructive channels for the pent-up energies this system has generated.

Puryear regards the view that Negroes in Tuskegee lack the experience to insure success in municipal government as a "classic expression of self-hate." For, as he put it before the murder: "How can we learn from those who have demonstrated their incompetence?" His judgment in this regard has been reinforced by the circumstances and consequences of Younge's death.

Puryear also has an educational motive for the policies he favors. He believes that in the long run the quality of Tuskegee Institute is going to be determined largely by the quality of the local community in which it is embedded. And he is certain that the quality of that community will be what it should be only when every Negro is "free to be himself." Finally, he opposed the TCA on the ground that its program is responsive primarily to the aspirations of middle-class Negroes, and coincidentally to the white middle class, and not to the poor and very poor who are the bulk of the Negro population in Tuskegee and in Macon County generally.

How do the students in TIAL react to this political conflict among their elders? Shortly before his death, I interviewed Younge and his friend and co-leader Paris. The dialogue is of special interest because it constitutes as much of Younge's political last will and testament as we are likely to get. (Unfortunately, I did not distinguish between the remarks of the two students, but as there was absolutely no disagreement between them, the interview may, I believe, be taken as faithful to Younge's position.)

Like Puryear, Younge opposed the view that Tuskegee is a model community. He claimed that in a town in which a prominent white moderate twice called him and Paris "nigger" in the privacy of his office, "the Tuskegee image was being carried too far." He and Paris described the effort and frustration that TIAL had encountered the previous summer. They claimed that, nevertheless, they were prepared to work with segregationists, provided it was politically effective to do so. Younge said that TIAL had originally tried to cooperate with TCA, but had been rebuffed and, in some instances, suffered wicked verbal attack.

He argued that the test of political effectiveness was whether genuine equality and freedom is promoted. He mentioned that Tuskegee can be a model community only when everyone in it is free and equal. And, echoing Puryear, he claimed Tuskegee could achieve these aims only by electing "the most qualified people" to public office. He did not deny that TCA had made substantial contributions to the goals sought, but claimed that much had been left undone that should and could have been done.

A segregationist, to Younge, was any white man who, through acts of commission or omission, tended to support the prevailing racial patterns. And an Uncle Tom he explicitly defined as any Negro who helps white men implement their segregationist theories. He described one prominent TCA leader as "the biggest Uncle Tom in the South," but said of another, "he will do what he can." Thus neither TIAL leader viewed the TCA as either monolithic or irrevocably "segregationist." Indeed, they both expressed admiration for the past achievements of Dr. Gomillion and of Mrs. Beulah Johnson, another prominent TCA leader who is one of TIAL's most energetic detractors. Mrs. Johnson, they said, "used to be the most militant person in town, but now she defends white moderates."

Again—and this is particularly poignant — they deplored the incompetence of the local police force, but singled out one officer for special praise as a "pretty just man." They both regretted that the police had had so little experience and training.

In discussing the Tuskegee Institute community, Younge complained that TIAL did not get much support from students, who tended to be preoccupied with the pursuit of conventional careers. He looked forward to the day when what he described as the institute's "totalitarian administration" would establish a bill of rights for students, and would create an environment of genuine academic freedom in all respects. He specifically called for elimination of "segregationists on the Institute's Board of Trustees."

Though both young men express respect for Dr. Puryear and the other leaders of the Non-Partisan League, they also felt that perhaps these men "just want power." In general, their attitude toward Negro members of older generations ranged from the flat claim that they are Uncle Toms to cautious respect mingled with skepticism about their motives. They were convinced that, in the long run, substantial changes would be achieved not through faith in the good will of others, but through the persistent application of pressure. Yet they were essentially optimistic about the prospect for progressive change, about their own ability to marshal the pressure. "Some people are listening," said Younge. Today, as a result of his death, almost everyone in the Tuskegee community is listening.

The morning after the killing, two meetings and a march were held. About 2,500 persons participated in the march. On the day of the funeral, civil rights activity was suspended, but from Wednesday, January 5, through Saturday, January 8, three additional marches and two more general meetings have taken place.

Tuskegee Institute president, Luther Foster, called the meeting that was held on Thursday, January 6. Almost every member of the staff and student body must have been jammed into Logan Hall to hear him proclaim the freedom of staff, students and citizens to involve themselves as they desire in civil rights activity; and to state his "expectation that people will so involve themselves."

It was not the first time Dr. Foster has said such things, nor had this freedom been effectively denied any member of the Tuskegee community in the preceding year. But the utterance of those words on that occasion was nevertheless an event of considerable symbolic significance for the Negro in America. For here, in the school founded by the acknowledged leader of American Negroes for a quarter of a century, Dr. Foster completed the break with the Booker T. Washington philosophy and tradition that has been in process since Rosa Parks decided to stay put in a Montgomery bus some 30 miles away and more than ten years ago. And Wendell Paris made things explicit on the following evening when, referring to a campus statue of Washington which depicts him lifting a veil from a huddled slave, he declaimed: "We got this statue out here of that man who's supposed to be lifting up the veil. Man, he's putting it back on!"

It was Washington who proclaimed, in his Atlanta Exposition address of 1895: "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." It was Washington who in his autobiography had declared that "there is something in human nature which we cannot blot out, which makes one man, in the end, recognize and reward merit in another, regardless of color or race. . . . The time will come," Washington assured his fellow black men, "when the Negro will be accorded all the political rights which his ability, character, and material possessions entitle him to." He was certain that these "will be accorded to the Negro by the Southern white people themselves [without] outside or artificial forcing."

That things did not work out quite that way members of the institute faculty who possessed Ph.D.s discovered when they were denied the franchise on the basis of literacy requirements. The TCA was organized and it secured those voting rights through some "artificial forcing." But its zeal and success did not produce a general effort to rethink Washington's philosophy, or to dismantle the institutional structure he had so confidently imposed on Tuskegee Institute, and which had been so long accepted by almost all American Negroes. The explicit endorsement and encouragement of student militancy by Washington's current successor, Dr. Foster, was thus significant far beyond its local meaning. For in his mild and graceful manner, Dr. Foster was expressing his conviction that the cause of civil rights required a great deal of "artificial forcing"—and that he *expected* every Negro in the Tuskegee community to participate.

President Foster's talk preceded speeches by the president of the Student Council, Gwen Patton, and by Dr. Puryear, who spoke on behalf of the Ad Hoc Committee for Justice in Macon County—a group organized by some faculty members only two days earlier. Both speakers voiced a series of demands. Puryear's proposals, which included a municipal public accommodations law stronger and more comprehensive than federal laws on that subject, were adopted without dissent by the overflow audience. Miss Patton's proposals were greeted with an almost unanimous endorsement. And, in a letter to President Johnson, Miss Patton said: "Sir, to be honest with you, the students of Tuskegee Institute are not planning to follow the course of nonviolence if justice is not done in this case." Whether her statement was intended as threat or prediction, and whether or not it is prophetic of student action, Miss Patton was undoubtedly voicing the passions of the moment. The emotional pitch was such that even this sentiment was approved in the school founded by Booker T. Washington.

The virtual unanimity of this meeting was shattered in a mass assembly held the next evening. Another student march, the third, had been staged that Friday morning, and the meeting was called by Miss Patton to determine the wishes of the student community, to reinforce their determination to act, and to announce plans.

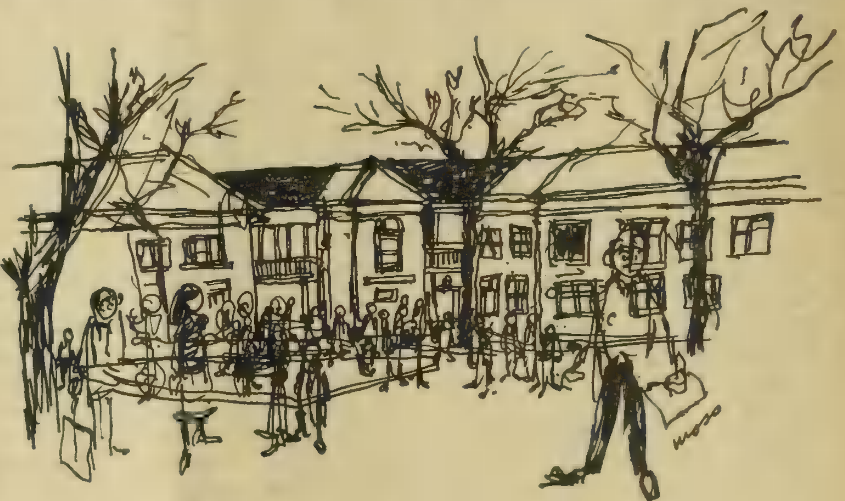
Dr. Foster again spoke first. In a clear effort to slow the pace of student protest he described the things that had been achieved. He announced that a large number of federal agents were in Tuskegee, that investigators from Alabama Attorney General Richmond Flower's office were also there, that officials of the Federal Conciliation Service had met twice with large and representative groups, that the city council had offered to call a special session to consider informally Dr. Puryear's proposed ordinance, and to give the proposals "genuine and serious" consideration at the next general meeting on Tuesday. He also announced that the federal government had instituted suit against the two "private clubs" in town, a move intended to force them into desegregating their dining rooms. Finally, he told the audience that local officials had informed him of "grave dangers" that would attend any marching on Saturday, though he emphasized that he made the announcement only to provide information relevant to plans for further action.

Though Dr. Foster did not prohibit demonstrations and tried on all occasions to make sure that any that did occur should receive the fullest possible protection, it is clear that he was trying to discourage the students from marching into town the next day. Given what he had been told, and his responsibilities as president, he would have been derelict in his duty had he not cautioned the students. The signs of danger to which he referred were reports of cars full of white men with rifles, phoned threats to various people, threats voiced directly to police, at least two instances in which local whites in cars apparently tried to run demonstrators down—without being arrested—and so on. To his caution, Gwen Patton responded: "Ain't no guns or rifles gonna turn us around. We realize the danger, but Sammy Younge did it by himself. So what difference does it make whether it's one or a million?" Her speech was followed by a vote favoring another march.

Still, some opposition was voiced on this occasion. One student expressed a view that is certainly held by many others—that the first march was justified, but that the others have only "riled people up." This statement was greeted by some catcalls. But when the Dean of Students, Dr. Bert Phillips, complained that "the rudeness tonight is certainly not civil, and if we're going to have civil rights then we have to be civil right down the line," there was much applause.

George Ware, who had led the demonstrations of the previous summer, reminded the students of how often they had relied on promises, only to be frustrated in their legitimate expectations. He said that if they backed down, they would be responsible for the next death.

Perhaps the most dramatic speech of the evening was given by James Forman, executive secretary of SNCC. He asked when the terror was going to be stopped. He said that he knew his own days were numbered, but that he had to go on. And he challenged the students: "What do you live for? That's the basic question, baby." Then, describing the many luxuries that can be bought in our consumer paradise, he asked: "Is that enough? Is that enough? Or are you going to take the education you get and give it back to the people?" Forman ended with his favorite quote from Frederick Douglass: "A man who won't agitate for his rights, don't need no rights." Applause was thunderous.



The role that SNCC has played in the demonstrations to date is another bone of controversy. Many people here distrust the SNCC leaders and deplore the fact that TIAL has worked so closely with SNCC over the past year. Younge was not the only member of SNCC among the TIAL leadership, and the presence of the organization on campus is viewed by many as proof that its leaders are pulling the strings. As far as I can tell, that is not so. The various decisions made by the students have met with the overwhelming approval of the students present. It is true that debate has been something less than full and free, but in the excitement of the moment, the demand for more representative discussion has been rather weak. Moreover, despite the ominous predictions, a strong case can be made that the march of Saturday was the most useful and significant of all.

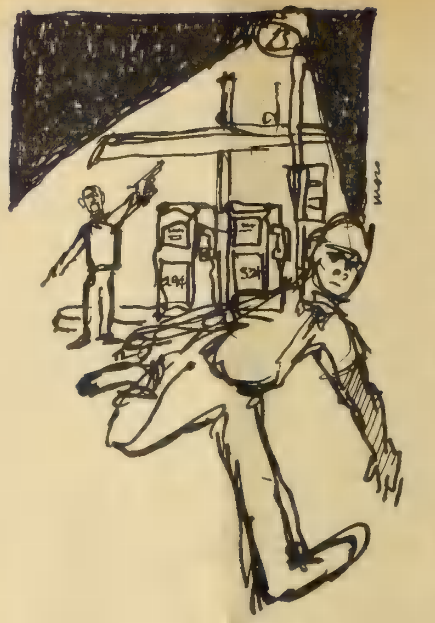
The tension was very high that morning; students admitted that they were scared. Though there must have been 1,500 of them in the hall the evening before, only 250 to 300 were present at the start of the march. The town seemed quiet. The day before, state troopers had joined the city and county police, but they were nowhere to be seen as the march began. The local police had meanwhile concentrated at a spot about a quarter-mile from the campus which the students and faculty would have to pass. When the demonstrators reached them, the police blocked their progress and announced that they would not be permitted to march into town because they lacked a parade permit. The students had not been warned that this would occur, nor indeed were the officers of the institute to whom I talked so notified. Angered, the marchers moved into the center of the highway and sat down. There they remained for about an hour and a half, while their number almost doubled.

The reason given for the barricade was undoubtedly not the real one. It is more likely that the city fathers had decided that all of this "disorderly process" had gone far enough, that a mob had gained control, that the time had come for life to return to normal. It was a typical miscalculation. First, there had been little disorder on the campus, and none at all during the demonstrations. Second, as far as I could tell by sampling my own students, those who participated were among the best and most responsible of the undergraduates. Third, normalcy was precisely what these students were determined to fight, at whatever risk. Eventually the students voted to proceed against the police barrier. They locked arms and began to press. Everyone heaved a sigh when the police gave way.

The students marched to the center of town, and seated themselves in front of the businesses of the white moderate leadership of the community. Many local people, most of them rural Negroes, were induced to cross the street and sit with them. The faces of some of these older people were studies in mingled fear and determination. For more than a few it was the first time they had ever participated in a demonstration, and their own courage must have amazed them.

The only thing that sullied the protest was a harangue by one SNCC worker who, among other things, insisted on the basis of no evidence whatever that Younge's murder had been planned in the chambers of the City Council. I believe many of the demonstrators found this demagogy repugnant. They feel that with so much truth and justice on their side, there is not even tactical justification for lies. They deplore the fact that anyone should think it necessary to begin again the process of degradation from which they allegedly want to rescue those they claim to help. But this incident was unique. No one else from on or off the campus broke the unspoken discipline of the marches. After about an hour and many songs, the marchers rose quietly, and in orderly fashion returned to the campus.

I said that this march was the most important and useful of all. I think so because the students who participated, all of whom genuinely believed that they were marching into danger, seemed to be saying to their elders: "Look, we are not a hard core—we are almost a quarter of the total student body. We haven't been manipulated into marching—we march because we want to. We know there is danger, and we're scared, but this time we are determined to do whatever is required to show that we mean business. We are not prepared to accept the indignities you have understandably accepted. We want our freedom—and your freedom—and we want it now. We won't give up until we have won every bit of freedom that is ours by right of birth in this country, supposed to be free and democratic." The older folk may shudder, but I would guess that the majority of them are proud of and inspired by these young people.



If demonstrations continue—and the students seem determined to persist—protection will be difficult, for reasons that dramatically illustrate the need for new federal legislation. The city of Tuskegee has fourteen policemen, supplemented by a county force of four men. All have been working long and exhausting hours. It is a strain that they cannot reasonably be expected to endure indefinitely. The state provided some men during the week of demonstrations, but the community accepted this assistance only on condition that the state police be subject to the authority of local officers. Tuskegee may not be a model community, but no one—except a few Klansmen—wants George Wallace's finest running the show.

The obvious alternative is to turn to the federal government for assistance, but as Attorney General Katzenbach interprets existing statutes, he will not recommend federal intervention until the state has demonstrated that it cannot control the situation. Moreover, the City Council and the officers of Tuskegee Institute know full well that should they initiate efforts to bypass the state's law-enforcement agencies, the state can retaliate in an indefinitely large number of ways that affect education, welfare, the poverty program, technical police assistance, and so on. Because the federal government continues to insist on the myth of reliable state law enforcement in all the states of the union, a relatively progressive black-belt community is caught between the devil and his principal Southern agent.

How the City Council will deal with the situation that has developed is not yet clear. There is some talk of deputizing local citizens, some talk of borrowing police from surrounding communities. Governor Wallace, striving mightily to postpone the day on which justice can be secured in Alabama, has just recommended that all elected county officials be retained in office three years beyond the expiration date of their terms. And one of the three members appointed by Wallace to the board charged with deciding who appears on the panel from which the grand jury will be drawn is the proprietor of the Standard Oil station whose attendant denied Samuel Younge, Jr., use of restroom facilities. The ironies of Alabama justice are endless.

Meanwhile, the City Council, and other municipal agencies in Tuskegee, are under pressure from another direction. They must deal with proposals that were first put forward by student government, TIAL, the Ad Hoc Committee for Justice in Macon County, and then endorsed—in a series of meetings called by President Foster to improve communication among the various factions involved—by a representative group of institute staff and townspeople. These demands include a sweeping public accommodations law, improvement of police services, discharge of the present Public Safety Commissioner, review of existing fire protection, correction of the present imbalance in the hiring of Negroes, complete integration of the schools, reopening of all recreational facilities (including the swimming pool) on an integrated basis, and a program of municipal public housing. The students have pledged that they will continue to demonstrate until their demands are substantially satisfied. They argue that, in light of recent history, faith in promises is not possible.

The council has already responded to the demand for enactment of a comprehensive public accommodations law. They have met informally with the Ad Hoc Committee, and have promised formal consideration of the proposed legislation. Whether they will respond quickly and fully enough to slow the pace of protest remains to be seen. What seems clear is that the council is now at last willing to consider steps which have long been ignored, postponed or flatly rejected. Perhaps Tuskegee will yet become a model Southern community.

The myth that it ever was such a model arose primarily from the desire of many people of good will, North and South, to believe it. Their self-deception is quite understandable. The contrast between Tuskegee and Hayneville is as great as that between pre-revolutionary France and France in the Middle Ages. Tuskegee has made substantial progress in some areas; in others, it lags behind even certain other black-belt communities. Nearby Auburn, for example, is no black man's paradise, but a Negro can dine publicly with a white friend in a white-owned restaurant.

The extreme bitterness of the reaction to Younge's death, and the prevailing sense of outrage at conditions in the city, are in part due to the very gap between rhetoric and reality. The progress that has been made, and the public relations use to which this progress has been put, have generated expectations that are greater than those existing in most Southern communities. The murder of Younge accelerated the process of dealing with the resulting frustrations. But it would have happened eventually anyway, for when the gap between claims and facts is great, exacerbation becomes so intense, and incidents so likely, that something is bound to precipitate action.

Drugs on Campus: Turned On & Tuned Out

Mervin B. Freedman and Harvey Powelson

Within the last five years the ingestion of various drugs has become widespread on the American campus. Until recently, drugs were used almost exclusively by those clearly out of step with conventional American life. Prior to 1960, also, the taking of drugs implied physiological addiction, heroin being the substance most used. An exception was marijuana. Certain groups in Los Angeles and New York, many of them actors and writers, smoked pot without deleterious physiological effects or interference with their professional activities. However, marijuana was very rarely found on college campuses.

Physiologically addictive drugs are still almost unknown on campus, but there are now few colleges and universities where marijuana and the new psychedelic drugs, chiefly LSD, are not consumed. On even the most provincial of campuses a student who has flipped out as a result of taking LSD is likely to turn up at the counseling center, or a few students may be expelled for smoking pot in a dormitory. This is not to say that the proportion of students who take drugs is high. Most college students are conventional and dutiful, and are unlikely to contravene acceptable standards of behavior in so serious a way. But on campuses where cosmopolitan students congregate — large city campuses or prestigious small liberal arts colleges — the proportion of students who experiment with pot or LSD may run as high as 10 per cent. This is not a large proportion, but the total numbers are considerable. In a student body of 15,000, for example, but 2 per cent is 300 students — a figure not easily ignored. And the number of drug takers is growing.

It is difficult to fashion a serious case against smoking marijuana except that a user will find himself in serious trouble if he is caught by the police. The effects on society at large, were pot smoking to be as ubiquitous as the consumption of alcohol, are unknown, but within the current limits of use, there is little evidence that marijuana damages the individuals who smoke it. However, once a student has stepped over the line and finds that nothing terrible has happened, it is easy to fall into the illusion that there are no dangers at all. Occasionally a person of somewhat precarious emotional stability may be thrown into a panic state or even a psychosis as a result of smoking pot, but this seldom happens. Similarly, there is little basis for asserting that pot smoking is often a prelude to self-destructive or socially damaging acts. No data exist, for example, to demonstrate that marijuana contributes significantly to an individual's criminal tendencies.

Perhaps the most serious charge that may be made against pot is that it is psychologically damaging. Since it is officially banned, its use reinforces rebellious and anti-social tendencies. Individuals who smoke pot regularly—as opposed to those who experiment with it on one or a few occasions—are likely to scoff at such a remark. Divorced as they are from traditional American culture and society, they are hardly frightened by the prospect of further alienation. Indeed, they are apt to welcome it.

The consistent pot smokers are for the most part graduate students in the arts, philosophy, the humanities and, to some extent, in the social sciences. The rebellion they express in many ways, pot smoking among them, stems from their disillusion with American life and values. They oppose American intervention in Vietnam; they are angered by the lot of Negroes and other disadvantaged minority groups. And they are militant. Aside from enjoying pot's intrinsic satisfactions — relaxation, heightened sensibility, etc. — these students get pleasure from sharing a rebellious, illegal activity. The more rebellious or "anti" the movement, the greater the likelihood that pot smokers will be drawn to it. On the other hand, the use of marijuana is rare in the Peace Corps and Poverty Corps. Even though these workers may oppose traditional policies and politics, their activities are more a gesture of social affirmation than of protest.

On any cosmopolitan campus to-

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day or in any large city, a student can easily buy marijuana or a psychedelic drug. About eighty psychedelic or consciousness-expanding substances have been identified in the Western world—morning glory seeds, peyote, psyilocybin, are among the more prominent—but LSD, the most powerful, has preempted the field. Because of its shadowy status, it has often been easier to obtain than the clearly illegal marijuana. Revisions of federal drug laws will alter the status of LSD, but at least in the near future there is little likelihood that pot or acid will be in short supply. Connections, sometimes students, often ex-students, are easy to find. The going rate is $5 for an LSD capsule. And for many users one capsule is good for two "trips." You dissolve it in a glass of water and drink half the glass each time.

Although the takers of marijuana and LSD overlap, these drugs have assumed quite different meanings for the students who ingest them. Pot smoking is likely to be a relaxing, convivial affair. On occasion, one may in the course of smoking marijuana undergo profound experiences, mystical or self-revelatory, but few pot enthusiasts would claim that it initiated one into life's mysteries. Devotees of LSD, on the other hand, have surrounded the ingestion of this substance with a *mystique*, with cults, with rituals. Some students claim that LSD experiences provide deep insights. They have seen themselves with a clear eye, stripped of the usual defenses and artifices which ordinarily hedge perception. A better self, an ideal self, may be envisioned. New powers are made available to them; intense mystical or religious experiences occur.

However, not all ingestions of LSD result in revelatory trips. Sometimes nothing happens. Other times, reaction may be limited to minor perceptual distortion. The setting in which LSD is taken considerably influences the effect. For some students an LSD trip is a profound personal experience; for others it becomes a religion, a way of life. These two kinds of LSD enthusiasm—the profound personal experience versus the way of life—tend to divide on the frequency of dosage. Students for whom LSD has not become a way of life probably have experienced only a few LSD trips—three or four perhaps, spaced at intervals of several months. LSD experience is likely to contribute to their alienation. They see so very clearly the falsity of the material values that dominate Western society; they have experienced true love—they know what the word love means; they have reconciled the conflicts which plague Western man, and so on. And these experiences have spurred them on to rebel all the more vehemently against conventional American life and politics.

When LSD becomes a religion or a way of life, students take it more frequently—once a week perhaps, or even more often. And when this occurs, a student is likely to leave school. A number of large universities now have groups or cults of LSD devotees who live in the vicinity. Most of the members are ex-students. These people are turned on to their inner world, their internal experience. The external world is tuned out. They do little of anything except observe. They are great nature lovers. They will journey to places of unusual natural beauty, turn on with LSD, and look. They work spasmodically, when funds are needed, but otherwise are inactive. The preoccupations of most people—educational, professional, political—are "games" to them. There is the "Vietnam-administration game," the "student-administration game," the "Hitler-Jewish game," the "McCarthy-ADA game," and the like. Their living conditions often become squalid. The truth has been revealed to them. They are in tune with infinity, and anyone who is hung up on involvement with experiences or activities of the external world is dismissed as a square.

Communication between these votaries of LSD and squares is limited. Because so much of what occurs during an LSD trip is nonverbal, little can be reported. And "what the word cannot say, the mind cannot know." LSD enthusiasts talk of religious conversions, the awakening of artistic creativity, the reconciliation of opposites. The main change to be observed in such individuals, however, is that they have given up doing anything. The aspiring painter talks of the heightening of his aesthetic sensibilities and skills, but he has stopped painting. The graduate student who withdrew from writing his dissertation in philosophy talks of the wondrous philosophical theories he has evolved. But nothing is written. It seems that the world of fantasy has become far more compelling than the world of involvement with external things. Indeed, fantasy is substituted for reality. If one has dreamed the idea of a great novel, the work of actually writing it becomes a drag.

Much has been made of the psychological perils of LSD. They are real enough. In San Francisco or New York one could doubtless track down a hundred or more cases of people who had been rendered psychotic as a result of a dose of LSD. Each student health service, psychiatric clinic, emergency service of a general hospital, would yield a number of such cases. Most of these episodes are of short duration. For each instance of an individual's flipping out, there are several of panic reaction to an LSD experience. Tranquilizers will terminate the physiological effects of LSD in such instances. Most of these reactions occur when LSD is taken in unfavorable settings—alone in a room or in somewhat uncongenial company. Probably more serious is the impairment of judgment that may accompany an LSD trip. It is often difficult to determine the duration of the experience. Individuals whose customary judgment is still somewhat impaired may be driving cars, teaching classes, or making decisions about important family matters.

The long-range physiological results of such a powerful stress reaction as an LSD experience are unknown. Evidence seems to be mounting that repeated ingestions of LSD may have permanent or enduring adverse effects. The semidazed quality displayed by some individuals who are on LSD a good part of the time may be physiological in origin, at least in part. It is unlikely that one or several ingestions of LSD will have enduring physiological effects, but definitive data on this score are not yet at hand.

It is in quietism, however, that the chief danger of LSD lies. An affluent and complex society can easily afford small groups of people whose chief commitment is to their internal processes and their fantasy worlds. But what if there were many such? It is ironic that the military establishments of both Russia and the United States, the very groups that epitomize all that the devotees of consciousness expansion most oppose, are experimenting with LSD—as a weapon, of course. A population that is turned on will make no trouble. It will be easy prey for the conqueror. LSD zealots ignore the realities of power—unlike Mahatma Gandhi or William Blake, mystics who were committed to the human and social struggle.

LSD is unquestionably of potential value in various forms of psychotherapy. It may be used, for example, to shatter the habitual modes of reaction of people with strong fixations—alcoholics, recidivist criminals, compulsives, and others—so that they may evolve new ways of coping with the world and of living with themselves. And undoubtedly psychedelic experiences have entailed for some people profound personal insights and mystical and spiritual experiences. These powers are to be taken seriously.

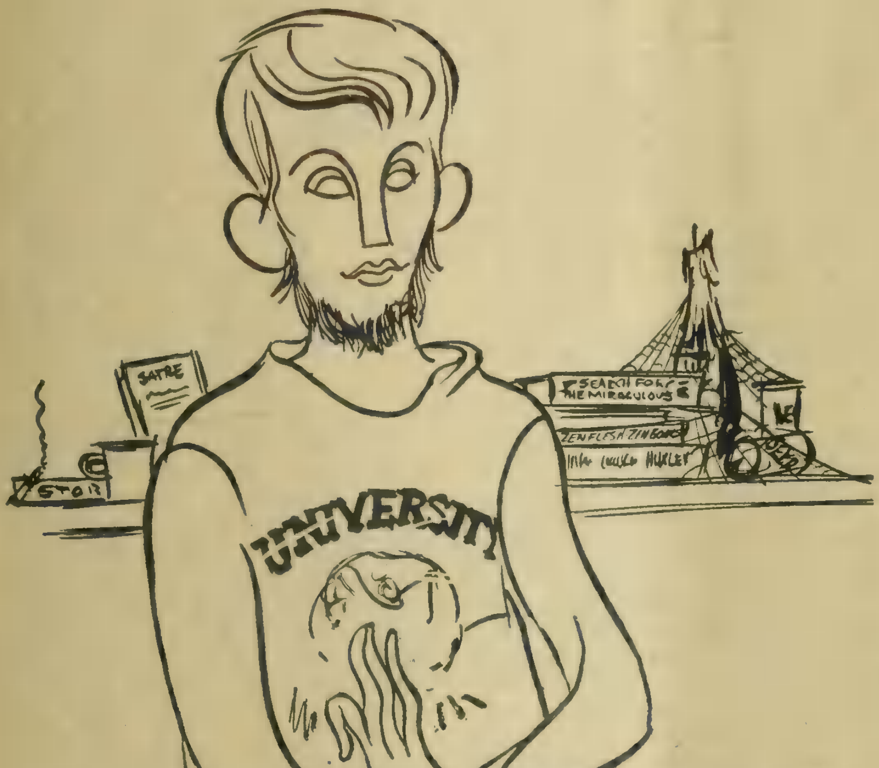
It is more difficult to take LSD seriously as a religion or a way of life. The notion that in 3 to 6 hours one may painlessly attain to the wisdom that Buddha achieved over a period of years seems ludicrous. The LSD grab bag of philosophy compounded out of Zen, Fromm, existentialism, Aldous Huxley, Jung, et al., is an unlikely guide to action in a complex society. The description of a person as "He's loving" (the ultimate compliment), as if somehow one could touch this entity of love, is right out of adolescent fantasy. Above all, the absence of a tragic sense makes LSD as a religion or way of life no more applicable to the richness of human experience than any other simplistic religion.

Yet the phenomenon of psychedelic experience as a religion or way of life should not be written off. What attracts several hundreds of the brightest and most aware of American youth to psychedelic experience and makes zealots of them? Why are many thousands of other youths eager to undergo this experience? The answers are, of course, many and varied. Transcendentalism and the search for utopia are hardly new to American life. There is, however, an urgency to the quest by many young people for new values that deserves the most serious regard.

The brightest and most sensitive of college youth are examining the values of the Western world, and are finding them wanting. There is an upsurge of interest in introspection and in the life of the emotions. There is great concern with people rather than with things. Questions of ethics and morality are on their minds as perhaps never before in American life—not since the Civil War, at any rate. And their education is not meeting these interests. The things that are most important to many young Americans are not being discussed in academic life. The sterile formalism of much American higher education can hardly hold a candle to the psychedelic experience.

Similarly, many youths are turning away in disgust from American society. Injustices that were once accepted lightly—the situation of the Negro, for example—are now a source of pain. A war in Vietnam of most ambiguous morality cannot be easily tolerated. A society which expends enormous wealth on orbiting space ships, the occupants of which can talk to each other only by recourse to locker-room banter, seems almost unendurable.

The interest of many students in drug experience may not be dismissed simply as a sign of delinquency, rebelliousness or psychological pathology. It represents a search for a new way of life. It indicates needs and desires that American society and education do not now meet or fill. There is a quality of naïveté in this quest by students. Wholeness, joy, wisdom or love are not likely to emerge from a few hours that are spent under the influence of a chemical. The interest in drug experience informs us, however, that American society and education are doing little to contribute to the richness of life that students sense can be theirs.



Ventura County

THE BARBARIAN CONQUEST

. . . Jack D. Forbes

When did the Barbarians finally conquer Ventura County, California? It is difficult to select a precise date, for the victory was won only after many years of subversion and infiltration. The invasion commenced as a mere dribble in the 1850s, and the size, beauty and natural resources of the county, as well as its Mexican-Indian heritage, forestalled immediate success. Nevertheless, by 1900, the Barbarians largely dominated the commercial life of the county, and only the presence of vast wide-open spaces stood in their path. The 1920s and 1930s saw their power grow, and finally the "great rush" of the post-World War II era gave them their triumph.

Ventura County, along with much of Southern California, is today part of the Barbarian Empire—and probably will be forever, since a region which has once been under Barbarian rule seldom successfully rebels or is capable of recovery. Pockmarked Appalachia stands as an example.

Who are these modern-day Barbarians? The dictionary says that a barbarian is "one whose state of culture is between savagery and civilization . . . any rude, brutal, or uncultured person. . . ." "Barbaric" characteristics are "wildly splendid or showy." This, indeed, is our modern invader. He is anti-cultural, anti-intellectual and anti-conservationist. He is rude and noisy, he is addicted to "wildly splendid and showy" consumption, he cuts down ancient oak trees and replaces them with cement and asphalt, he tears down historical monuments to make room for prefabricated hamburger stands, he destroys beaches to construct parking lots and freeways, he cuts up mountain sides to make a buck (and gets a divvy of the disaster money when the houses slide down the hill). In short, our Barbarian Empire is ruled by men and women whose tastes are crude and whose ethic is simplicity indeed: let's make money.

The destruction of Ventura County is a significant story, since Ventura serves as an example of what happened in other sections of the Empire. Certainly life was not perfect before the Barbarians came. Many Mexicans and Indians were careless of their heritage, a few were wasteful with natural resources, others were willing to prey upon the less fortunate; but their vices were offset by the then abundance of resources and by the basically non-exploitive nature of their pastoral life. Unlettered as they were, these *paisanos* possessed a sense of balance, a sense of dignity, a sense of agrarian contentment that the typical Barbarian lacks. And most important of all, money did not rule their lives.

The change began with the coming of the Anglo-Americans. I don't mean to imply that the terms "Anglo-American" and "Barbarian" are synonymous—it is merely that the Anglo introduced money hunger into California on a large scale for the first time. After that, many Mexicans were capable of being reduced to barbarism by the newcomer's example, while many Anglos have always resisted the disease of plutomania.

The conquest of Ventura County proceeded gradually. First, the more well-to-do Mexican landowners became infected; they squandered their patrimony and Anglo speculators and carpetbagging lawyers moved in to take over the land. The "Dons" were children when it came to playing the game of barbarism—and inevitably lost to the experts. But the county was large enough to absorb the newcomers, and with the promoters and fast-buck artists came schoolteachers and other useful people who built homes and tried, in their quiet way, to live a simple, satisfactory life. Nevertheless, the seeds of disaster were already spouting: the bears were slaughtered and totally exterminated, other forms of wild life were decimated, many natural resources were reduced, and the native Chumash Indians were driven from their ancient homes by developers who had no use for even the labor of the Red man.

The big change, however, came with oil. The populace rejoiced when oil was repeatedly discovered in different sections of the county—when the drilling rigs went up, and the ground became covered with seepage. What a landscape! Oil rigs in every direction, the trees all down, the brush removed, pipes running hither and thither—and a crop of money. This money was to make Ventura a metropolitan mecca of wealth and, perhaps, culture. But the oil was pumped, money was made, yet culture never came. The new millionaires did not live in the oil fields, and they spent their money elsewhere. Ventura got the derricks and the tank farms; other places, presumably, got culture.

But it wasn't all bad. People who were concerned with things other than money found refuge on their farms and orchards, or in quiet, out of the way corners and oak-covered glens. They built schools, grew crops, wrote books, developed a small museum, and some of them planted trees along roads, created parks, and tried to preserve historical monuments (such of them as

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Killing Them Definitively

111 DAYS IN STANLEYVILLE. By David Reed. Harper & Row. 279 pp. $4.95.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF THE LION. By Homer E. Dowdy. Harper & Row. 254 pp. $3.95.

Paul F. Semonin

The death of the American missionary Dr. Paul Carlson erased from most people's minds any doubts about the motives of the American intervention at Stanleyville in late 1964. Most observers felt the Belgian paratroops plucked the white hostages out of the hands of a "rabble of dazed, ignorant savages." Few people gave any thought to the comment by British missionary Herbert Jenkinson, who operated the Leco bookstore in Stanleyville: "I don't think (the massacre) would have happened if the paras hadn't intervened. When they fired, the rebels hated us. Until then they had respected me as a missionary."

Was the sole purpose of the intervention "humanitarian"? The question seems as futile as asking who killed Kennedy. And the books published to date on the Congo intervention offer less consolation to those with doubts than do studies of the assassination. *111 Days in Stanleyville*, by *Reader's Digest* roving editor David Reed, provides a blow-by-blow account of the hostages' ordeal but is wholly lacking in any original interpretation of the affair. *Out of the Jaws of the Lion* by Homer E. Dowdy, which focuses on the Protestant missionaries in the Stanleyville area, consists primarily of eulogic stories of their deaths. Dowdy, who has also reported on missionary work in Vietnam, flew to the Congo at the behest of Rev. Ralph B. Odman, general secretary of the Unevangelized Field Mission. For all their diligent research, neither Reed nor Dowdy saw fit to discuss Jenkinson's reservations about the intervention, quoted above.

Both authors bear out the truth of the African proverb which says, "The foreigner only sees what he knows." They lean heavily on the personal drama of the white hostages, selecting their anecdotes carefully to illustrate the harrowing experiences of whites who venture innocently onto the "dark continent." By dramatizing such atrocities, they reinforce the century-old prejudices of the white man toward the Congolese "savages" leading one to conclude that the Congolese simply aren't ready to govern themselves. Reed makes a nominal effort to point out legitimate grievances of the Congolese rebels, while portraying their "uncivilized" rebellion as canceling out any justice in their revolt.

Had Reed or Dowdy wished to expose the fraud of the "humanitarian" rescue, they had only to pick up a Belgian newspaper. The Dutch Catholic journal *De Standardt* reported the following interviews with paras at Saventhem airport after their return from the Congo:

> *The numerous stories of the evacuation were always the same. The soldiers said they had found the rebels in closets and drawers in the houses and that the rebels allowed themselves to be killed there. "I saw one who was reading a book," said a para. "I shot. He continued to read, until I killed him* definitivement." *During the evacuation, told another, "I entered an empty house. Only the toilet door was locked. I said to my companion: That's not right and I emptied my gun into the door. Then we looked through the house. When we passed the toilet again, I saw blood flowing under the door, I was right to think something was wrong."*

Another para told a correspondent from the Belgian publication *Special*: "When I saw the white bodies, it was too much for me. I fired, as much as I could, on all the blacks I saw."

The Belgian paras, according to the State Department, were "under orders to use force only in their own defense or in the defense of foreign and Congolese civilians." Yet J. Anthony Lukas of *The New York Times* estimated that some 3,000 Congolese were killed in Stanleyville on the *two days* following the drop, a period when, according to every report, the rebels had fled into the bush. How many of those shot down indiscriminately by the paras were civilians? No one knows. In Stanleyville when the stench was too great and there was danger of an epidemic, the dead were buried in mass graves under the supervision of a UN sanitation official.

On two occasions, at Albertville and Uvira, the rebels were bombed and strafed after they allowed whites to leave. They felt that the presence of the white hostages at Stanleyville had prevented the air attacks, which along with continuing massacres by white mercenaries, had taken a heavy toll among their own civilian population. Reed casually quotes a mercenary at Kindu: "I should imagine in Kindu we must have shot three thousand people. I'll be honest with you: most of them unnecessarily." He discreetly omits an eyewitness account of the Kindu massacre given by an English mercenary, Geoff Munn (published in the French weekly, *le Nouvel Observateur*). Munn later deserted the mercenary force because he was sick of killing.

> *We charged on the town. The blacks tried to reach the other bank of the river. Few of them made it. We mowed them down by the dozens in our descent. Suddenly, we found ourselves in the midst of them. They didn't fight back at all. We killed, killed, killed. Finally at nightfall when we were sure there was no one left alive, we tried to settle down. We stumbled over the bodies. Exhausted, some of us slept among the corpses.*

On another occasion the rebels sabotaged a truck belonging to the mercenaries on the road to Stanleyville. The mercenaries were ordered to destroy the nearest village in retaliation. Again Munn, who was there, is quoted:

> *We arrived at the village before nightfall. The women were coming and going unsuspectingly, carrying water. The children played in the dust, laughing and calling to each other. We stopped a moment in the brush, watching. Then came the order to open fire. The machine guns and our new Belgian rifles opened up. The women shrieked, they fell. The kids stopped, flipped over like rabbits by the bullets. We charged, continuing to fire. A few of us put cans of gasoline against the huts and set them afire with matches. Others threw phosphorous grenades which turned the victims into human torches impossible to extinguish. The moans, shrieks and cries of the blacks begged for mercy. Amidst all of that the unbelievable yells of the commandos: obviously, they loved it. At last, away from the village, the silence. Far off the cries of the wounded and those of the*

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tropical birds, hardly discernible, settled in the warm, humid night.

As Munn points out, the orders to destroy the village were familiar ones. "We had done nothing else since our departure farther South; destroying innocent villages of small farmers who didn't give a damn for the war." The orders of mercenary leader Major Michael Hoare were to shoot all the blacks on the spot. "Even if you see men, women and children running toward you, even if they beg you on their knees, don't hesitate, shoot. Not to wound, to kill." The logic of Hoare's campaign was simple: "To western ears this may sound brutal and insensible but after a campaign of three months here, I know it's the only solution. There isn't any compromise. The political solution will only come when the rebels have been destroyed."

Reed compares the mercenaries to "gunfighters in the American wild West" or *condottieri*, the hired soldiers who fought in Renaissance Europe. They are pictured essentially as men of adventure, cold, heartless creatures, perhaps, but in no way politically motivated. Both Reed and Dowdy try to dissociate their ruthlessness from American policy. Reed notes that the State Department went out of its way to prevent Americans from serving in the mercenary army. He also claims the United States refused to allow the mercenaries to ride on the C-130E transport planes because it was felt this would be damaging to the "American image" in Africa. He does not explain why, then, six white South Africans were hired *to fly* American T-28 fighter planes.

Reed and Dowdy's versions of the campaign on Stanleyville distort the United States role in the hiring of the mercenaries. Both claim Tshombe hired the mercenaries after moderate African countries refused to send troops to the Congo. In fact, G. Mennen Williams, Under Secretary of State for African Affairs, pressured Tshombe to make an appeal for African troops after the latter had secretly hired the mercenaries. J. Anthony Lukas reported on August 25 that the U.S. Government "hoped (Tshombe's appeal) would at least provide diplomatic cover for the mercenary operation and at best, if necessary, limit the number of mercenaries needed." Tshombe's call for African troops came in the last paragraph of a communiqué issued on August 17, 1964: "We will gratefully accept all aid which friendly African countries would agree to put at our disposal." The first plane load of mercenaries arrived only a week later on August 23. Major Hoare, who had been in Leopoldville since mid-July, later told of the day he signed his contract with Tshombe's government: "I returned to M. Tshombe several days later, on Saturday afternoon. It was five o'clock. He had just come from a press conference where he declared he had no intention of hiring mercenaries." Lukas pointed out that "Both Belgium and the U.S. Governments are known to have participated in the planning for the force. The two governments are reported to have agreed at talks in Brussels last month that some sort of mercenary force would have to be organized to supplement the Congolese Army, which has virtually collapsed in the face of the rebel assault."

The United States Embassy in Leopoldville, so Reed says, urged Washington for months to send U.S. troops to "rescue the hostages." Averell Harriman held several meetings in September and October with General Earle G. Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to discuss such an operation. At Harriman's request, Wheeler's aides drew up contingency plans for sending U.S. forces to Stanleyville. Reed offers no clear explanation of why the intervention was delayed. He fails to note the chief reason, which was the lack of ground support from the mercenaries and government troops who were then still hundreds of miles south of Stanleyville. Another factor militating against the intervention then was President Johnson's campaign for re-election.

On November 8, two days after the fall of Kindu and following Johnson's victory, Prime Minister Spaak came to Washington to discuss the Congo situation. According to Reed, "Harriman had for some time favored the idea of sending American troops to Stanleyville, if necessary, to rescue the hostages. Now Spaak proposed that the two countries intervene jointly, if diplomatic moves should fail." These diplomatic efforts to negotiate the release of the hostages never offered any assurance to the rebels that their own civilian populations would be protected from massacre. They were, therefore, little more than a moral embellishment of the military plans. On November 11, five days before the announcement of Carlson's execution, several American officers met in Brussels with their Belgian counterparts to draw up plans for the intervention. Monday, November 23, was set as the tentative date for the operation.

On November 22, two days before the actual drop, Belgian Colonel Frederic Van de Walle, who was then in *direct* command of the mercenary-led columns at Lubutu, flew back to Kamina air base in a small plane to confer with Belgian and U.S. officers in charge of the operation. Contrary to press reports the mercenaries were not racing toward Stanleyville to save the whites. They spent three days at Lubutu, only four hours' straight drive on good roads from Stanleyville, waiting for the Belgian paras to be moved from Ascension Island to Kamina, prior to the drop on Stanleyville. On his arrival in Kamina, Van de Walle asked that the operation be delayed one day until November 24 so that the Congolese army and mercenaries could arrive simultaneously with the paras. He then returned to Lubutu at 4:30 P.M. on November 23 and instructed the mercenary-led columns to move out for Stanleyville as the paras would be jumping at 6 o'clock the following morning.

Reed's detailed account of the military planning behind the "humanitarian rescue" shows that the drop of the paras on Stanleyville was part of a comprehensive military design, not simply a spur-of-the-moment decision aimed solely at saving white hostages. Effectively, the paras opened Stanleyville up to the mercenaries and the Congolese army. The strong resistance by the rebels at Stanleyville, following the departure of the paras on November 27, showed how difficult it would have been for the mercenaries to take the town without the intervention of the paras. Only after relentless air attacks against the rebel positions were the mercenaries able to take the left bank of the town. Of course, these air attacks were precisely what the presence of the white hostages had prevented. The hostages, therefore, were simply moved from the path of the attack force. To give the action humanitarian motives, except in this limited sense, is to ignore the paras' killing of defenseless Congolese civilians and their explicit orders to seek out rebel leaders—in other words, to deny the whole logic of the campaign.

Stripped of its humanitarian pretense, the Stanleyville operation resembles other U.S. military interventions aimed at preventing so-called "Communist take-overs." After Chou En-lai's visit to the continent, Africa became the focal point of Chinese influence. Our aid to Tshombe went to stop the alleged Communist penetration of the Congo. Washington claimed the Congolese rebellion was supported by Chinese diplomatic officials in neighboring Burundi and

Congo-Brazzaville. Dowdy follows suit by describing rebel leader Gaston Soumialot as a man "who had read the communist manuals and followed them line upon line." These arguments seem hollow in the light of Reed's revelations of life in the People's Republic during the rebel occupation of Stanleyville. One learns, for example, that Gaston Soumialot is a Catholic who attended Mass regularly. Shortly after his arrival in Stanleyville on August 28, he asked the dean of the Stanleyville Cathedral, Father Paul Van Vereertbrugghen, to celebrate a Requiem Mass for everyone who had died during the rebellion, Europeans and Congolese army troops included. Rebel leader Christophe Gbenye, too, was a Catholic. Soon after he arrived in Stanleyville on September 5, another service was held in the Cathedral, a *Te Deum* or Hymn of Thanksgiving, to mark the founding of the People's Republic. Of the top four rebel leaders, only Nicholas Olenga was not a Catholic. However, his wife did seek out a Protestant missionary teacher for the Olenga children during the rebel occupation of Stanleyville.

In contrast to the Chinese "agents," the missionaries in the Congo evoke only the purity of the white man's intention. Dr. Paul Carlson was, as *Time* put it, a symbol of all the white men "who want nothing from Africa but a chance to help," who "out of a strong Christian faith and a sense of common humanity, had gone to the Congo to treat the sick." Al Larson of the Evangelical Church of the Upper Congo told the *Simbas*, "We are not involved in politics. We are here to preach the Gospel. That's all." Dowdy saw the Catholic Church as the "humanizing oil of the colonial machinery." The word "humanitarian" clearly has a special meaning in these circumstances.

From their inception the missionaries worked closely with the colonial administration in efforts to provide the Congolese with a suitable ethical outlook. The Catholic missions received direct subsidies, tax relief and exemption from customs duties. In return they gave the Africans a rudimentary education to equip them for their role as manual laborers on the colonial plantations and in the mines. The aims of missionary work were outlined in a book published in 1949 by J. Roussel, a doctor of Philosophy and Theology and professor at the scholastic school of the Sheut Missions. "Respect, docility, sincere and loyal collaboration are the greatest virtues one must inculcate in our black brothers, the ideal colonial spirit." Such paternalism was part of the general Belgian policy of education in the Congo, a policy which prohibited higher education or professional training for the Congolese for the express purpose of discouraging the formation of an elite with nationalist ideas. The tame, half-educated Congolese were precisely what plantation and mine owners wanted for laborers. Mr. Roussel's remarks to Belgian employers include what he called the "conditions for a good repression," aimed at avoiding a servile discipline and violence. "The repression must be effectual. It will be so if it is infrequent and as by accident. It should be moderate, prudent, executed with calm and dignity, but always with energy. The one who punishes must be respected, and to a certain extent loved. . . . The repression must be accepted as a necessary remedy. The laborer should submit to it willingly. 'To conquer is not to convince.' It is not necessary to prepare rebels and rebellions."

Once the rebellion came, the missionaries accepted their new hardships philosophically. As Rev. Ralph B. Odman says, "There is no safe way to do missionary work and missionary deaths will yet be necessary to com-

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plete world evangelization." Presumably missionaries will continue to provide Washington with a ready-made excuse for intervention in Africa. No one can exonerate the *Simbas* for their atrocities, nor for their weaknesses as political leaders. But they clearly face a wolf in sheep's clothing when they deal with the missionary. One can sympathize with Gaston Soumialot, therefore, when he asks David Grinwis, the U.S. vice consul in Stanleyville: "When do you think people have the right to revolt?"

The Importance of Mythology

The author of the following review is an Africanist who has asked that his name not be used. — The Editors

This is the first endeavor to set down in detail the story of the attempted overthrow of Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia five years ago. Aside from this book,* we have only perfunctory accounts, most describing the attempt as a palace revolt, powered by jealousy and ambition and frustration. But Richard Greenfield believes that the leaders of the abortive coup wanted "to reform and remold the whole system and motivation of government." He adds that their act awakened a new political consciousness in feudal Ethiopia; the martyrs and their cause have created a new national myth, potentially as powerful as the old familiar national myth that traces the royal line of Haile Selassie to Solomon's seduction of Sheba.

Greenfield, a geographer, was Dean of Students at the University College of Addis Ababa during the coup. In that role, he, like the Ethiopian students, stood on the periphery of the events. Since then, he has interviewed many young, educated Ethiopians and examined many documents smuggled from the country. His careful study of this information—not, as the book jacket implies, his eyewitness evidence—provided most of the material for the key sections of this book.

Greenfield treats the coup on two levels. First there is a scholarly account — a convincing one — of the causes, events and aftermath of the crisis of December, 1960. Then the book embellishes the scholarly account with an interpretation of the events, an interpretation based mainly, I think, on the view that young, educated Ethiopians now have of the crisis. In short, Greenfield gives us the mythology of the crisis as well as its history.

The coup's three leaders—Greenfield calls them martyrs now—were Girmamé Neway, the governor of Jijigga sub-province; his older brother, Gen. Mengistu Neway, commander of the Imperial Guard; and Lt. Col. Workneh Gebeyehu, the head of the Ethiopian secret service. In Greenfield's view, the mind and heart and soul of the coup, the revolutionary who worked his will on the others, was Girmamé, 36 years old at the time, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, an M.A. from Columbia University. Greenfield has examined Girmamé's meager writings, including his thesis on land policy in Kenya, and talked to many friends of Girmamé to uncover clues about the make-up of the revolutionary. He describes Girmamé as an admirer of the American Revolution, a reader of left-wing literature, and a Pan-Africanist. Greenfield says Girmamé never—as charged later—turned Communist. His head was filled with the slogans of independence and freedom bandied about by the new African nationalists, and he compared these ideals with the autocracy and stagnation of Ethiopia. On his return to Ethiopia, he tried, as a governor, to reform feudal land ownership and encourage economic development but was thwarted by the traditional feudal families running the government. Unlike most angry young men in Ethiopia, he had a powerful brother. He turned to revolution.

He organized a small Council of the Revolution in 1960. The members intended to bide their time and plan a coup carefully. But word leaked out and rumors spread, forcing the plotters to act ahead of time. They moved on the night of Tuesday, December 13, while the Emperor was on a state visit to Brazil. During the night, the plotters summoned many ministers and other dignitaries to the palace on various pretexts, including a lie that the Empress was dying. These officials were given the choice of joining the coup or remaining under arrest. By Wednesday afternoon, the Imperial Guard's armored cars and troops controlled Addis Ababa, and the Crown Prince, named the new chief of state, broadcast on behalf of the rebel government.

But a counterrevolutionary force, headed by Maj. Gen. Merid Mangasha, chief of staff of the armed forces, began to form. He moved regular army troops toward the city. Haile Selassie, informed of the coup, left Brazil and headed back to Ethiopia. The Council of the Revolution, convinced that the army would eventually support the coup, waited patiently. The wait meant a loss of momentum.

By Thursday afternoon, the Council of the Revolution decided it must battle the advancing army troops. The clash lasted for more than a day. Many Ethiopians were killed, far more than the 324 officially announced by the government. The army, aided by air force bombers, defeated the Imperial Guard. By Friday evening, the coup's leaders fled from the palace. Before they did, Girmamé grabbed a machine gun and gunned down a roomful of arrested dignitaries so "that Ethiopia should never be the same again." The Emperor entered Addis Ababa the next day. On the same day, Workneh, surrounded by soldiers, put a gun in his mouth and blew his head off. A week later, government forces found the Neway brothers. Girmamé shot Mengistu and then killed himself. Mengistu lived and stood trial. He was convicted and then hung on March 30, 1961.

**Ethiopia: A New Political History.* By Richard Greenfield. Frederick A. Praeger. 515 pp. $10.

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Greenfield reports the coup failed for a variety of reasons. Most important, Girmamé deluded himself into believing it would receive support from the masses. He counted on a political consciousness that did not exist. Most of the miscalculations by the plotters stemmed from this delusion. For example, Greenfield points out that the revolutionary proclamations, with their talk of economic development and living standards, could appeal only to people who had awareness of the world outside Ethiopia. It would have been far better, Greenfield notes, for the rebels to have stirred the masses by accusing Haile Selassie of being a secret Roman Catholic.

But the rebels kept hands off Haile Selassie—their second error. Greenfield points out that all government in Ethiopia today depends on the person of the Emperor. The rebels had to kill him or arrest him or neutralize him in some way. Instead, they acted as if he would calmly accept revolution and stay in Brazil. In the same way, the rebels ignored the Ethiopian Christian Church, which orders the daily life of almost all Ethiopians. They never arrested the patriarch of the church, and he later issued proclamations on behalf of the counterrevolutionaries. The rebels did not even mention God in their own proclamations.

In a foolish miscalculation, the rebels failed to arrest General Mangasha and other top military officers. For some reason, Mengistu felt certain that Mangasha would join the rebels. Girmamé counted on the young officers of the army and air force feeling the same revolutionary fervor that he did. Nothing like this happened, and Mangasha used the military forces to crush the coup. The rebels also had so much confidence in the success of their mission that they hesitated until too late to take any step that might cause bloodshed. This hesitation gave Mangasha the time he needed to organize a counterrevolutionary force.

Greenfield accuses the United States of playing a major role, though not a decisive one, in the crushing of the coup. Brig. Gen. Chester de Gaure, head of the U.S. military mission, advised Mangasha on the operation that recaptured Addis Ababa from the rebels. Ethiopian pilots, according to Greenfield, took off to bomb the rebels only after "an American captain climbed into a cockpit commenting that they dare not do likewise." Greenfield discounts the rumor that all the planes were piloted by Americans, but he reports that "many people in Ethiopia believe so to this day." Actually, any American piloting would have been of extreme significance; Mangasha has said that "at least 75 per cent of the battle against the abortive coup d'etat was won by the air force."

Greenfield also discusses the role of U.S. Ambassador Arthur Richards, who acted as an intermediary between the rebels and the counterrevolutionaries. Some foreign news accounts have said the air force intended to support the rebels until Richards persuaded them to do otherwise. Greenfield neither accepts nor rejects this version, but says: "The resentment felt by many Ethiopians over what they see as the role of the United States in the events of December 1960 could one day be a political factor of some importance—especially if a pattern in any way similar were to be permitted to occur again."

For Greenfield, the significance of the attempted coup is the crystallization of "a cause [that] had not only been defined within an Ethiopian context but also had acquired its martyrs." He reports that a series of conspiracies and crises have shaken Ethiopia since December, 1960, and he is optimistic about young Ethiopians fulfilling the dreams of Girmamé Neway. Greenfield bases his hope on seeing "the gloom and despair on the faces

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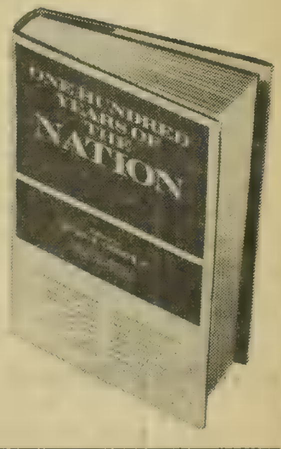

of leaders of yet another generation of young Ethiopians slowly changing into resolution."

Greenfield's account is an exciting one, surely the most reliable we have of the coup, but it is marred and dulled in several ways. First, as Greenfield himself puts it, "the truth is always hard to discover beneath the network of intrigue, deceit and secrecy which has typified Ethiopia for so long," and it's impossible to check the accuracy of the details in his narrative and conclusions. Moreover, his attempt to present both history and mythology confuses the story; at times it's not clear whether something happened or whether Ethiopians only believe it happened.

The book also is marred by the naïveté that Greenfield displays about Africa and its young elite. He continually throws in asides about the democratic fervor of African nationalists outside Ethiopia and about the anger of educated, young Ethiopians toward the privileges of the ruling class. In this, Greenfield takes on the delusions of his hero, Girmamé. The truth is that most African leaders have about as much fervor for democracy as does Haile Selassie; and most angry young Africans, including Ethiopians, lose their anger as soon as they are permitted to partake of some of the privileges. This does not mean that Greenfield is wrong about coming revolution in Ethiopia. But it does mean that democracy is unlikely to succeed the rule of the Emperor and that most angry young men will join the revolution only if rebellious military commanders lead them by the nose.

Finally, the book is dulled by Greenfield's attempt to relate the coup to 3,000 years of Ethiopian history. He probably was forced to do this because the book was commissioned as a volume in the "Praeger Library of African Affairs" series; to fit, the book had to seem like a comprehensive study of Ethiopia. The first half is a disorganized, surveyish glance at pre-1960 Ethiopia, written without grace. One should start the book on page 269.

Despite these blemishes, the book is important and will figure in the future of Ethiopia. The Ethiopian Government already has shown its distress by trying to persuade the British and American publishers to withdraw the book or at least tone it down. Copies are sure to be smuggled into Ethiopia soon and passed among the young elite, perhaps among frustrated militarists as well. While reporting the mythology of the coup, the book will have a part in perpetuating it.

HOW IT WAS

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE NEGRO? By Robert Penn Warren. Random House. 454 pp. $5.95.

Marvin M. Karpatkin

Robert Penn Warren does not answer the question posed by the title of his book. Nor does he presume to. The question is almost rhetorical, as the content of the book demonstrates. *Who Speaks for the Negro?* is much more accurately a book about various spokesmen for the Negro. At the same time, it adds up to a comprehensive and frequently penetrating study of Negro leadership and the civil rights movement (mostly South but also North).

The dominant motif, sounded early in the book, is that everything which is happening in race relations bears witness to the burial of Sambo:

> . . . *the supine, grateful, humble, irresponsible, unmanly, banjo-picking, servile, grinning, slack-jawed, docile, dependent, slow-witted, humorous, child-loving, childlike, watermelon-stealing, spiritual-singing, blamelessly fornicating, happy-go-lucky, hedonistic, faithful black servitor who sometimes might step out of character long enough to utter folk wisdom or bury the family silver to save it from the Yankees.*

The format is a lengthy series of tape-recorded interviews, liberally interspersed with Warren's commentary, sometimes tangential, almost always relevant. It would be hard to find any significant omissions. Not unexpectedly, the long chapter, "The Big Brass," consists of interviews with the well-known national leadership: Adam Clayton Powell, Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young, James Forman, James Farmer, Martin Luther King, Wyatt Walker, Bayard Rustin and the late Malcolm X. Warren also interviews, in a chapter called "Leadership from the Periphery," writers James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison, bank president John Henry Wheeler, Carl T. Rowan, then USIA director, U.S. Court of Appeals Judge William H. Hastie, and Dr. Kenneth B. Clark.

Mississippi during the summer of 1964—where he first encounters the burial of Sambo—receives special attention. In addition to interviews with SNCC's Bob Moses, and Aaron Henry and Charles Evers of the NAACP, Warren gives his observations of meetings and other confrontations, as well as his evaluation of the 1964 summer project and the effectiveness of the voter-registration campaign.

A few provoking quotations by Warren are used to stimulate his interviewees to start talking. They are artfully selected so as to cause moral dilemmas—value conflicts—in those who are questioned. He recalls Myrdal's proposition that the situation today would have been vastly different if the defeated slaveholders after the Civil War had been financially compensated. He quotes the young W.E.B. DuBois (*The Souls of Black Folk*) on the "two-ness" of the American Negro: "two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings, two warring ideals in one dark body. . . ." And he frequently returns to Kenneth Clark's critical evaluation of nonviolence. "The natural reaction to injustice, oppression and humiliation are bitterness and resentment. . . . It would seem, then, that any demand that the victims of oppression be required to love those who oppress them places an additional and probably intolerable psychological burden upon those victims."

Although only the Clark quotation is of immediate practical relevance, all three of them produce the calculated effect. Everybody talks into Mr. Warren's tape recorder; and in the course of commenting on Myrdal, DuBois and Kenneth Clark, a great deal is told about the speaker and about the part of the movement with which he is identified.

The other interviewees refused to let Professor Warren limit them to his three arbitrary dilemmas. Thus James Farmer does not brood about the DuBois "psychic split." He sees no problem of hyphenation. He articulates a position of almost classical cultural pluralism, "unity through diversity," when he tells Warren that for him there is no dilemma of duality.

Similarly, Martin Luther King, while recognizing the possible effectiveness of the Myrdal notion of compensation to the slaveholders, sees it within the context of "the tragedy of the whole system of slavery." (One may recall the neglected words of Lincoln's Second Inaugural. School children are taught to memorize, "With malice toward none; with charity for all. . . ." But the same Lincoln, in the same speech, cautioned that dispensation

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Marvin M. Karpatkin is an attorney closely associated with the civil rights movement. He has served as a volunteer with the American Jewish Congress, the ACLU and CORE, and in Mississippi with the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee.

of charity might have to wait "until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword. . . .")

Curiously enough, though Kenneth Clark's critique of King's nonviolence comes up in many interviews, when he interviews Clark, Warren doesn't even raise it. But Warren does maneuver Clark into an evaluation of John Brown, a very un-King-like figure, perhaps in an attempt to challenge Clark's rejection of nonviolence. Clark does not get caught in Warren's snare. His view of Brown as a madman and a murderer does not compel him to abandon his conviction that it is a delusion to regard love and nonviolence as the panaceas which will produce great social change. Clark sums it up: "I personally recoil from bloodshed, because I think it is just another form of human idiocy [but] the fact still remains that major social changes toward social justice in human history, have almost always come if not always through irrational and questionable methods." It is nevertheless one of the small faults of the book that after playing back to us the many interviews which defend King and criticize Clark (including Ralph Ellison, Aaron Henry, Dr. Felton Clark of Southern University, and King himself), Warren chose either not to question Clark on this topic, or to omit this portion of the tape.

Some of the interviews reveal only the predictable. Adam Clayton Powell emerges as a self-crowned king of the ghetto. (The biographical note provided Warren by Powell's staff recalls as one of the turning points of his life, when the young Crown Prince was forced to vacate a college dormitory which he shared with a white roommate, notwithstanding the fact that "we had drunk out of the same bottle and slept with the same women. . . .") But interviews with others provide hitherto unseen glimpses into character and personality: Whitney Young, executive director of the Urban League, is much given to self-quotations, references to his own writings and speeches, and there is almost an implicit assumption that he and the Urban League are one.

In striking contrast, the sessions with James Farmer, Martin Luther King and Roy Wilkins reflect continuing tension among themselves and their constituencies, tensions of which they are very much aware. James Forman, on the other hand, comes across

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as reflecting with great fidelity the militance and impatience of SNCC. Warren is not very comfortable with Forman and SNCC, but he does try to appraise them fairly, concluding, perhaps with some condescension (of age, not of race) that Forman must be regarded as a "combat officer" in the war, and therefore his "absoluteness" can be excused.

Warren's final series of interviews is with selected young people in the movement. It is not clear if Warren intends this as some kind of juxtaposition of rank and file with leadership, or of fathers with sons, or if he intends to suggest that nobody "speaks" for the Negro, at least the young Negro. But regardless of commentary, the texts of some of these tapes are uncommonly eloquent.

Few in the movement, young or old, have been through as much as SNCC worker Stokeley Carmichael. He was born in Trinidad, reared partly in Harlem, partly in lower-middle-class East Bronx, the only Negro family among Italians, Jews and Irish. He had been involved with street gangs and narcotics; responded to the attractions of the middle-class intellectuals and radicals at Bronx High School of Science; and was graduated from Howard, majoring in philosophy. When he describes how he was lionized by white liberal friends, Carmichael at times sounds like a Negro Holden Caulfield.

But he is beyond Holden. In addition to sensing and describing the outside world with the same kind of youthful lucidity and anti-hypocrisy, Carmichael is also trying to change it. Here is his personal account of a lunch-counter sit-in:

> *I can go on freedom rides, with people around me, and I can say, "Oh, yes, nothing is going to happen to me, it will be the guy next to me." But when you get alone, and you're sitting on that stool by yourself, and somebody's behind you, and you hear the knife clicking, hot coffee being poured down your back, and you're alone, you really begin to feel, "Why am I here, when is it going to end?" But just before that first punch, just before you get hit, that little period there just before, when tensions are building and you can't control your stomach, and it's jumping, you start thinking over and over again, "You know, maybe this is the way it is, when you're really alone."*

There are other very sharp images, particularly the sessions with Bob Moses, Lolis Elie (CORE lawyer in New Orleans), Malcolm X and Judge Hastie. But the principal value of the book is that it is an authentic collection of primary material. Through the devices and format employed, Warren has in fact produced a representative anthology of the involved Negro leader talking about himself and his people.

Some errors were perhaps unavoidable. Norman Hill's resignation from CORE was not because he favored the 1964 election moratorium on demonstrations and "repudiated" Farmer in favor of the "responsible King-Wilkins-Young line"; it was for much more profound reasons of social and political orientation. Also, CORE is not the Committee but the *Congress* of Racial Equality. And the American Jewish Congress, notwithstanding its position on the Jewish community's outer perimeter of civil rights involvement, can hardly be called "ultra-liberal" because it filed an amicus brief in support of the NAACP. Moreover, one can understand Mr. Warren's geniality to a fellow Southerner, but if he were interested in thoughtful Jewish comment on Jewish-Negro relations North and South, he should not have confined himself to Harry Golden's cracker barrel.

There is also a surprising stodginess and lack of felicity where it would not be expected; moreover, Mr. Warren can't resist some occasional pompousness. In his preface he relates a conversation in which he was asked why he thought his interviewees would tell him the truth. He answered: "Even a lie is a kind of truth."

But these are small points. The book's outstanding virtue, for now and in future years, is that it has with eloquent fidelity recorded the Negro voice telling how it was in the revolutionary years 1964-65.

The Uneasy Silence

Paul Cowan

At the time, the 1964 Mississippi Summer Project seemed likely to provide the same kind of goad to the imagination of the present generation as the Spanish Civil War had to the generation of Hemingway and Malraux. It was an experience that provided all the materials for first-rate literature. A marvelous assortment of people—from Wall Street lawyers to Mississippi sharecroppers— shared unceasing dangers in a physically lovely setting: a state rich in a diversity of clashing traditions.

The people who had chosen to go South that summer were as literate and sensitive a group of Americans as one could hope to find. Most were college educated, and many had majored in the humanities. Their passion for human rights was primarily aesthetic: they were far more at home with words than with direct, brutalizing experience. It was the ideal setting for a novel of self-discovery, but no important long piece of fiction or short story has yet been published about the Mississippi summer.

There have been a handful of nonfiction books about the project. The collection of *Letters From Mississippi*, edited by Elizabeth Sutherland, splices together bits of the letters that a variety of volunteers sent home. As a montage, it has a powerful effect and it will probably provide important material to future historians interested in the mid-1960s. But it is an instant book—designed for quick propaganda. So is the large, thin paperback volume, *Mississippi Black Paper*, a collection of affidavits which describe some of the atrocities that are part of daily life in the Magnolia State. These books were produced to serve a practical purpose. They set out to make real to readers in the North the ugliness of segregation, and the bravery of the people who try to combat it, with the aim of raising money and attracting support. For that reason they do not unearth the conflicts within the movement, personal and political, that still trouble many of the people who worked in Mississippi. It is just these conflicts that would have to be explored in any piece of serious fiction.

The single, full-length book that has been written by a Northern volunteer, *Freedom Summer* by Sally Belfrage, though well written is also a piece of partisan journalism. Miss Belfrage had gone to Mississippi with the intention of writing a book, and for this purpose she was lucky to be stationed in Greenwood, one of the toughest and most important towns in the state. Its external features she describes very well—the life in the freedom house there, the few frustrating contacts with local white people and the many satisfying friendships with

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Paul Cowan spent three months working in Maryland and Mississippi with the civil rights movement. He has published articles in The Village Voice, Dissent, Esquire, *the* Chicago Sun-Times, Current *and* Mosaic.

local Negroes, the bizarre trips to the courthouse and the barbaric days in jail. She is able, moreover, to evoke the odd double vision that afflicts an outsider in Mississippi when ordinary suburban experiences like a drive in the country or a trip to the laundromat are transformed into a nightmarish skein of security precautions and constant danger. But the tensions she creates in the book are the most obvious ones, between the bad white Mississippians and the good civil rights workers. She does not probe very deeply beneath the surface of relationships inside the movement, where more complicated emotions lie.

For many of the people who went to Mississippi the most terrifying (and yet moving) days of the summer came during the orientation session at Oxford, Ohio, before they had actually gone South. The news that three civil rights workers had been missing for days from a jail in Neshoba County literally carried a direct threat of death to the several hundred students who would have to face the same species of sheriff and local redneck within a week. The best section of the *Letters From Mississippi* is devoted to this period, and so is a vivid chapter of Miss Belfrage's book.

Most of the writers allow the atmosphere of increasing terror to reveal itself through straight narrative description, without rhetorical flourishes. Their writing is focused—as it must be—on the words and the bearing of Bob Moses, the quiet, introverted Negro whose three lonely years in Mississippi had made possible the present migration of volunteers. Already his patience, thoroughness and bravery were legendary (I carried in my head all week a mental picture of Bob, dressed in blue overalls and a white T-shirt, speaking calmly and carefully of hell). As he tried to transform the raw fact of death into a set of concepts with which the volunteers could deal, his words unearthed for us layers of bravery and belief that we had never known we possessed.

His final speech to the volunteers is quoted at length by almost everyone who describes the occasion. Not only did it remind us of the reasons we had decided to go to Mississippi; it established a tone, a mood, which we hoped would guide us throughout the summer. He talked about how, when you spend all your time fighting evil, you become preoccupied with it and terribly weary. When your work causes other men to die you are forced to wonder about it. But in history, he said, no dominant group has ever been

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privileged (that was the word he used) to give up its position without demanding that the oppressed render sacrifices. There may be more people killed this summer, he said, but that won't in any way deter us from what we are trying to do. Negroes who have challenged authority in Mississippi have always been harassed or killed. And we are trying to change that, not succumb to it. We're going to do the job we have to do.

The day after Moses' speech the volunteers scattered to local projects throughout Mississippi. The work they began — registering voters, teaching freedom schools, organizing community centers—turned out to be slow, sometimes grubby, often boring. It rarely reflected the exhilaration one felt after hearing a talk like Bob's or joining hands and singing *We Shall Overcome*. There were incessant difficult little decisions to make which could not be resolved by good will or shimmering faith. Should a group of civil rights organizers call for a voting rights demonstration in a dangerous town, thereby risking wide-scale arrests which might endanger local people and jeopardize some of the less spectacular programs that were under way? If a Negro man and a white girl were attracted to each other, should they take the risk of being seen together in public? Such questions called into play deeply ingrained cultural and political attitudes of everyone involved in the project. Often they produced conflicts that could never again be ignored.

But they are not sufficiently explored in either Miss Belfrage's book or the *Letters*. In all the writing there seems an unwillingness to be entirely honest. There were lies told in Mississippi; ugly uses were made of political or cultural power; as many unpleasant relationships as happy ones developed within each project; some people with good ideas or sensitive plans were ignored because they were white, or newcomers; some others who did their jobs sloppily retained authority because they were black or because they had frequently been beaten. In the books such matters are rarely discussed. It is as if this movement is still too fragile, and too special, to bear the truth.

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In Vicksburg where I worked we faced this same choice between expedience and truth. Our problem had to do with journalism and not with literature, but it does suggest some of the reasons why civil rights workers have chosen not to risk the sort of complex writing that their experience deserves.

Toward the end of the summer we had founded a newspaper, *The Vicksburg Citizens Appeal*, which we hoped would survive as the first publication in the state to retain a balance between civil rights news and news of the Negro community. To raise money, and to get free publicity, we decided to distribute the first edition of the paper at the Democratic convention in Atlantic City where the predominantly Negro Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party would be challenging the legality of the white Mississippi delegation.

Some of us had gone to the MFDP state convention in Jackson where the delegates to Atlantic City were chosen. We had assumed that each delegate would be chosen democratically, by nominations from the floor, speeches and open balloting. But quickly we learned that most of the slate had actually been drawn up in the days before the convention by MFDP and SNCC organizers who wanted to make sure that as few middle-class Negroes as possible would be selected. When one man got up to criticize the arrangement he was silenced by the kind of strong-arm parliamentary tactics that FDP organizers would call "immoral" when they didn't get what they wanted in Atlantic City.

In Vicksburg we argued for days about whether we should print the truth in the *Citizens Appeal*. A good newspaper would. "But there couldn't have been any fighting at that first meeting, in front of the TV cameras and the national press," we were told by a SNCC worker we all admired. "Besides, the poor people have taken all the risks over the last few years. The professional class has always sold them out." That seemed to us nonsense. After all, we hadn't come to Mississippi in order to spread the kind of undemocratic techniques that we objected to when they were used by politicians back home. The misuse of power is always disguised by some sort of noble end. But if we printed the story, and it was read by the FDP's opponents in Atlantic City, the challenge might be a little less likely to succeed. Besides, we only possessed the information because we were civil rights workers—if we had been journalists no one would have confided in us. We wrote what amounted to a public relations man's description of the Jackson convention, and published it in the paper as news.

As it turned out the challenge failed. A controversy developed between moderates and radicals within the movement; and an atmosphere of name calling and organizational disruption that made constructive work inside Mississippi almost impossible.

Although neither side told the truth about the dispute, for months afterward everyone discussed it—the convention challenge and its ideological ramifications became equated with the summer project. Apart from the book of *Letters* and *Freedom Summer*, most of what was written about Mississippi—what passed for analysis or description—was in fact dull partisan polemic.

People who worked in Mississippi still seem to be maintaining the same kind of uneasy silence as we had enforced upon ourselves in Vicksburg. I know for myself that when I begin writing about the summer a vague, nagging commitment to the movement intervenes between myself and my material. For several months I shared dangers with people who continue to live in acute peril. Having retreated to the comforts of the North, what right have I to turn out a book which may, in part, seem to criticize them? This question becomes doubly painful when I realize that any ambiguous situation I choose to explore might provide the movement's enemies with additional weapons.

But a man cannot possibly produce a truthful account if he imagines a friend from the movement reading his manuscript over one shoulder, and Evans and Novak peering over the other. The best he can achieve is the kind of high-level partisan propaganda that *Letters From Mississippi* and *Freedom Summer* now represent. It would be a tragedy if an experience as rich and complex as the Mississippi Summer Project should yield no more than that.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

MEDIA-MIX

In line with its more businesslike approach in its new house on West 41st Street (see Howard Junker: "The Underground Renaissance," *The Nation*, December 27) the Film-Makers' Cinematheque has advanced from the one-night stand to a full-week's run, once a month, of a program thought suitable for the "larger, general" audience. "Expanded cinema," alternately known as "psychedelic theatre," is the organization's post-Warhol preoccupation and *Hubbub*, the first attraction selected for an extended run, is described as follows in the program notes:

> *A multi-channel media-mix of films, tape, oscilloscope, stroboscope, kinetic and live images. Effects, from one channel through a twelve-channel mix, is explored in six integrated movements, each hybridizing a set of media.*

All systems were go on the afternoon of the press screening. At stage left and right were two prismatic five-sided wheels that twinkled varicolored lights at the audience. At stage center a small screen which I took to be the oscilloscope registered in pulsating graph the volume, pitch and quality of the sound coming simultaneously or variously from several loud speakers. Neither of these devices interfered appreciably with the projected film material, and the latter was even humane in that when the sound passed the pain threshold, as it did frequently, watching the dancing lines seemed to give a measure of relief.

Also on the forestage sat or knelt a gentleman in kimono who, from time to time, rose and lighted a joss stick—at least I believe that's what he was doing with his Zippo, for I thought I smelled incense. In front of the oscilloscope was a small electric sign spelling NOW, or occasionally OW or NO. This is the enigmatic motto of USCO, the producing group.

The program opened with a vigorous, and I assume sardonic, rendering of *Land of Hope and Glory*, at the conclusion of which three large stylized Japanese chrysanthemums (a Zen reference?) faded from the screen and some exceedingly pale Pacific battle footage was run at exceedingly high speed.

Following this was a sequence which, media-mix or no, was another example of the underground cliché: rapid and fragmentary projection of advertisements, TV shots, people with their mouths open, rock'n'roll entertainers, large military equipment, street crowds, etc., all accompanied by a boiler-room sound track made up from bursts of music and snippets of speech. The "expansion" consists in projecting several of these scissor satires simultaneously.

A segment of the psychedelia that seemed to me to make a more severe point was subtitled "Highfreethrusafeway," wherein a film that tracked along highway-lane markings and caught road signs on the wing was overlaid with subliminal suggestions of human anatomy and accompanied by the sound of a woman's voice crying out in ejaculative monosyllables. It is true that Americans have some difficulty distinguishing between sex and tourism, and once you got the point of the sequence some meager fun was to be derived from the surprising number of road signs that took on double meanings.

Then came "Y"—the motorcycle interlude that is as obligatory in the underground cinema as was a gun duel in a Hoot Gibson Western. This one—note the title—was a split-screen arrangement whereby the same footage was projected in duplicate, one segment being a second or two behind the other. The camera was apparently held by someone riding postilion and the subject matter was 20 miles or so of road with occasional views of the back of the driver's helmet. The disconcerting effect of the visual displacement is amusing for a minute or two; after that, I doubt that the chase to nowhere would seem rewarding to anyone not enrolled in a cycle club. Also on view was a syncopated nature sequence that devolved into a kaleidoscope of spinning and otherwise gyrating lights, and further adventures with the flash-card, sound-stutter media-mix.

USCO, an anonymous group, collects this material from various contributors and assembles it at a church in Garnerville, N. Y., according to socio-philosophical guidelines supplied by the writings of the Canadian communications mystic, Marshall McLuhan. This all sounds very dedicated, but why is that chap squatting there in his kimono and gazing out at the audience? If he is supposed to be our guide through an LSD-type experience, he must be kidding. Why is the sound track turned up so high that content is lost in pain? How often are the new film makers going to discover that disconnected and fragmented speech, particularly from the mouths of teachers, politicians and preachers, automatically takes on satiric overtones? What artistic principle or entertainment novelty inheres in the quarter-second blink (burlesque discovered it thirty years ago)? How much longer must we pretend that collection equals comment?

The film *avant-garde* declares with a good deal of belligerence that it is using film as an art in itself (the technique is the content), and implies that if you don't get it you are somehow wanting and probably middle class. But its spokesmen are noticeably shy about defining their aims more specifically, and what one sees is spontaneous doodling and prankishness. I will readily admit that an enterprise like *Hubbub* supplies a kick at the sensory level: it dazzles and benumbs and hypnotizes; it hurts a little and it bores a lot—but that sounds to me more like the description of a habit than of an art.

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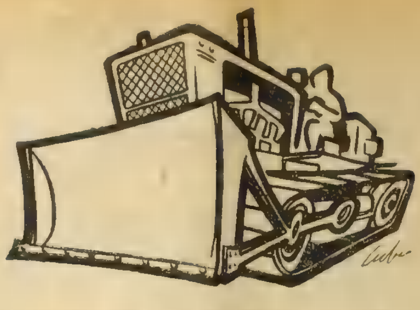
Ventura

(*Continued from page 128*)

were left). Their hopes, however, are now largely gone. Oil did not win a total victory, because oil was not found everywhere. But the last battle, the battle against "development," was a clean sweep, because human beings, thanks to the Barbarian and the bulldozer, can live anywhere!

The Barbarians who finally conquered Ventura County thrive upon numbers—of dollars and of people. They saw that masses of humanity were overrunning the neighboring San Fernando Valley. They saw land values soaring, and knew that people trying to escape from congestion and smog could be lured ever onward into new areas, which in turn could be made so congested and ugly as to produce a perpetual, hopeless search for a decent place to live. Now there would be no limits to the city, no limit to speculative opportunity. The city would leap forward in all directions, destroying as it went, but making money and more money for those who could ride the wave. Land speculators and fast-buck developers were not alone in seeing the cash dividends of urban sprawl; a whole host of money-minded people moved in.



Now it has happened: the oaks are going, the orchards are going, the farms are going, the historical sites are going (and are unmarked); the hillsides are going, the beach front is going, privacy is going, beauty is going—and their flight can only be mourned. Once gone, they are gone forever!

And what has come in their place—creeping up on us gradually so that we did not notice at first? Cement and asphalt, glaring neons, treeless parking lots, ugly buildings, cheap, flimsy housing tracts with built-in slums, smog (oh yes, we have it now although the "boosters" must officially deny it until the last lot is sold) and, most important of all perhaps, corruption of values.

For the Barbarian Empire cripples all values. "Realism" and "practicality" (meaning the quickest way to get rich) become the basis for ethics. Try to preserve a historical landmark? You're getting in the way of "progress." Try to preserve an old place name? We can't be bothered with sentimentality. Try to preserve a rustic park? Asphalt's easier to maintain. Try to get a historical marker erected? Who cares about the past? (The only time the Barbarian is interested in history, or in beauty, is when he can charge admission to see it.)

The Barbarians have captured the city and county governments, and in the hallowed halls of the courthouse ring out the catchwords of their breed: We cannot interfere with a man's right to make money—even if it means a gravel pit as (someone else's) neighbor, even if it means placing houses in the path of an already adopted freeway route (what an idea: a builder can build 92 houses, sell them, then the freeway tears them out, and the builder can sell 92 more houses!), even if it means cracked-slab homes on shifting mucky soil, even if it means commercial developments in the midst of residences, even if it means tremendous future expense for the taxpayer.

Of course, there are a few contractors building good homes, a few developers planning decent commercial centers—but they are too few, and too late. The bad will drive out the good, the cheap will drive out the expensive, and the synthetic, mass-produced, hamburger-stand culture of the Barbarians will continue to triumph.

What else is there to believe? By the year 2000 (probably before) every inch of Ventura County (excepting only the National Forest if, indeed, it still exists by then) will be covered. What then? Even if one decided to take a bulldozer and push away all of the cement and asphalt, crummy houses and cheap stores, where would one push it? No, there is a better, a Barbarian solution. When all the beauty of Ventura County is gone, when all the easy profits have been made, when all the houses and stores are old, when the smog cuts off the sun, then, just as in Los Angeles, we can let the Negroes move in—and everyone else can move on to greener pastures. That is, if there are any pastures left.

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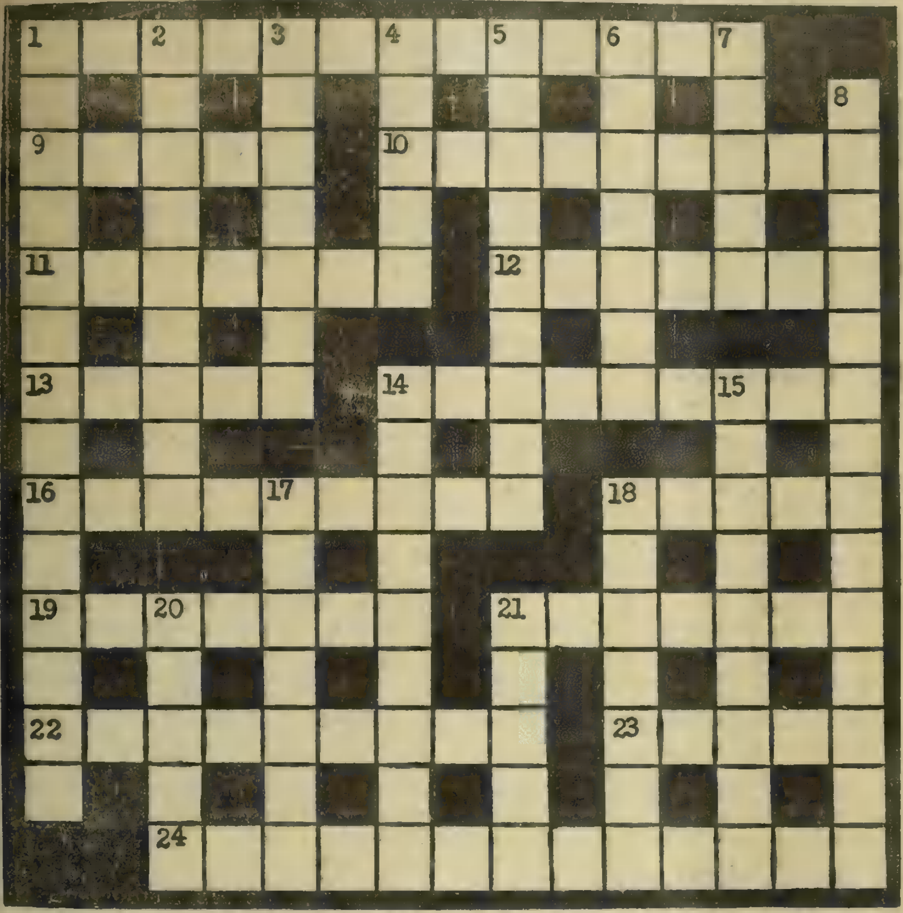
Crossword Puzzle No. 1138

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Does proper use of their adhesive insure a good bond? (7,6)
9 This takes the cake? Quite the opposite! (5)
10 The cut of a lady shows what might be associated with circumstance has a gloomy expression. (9)
11 Not exactly a daily occurrence for that which sounds chivalrous. (7)
12 Reduces to average. (7)
13 Evidently an absence of seconds in the corners. (5)
14 Levi, for example? (9)
16 Method turning out to be descriptive of the poor stranger? (9)
18 And go with this habit for energetic action? (3-2)
19 Bill might be, with a decent sort. (7)
21 Not Hera, obviously — somebody else! (7)
22 Like the story of Ichabod Crane?
23 Used as a comparison for fitness?
24 Serializes the court server's equipment — remunerative, but illegal. (7,6)

DOWN:

1 If your activity far outstrips your efficacy, you may be — though perhaps responsible for some early habits. (8,6)
2 Showy head of 10. (9)
3 Gets an "E," but denies it. (7)
4 Poesy found in the military service.
5 With very little change, it would be time to bring the building material. (9)
6 See 7 down
7 and 6 Might it be in 2/4 time, presto—though less than full volume? (5,7)
8 I have finished, as an example, making the gift without blemish. (7,7)
14 Homer should justify getting past this, certainly! (5,4)
15 A woman might try to, with transformation, though fired some time ago. (9)
17 Black to white, not many moves. (7)
18 March might be associated with this state (though some have less pleasant feelings about it.) (7)
20 Too far gone to show even an element of it? (5)
21 Bring a boat around by the gulf.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1137

ACROSS: 1 Thermos bottles; 8 Equestrienne; 10 Inequality; 11 Dour; 13 Lean-to; 14 Unpoetic; 16 and 21 Raise the roof; 17 Obtain; 19 Tung; 20 Free speech; 22 Collectivize; 23 Confidence game. DOWN: 1 The Miller's Tale; 2 Enumerations; 3 Mosquitoes; 4 Scroll; 5 Overtone; 6 Tent; 7 American cheese; 9 South America; 12 Booby prize; 15 Chortled; 18 Beacon.

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it was a routine accident. The bomber was being refueled, a procedure which is carried on by American military aircraft about every four minutes somewhere in the world. The B-52s which have been punishing the Vietcong, for instance, must be refueled on their round trip between Guam and Vietnam. The bomber was on what the Air Force calls "semi-alert," probably making a simulated run on a target, and it had to carry a load of real bombs because war might break out while it was thus practicing and in that case it would be dispatched to its real target. Such practice runs with H-bombs are also made routinely on American cities. San Francisco is said to have been practice-bombed 400 times, and there is no reason to believe that it is a preferred target. The danger is slight, however, since the bombs are not armed unless they are actually to be dropped in anger.

Thus the Air Force, over the seven seas and most of the continents, carries out its mission in preparation for The Day. It kills a good many airmen. A single small item on an inside page of *The New York Times*, (January 26) told of the crash of an SR-71 "superspy" plane near Roy, N.M., killing one test pilot employed by Lockheed and injuring another. At Denison, Tex., an F-102 Air Force jet crashed and burned, killing the pilot, and a Navy test pilot was killed when his jet fighter crashed in Narragansett Bay.

"Highly reliable" sources revealed (also in the *Times*) that American nuclear bomber flights over Spain had been indefinitely suspended. A U.S. embassy spokesman in Madrid did not deny the report, but all he would say was: "It is not in the national interest to discuss the movement of nuclear armament." If it were not heretical even to suggest such a thing, one might question whether the movement itself is really in the national interest.

Good for Dodd

Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, as chairman of the special insurance subcommittee of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, has uncovered a major financial scandal which has gone virtually unnoticed in the press. The American Trial Lawyers Association, however, picked up the story in the December-January issue of its magazine, *Trial*. High-risk automobile insurance companies sell liability coverage to persons with substandard driving records, to elderly drivers (who are often summarily discarded by the regular insurers after a single accident, however slight), to students, Negroes, Orientals, et al. Since 1960, fifty-four of these companies, doing business in nineteen states, have become insolvent, leaving $300 million in unpaid claims for more than 200,000 badly injured persons and more than a million motorists with worthless liability policies. The manslaughter and maiming on the nation's highways thus receives an added dimension of suffering.

According to Senator Dodd, of the fifty-four bankrupt companies, at least twenty-three failed because of incompetence and careless management practices, flagrant abuses and outright fraud accounted for another twenty. In some cases funds were misappropriated, records relating to company assets were falsified, grossly excessive fees and commissions were paid under management contracts, loss reserves were juggled, fictitious reinsurance arrangements were set up, capital and surplus were inadequate for the policies written, and commission agreements were made with agencies controlled by the same principals who owned the companies. The situation seems to be as bad, if on a smaller scale, as the fraudulent practices which disgraced the life insurance companies early in the century.

State regulation does not always protect the public. In Minnesota, the state insurance commissioner is among seventeen persons indicted by a federal grand jury in connection with allegedly fraudulent operations. Senator Dodd has warned the insurance executives that unless state insurance commissioners remedy the abuses which have become prevalent in this sector of the industry, the federal government will have to step in to regulate the industry.

The Lost Report

Where is the special Pentagon study of the draft that President Johnson promised to release months ago—nine months ago, to be exact? We have become accustomed to hedging, obfuscations, delays and secrecy in trying to get a straight answer out of the Administration on a topic that affects every young man as automatically as the arrival of his 18th birthday. To these the Administration now seems bent upon adding broken promises and falsehoods.

On April 18, 1964, President Johnson called a press conference and announced that he was directing the Defense Department to make a one-year study of the possibility of ending the draft within a decade. The report would be made public at the end of that year. Just why *another* study was needed was not clear, since a study initiated by President Kennedy had been going for several months; but it was commonly assumed that Johnson was merely acting to spoil a truly objective study proposed in Congress by Senator Keating and others. Spoil it he did, just when it was beginning to get considerable support.

And that—except for the usual number of Pentagon leaks—is the last heard of Johnson's big idea, touted at the time as "the most complete study of the draft ever to be made." April, 1965, the deadline, rolled around, and nothing was heard. Came summer and fall, and the step-up in the Vietnam war, and the silence became deeper.

Recently, we called Harold Wool, the man in the Pentagon closest to the secret study, and asked him what was holding up Johnson's Great Revelation. "Well, in a nutshell," said Wool, "the study was largely completed by last summer, but the Vietnam outlook changed it, and now the basic study must be revised. Quite likely, however, the Secretary [McNamara] will have something to say about the study in the near future." He would release it? No, just have something to say about it. Curiously, he could not have his say last spring; he had to wait until the nation was perilously deep in war and the draft took on a deeper patina of patriotism. Wool went on, "The study categorically states that the draft will probably be needed throughout the decade, even if our needs remained no higher than they were before Vietnam."

Everyone already knew that the Pentagon, being in the business of procuring men, would fashion its study to no other conclusion, but it will still be interesting to see how this conclusion is justified—when President Johnson consents to keep his word and release the report.

A much better explanation for the close-security status of the study was given to us last month by a high official in the Selective Service office in Washington. "You must remember," he said, "that this is a campaign year and the draft is one of the most unpopular institutions in the country. Whatever the study says, it could give the President political trouble."

Tower Against War

As the actively expressed opposition to America's aggressive presence in Vietnam enters its second year, the contrast between the leaden monotony of the official position and the ingenious devices whereby its critics make their views known becomes more marked. On a recent Sunday, Dean Rusk appeared before the cameras of *Meet the Press* to repeat once more that we are in South Vietnam to help a democratic nation repel a foreign invasion, and that we shall remove ourselves, bag and baggage, helicopters and napalm, as soon as we can be assured that the people of that brave little nation can vote in peace and security for the government of their choice. It is stultifying, after so many months, to hear the same quarter-truths uttered in the same tones of official piety.

Meanwhile, the Artists Protest Committee of Los Angeles has issued a call to the artists of the world to contribute works for display on a Tower Against the War which is to be erected at the intersection of Sunset and La Cienega Boulevards. Contributions, not over 2 feet square or ¾-inch thick, may be constructed of any weather-resistant substance, but the contributors are warned that what they send cannot be protected against possible vandalism. The appeal is printed in English, German, Italian and Spanish for distribution throughout the Western world. Inquiries may be addressed to 530 N. La Cienega Blvd.

And on the 20th of this month, a group of novelists, poets and critics will gather at Town Hall in New York to read from their own works at what is styled as a Read-in for Peace in Vietnam.

It is natural enough that artists and writers should be more inventive propagandists than foundation heads turned administration spokesmen, but the very nature of the two positions gives an advantage to the protesters. It is far easier to find new and vivid ways of saying that life is precious than it is to ring changes on the proposition that peace and freedom can be the fruits of devastation. Life proliferates variety; death is always the same.

Nigeria: Coup on a Tightrope . . . . . . V. L. Allen

The attempted military *coup d'état* in Nigeria and the subsequent military take-over of power has surprised politicians and newspaper editors in Britain and the United States. For them, Nigeria portrayed an African prototype for political democracy: stable under the rule of law; free, with elections, opposition parties and an unrestrained trade union movement. It was the Western hope for Africa.

People see what they want to see and the uncritical observers of Nigeria saw only a façade. Social democrats in Britain wanted a measure against which to condemn Ghana with its one-party state. The mere bones of a democratic constitution in Nigeria were enough for that. The industrialists wanted to disparage the attempts at central planning and at achieving some degree of economic equality in Tanzania, Ghana, Mali and Guinea. The unrestrained freedom to invest and make profits in Nigeria led them to eulogize all its institutions. Whenever irregularities were discovered they were ignored, or rejected or damned for having their origin in subversive quarters. Nothing was accepted which stained the model of political democracy.

A military take-over, however, cannot be ignored. That is more than a stain; it is a blot. But the mechanism for selecting, for sifting evidence to satisfy inflexible hypotheses, still works. The cause, our public opinion formulators echo almost with one voice, is tribalism. It is resentment by Ibo officers at political domination by the Northern Hausas. No mention of economic and social injustices; little mention of political corruption. Occasionally a trickle of criticism of the Nigerian Government is permitted but none about its assassinated leader, Sir Abubaka Tafawa Balewa. In any case, behind the criticism is an implication much sought after by some Conservatives: this proves that Africans are really not fit to govern themselves.

The Western reverence for Nigeria, the praise of its institutions has been, by and large, a successful public relations hoax. The image we have had foisted on us is one that many Nigerians themselves reject.

The Nigerian constitution provides for free and fair elections but there has been no election in Nigeria which has not been marked by large-scale intimidation, by the use of what are, in effect, private armies. In the federal election in

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December, 1964, and the Western Region election in October, 1965, the parties in power used their control of administration to stifle opposition. Opposition candidates were prevented from taking out nomination papers by corrupt returning officers; ballot papers were manipulated to favor the party in power; candidates and their supporters were arrested and imprisoned on trumped-up charges. In the Northern and Western Regions there were arson and murder. Traders and cocoa farmers who refused to give public support to the government had their licenses withdrawn. I saw many of the victims myself when I was in Jos Prison in Northern Nigeria. It was filled to overflowing with political prisoners, not one of whom was charged with a political offense. It is not necessary to repeat the allegations made about the rigging of the Western Region election, for the riots and protests, the burnings and the killings, estimated by one source at 1,500, are testimony enough.

A truthful glance at the situation would have told anyone that effective parliamentary opposition was not tolerated. The only party capable of providing political opposition in Nigeria up until 1962 was the Action Group, led by Chief Awolowo. It was crushed partly for this very reason and its leaders were imprisoned. In 1962, Action Group was the government in the Western Region, strongly in opposition in the Eastern Region and the only vestige of opposition in the north. In the federal government it opposed the alliance between the National Convention of Nigerian Citizens (NCNC) and the Northern Peoples' Congress (N.P.C.). Although Action Group originated as a Yoruba party, it had supporters from the other main tribes. Its general secretary, S. G. Ikoku, was an Ibo; its vice president, Anthony Enahoro, came from Benin. Another leader, J. S. Tarka, was a Tiv from the Northern Region. Confounding prediction, the party changed after years of office in the Western Region from orthodox conservatism to democratic socialism; thus it threatened not only political opposition but economic vested interests as well, and this was a much more serious matter. NCNC, in alliance with a small conservative section of Action Group led by Chief Samuel Akintola, became the main executors of Action Group. They initiated the charges of treason against Awolowo and his officials. The party of Sir Abubaka Tafawa Balewa stood by and watched the breakup of the party, satisfied that the job was being done, giving encouragement where it was needed.

The leaders of Action Group were imprisoned and Chief S. Akintola became Prime Minister of the Western Region with a rump of NCNC and Action Group politicians who were so uncertain and unreliable in their support that each had to be given a government post to retain his allegiance. Elsewhere the Action Group opposition was stifled. Its funds were either confiscated or frozen. In Nigeria, no political parties obtain finances from the mass of their supporters; if they had to rely on that source they would be penniless. So only those parties with access to government revenue can maintain continuously operating organizations. Action Group, cut off from this source, was no match for NCNC and the N.P.C. But it had support among the ordinary people in the Western Region and Lagos and it was this which Chief Akintola and his political rump, now called the Nigerian National Democratic Party, tried to destroy in last October's election The uprising against the rigged election result indicates that he failed.

A fuller description of the attempt to destroy Action Group would reveal clearly the shallowness of the claim that Nigeria, until today, was democratic. Of course Nigeria did not have a preventive detention act like Ghana and Tanzania but it did not need one. Any and every troublesome politician was arrested on one charge or another, such as harboring tax defaulters, loitering with intent, consorting with thieves. And magistrates were always willing to convict, since the rewards for positive support were high. The newspapers were muzzled by a press bill that was introduced late in 1964. Since then, one editor or another has been awaiting trial for sedition. Nor has the right of assembly been respected; in Lagos and the Western Region it has been almost continuously suspended since 1962. In any event, the police are ruthless with assemblies, even when they consist of protesting school children. They use tear gas and truncheons as a prelude to investigating the reason for a gathering.

This picture of political intimidation is superimposed on a setting of gross economic inequality and corruption. Independence has meant for most Nigerians a transfer of power from a white minority to a black minority, a substitution of black capitalists for white ones. It has removed little of the exploitation of the colonialist days; just added another dimension to it.

The average annual per capita income in Nigeria is about $100 and most Nigerians have considerably less. About 98 per cent of the population of 55 million is engaged in farming, subsistence farming, for the most part, and is largely untouched by economic developments. The standard of living of these and others who live by selling cash crops has fallen since the 1950s, for their money incomes have remained relatively stable while prices have risen. The remaining 2 per cent of the people is engaged in industry, mainly as day laborers, with incomes ranging from $11 to $28 a month. Labor is plentiful and therefore cheap. Capital is scarce and expensive; real estate is expensive. Houses in the European sector of Lagos cost more than houses in the West End of London. In the Lagos working-class suburbs Nigerians can make ends meet only if they sublet all but one of their rooms.

Because most of the capital is foreign-owned, with an increasing amount going into American hands, Nigerians can get access to the fruits of economic exploitation only if they control the distribution of contracts, licenses and the purchase of commodities for government consumption. And the only Nigerians with such access are politicians and civil servants. Consequently, large sums of money pass into their hands in return for favors. Politicians also control their own emoluments. Some get car allowances of up to $224 a month. The general strike in 1964 was for a maximum monthly wage of $47.04. In the three years 1960-1963, the government paid out $12,291,706 in car allowances to a few thousand politicians and civil servants. The cost to the federal government of granting the strikers their demands for three years would have been less than that. Senior employees in the public service, both expatriate and Nigerian, receive what are called children's separate domicile allowances to enable them to send their children away to school. In the same three years this concession cost the federal government $3,409,742. I could go on listing examples of gross inequity. The corruption, once it is started at the top, inevitably spreads down. No person can expect to get a job unless he is prepared to "dash" the person controlling its allocation. It is a common assumption in Lagos that if a girl wants a clerical job she must offer more than money.

Corruption is a talking point among the ordinary workers in Nigeria. I was offered countless illustrations without prompting in Lagos. It is a source of discontent. The economic inequalities are resented. Nigerian workers are an articulate lot and they know what they are struggling against.

Beneath the façade, then, a number of factors have made for instability. It was only necessary for some of these to coincide to give rise to actual disruption. In the general strike of 1964, many factors were present but an essential one —the existence of an effective leadership among the trade unionists—was not. The strikers were solid in their protest against the government, but were led by squabbling, self-seeking leaders. The only other organization in Nigeria which had power, different from but commensurate with the trade unions, was the army. In 1964, the military played a relatively passive role. This situation changed after October, 1965, when army units were used to keep Akintola's government in power in opposition to mass protests.

The army in Nigeria, as in any other former French or British territory, is in an anomalous position. In Western industrial countries an army is a conservative, stabilizing element. In Nigeria, however, it is a force for change. It is British-trained; its officers are products of Sandhurst. It is organized as a rational body, based on strict disciplinary lines and with little or no opportunity for corruption. In Nigeria, therefore, the army represents, in a sense, an alien value. On the other hand, the corruption, breakdown of order, absence of discipline are hostile to its traditions, and for this reason the army officers attempted to assume control. The dissidence of the workers has been reflected in a general welcome for military control. There was no need for demonstrations, simply tacit support.

The consequences of the military take-over will depend upon the political acumen of the army commanders, for a final solution can come only through economic and social measures. If the commanders make a transition, as President Nasser did, from dependence upon military power to radical economic policies, they may stay in power indefinitely without reintroducing political democratic measures. If they attempt to maintain power as a military unit and neglect the prime reasons for their ascendance to power, then undoubtedly there will be further unrest and, perhaps, bloody and disruptive clashes against organized labor. If they transfer political power to the hands of those politicians who use office to benefit themselves, as Sir Abubaka Tafawa Balewa's government did, there will be a repetition of the present situation but with more serious consequences.

The immediate need, it seems to me, is to set up a universally accepted political leadership which can act from an ideological base. There is only one source for this and that is among the imprisoned Action Group leaders. Support for Awolowo transcends tribal groups. He is a man of principle, an ascetic in fact and not simply by reputation, and with clearly formulated policies for Nigeria. He, Anthony Enahoro and L. K. Jakande, the extremely able Lagos Action Group leader who is also imprisoned, can provide the leadership which will not only rescue Nigeria from the fate of the Congo but will give it a positive role among progressive African nations. The immediate future of Nigeria depends, then, upon the speed with which the army commanders realize the unifying qualities of Chief Obafemi Awolowo and his Action Group colleagues.

JULIAN BOND

Georgia's 'Uppity' Legislator . . . .

Herbert Shapiro

Atlanta, Ga.

Irony reigned in the Georgia House of Representatives on January 10 when Representative-elect Julian Bond took the witness stand in a special hearing to determine if he should be seated. He was facing men who had repeatedly sworn their defiance of the Supreme Court, segregationists who had a few years earlier applauded student rioting at the University of Georgia against the admission of Negro students, who had urged the doctrines of interposition and nullification. Now they were judging whether Mr. Bond's statement on the war in Vietnam rendered him unfit to take an oath to uphold the federal and state constitutions. The challenge to Bond's seating was led by Rep. Jones Lane who last year invited Alabama Governor Wallace to address the Georgia House. Julian Bond had been asked to leave the Georgia legislature once before: he had been expelled a few years ago when he would not sit in the Jim Crow section of the gallery. "Get those 'niggers' out of there," the Speaker had told the guards. On the present occasion the Speaker, attempting to give the proceeding a veneer of politeness and "due process," insisted that nothing racial was involved. Hadn't seven other Negro Representatives just been sworn in?

Beneath the surface politeness the hearing moved on to a predictable conclusion. When the vote came, only twelve Representatives voted to seat Julian Bond; all of them were from the Atlanta area and five were Negroes. Appeals to seat Bond were made to the House by Rev. Howard Creecy whom Bond had defeated in the Democratic pri-

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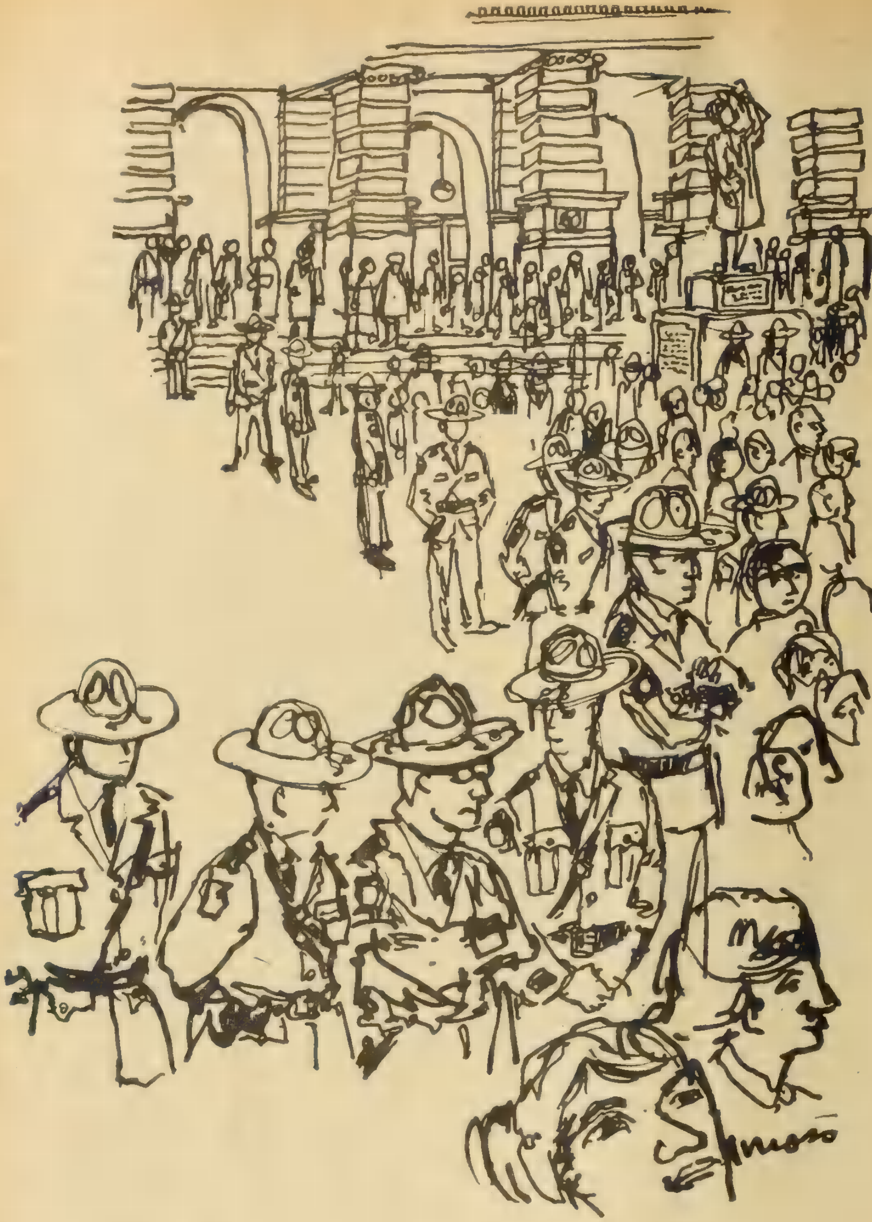

mary, and by Malcolm Dean who had run as Bond's Republican opponent. There was a ripple of laughter as Bond's attorney asked Dean if he knew who had won the House election last June. Dean almost proudly informed the House of his overwhelming defeat: 82 per cent of the votes had gone to Bond. The state's two Negro Senators, Leroy Johnson and Horace Ward, also urged the House to consider carefully and to seat Bond; Senator Johnson predicted that a vote to oust Bond would be an albatross around the neck of the state legislature. But none of this affected the outcome. The House members, specially outfitted for the day with little tin American flags for their lapels, brushed aside the urging of Bond's Negro witnesses.

Even before the House convened, an atmosphere had been created that made Bond's seating unlikely. Walking through the halls was Lester Maddox, former cafeteria proprietor who long defied enforcement of the Civil Rights Act and who once brandished a pistol at Negroes seeking to eat in his restaurant. Maddox seemed among friends as he talked to the legislators and other capitol officials and handed out circulars boosting his candidacy for governor in the 1966 election. The civil rights workers who attended the hearings were obvious outsiders; the SNCC people, a few with beards and some casually dressed, represented another world as far as these legislators were concerned.

The Atlanta press also contributed to the fever of outrage. The day after John Lewis issued a SNCC statement affirming opposition to the war in Vietnam and standing by young men who decline to respond to the draft (which statement Bond endorsed), the moderate *Atlanta Constitution* opened a full-scale attack on the civil rights organization. The paper, which claims to be a friend of the Negro movement, identified SNCC's position on the Vietnam war with racism and anarchy. It observed that the SNCC statement "treads far beyond dissent and doubt about policy," implying that criminal actions were involved. The *Constitution* was perhaps more effective than it intended; on the eve of the legislature's opening it urged the House to seat Bond, but the hysteria let loose was hard to contain. The effort to block Bond was led by segregationists who were prepared to use the issue to provoke a direct confrontation with the civil rights movement, even at the cost of focusing national attention upon Georgia. Georgia's "moderate" business-oriented leadership has sought precisely to avoid such confrontations, to keep Georgia out of national headlines and particularly to give Atlanta a "progressive image." The extremists have now set to work to wreck that image, and it is strange that the liberal *Constitution* helped put the sledge hammer in their hands.

In the few days that intervened between release of the SNCC statement and the opening of the legislature, some Atlanta Negro leaders had spoken ambiguously about Bond's right to his views, while they stressed their rejection of the SNCC position on Vietnam. The TV stations suddenly became extremely interested in the views of the more conservative leaders of Negro organizations. Perhaps there were some who thought Bond might succumb to this sort of political blackmail, might apologize for his youth, and defer to the wisdom of the statesmen from south Georgia. But the whole significance of Bond's election is that he represents a new kind of Southern politician who thinks principle and politics ought to be related and who genuinely seeks to represent the needs of his constituents. Julian Bond said when the legislature opened that he was ready, willing and able to take his oath of office, but he would also maintain his integrity and refuse to violate his conscience.

His testimony before the House resolved any doubt about the outcome. He was only 25 years old when he came to the state capitol last month. While other members of the House, some of them elected from counties where Negroes still may not register, stood to be sworn in, he was made to sit and listen to the House clerk inform him he must step aside. Then outside the House chamber the newsmen swarmed around him, practically pulling him along to a news conference in a committee room. Through all this Bond appeared unruffled and cool. He read the newsmen a statement addressed to his constituents; he would not offer explanations for his individual opinions to the House as a condition for being seated. He was clear on the issue of his right to speak. "The fact of my election to public office does not lessen my duty or desire to express my opinions, even when they differ from those held by others."

But this was still in a press conference; the test was what he would say directly to the Georgia House. It came a few hours later when Denmark Groover, the counsel for those challenging the young Representative, asked Bond if he still agreed with the SNCC statement. Bond said, "I do!" He said it softly but his answer was clear and it was also clear that he would not compromise his conscience in order to get seated. With his few words Bond took his place among the American dissenters who have refused to conform to the political tradition of opportunism and demagogy. Those in the gallery knew the decisive moment when it came; the tension broke. A representative of an overwhelmingly Negro district, a district mainly of poor and lower-middle-class families, refused to pay the price required for admission to the exclusive club called the Georgia House of Representatives.

Charles Morgan, Southern Director of the ACLU, put it bluntly in a talk before the Hungry Club, a Negro luncheon group. Bond could not have gotten in unless he crawled in crying, "Massa, Massa, I'se come back." He had violated the first commandment of the white supremacist code; he had been "uppity," he had taken a nonconformist position on a basic issue and revealed himself as one Negro politician who would speak out on any issue whenever he saw fit. He did not feel he had first to check it out with the white moderates downtown who proclaim themselves the Negro's best friends. And most important, he had refused to back down when brought before an assembly of white politicians. A Negro legislator who insisted on his right to criticize the Vietnam war, who could not be made to retreat by all the media of public persuasion in Georgia, might be expected to speak out on anything. He just might violate the rules of the club and expose the fact that Georgia state government is still overwhelmingly segregationist in spirit and practice. The other Negro legislators seemed unlikely to be mavericks; they were seated by grace of the Georgia House.

Georgia is still concerned about its image. A group of Florida students recently demonstrated at the state line with signs that read, "You are now leaving the American zone," displayed to motorists crossing the St. Mary's River into Georgia. Florida is no model of integration, but the Julian Bond issue may turn Georgia into the main focus of the Southern civil rights movement. That upsets the state's political leadership and its corporation counselors in Atlanta. Image must be maintained, whatever the reality. So Governor Sanders congratulated the legislature the day after Bond was denied his seat. He said the issue "was acted upon with dignity and a proper sense of responsibility by all concerned. . . . This is as Georgians would have it done." He did not refer to the outcome, he did not comment on the fact that the voters of the 136th district are without representation, he has not said anything as to the right of a legislator to take a controversial position on public policy. A favorite Georgia habit is self-congratulation. Everybody is supposed to be impressed when the forms of due process are followed, never mind what conclusion is reached. One might have thought the Governor was being sarcastic, that his words were meant to parody the previous day's events. A real tragedy of Georgia is that politicians can speak such words with a straight face.

Legally the issue is now before the federal courts, but demonstrations have started to affirm community support of Julian Bond's right to his seat. And beyond this the episode has set off intense discussion in the community that elected him to the legislature. Some Negro conservatives will not lift a finger for Bond; they opposed his election in the first place, they have never liked SNCC, their middle-class respectability does not mix well with SNCC radicalism. Their connections with men of power in the city hall, the state capitol and Washington are threatened by any trend to connect the civil rights movement with opposition to the war. Other leaders speak for Bond's right to be seated, but their real passion is directed toward publicly disavowing SNCC. But this episode is also helping to create a new sense of unity in the Negro community, a unity that may overcome some lingering friction between SCLC and SNCC, and a unity that increasingly sees continuation of the Vietnam war as a threat to American freedom at home. This issue has brought Martin Luther King home to Atlanta to take a place in the leadership of the fight to reverse Bond's ouster; Dr. King has never been more outspoken in his words of praise for SNCC's achievement. He has plainly called the vote of the House a racist action and he has reminded this community that, whatever they think of Bond's specific views, he is a man who has spoken for peace. Dr. King has told Georgians, who usually get only the pro-Vietnam story, of the U.S. Senators who have criticized American policy in Southeast Asia. Conservatives in this city, Negro and white, have sought to keep King out of Atlanta (some of them applaud him as long as his activities are hundreds of miles from here). If the Bond case becomes a protracted fight, King's presence here may galvanize the local civil rights movement.

Since Bond's ouster, SNCC and SCLC have gone to the churches in a series of nightly mass meetings. Community leaders in the 136th district have spoken along with the organizational civil rights leaders. The mood has been one of crusade. At Mount Moriah Baptist Church, hundreds shouted their support for their Representative. Mrs. Dorothy Bolden, one local leader in the slum-ridden Vine City neighborhood summed up the feeling: "Julian Bond is a man." And she added, "We don't have many men in Georgia." To the crowd who cheered, Julian Bond was clearly a Negro leader and not a "leading Negro," selected by the city fathers downtown.

That meeting was also a forum for discussion of Vietnam. The Georgia House of Representatives should be given credit for that. Never before had there been such intense discussion in the Negro community of the distant war. The crowd was once again reminded of the many criticisms voiced all over the country about the war. Prof. Vincent Harding, history professor and Mennonite minister, affirmed his basic agreement with SNCC's position against the war and told the audience that Bond was expelled because he refused to be a slave to President Johnson and his war in Vietnam. Julian Bond's attorney and brother-in-law, Howard Moore, also spoke. Moore responded to a challenge from Charles Weltner, U.S. Congressman from Atlanta, who sits on the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Congressman Weltner's district includes many Negroes, and he has been silent on Bond's right to be seated but had turned over SNCC's statement to HUAC's staff for investigation as to "subversive" content. Mr. Weltner sought to evaluate SNCC; Mr. Moore said it was time to "evaluate Congressman Weltner." This year Weltner may run against Republican state Rep. Rodney Cook, who has enjoyed considerable Negro support. Weltner could be in serious trouble if drained of some of his Negro support. Moore let Georgia politicians know that the Negro is not in any politician's pocket and that maybe he would have to look around for new political alternatives.

Two nights later another mass meeting was held at Rev. Ralph Abernathy's West Hunter Street Baptist Church. Mr. Abernathy, treasurer of SCLC, was introduced by another SCLC aide, Hosea Williams, as the scholar who received his B.A. at Montgomery, his M.A. at Birmingham, his Ph.D. at Selma, under Prof. Jim Clark, and "now is enrolled for some post-graduate studies in Atlanta under Governor Sanders." Ralph Abernathy's speech is rich in the poetry of the Negro Baptist church and this night he was in marvelous form. His theme was "we're not going to bow any more." He told the Biblical story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, of how the trumpets blew and they were expected to bow but they did not. When summoned they told the king he could blow his trumpet, it belonged to him, but their knees belonged to them. Abernathy asked what is so wrong with American foreign policy that it cannot bear criticism and he, too, spoke of the Senators who have opposed the course in Vietnam. He declared that if Representative Bond is not seated, then his constituents may need to come and fill that seat themselves. Abernathy stood with King in unreservedly paying tribute to SNCC's record of unflinching struggle to create interracial democracy.

The events surrounding the seating of Bond strengthened SNCC's position of connecting civil rights with peace. In the SNCC statement the connection is stated in words; Georgia politics has given reality to the proposition.

THE FIRST CONGRESS OF THE POOR

Richard A. Cloward & Richard M. Elman

Syracuse, N.Y.

When liberals and civil rights agitators comment on the condition of the American poor, they are quick to say that the poor require more jobs, equal educational opportunities, better housing. And the poor, on formal and public occasions, are equally quick to say the same. Both enraged by and ashamed of their poverty, they demand the right to conform to the cherished American value of individual achievement, however impractical the application of this value and the governmental measures that spring from it may be to their impoverished condition. So Aid to Dependent Children (ADC) mothers readily endorse resolutions calling for public programs to enable poor people to establish competitive skills and thereby to become self-sufficient.

But privately, away from the drama of framing and passing public resolutions, abstract notions of upward mobility give way to more pressing and immediate matters: how to secure a bare standard of living—minimal housing, food to eat, clothes to wear. In such conversations with the poor, the villain is not so much a faceless society that permits flagrant class and racial exploitation as it is the familiar agents of the social-welfare state who control their lives. That, at least, is one conclusion to be drawn from a hastily arranged national convention of poor people held in Syracuse, N.Y., on January 15 and 16.

The convention in Syracuse, which met at a Negro Elks' club in a portion of the old tenderloin not yet erased by urban renewal, was expressly called to condemn the current "war against poverty." The rallying cry was for "total participation of the poor," not only in the front ranks of the battle against poverty but in the company, battalion, regimental and divisional headquarters as well. In this vein, resolutions were passed asserting

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the right of the poor to join those already empowered to make decisions about such major issues of American life as employment, urban renewal and education. Curiously, public welfare did not appear on the list. Stating that they were fed up with being the object of government power, declaring themselves ready to participate as equals in local anti-poverty councils along with representatives of private agencies, churches, political machines, public agencies and business elites, the delegates voted to establish a nation-wide, independently financed organization of the poor to advance their claims—even as they wondered where they would get financial resources merely to continue agitating against the poverty program in their various localities.

The Office of Economic Opportunity defines as its target a 30 to 40 million American population living in poverty. About 300 bona fide poor people and 100 representatives of the poor showed up at the Syracuse meeting. Obviously, a demand for "total participation" from such a relatively small assemblage could be construed as a rather insubstantial manifestation of dissent. But such dissent may yet prove to be infectious as more and more anti-poverty administrators and professionals stiffen in their attitudes toward the involvement of the poor in the community-action programs being established all over the country. Meeting at first en masse and later in caucuses called "study groups," the National People's War Council made a plea for unity among "grass roots organizations throughout the country." They further resolved to support any community-action program that agitates against agencies of our "poor law" government.

Slogans such as "total participation" go much beyond the official rhetoric of Title II of the Economic Opportunities Act of 1964, which merely calls for the "maximum feasible participation" of the poor; and to the extent of that difference, this convention could be said to be outside the Establishment's thinking about how the poor are to be brought into the war against poverty. But this extreme stance is, in part, a response to the failure of the poor to attain even modest representation in many community-action programs. It is also a response to the fact that a few anti-poverty programs have been faced with the present loss or future denial of control over their funds as a consequence of their thus far tentative assaults upon the *status quo*. These delegates, in short, had found the "power structure" more unyielding than they had been led to hope.

In Syracuse, for example, the activities of a university-sponsored, community-action program, using OEO funds, had quickly led the university to dissociate itself, under pressure from angry local public officials (especially Mayor Richard Walsh) who had become the objects of harassment. After just nine months of stimulating protests in housing projects and among blocks of welfare recipients, the nine neighborhood groups, formed with the encouragement of the Syracuse Community Development Association (SCDA), were able to obtain new refrigerators and stoves for all tenants in a public-housing project and won the right to paint apartments in different colors. But they soon found that they had also generated a backlash. OEO ruled that in future they would have to agree to become part of the Crusade for Opportunity—the Mayor's own "umbrella" organization of anti-poverty agencies and boards—or forfeit federal funds. Thus far SCDA has stubbornly refused. Distrusting any political deals that might ultimately limit its freedom to choose when, how and whom to agitate among or against, it has eschewed as well the time-consuming "appeals" procedures established by OEO, although it may yet have to resort to them if it wishes to remain alive in any form. SCDA chose instead to call for expressions of solidarity from other hard-pressed local groups across the country—as many as could make it to a People's War Council on a few days' notice.

Conventions of special-interest groups regularly take place in America, and their recommendations are often heeded. On that same weekend, in fact, the New York State Combined Council of Law Enforcement Agencies also met in Syracuse to register unanimous disapproval of civilian review boards. This group received considerable press coverage. *The New York Times* gave the National People's War Council Against Poverty a total of 3 inches, and few other papers did better. Yet this many poor have rarely convened anywhere in recent years to pass resolutions about their ill treatment at the hands of government agencies, or about their children's educational problems, their detestation of police brutality, or their right to make decisions affecting their own lives. It was probably to be expected that a convention so hastily summoned would be insufficiently heeded, but the extent of that disregard is worth summarizing: although nearly all top officials of the Office of Economic Opportunity were invited to observe, none ventured to attend; Governor Rockefeller was also invited, but did not come or send a representative; nor did Senators Kennedy or Javits, or Syracuse Congressman Hanley; only one civil rights leader, George Wiley of CORE, was present; representatives from the national Citizens Crusade Against Poverty were also absent.

Of the poor who came, by Greyhound or chartered bus, or in the automobiles of their paid and unpaid organizers, nearly all proved their status as paupers by putting up with sleeping accommodations in the apartments of their fellow poor or on church floors. Many traveled to Syracuse on borrowed funds, some in borrowed clothes. Over the long weekend, a constant activity was passing the hat to assure that all would get home.

Home was chiefly the urban ghettos of New York, Buffalo, Newark, Detroit, Cleveland, Albany, Chicago and Lorraine, Ohio, but there were also contingents of the rural poor: a delegation of striking grape workers from Delano, Calif., under their magnetic leader, Cesar Chavez [see article by James Degnan, p. 151, this issue]; Arizona cotton pickers, freedom delegations from Placquemine, La., a lone Nebraska Indian, a Mississippi Negro who had been activated to work in Cleveland by Students for a Democratic Society. Representatives of the Chicago Woodlawn Organization were in attendance, as was a group from Stryker's Bay on Manhattan's West Side. A dissident group came from an anti-poverty project in East Harlem and a large delegation from Mobilization for Youth on New York's Lower East Side. In Syracuse, ADC mothers from the Puerto Rican *barrios* of New York, aggrieved Negro migrants to the big cities from the rural South, exploited Mexican- and Filipino-Americans from the fields and vineyards, and hard-pressed Social Security pensioners from Harlem practiced "participatory democracy" with white liberals and SNCC radicals, black-liberation militants, social workers, young Catholic and Protestant clergymen, and grandmotherly Negro women demanding reparations for the former slaves' "400 years of unrequited labor."

What could they all possibly have in common, aside from their economic plight? The satiric criticism of Dick Gregory, on hand to entertain, turned on race, but the chief grievances of the delegates were not racial as the convention came to voice them.

To understand the objectives of the War Council, it is not necessary to beat time to the penny-whistle blues of "total participation"; one need only consider the attitudes toward the poor manifested by such men as Richard Walsh, who was elected Mayor of Syracuse after first serving as Onondaga County Welfare Commissioner. As Commissioner of Welfare, he played upon the public's hostility toward the poor to advance his career. Under his administration, benefits did not notably increase or proliferate, but punitive measures did. Single men applying for relief were either ridden out of town or taken to the county almshouse; married men on welfare were coerced into work-relief programs below the minimum wage if they were suspected as malingerers; families were put on food vouchers as a punishment for fornication, or even for "misspending" inadequate welfare allowances; unconstitutional "after-midnight" raids were conducted to detect the presence of men in the homes of ADC mothers. Case workers, forced to become frauds investigators, worked closely with the county D.A.'s office, regularly intimidating raided welfare clients into relinquishing their constitutional protection against self-incrimination. Even today, the Onondaga County Welfare Department, according to one observer, is characterized by a contempt for the rights of the recipient which is equaled only in some Southern states. It is at least clear that the system of practices that Mr. Walsh engineered and supports in Syracuse violates many of the standards set by the American Public Welfare Association.

Although Mayor Walsh is a trained social worker who likes to boast that he is still doing graduate work toward his Ph.D. in sociology, he said recently that agitation by the poor for reforms has been the cause of the recent upsurge of crime on the streets of Syracuse. Walsh's police force patrols the streets of the Syracuse Negro wards at night as if it were in Watts; indiscriminate stop-and-search procedures are regularly employed, and no active attempt has been made to recruit Negroes for the police. If Walsh has lately shown contempt for delegations of the poor organized by SCDA, he is at least consistent. It was Walsh — through his twin mouthpieces, the Goldwaterite *Post Standard* and the somewhat less antediluvian *Herald Journal* (both Newhouse papers)—who excoriated a small group of women who came to demand school clothing for their children from the county welfare office. They were, it was said, the ungrateful recipients of public charity. (It appears, ironically, that Mr. Walsh has received a sympathetic hearing from federal officials during the present controversy over SCDA, partly because he always makes himself available as an "expert" social worker to testify in Congress on rehabilitative legislation for the poor.)

But Mr. Walsh does not despise the welfare state. A middle-of-the-road Republican himself, he makes use of welfare-state powers to level Negro slums and to erect middle-income housing; to scatter the former residents of the ghettos without adequate relocation plans for what were once communities of people. Walsh—like many Americans—supports those aspects of the social-welfare state that suit his purposes.

For the poor to challenge the "poor house" assumption underpinning welfare statism in America is commonly regarded as worse than ingratitude. In one way or another, the poor have had to declare themselves defective in order to qualify for existing programs called Aid to the Disabled, Aid to Dependent Children, or Old Age Assistance. They are, therefore, not commonly endowed by administrators with rights; and that is precisely why Mayor Walsh and his various commissioners can treat their demands with contempt and condescension. How else is one to explain what happened when the delegation of nine welfare mothers, dissatisfied with their first meeting, descended again upon the county welfare office, this time accompanied by their organizers, to claim the school clothing which, according to state policies, is supposed to be standardized and uniform? They had previously been given varying amounts of money, according to their situations; they were now told that each would have to be interviewed "confidentially" to ascertain additional needs. But their further protests led only to arrests for trespassing on city property.

What happens in the Syracuse welfare system is endemic; it happens also in New York, Detroit and Cleveland. Nearly all the delegates to the Syracuse War Council with whom we spoke privately had the same unhappy relationship with institutions of social welfare, but few had been encouraged to do anything about it. Thus public welfare turned out to be the uninvited guest at the proceedings. It was nowhere listed on the formal agenda and only rarely came up at the various study meetings; but the fact that nobody volunteered to speak publicly of welfare did not make the deprivations it imposed, in infinite, painful variations, seem less real.

To the ADC mothers from Lorraine, Ohio, deprivation manifested itself in the bewildering way their benefits abruptly changed every month, raised for some and lowered for others, with no intelligible explanations being given. To the earnest young settlement-house priest from Albany, confused and angry, it was in a system which had to be embarrassed with mass demonstrations before it would distribute surplus foods to supplement an unusually low schedule of cash subsistence allowances. To a Buffalo recipient it was in a system which distributed stamps instead of cash for food, and would not allow the recipients to use stamps to purchase either beer or cigarettes. To the striking Delano grape pickers, it was in the refusal of the Tulare County Welfare Department to grant aid to hungry families on the ground that they could find work in the strike zone. They also told of attempts by Tulare Housing Authority officials to evict rent-striking tenants who were protesting their inadequate living conditions.

If the Syracuse tenants nursed grievances against a Housing Authority which practiced random evictions and often refused to provide services for tenants, the Mexican cotton workers from Arizona had apparently not yet met up with any such institution, for they were living in a collection of shacks, called Guadalupe, on the outskirts of Phoenix. When their homes were inundated by a flash flood, they were sent to the Salvation Army instead of being given county relief. Mr. Walsh may complain to the White House that OEO money is being used to "sponsor class warfare," but officials like him are the ones who help create the grievances from which such conflict springs.

One could go on enumerating the abuses, injustices and inadequacies which were elicited from this somewhat timid and reluctant clientele of the welfare state. Ultimately, these instances of abuse formed a selective view, a silhouette, of the part of the power structure that is immediately visible to the poor. Poverty councils speak of retraining and civil rights workers of job discrimination, but a young Negro from Cleveland told us: "Right after Christmas they just cut a whole lot of us off welfare without anything," and a delegate from Mississippi told how you had to "sell your house, your car, just about everything you owned before they would give you welfare, and then it wasn't ever worth it." "I don't want your welfare," screamed one angry black militant, as if receiving welfare were a degradation every bit as real to him as Jim Crow. A social worker reported that welfare recipients in Syracuse were kept so ignorant of their rights that only a handful of them used the formal appeals procedures available to them under law. Even when there were no complaints which could be brought against welfare policies, there were continual grudging assertions by the poor: "It's not enough. . . ." "It's not the way to treat people." "They'd rather not give it out if they can help it. . . ." "They threaten you if you got a man in the house." "If they [the housing project managers] find paper on the ground with your name on it more than once they will fine you $5." "They tell you to buy school clothing for your boy and then they give you $5." "They [in Arizona] won't give us anything for our families when we earn more than $5 a day in the cotton fields." A young Negro from Syracuse, whose large family required supplementary financial assistance even though he was fully employed, told us: "I never knew I had a right to get anything. . . ."

But if their sordid and insecure dealings with the social-welfare state were the chief interest which skilled grape pickers and unskilled ADC mothers seemed to have in common, the poor were not told what to do about it. They were not told that attorneys could be used to compel welfare officials to provide lawful benefits. Indeed, some of the organizers who accompanied the poor seemed hesitant to urge such tactics lest they induce an even greater dependency among those who were already defined as overdependent. Because of SCDA's attacks upon the welfare state, some significant changes in government practice have begun to occur in Syracuse; but, in general, most delegates from other areas seemed unable to outline similar strategies of social action. It was as if the poor and their militant allies chose to believe that the despised welfare state might some day wither away, when the evidence mounts that it becomes a more powerful influence over the lives of the poor with each passing week.

To the extent that the War Council did not confront that fact squarely, it can be said that this meeting of the dissenting poor—for all its impressive and orderly procedures, tactics and proclamations — failed to produce a strategy that could transform a dissident faction into an effective movement. At Syracuse speakers called for the unification of "the urban poor with the rural poor in a national campaign." Unless the battle plan includes some such frontal attack upon the "American way of public welfare," the campaign may be ambushed *en marche* by a computerized society.

Monopoly in the Vineyards

The 'Grapes of Wrath' Strike . . .

James P. Degnan

Delano, Calif.

For most of his 38 years Cesar Chavez, the quiet, intelligent and articulate Mexican-American who leads and inspires the striking grape pickers of the San Joaquin Valley, has been an agricultural worker in California. This means that Chavez, like the 500,000 other agricultural workers in California and uncounted thousands more all over America, has worked for an industry (in California, it is the biggest industry) that pays its workers about one-sixth the yearly income of other industrial workers, that recognizes no minimum wage, that offers no holidays, vacations, sick leave, unemployment insurance or pension plan; that grants no over-

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time, that regularly violates the child labor laws, and that denies the right to bargain collectively.

For most of his life Chavez has worked for the only industry in America exempted from the Labor Relations Act of 1947 (Taft-Hartley) and from the jurisdiction of the National Labor Relations Board; he has worked, in short, for the only industry that has been untouched by the social legislation of the last thirty years, and by the responsibilities that the United States for a generation has insisted must attend the right to profit from the labor of others.

And until last year, when California finally ended its importation of foreign labor—the Bracero Program—Cesar Chavez and the others like him in California worked for the only industry which has demanded that the government supply it with a captive foreign-labor force when American citizens have refused to accept the appalling wages and conditions that industrial farming offered them. (The scandal of the Bracero Program is well known, but it might be well to recall its essentials. Mexican nationals, because they are cheap, mobile and captive, were imported with the government's blessing to do the agricultural work that belonged to Americans; the Americans, jobless, often went on welfare, for which the taxpayer paid. Then the braceros returned to Mexico, taking almost all of their American wages with them; after all, American money goes twice as far in Mexico. Thus, the economy was hurt; the taxpayer was needlessly soaked; and the agricultural businessman profited. That the outrageous Bracero Program lasted as long as it did is testimony to the influence that a relatively few California businessmen and land monopolists exert over both state and national government.)

Son of an Arizona landowner, farmer and rancher, Chavez came to California during the great depression, when his father lost his land. Like so many in that period, the Chavez family became migrant laborers in the *Grapes of Wrath* pattern. Cesar, his mother and father, his five brothers and sisters, lived in a succession of tents and hovels and trailers, surviving at times on $1.25 a day. "Usually we had shoes," says Cesar's brother, Richard, "but there were times—I remember in 1939—that we went to school barefoot." As for school, the Chavez boys got more than most migrants of their time; they went through the 8th grade, after being in and out of more than thirty-two grade schools in their migrant life.

During World War II, Cesar Chavez served in the Navy. On home leave in Delano, Calif., in 1944, he attended the local movie house and was arrested for sitting in the "White Only" section. "Cesar kind of laughed off the local arrest," says Richard, "what really hurt him was when he went back to his base and got company punishment too."

Throughout his life, Chavez has entertained one ambition: to help his people, the Mexican-American agricultural laborers, attain first-class citizenship. Between jobs as an agricultural laborer, he has worked with groups like the Community Service Organization — designed to improve the welfare of the Mexican-American poor — and with social workers such as Saul Alinsky and Fred Ross. Two years ago, Chavez organized the National Farm Workers Association (NFWA), a group which last September, along with the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AWOC)—mainly Filipinos—began the longest agricultural strike in California's history and perhaps the most important agricultural strike in America's history.

Written off at first by Joe Brosmer, chief spokesman for the grape growers against whom the strike is directed in the Delano-Earlimart area of the San Joaquin Valley, as "another fly-by-night operation, something that will be over as soon as the outside agitators that started it get tired of the game they're playing and go home," the strike has endured for almost five months and has achieved some notable successes. Although the strikers have failed as yet to gain their major, incredibly modest goals—$1.40 an hour instead of $1.20, an incentive wage of 25c a box instead of the present 10c, and, most important, the right to union recognition and collective bargaining—nevertheless, the strikers have succeeded, with the help of various religious, labor and civil rights groups, in leaving thousands of dollars' worth of Delano grapes to rot on the vines, or to be mauled (and thus ruined for the best markets) by the clumsy picking of imported strikebreakers; in establishing a nation wide boycott against Delano grapes and against Schenley products (the Schenley ranch is one of the biggest the strikers are fighting); in preventing, with the help of rank-and-file longshoremen, the shipment abroad from San Francisco of many thousands of dollars' worth of grapes from the DiGiorgio Corporation ranches; and in gaining the verbal and financial support of Walter Reuther and his United Auto Workers.

And the strikers' future isn't entirely bleak. First-hand accounts indicate that the strikebreakers — most of whom have been imported from Mexico and Texas (many illegally, according to Border Patrol observation) and few of whom are trained grape workers—are making a mess of pruning the grapes now that the picking is over. From the grape growers' point of view, pruning is more important economically than picking. Further, and more encouraging to the grape strikers, citrus workers at a recent meeting at Strathmore, Calif., indicated that they may soon join the strike.

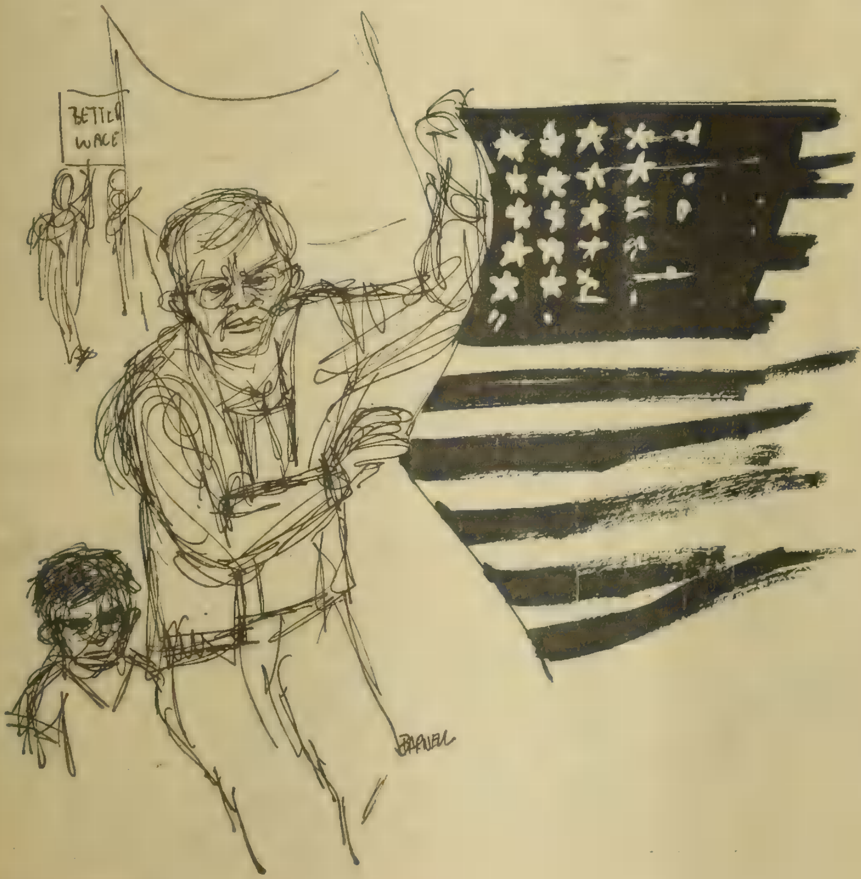
The successes of the strikers have been hard won. Consider, for example, the difficulty of picketing. "Picketing in an agricultural strike," one striker said, "is like picketing an industrial plant that has 2,000 entrance gates and is 40 square miles large." Added to this, the pickets from the first month of the strike have been beaten, sprayed with blinding sulphur, shot at, assaulted with automobiles and tractors, and arrested by the truckloads. In October, for example, forty-four unionists and nine ministers were arrested for shouting *Huelga* (Strike) to the mostly Spanish-speaking scabs. Discrimination against and harassment of the strikers by the local authorities got so bad that in November the California Attorney General's office investigated, after which the most outrageous incidents, e.g., refusal of the district attorney to consider complaints of the strikers, the setting of high bail for strikers, and the releasing of growers on their own recognizance, somewhat subsided. After the arrest of the unionists and ministers, a local judge issued an order stating that pickets could assemble, but in groups no larger than five and that they should confine their *Huelgas* to conversational tones. The pickets could not, of course, enter the grape fields where the strikebreakers were working, and when one considers that most of the picking was far off the roads and toward the center of the fields, the effect of this prohibition becomes evident.

Nevertheless, the strikers hung on. While the teamsters freely crossed their picket lines, the strikers picketed grape-loading operations in Delano; and in San Francisco, grape strikers, along with rank-and-file longshoremen, kept the grapes from being loaded for foreign markets. So successful were the strikers that in December the DiGiorgio Corporation was moved to get an injunction against all picketing operations; as yet, no hearing has been held to determine whether the injunction will stand. Lawyers who have been consulted believe that the injunction would never hold up in a higher court, that it clearly violates the rights of freedom of assembly and speech. But such invalid injunctions are common strikebreaking instruments; by the time they have been declared unconstitutional, strikes are often broken.

The endurance and relative success of the strike are a tribute to the organizing skill of Cesar Chavez. "Chavez didn't want this strike," a sympathetic organizer confides; "he would have waited a year or more until he could build up a war chest and until he could make the NFWA what he wants it to be. But when the Filipinos in AWOC struck, Chavez had no alternative but to go along with them."

Chavez's NFWA is more a welfare cooperative than a labor union. For $3.50 a month the 2,000 member families get a wide variety of services. They borrow from the NFWA credit union which has grown from $37 to considerably more than $30,000 in two years; they participate in the benefits of a cooperative food store, drugstore, service station, all of whose profits go to a workers' welfare fund; they have their own newspaper, burial insurance program, and grievance committee to investigate job misrepresentation and to file state welfare claims for illiterate members. The NFWA bails people out of jail, provides legal help, helps bring relatives to the United States, and files income tax returns for families earning about $2,000 annually (there are few such families in NFWA).

Sargent Shriver was so impressed with the NFWA that, before the strike, he had selected it to administer a $267,000 anti-poverty grant. Chavez and Shriver later agreed that the grant should be held in escrow until the strike was over. Since that decision, though, the NFWA newspaper, *El Malcriado*, says that the big growers have ordered their representatives in Washington to put on pressure; and it now looks as though the grant may be dissolved entirely. As *El Malcriado* says, this is another instance of the enormous landowner power. Once the growers got to Harlan Hagen (a liberal Congressman and once a champion of Chavez), the paper reports, he suddenly decided that Chavez was unworthy of the anti-poverty grant. But whatever the politicians and growers may think of him, the people will stick by Chavez and may very well win their demands and begin a new era for the agricultural worker in America.



Some major questions lie behind the Delano grape strike, questions occasionally raised but seldom satisfactorily answered. Why is it, for example, that the biggest industry in the state of California, an industry that last year enjoyed direct receipts of $3.6 billion, should so adamantly refuse even to discuss agricultural unions? Why is it that certain growers are willing to pay strikebreakers wages three and four times higher than the strikers are asking as a maximum? Does the farm industry fear declining profits? Hardly. It has been estimated by the Department of Labor that the cost of field labor to the California grower is only 2c to 5c on the dollar, depending on the crop. And, as Willard Wirtz has pointed out, even if growers doubled wages, they could pass on the increase to the consumer without raising prices very much. On a head of lettuce, for example, Mr. Wirtz estimates that such an increase would amount to about 1c.

Why then the bitter obduracy of the California growers? And which growers take this attitude? The most vehement opposition to unions comes from the richest and biggest growers, landowners like the DiGiorgio Corporation, Kern County Land, and the California Growers Association. Many of the smaller growers are actually in favor of the union; and a few have quietly helped Chavez and the NFWA. Chris Bergthold is such a grower. "For me and growers like me," Bergthold says, "there is no labor problem, because we are farmers, not absentee land speculators. We live on the land and work it ourselves; paying our help a decent wage is not much of a problem. After all, we don't need thousands of wage slaves."

"The major opposition to agricultural unions in this state comes from the giants, the land monopolists—the DiGiorgios, Kern County Land, Southern Pacific Railroad, the Tejon Ranch, and a few others who own practically half the state," says Dr. Paul Taylor, emeritus professor of economics at the University of California, and one of the nation's leading authorities on land tenure and agricultural water policies.

"Since early in California's history, land monopolists have needed a flooded labor market, some kind of slave-labor situation to maintain their empires," Dr. Taylor says. "The land monopolists have always been afraid of labor because labor has been traditionally their only real opposition. Why, a really effective farm and urban labor movement here with power in Washington could bring about a series of Congressional investigations that might be the beginning of the end for these monopolies."

When Walter Reuther spoke at Delano some weeks ago, the main substance of his talks was that he intended to call for a Congressional investigation of California land monopoly. It is interesting that not one major California newspaper or television station even mentioned this aspect of Reuther's speeches.

Corroborating Dr. Taylor, Henry Anderson, editor of *Farm Labor*, a journal that supports the small farmer against the land monopolists, writes that the amount of land owned by the monopolists is "impressive but the aggregation of economic power to which these landowners are tied through interlocking directorates is a great deal more impressive still." Anderson points out that Kern County Land, which owns 1,800,000 acres, has common directorates with Pacific Gas and Electric, Crocker-Anglo National Bank, Pacific Paper Products and several major economic powers. As for DiGiorgio Corporation, its directorate interlocks with the Pacific Gas and Electric, Pacific Telephone and Telegraph, Bank of California, Union Oil, Fireman's Fund Insurance, in, to quote Anderson, "a relationship so close that it is rare even in the world of higher capitalism; DiGiorgio has four directors in common with the Bank of America." Anderson also notes that the enormous California Packing Corporation has four directors in common with Wells Fargo Bank, second only to Bank of America as California's biggest farm financer.

These alliances illuminate the complaint of migrant minister James Drake, an aide of Cesar Chavez: "The little growers really want to help us with the strike; but they say if they dare recognize the union they better not try to get loans for next year's crop."

Dr. Taylor points out other instances of how California's huge landowners and growers regularly violate the spirit and letter of laws designed to prevent land monopoly. Federal reclamation law, for example, upon which Dr. Taylor as a one-time consultant for the Bureau of Reclamation is an expert, was designed by Theodore Roosevelt to guarantee (in Dr. Taylor's words) "that every dollar spent to reclaim land was spent to build up the small man of the West and prevent the big man, East or West, coming in and monopolizing the water and land." To achieve this, the law prohibits distribution of federally subsidized water to individual holdings in excess of 160 acres, unless the owner signs a recordable contract to sell the excess within ten years at a price which doesn't include the increment due to cheap subsidized water. "DiGiorgio signed one of these things in 1952 and when he put the land up for sale in 1964 it was so high nobody even bid on it. And if that's not a violation of the reclamation law, I don't know what is," says Dr. Taylor.

Dr. Taylor also points out that the Interior Department is getting ready to effect another huge water giveaway if it isn't stopped in this session of Congress: "The Westlands Water Project involves $500 million worth of construction to supply cheap subsidized water to an area in which only 30 per cent of the land is eligible to receive such water." Dr. Taylor documents this by showing that in the area to be served by the water project, thirty-six landowners hold 750,000 acres of irrigable land. None of the holders has less than 5,000 acres. "No recordable contracts have been signed in this area, and none is expected to be unless Gaylord Nelson, Paul Douglas, Wayne Morse and a few other interested Senators and Congressmen can come through in this session."

If Dr. Taylor and others like him are right, what started out as a hassle over 20c an hour may prove to be a much more expensive and interesting quarrel.

SANTO DOMINGO
LABYRINTH OF POLICY

Tony Mockler

Santo Domingo

"Feep" is a new word in the vocabulary of the Dominican Republic that baffles the recent arrival. He hears it on all sides, both in Spanish conversation and in English. Is it, he wonders, a type of vehicle or perhaps a new soft drink? Finally an old hand, chuckling a little at the naïveté, will explain that "Feep" is in fact "FIP"—the Fuerza Interamericana de la Paz—and then the newcomer will understand why he has heard the expression so often. For the FIP, the 10,000-man body of OAS troops composed almost entirely of the 82nd Airborne Division, is everywhere. Its soldiers patrol the city, break up demonstrations, escort important personages here and there and show quite clearly that in the last resort they are the one military force in the country that really counts.

A few nights ago the commander of the FIP, the Brazilian General Alvim, gave a farewell cocktail party

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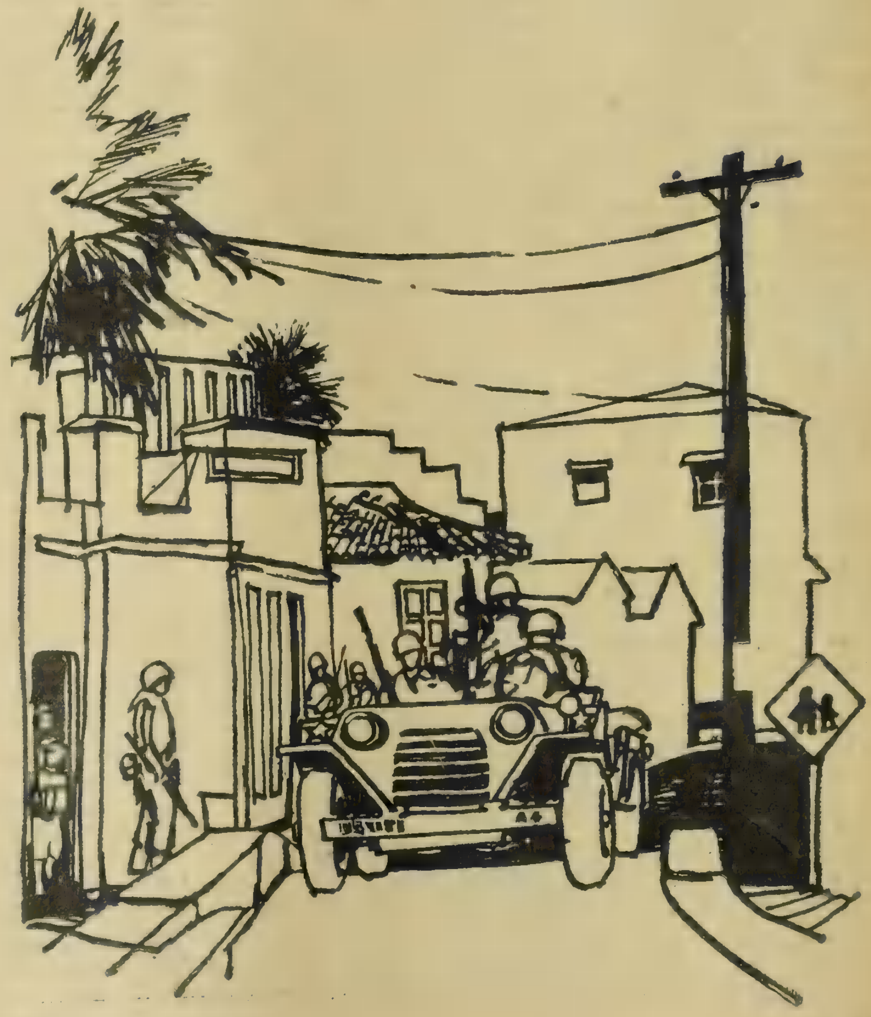
at the Hotel Jacaragua in Santo Domingo which the force has taken over as its headquarters. It was also a farewell party for his second in command, U.S. General Palmer, who had commanded the American troops in the days, last spring, before the FIP existed. The tour of duty of both generals was about to end. It was an interesting occasion: General Alvim, short and plump, but formidable looking, walked to and fro among his guests. Two of the three members of the OAS *ad hoc* commission, whose duty and privilege it is to give "political direction" to FIP, propped up the bar —the third and by far the most important member, the veteran American diplomat Ellsworth Bunker, was not present. A yard or two away, filling in what would otherwise have been no man's land, the American Ambassador, Tapley Bennett, was talking to the British Ambassador. And a yard or two away from them a mixed group of Dominican and American officers and their wives were sitting at a long table and enjoying themselves with gusto and camaraderie. At the bottom of the table sat General Palmer and halfway down it sat two of the five generals who lead the Dominican armed forces — Rivera Caminero and Emilio Jimenez. "Take a good look at that," said one onlooker. "Can you honestly imagine the FIP making any move against the Dominican army? Well, can you?"

Any experiment with a mixed international force is bound to be perilous, as the United Nations found to its cost in the Congo. Powers and the chain of command are not clearly defined, and the military vie with the civilians for actual control of operations. The Dominican Republic is by way of being the Congo of the OAS: it is the first occasion when the OAS has mounted a military peace-keeping operation, and what seemed to be an excellent idea at the start may prove to be a ghastly failure. On the surface any comparison between the two operations is ridiculous: the UN force was composed of contingents from small and very different nations, only too liable to act in accordance with what each commander considered to be his nation's interest or policy. The FIP is composed of small groups from four Central American countries, a moderate group from Brazil, and an enormous group from the United States. It would therefore be only reasonable to expect that the FIP would remain a direct instrument of U.S. policy. This has not proved to be the case, though up to now there has been no disastrous clash.

The Dominican civil war broke out on April 24, 1965; American troops were sent in four days later, to protect civilian lives and to make sure that "Communist elements" on the anti-military or constitutionalist side did not take over the rebellion and lead it to success. This return to the diplomacy of the big stick after the hopeful days of the later Kennedy era aroused a storm of protest, both inside and outside the United States. On May 3, Washington asked other American states to help keep the peace in the Dominican Republic. And on May 6, the Tenth Reunion of the Foreign Ministers of the OAS approved by a vote of 14 to 5, with one abstention, the setting up of the FIP. The OAS asked the Brazilian Government to name a commander, and two weeks later General Alvim arrived in Santo Domingo.

No doubt the "Inter-American Peace Force" sounded better in international circles than the appallingly blunt "82nd Airborne Division"; but no doubt also the U.S. Government thought it would control the reality behind the title. However, it soon became apparent that General Alvim was no puppet. On the contrary, he took his position and his authority extremely seriously and left no doubt that it was he who would decide how and where the FIP should be used. At the time, the worries of the U.S. Government and the preoccupations of General Alvim coincided: the danger was still thought to be a Communist takeover of the Dominican Republic; the "enemy" was thought to be the constitutionalists, while the cooperative Dominican regular forces were the "friendlies." In mid-June the FIP, which had established a zone to keep the two sides apart, was involved in a bloody clash with the constitutionalists, and the troops

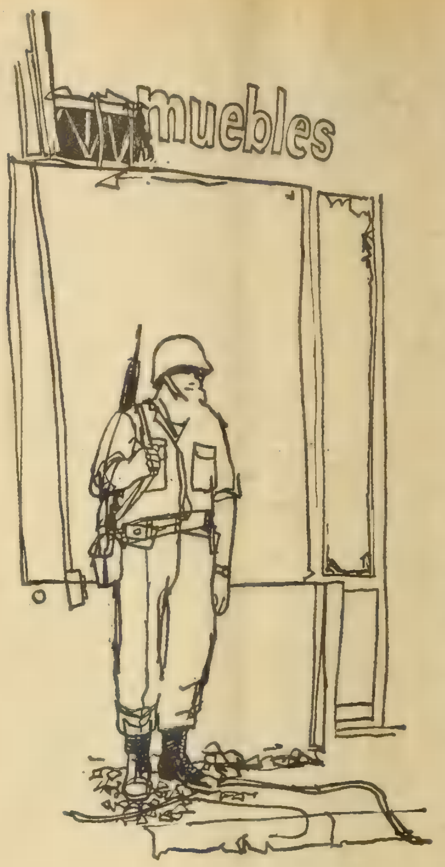


certainly thought they knew who the enemies were. Naturally enough, they were those who had fired on them, those who had killed some of their comrades.

United States policy began to change when Ellsworth Bunker and his two associates on the OAS three-man committee finally, after weeks of negotiation, produced for the provisional Presidency a candidate who was acceptable to both the generals and the constitutionalists. The Act of Reconciliation and the Institutional Act of September 3, which set up the provisional government of Hector Garcia-Godoy, a middle-of-the-road professional diplomat, were signed by five generals on the one hand and by the constitutionalist leaders on the other. The acts were not signed by the leader whom the United States had set up earlier in the spring, General Imbert Barreras, but by then Imbert Barreras had become an embarrassment to his sponsors. His funds were cut off, and he was quietly ignored. President Garcia-Godoy took over, with the official backing of both the OAS and the U.S., and the unofficial support of Mr. Bunker. His main task was to stay in office, administer affairs, and preferably offend nobody until the elections, which are due to be held on June 1 of this year. One month after the elections, the provisional President will hand over power to his democratically elected successor, whereupon peace and order will flourish in the Dominican Republic. Such at least is the theory.

The new regime got off to an encouraging start. The most hated general of all, Elias Wessin y Wessin, was hustled out of the country in a *coup de main* arranged by Mr. Bunker, with the apparent help of General Alvim. Two weeks later, Juan Bosch returned from his exile in Puerto Rico, to the acclaims of the populace and the joy of the constitutionalist leaders, who had set off the April revolt with a call for his return.

The generals did not openly protest, though they must have been uneasy at the turn of events. For them Bosch, the only elected President that the country has had in more than thirty years, was no better than a rabble rouser; they had imagined that the Americans too thought him a Communist or at least a fellow traveler. And yet he was permitted to re-enter the country while one of their fellow generals was thrown out. What game were the Americans playing? But for the moment the generals held their hand. Two provisions in the Act of Reconciliation interested them. The first was that the rebel constitutionalist soldiers should be "reintegrated" in the armed forces, and the second was that the arms held by civilians in Santo Domingo should be handed in. Originally the rebels had refused to give up their arms as long as Wessin y Wessin remained. Now Wessin y Wessin was gone.



In mid-October the situation in the Ciudad Nueva, the downtown stronghold of the constitutionalists, was very tense. It was not helped by the murder of a former right-wing Minister of the Interior, Severo Cabral, who had too boldly returned to claim his house in the district. The constitutionalist soldiers were being moved out to a camp on the other side of the river, regular soldiers were being moved in, and a halfhearted arms search was being conducted on orders from President Garcia-Godoy. On the night of October 18, Colonel Caamaño moved his constitutionalist troops back into the city, fearing a military attack. Under constitutionalist pressure Garcia-Godoy modified his search plan: three days later the last batch of constitutionalist soldiers finally left for the camp where they have been ever since. A few arms had been collected — *"muchas* bazookas," the President is reported to have claimed—but nobody was fooled. Obviously the idea of reintegrating the rebel soldiers with the regular army was now shelved, and the civil population were — very wisely from their point of view—keeping their arms tucked safely away. They have them still.

But for the generals and their right-wing supporters it was a time of rage. They were getting from the new government none of the advantages that they had expected when they signed the acts that set it up. On October 25, a wave of assassinations and other acts of terrorism began throughout the country; they have continued sporadically ever since, and the victims have almost invariably been members of Bosch's political party. On the same day Garcia-Godoy, fearing a military attack on the Ciudad Nueva, appealed for the FIP to take over. It swept through the zone, causing five deaths in the process. As a result the American intervention became less popular than ever—even though this time its political motives were less suspect. This period culminated in an attempt by the regular military to kill off all the constitutionalist leaders at one blow, an attempt as ruthless in conception as it was feeble in execution. On December 19, Colonel Caamaño and more than a hundred constitutionalist leaders went to the second city of the country, Santiago, for a memorial service in honor of one of their dead comrades. They were about to sit down to the memorial breakfast in the Hotel Matum, after the ceremony at the graveyard, when the hotel was attacked by four tanks and 400 troops. The battle raged for seven hours until troops of the FIP, arriving rather tardily from their nearby camp, separated the two sides. Had the attack succeeded, the generals would presumably have ousted Garcia-Godoy and taken over the government.

But the attack failed; it electrified the whole country and it is certain that Mr. Bunker and his colleagues were appalled by the attempt. From then on the generals rather than the Communists have been the ogres of the Dominican Republic. On January 3, Garcia-Godoy broadcast a speech to the nation that blamed nobody. Constitutionalist leaders furiously called this "a legalization of crime." Two days later Garcia-Godoy made his now famous decision to send top military leaders from both sides to diplomatic posts abroad. It seems that this was Garcia-Godoy's own decision, made without the approval, perhaps even without the knowledge, of Mr. Bunker. But once it was made, the OAS council came out with a specific declaration of support for the decision and the U.S. Government reiterated its general backing for Garcia-Godoy's government. Six constitutionalist officers (though not the two leaders) flew to their new posts on January 11; but the generals show no signs of going, and have refused to accept the President's orders.

At the moment of writing the stalemate is continuing, and this is where the FIP may act as the sword that cuts its wielder's hand. The FIP was set up by an OAS vote of 14 to 5, but among the five opposing its creation were Chile and Mexico, while the fourteen who voted for it included the most right-wing states of Latin America. Whatever the terms of the resolution may have been, the much-trumpeted danger at that time was of "another Cuba," and there can have been little doubt in anybody's mind as to the side the FIP would be more neutral to. Between using a force such as the FIP against "the rabble" and using it against right-wing generals and the regular army of a Latin American republic, there is all the difference in the world—particularly in the eyes of other right-wing generals and regular armies. Marshal Castelo Branco, ruler of Brazil, has the reputation of being a moderate; nonetheless, it appears that he unofficially informed General Alvim that if one regular Dominican soldier was killed by the FIP, General Alvim would do well to remain abroad.

Not that a Brazilian general or any other Latin American general in such a position would need much restraining. There would be qualms of conscience even among U.S. officers at an order to move against the regular Dominican forces. Political acuteness cannot reasonably be expected of military men; loyalty and a desire for outward order, two of the most important military virtues, inevitably lead the military men of the FIP to sympathize with the generals and their followers. If, however, it was a question of a U.S. force operating directly under U.S. control, the sympathy would still exist but it would almost certainly not affect action. Orders are orders. But within the FIP it is a real question whether OAS orders are orders or not; what is certain is that the U.S. Government can give no direct orders to the 82nd Airborne Division. It must work through the OAS, and the OAS has to work through the three-man committee. But here the bugbear of all international peace forces occurs: the three-man committee can give "political direction" to the FIP, but military control remains in the hands of its commander.

And who is to define when precisely political direction infringes military control? It is an open secret that relations between Ellsworth Bunker and General Alvim have deteriorated recently; the FIP has never directly refused to carry out a suggested move, but its commanders have certainly dragged their feet, and a direct clash may come soon. Garcia-Godoy relies entirely on U.S. support; neither of the two sides in the civil war loves him, no political group supports him, and he has the backing of no class or interest in Dominican society. One of his aides was heard addressing Ellsworth Bunker recently as "Mr. President"—an understandable slip of the tongue. Garcia-Godoy is not precisely a puppet, but take away American support, and he would be lucky to keep office for twenty-four hours. And actual, physical American support consists of the FIP—or did consist of the FIP until the present open clash between Garcia-Godoy and the generals. Now no one can be sure which way the FIP will jump.

But it may be that in the end there won't be a clash; that in the game of bluff Mr. Bunker will win, and the generals will agree to go quietly to an embassy exile that will certainly be pleasant and very possibly be short. What of the Dominican Republic then? Will it proceed quietly to free and democratic elections on June 1?

Skeptics believe that it will not; they believe that the U.S. Government, or possibly the Pentagon, or possibly the CIA, will do everything they can to create an atmosphere in which elections will be impossible, particularly if Juan Bosch is a candidate and shows signs of being successful. Others, rather confusingly, claim that elections are not required — "*Constitución sí: elecciones no*" is scrawled on many walls. This is what might be described as the "pure constitutionalist" position: that Bosch is still, subsequent coups notwithstanding, the legal President of the Dominican Republic and will remain so until his term of office expires in 1967. Bosch himself appears not to be pressing this point. I asked him recently whether elections would be held: "It depends on American policy makers," he said. "The future of our people is in the hands of American policy makers and I don't think they, themselves, know where they are going. . . . We are dealing now with the elephant, an elephant scared of a little rat, and we can expect anything." Bosch was particularly bitter about Thomas Mann, whose influence as President Johnson's adviser on Latin American affairs he sees as thoroughly pernicious. About his own future he was dubious: "I do not want to be President. I have not the temperament to be an American servant."

And yet the general opinion is that if it comes to elections the two candidates, and the only two candidates, will be Bosch and another former President, Balaguer. Balaguer was President under slightly different circumstances—at the end of the Trujillo era, to be precise—but though he served the tyrant loyally, he is himself a cultured and mild figure who is expected to gain conservative support from all those, including peasants, who are suspicious of any drastic change. To borrow his opponent's phrase, Balaguer has the temperament to be an American servant. It should not be forgotten that Trujillo for almost thirty ferocious years was, if not an American servant, at least a loyal ally—and when he went too far and on his own initiative attempted to have Betancourt of Venezuela assassinated, his own days were numbered. It would not be extravagant to suppose that some American policy makers look back with nostalgia to the Trujillo era when the Dominican Republic was not the problem it has since become. American policy since April 24 has clearly veered among very different solutions; and if at the moment the emphasis is on a democratic solution, continuing vigilance will still be the price of its freedom.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Sob-Sister Gothic

IN COLD BLOOD. By Truman Capote. Random House. 343 pp. $5.95.

Sol Yurick

Writers will have much to thank Truman Capote for. Leading celebrants of the "subjective" life, such as Selby, Pynchon and Heller have been shown the way. Legions of poets will scan newspapers instead of lines, seeking the coordinates of truth!

Actually, taken by itself (aside from a still uncured tendency to rodomontade), *In Cold Blood* is not a bad book. It is better than the usual police reportage, fast moving, melodramatic, suspenseful in the way of its genre, even a little artful. But it is impossible to dissociate *In Cold Blood* from the claims its author and publisher are making for it: that it is a new art form and, as such, represents a higher objectivity. Capote's establishment of the new art form reminds one of those special 3-pound weight classes which are staked out in boxing from time to time to fatten the take: junior lightweight; senior bantamweight. Capote's first defense of his new title is successful: we are told Oscar Lewis has written a documentary, ". . . an *impure* form . . ." (italics added); poor Lillian Ross only managed to write a novella; Daniel Defoe's *Journal of The Plague Year* certainly wasn't poetic enough; Meyer Levin wrote a novel "suggested" by fact; and as for those thirty or more a year case studies in the annals of aberrant crime, forget it; the Dreisers, the Farrells, the Algrens—they are not in it at all. The *minnesinger* of engineer reality wins in a stylish walk.

And it turns out that what we are really witnessing is a kind of morality play: the conversion of Truman Capote who, turning away from the sinful, the decadent, the tumid prose pathologic, comes into the clear and healthful air of the world of objectivity and, at the same time, throws open new markets of opportunity by the example of his redemption. He also manages to save the moribund novel which has priced itself out of the market with too much exotic experimentation.

As for the higher objectivity — we are to be persuaded that it is reportage shotgun-wed to poetics. How beguiled we are by the thought of the lived or witnessed experience; what paeans our dust jackets sing to that author who has lived the rich, full life as ritually exemplified by homage to the *Dictionary of Occupational Titles*. But the critics are demonstrating a deplorable lack of homework in the history of literature and psychology when they respond enthusiastically to this book: we should expect as much from fans of the *Reader's Digest*. The dramatic distillation of this vast assemblage of data (trunks full, we are assured) follows the paths of mythic selection dictated by the stylebook of *New Yorker* fact pieces. And Capote's choice of detail is more influenced by *The Folk-Motif Index*, or amateur readings in Jung's moonshine of the racial unconscious than by any disinterested resolution of social forces. If you accuse Capote of distortion, he can plead the novelist's license; if you point out that Perry Smith's dreams of a poisonous diamond tree defended by a snake is lifted out of mythology and worse, parlor Freud — or that the godlike giant parrot is cribbed from Flaubert's *A Simple Heart*—his defense will be reportage: *the man said it.*

Capote's first section, "The last to see them alive," shows how, that dramatic night, the Clutters' destiny intersected with the destiny of the killers, Perry Smith and Richard Hickock. It is done in the best tradition of newspaper sob sisterism wedded to Southern Gothic prose. Each section ends on a doom-note hooker as he switches back and forth from the innocent family going about its business to the approaching killers. "Then, touching the brim of his cap, he headed for home and the day's work, unaware that it would be his last." "A bookmark lay between its pages, a stiff piece of watered silk upon which an admonition had been embroidered: 'Take ye heed, watch and pray: for you know not when the time is.' " "I can't imagine you afraid. No matter what would happen, you'd talk your way out of it." Why go on? Objective? It is "little-did-they-think" writing, fat with portent. Possibly the enthusiastic response is due to years of conditioning by newspaper reportage: At last! a recognizable form; you don't have to work to recognize reality—it's like you see in the newspapers all the time. And like the newspaper approach, the poverty of Capote's "new" art form is appalling, the shallowness stupefying. This is a man who gives us the stunning psychological metaphor, ". . . the criminal mind. . . ." As they say on the radio: "Make this simple test." Read any newspaper or magazine account of Capote's *In Cold Blood*, then read the book: you will not learn one new thing; you will even have been given all the worth-while lines. A work of art should, presumably, continue to shape our easy acceptance of the world, make us see in new ways, create new metaphors with which to view the world: new art should go beyond engineer reality.

This higher objectivity consists of such factual sentences as ". . . the left eye being truly serpentine, with a venomous, sickly-blue squint that although it was involuntarily acquired, seemed nevertheless to warn of bitter sediment at the bottom of his nature." How wonderful that any accident should adapt itself to the eternal verity of a thing, how right for the world is that "nevertheless." ". . . from first footfall to final silence, flawlessly devised," a fine formation of a florid phrase! One compares it with Lillian Ross's masterly understatement, or with Hubert Selby's restrained catalogue of horrors, the very impersonality of which raises any "truly serpentine eye" from a prosaic given to a poetic fact.

How Capote excels at the list! He enumerates, piling up detail, taking care to shed the aura of doom on artifact so that each item acquires enormous pathos and drips sentimentality. This kind of emotion amplification serves to make one weep over crumpled tissues; pie baking becomes a footnote to the short life of man, what a weak vessel is he; tears are baked in with the cherries. To be sure, after the first section, Capote's prose lavenders more lightly; itinerary, document, presumable interview are more in evidence; but he reprises at the end with an underplayed crescendo of tear-jerking effects, giving us a sheriff's elegy in a country graveyard where the Clutters are buried. Naturalism decays into case history. Case

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Sol Yurick is the author of the novels, The Warriors *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston) and* Fertig, *soon to be published by Trident Press.*

history's half-life becomes decadence, a concern with the emotional charging of literary ornaments, not substance: the sought after effect is the vicarious charge, the tear. This is where we came in: it is still that unreconstructed devil, Capote, not too far off from his earliest ventures. We are still in the presence of Huysmans, not Huntley-Brinkley. The implications for American Fiction are bad because it argues, more and more, a turning away from the recognizably fictional modes not because they are presumably less true but less marketable, less emotion provoking. Capote is in the forefront fleeing the subjective life. But is he?

"*In Cold Blood* is remarkable for its objectivity — nowhere, despite his involvement, does the author intrude," Mr. Plimpton informs us in *The New York Times*. Nonsense. One of the most studied *omissions* of the history is the role Capote played in the life of the killers. He tells us with pride that he disdains mechanical recording instruments because they cause a distortion of the interview—that he has trained himself to have 95 per cent memory retention. I won't doubt his word at all. I will suspend belief and accept that the killers said what Capote remembers they said. But how much of their words were, nevertheless, Capote's art and none of their own? Any interviewer has an effect on the interviewed; there is always a subconscious effort to please the questioner, to give him what he wants. Guidance comes in the form of subliminal hints: facial gestures, hand movements denoting approval or disapproval, the very diction of questioning conditions and cues. The interrogatory moral-seeking words of one reporter are useful as response to the next breathless inside-story seeker. Here is Heisenberg's uncertainty principle in action; observation alters the observed. Hitherto illiterate prisoners respond in categories of humility, piety, absurdity, and begin to sound like Dostoevskian heroes on the verge of an epiphany. Prisoners learn their literary style on the edge of the gallows.

And where there has been, admittedly, as in Capote's case, *excessive* involvement, preoccupation, breathless obsession—a whole vicarious involvement is hinted at — what room and time there was for a leisurely programing of the prisoners in the use of ironic moral overtones, reportorial portentousness: remember, Capote was in touch with them, personally and by mail, for years: he was present at their execution. Capote didn't have to be afraid of tape recorders after all; the prisoners buried the evidence of what they were and forgot about it. Why does Capote leave himself out of it? He is one of the prime actors. Lillian Ross wasn't afraid to include herself in *Picture* and made a much better book for it. And who's not to say that the polishing of a crude phrase — merely editorship, of course—might not lead to a statement like: "And it wasn't because of anything the Clutters did. They never hurt me. Like other people. Like people have all my life. Maybe it's just that the Clutters were the ones who had to pay for it." How neat. Could Joe Mankiewicz have said it better?

Even the title irritates. Not only is it in the best tradition of sensational headline mongering but it represents the standard incantation used by prosecuting attorneys in asking for the extreme penalty. But the description of the killing indicates that it was done not "in cold blood" but in the grip of obsession, almost sexual passion, bringing a release that was almost as intense as any orgasm or mystical experience. "In cold blood" argues logic, reason, planning, cause-effect thinking, personal responsibility, above and beyond any social conditioning, in the committing of a crime: the phrase is the Establishment invocation of sanity. And Capote's use of the title argues his tacit approval of the system.

It is the middle class which is responsive to and outraged by that violent dislocation, by that apparent unmotivation of certain acts which it is stylish to call irrationality or absurdity in literature. The very words argue the exception that tests a pervasive condition, an everyday state of being. And, after all, it is the middle class which has created a social medium whose very nature is shored up by an ideology that stresses personal volition, cause-effect, reason, logic, historicism. Anything that appears to violate this order is shattering, outrageous, deserving of the death penalty; the very presentation, the very special pleading, of *In Cold Blood* implies the *unusualness* of the murderer's act and so becomes diversion, entertainment in case history, and tries to persuade us that what are in fact common patterns of behavior are aberrations. But the poor, for instance, live in a world of violent and "criminal" dislocations, casual unmotivated brutality which no police force tries seriously to stop, so long as it doesn't spill over; it is a world whose inhabitants are not too strongly programed in the ethics of cause-effect, and kill without much feeling, who do not find such behavior absurd, but expected. How few Capotes put their

Bill Watson's Report from Canada

(1) Safe in their giant glass house
ruffled by gusting wind, frogs
hide under the mud rug and bulge
the little waves of their eyes
to mean "Winter, spare me; I am
just a little life on my knees;
even my eggs are almost water."
And boys throw stones that
go magic into that glass.

(2) Geese come by. They strain
the downwing sweep, then slide
south fifty yards each time, pump
history past their checked eyes,
and belong wherever they've arrived.

(3) The bear come down. They swing
the dream of their heads. Every airedale
drop in our dog's blood sings to her
throat, and she becomes that queen
who said "Whom" and "We are not amused."

(4) Till we grow up we think we're Americans,
that comfort will come. But we do our own
seeing. They're different. We hear them,
their confident tears, in music boxes.
I had not known so many are that way.
I'm Canadian.

William Stafford

obsessed talents to dramatizing such worlds. Selby convinces us, for instance, that the world of taken-for-granted violence and brutality interpenetrates our world. And since they are of these related worlds, we cannot rest with the Perry Smiths and the Richard Hickocks as they are; before we kill them we make sure they negate themselves by turning into literate, psychopathic heroes. We make sure that it is understood that the relationship of the killers to the Clutters is considered aberrant by treating it as a one-of-a-kind case history. Possibly it would have made more sense if Perry Smith's statement read: "And it was everything the Clutters did. They always hurt me. Like other people. Like people have all my life. It's the Clutters who are the ones who should pay for it." They did: and not for the cheap, shallow, sentimental reasons Capote gives us.

The higher objectivity? We are still waiting for it.

Proust and the Tartar Relation

PROUST: The Later Years. By George D. Painter. Little, Brown & Co. 424 pp. $7.50.

Mina Curtiss

George D. Painter's two-volume biography of Marcel Proust is an extraordinary work. The six-year gap between the publication of the two volumes, due largely to the noncooperation of Proust's heirs, necessitates a rereading of the first volume, *The Early Years*, in order to judge the success of the work as a whole. Its virtues are many and unusual. Not only has Mr. Painter discovered useful material in little-known memoirs neglected by other Proustians but he has, by the meticulous thoroughness of his study of already used sources, succeeded in creating a unique portrait in montage of Proust's day-to-day existence.

The basis of Mr. Painter's biographical theory is the conviction that this account of the traceable details of the daily life of the author and of everyone with whom he came in contact reveals the creative process by which *A la recherche du temps perdu* came into being. Certainly his handling of the ingredients in this richest of dishes makes absorbing fare. But the biographer is, after all, not the chef whose indefinable personal magic is the essential clue to a masterpiece. If science could isolate the inner processes whereby the recorded acts and thoughts of a genius are transformed into the specific masterpiece that no other artist could have written, Mr. Painter would have succeeded. For no one has surpassed him as historian of the keys to the characters in Proust's novel. But because Proust himself was a moralist and because Mr. Painter has patterned the structure of his biography on his conception of Proust's method as a novelist, there is a recurring, if perhaps subliminal, moralistic tone that gives false emphasis to many of his conclusions. Mr. Painter is not the only distinguished English scholar attracted to the life of an admittedly "abnormal" French writer who seems impelled to stand in judgment on the subject of his choice, ignoring the fact that the artist, a *monstre sacré*, is under compulsion to follow the bent of his genius through processes perhaps incomprehensible to the noncreative mind.

In her life of Baudelaire the brilliant Oxford don, Enid Starkie, writes:

> *In England, Baudelaire . . . would have gone either to Oxford or Cambridge . . . where under proctorial or tutorial supervision, he . . . would probably have made a name for himself . . . in artistic and literary clubs, and this might have satisfied his need for eccentric self-expression. . . . Unfortunately the university system in France does not fulfill the same function that it does in England. . . .* [There] *Baudelaire was the center of a noisy band of young men . . .* [who] *lounged about the Latin Quarter . . . drinking in the sordid underground bars. . . . The smoking of opium . . . was their newest and most daring vice. Little did Baudelaire realize at that time that, twenty years later, he would be bewailing his inability to break himself of the addiction.*

Not that Mr. Painter would ever claim that exposure to an English university might have inoculated Proust against the form taken by his "need for eccentric self-expression." Nevertheless, his labeling as a "vice" what Proust called the "curse" of homosexuality reveals a preconceived moral attitude incompatible with the open-mindedness essential to a biographer. He seems to feel that a heterosexual youth would somehow have mitigated Proust's "sin." So in spite of the existence of an unpublished letter (Mr. Painter, mistakenly, I think, restricts himself to published sources), written when Proust was 16, describing in lyrical terms a homosexual experience, his biographer, writing about him in his mid-20s, says: ". . . he had often been in love with women; he could still regard himself as fundamentally normal. Now, once and for all, he must admit to himself that he was a homosexual. . . . He was a criminal. . . . Worst of all, he must now devote his life to an interminable effort to conceal his real nature from his mother. If he succeeded would he not crucify her daily with his deceit? If he failed would he not quite literally kill her?" (Again there is an unpublished letter that implies beyond doubt that Madame Proust was well aware of her son's tendencies and even tried to warn him against showing them.)

Mr. Painter's Freudian interpretation of these love-hate feelings is not new. However, as he presents the relationship, it is Marcel who, in spite of being a *monstre sacré* to his mother, bears the brunt of blame for their torturing love. Yet their correspondence certainly suggests that the mother, in her own sacred way, was also a monster. Mr. Painter's failure to admit Madame Proust's share in the emotionally burdened relationship suggests that his knowledge of French society is based on scholarship rather than experience. Otherwise he would be aware of the domineering power of the mother prevalent in most French bourgeois families even today. Indeed, calling to mind the mother troubles of the writers who at various times were important to Proust — Balzac, Baudelaire, Flaubert, not to mention Ruskin—one wonders whether certain illuminating analogies, which would reduce the significance of Proust's guilt, have not been ignored. Mr. Painter, however, uses his great gift as critic and explicator only at the rare intervals when he is not preoccupied with fitting keys into what is not, after all, a locked microcosm, but a world as rich in poetic description and metaphor, in analysis of the arts and of the phenomena of time and of memory, as in the development of personal relations. He is less interested in exploring the psychological parallels between Proust's peers in the macrocosm of art and of time than in tracing the chronology

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Mina Curtiss is the author of Bizet and His World *(Knopf), translator and editor of* My Friend Degas *by Daniel Halévy (Wesleyan University Press), and of* Letters of Marcel Proust *to be republished this year by Vintage.*

of his contemporaries whose existence, once they are all dead, will be of as little importance to the reader of *Remembrance of Things Past* as the fact that characters in *Anna Karenina* and in *War and Peace* were, much to the Countess Tolstoy's annoyance, based on members of her family.

A critic's function is not, of course, to deplore a writer's failure in achieving an aim that he has not set himself. Yet I can't but feel that a further-reaching Freudian consideration of Balzac's early and enduring affairs with women his mother's age, Baudelaire's perpetual demands for money from his mother, Flaubert's attacks of false epilepsy as a young man, and Ruskin's impotence might have enabled Mr. Painter to regard Proust's deviations from normal or conventional behavior in the light of those of other great artists, rather than within the narrow bonds of sin.

From his obvious discomfort at the belief that Proust never experienced a physical relationship with a woman stems his attempt to prove that one existed. But what are the actual facts behind his statement that Proust "had often been in love with women"? At the age of 15 he underwent a typical adolescent infatuation for Marie Bernardaky whom he never saw after he was 16, but whom he described a few years before his death as "one of the two great loves" of his life. By that time, however, Gilberte had come alive in his imagination; was it not the composite flowering of this character in his novel whom he really loved? ("A book is a great cemetery in which one can no longer decipher the half-effaced names on most of the graves. . . . The young girl with the deep-set eyes and the indolent manner of speech, is she here? And if she does lie here, one no longer knows in what part and how can one find out under all the flowers?" *The Past Recaptured.*) In his 20s, according to his fellow student, Fernand Gregh, he and Mary Finaly "felt for one another a childish and reciprocated love." Childish was certainly not the word for the "affair" that he had in his 30s with Louisa de Mornand, to which Mr. Painter attributes such importance. For Louisa combined the career of an unsuccessful actress with that of a successful courtesan. She was the mistress successively of two of Proust's friends.

Mr. Painter's theory that the lovemaking between Proust and Louisa was, as he says, "carnal" (surely a word more evocative of St. Paul than of the *belle époque*) is based on his interpretation of Proust's letters to her as well as a most un-Ruskinian inscription in the presentation copy of his translation of *The Bible of Amiens.* But nowhere in his book does Mr. Painter take into account the chameleonlike quality inherent in all letter writers. Proust's letters, especially, "sustain," as Harry Levin has said, "the high pitch of effusiveness, the mannered tone of formality that Proust's friends characterized by inventing a verb: 'to Proustify.' Significantly, he cautioned one of them against showing a letter to another one because, he said, 'It's too honest to be sincere.' " To me, Proust's love letters to Mlle. de Mornand imply the acting out, in the Freudian sense, of a wishful illusion. At the time he wrote them he was enchanted at being the cherished member of a group of charming, handsome, young aristocrats, many of whose traits he incorporated in the character of Saint-Loup. All of them were passionately involved in affairs with women, one of them, indeed, with Louisa herself. So it seems not improbable that Proust took advantage of her availability for flirtation—not a "banal" one, nor "exclusive," as she noted twenty years later in writing of this *"amitié amoureuse,"* in order to share as closely as possible the emotions and experiences of his new friends.

"Did Proust ever talk to you about Louisa de Mornand?" I recently asked Céleste Albaret, Proust's remarkable housekeeper who at 73, looking no older than 60, still retains a total recall of every word her master spoke. "He said she was stupid," Céleste replied, "and that he used to tease her." "Do you think he could ever have gone to bed with her?" *"Tout est possible, Madame,"* was the answer. And indeed everything is possible, even that Proust lied when, shortly before his death, he told Gide that he had "never loved women other than spiritually." The complexity of the motivation for this lie, if it was a lie, is such that it would seem more logical to accept Proust's statement as true.

The relevant point, however, is Mr. Painter's pejorative judgment that because Proust made love to Louisa under his mother's roof, "he was at once proving his mother's love by . . . punishing her with more than a hint of sadism. . . . He was arranging for other women, almost before her eyes, to bring him the good-night kiss she had denied him at Auteuil." The various manifestations of Proust's sadism have long been recognized, but in this instance one is bound to wonder whether it may not have been directed against the intruder rather than against Madame Proust. How successful a love affair could have been carried on while, as Proust wrote Louisa immediately after his mother's death, "you [saw] me always all ears and heart, on watch at Mother's door, where I used any pretext to return and kiss her again and again"?

Sadism is unquestionably a vice, but when Mr. Painter speaks of the "twin vices of homosexuality and snobbism," one can only feel that his preoccupation with the mundane activities of the man, Marcel Proust, has made him ignore the point of view of the narrator, Marcel, thereby bringing in question his whole theory of the relationship between the man and the novelist. In *Cities of the Plain*, Proust and/or the narrator describes homosexuals as a

> *race upon* [whom] *a curse weighs and* [who] *must live amid falsehood and perjury, because* [they] *know that the world regards as punishable and scandalous, as inadmissible,* [their] *desire, that which constitutes for every human creature the greatest happiness in life . . .* [a race] *obliged to make a secret of their lives, to turn away their eyes*

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> *from the things on which they would naturally fasten them . . . to change the gender of many of the words in their vocabulary, a social constraint, slight in comparison with the inward restraint which their vice, or what is improperly so called, imposes upon them with regard not so much to others as to themselves, and in such a way that to themselves it does not appear a vice.*

Snobbism considered as a vice would, I think, have surprised Proust. It is "a serious malady of the spirit," he wrote, "but one that is localized and does not taint it as a whole." Although the antitoxin to Proust's variation of this ailment left him with a residuum of disillusionment that pervades a work in which only one character besides the narrator and the members of his family maintain their integrity throughout, Mr. Painter seems to believe that the snobbism of Proust's youth persisted throughout his life.

However, it is not the novelist but the biographer who at the end still sees the French artistocracy as Proust had in the beginning before they welcomed him into their world. "In their drawing-rooms," writes Mr. Painter, "flourished a gay elegance, a fantastic individuality, a chivalrous freedom, a living interplay of minds, morals and emotions. . . . It is our duty as twentieth-century barbarians to salute the ninteenth-century civilization which we have overwhelmed." To my mind, *A la recherche du temps perdu* is not a salute to a dead order, but to the mystery and magic of time and memory, to the triumph of will power and character in relation to the creation of a great work of art. Mr. Painter's romantic picture of *le haut monde*, as depicted in Proust's novel, is belied by the novelist's own words in his final volume:

> *It is true that life, in bringing these people across my path had rerepeatedly presented them to me under special circumstances which, surrounding them completely, had hemmed in the view I had of them and thereby hindered me from knowing their true nature. Even these Guermantes, who had been the object of such a magnificent dream when I had first approached one of them, later appeared in my life . . . in the capacity of my grandmother's old friends. . . . It is true that it bored me to go to call on them as much as on the other society people I met later. Even in the case of the Duchesse de Guermantes . . . I felt her charm only from afar; it vanished when I came near her because it existed only in my memory and my imagination.*

Not only was Proust in his later years bored with the actual people whom his imagination had, as he said, "translated" into the more than life-size inhabitants of the world he created, but the "malady of snobbism," if indeed for him it had ever been more than the embryonic entomological passion for collecting specimens, ceased to exist:

> *One of my various selves, the one who used to go to those barbaric banquets called formal dinners, where for the men in evening dress and the semi-nude, feather-bedecked women values are so reversed that anyone who fails to come, after accepting the invitation . . . commits a more reprehensible act than the immoral conduct discussed so lightly in the course of the dinner . . . that self within me had abided by the rules of society and lost his memory. My other self, on the contrary, the one who had reached a clear conception of his task, had not forgotten.*

It is this other self that Mr. Painter seems to me to neglect, inevitably, because of the initial flaw in his concept of literary biography, his non-Proustian concept of time, and his unquestioning acceptance of the validity of all of his sources.

In discussing his contribution to the recently published *The Vinland Map and the Tartar Relation*, Mr. Painter, Assistant Keeper of Books at the British Museum and "all-round medievalist," remarked: "I sometimes wonder which I am—an incunabulist or a Proustian. I wish there were two of me. . . . I've been a Proustian ever since boyhood—the other is a professional thing. . . . I think I'm more competent on it than I am on Proust."

It is not a question of alternative competence. Mr. Painter has with more than competent skill used the trained incunabulist's technique to project the image of the living Proust. It is simply a question of the wrong technique. These correspondents of Proust, these memorialists, on whose writings the biography is based, were many of them still alive when Mr. Painter initiated his project. In my own experience with them they contradicted one another and themselves. They admitted deleting any portions of Proust's letters that displeased them or seemed too intimate. They accused one another, in all honesty, of lying. They were, each in his own way, "too honest to be sincere" about anything except their devotion to Proust (there was only one who admitted disliking him or perhaps just envying his fame) as a genius and as a "good" man. Those were the reiterated and significant words. If Mr. Painter had taken advantage of their touching eagerness to welcome anyone who wished seriously to honor their great friend rather than relying on their carelessly edited correspondence, the documents assembled by frequently self-interested amateurs, he would not have succumbed to his romantic view of their reliability.

The contrast between the incunabulist's method as Proust's biographer and as historian, editor and translator of the *Tartar Relation* is highly relevant. To a reader ignorant of the Middle Ages, this account of the Franciscan mission sent in 1245 by Pope Innocent IV to the Mongols is as exciting and enriching as was the initiation of a Proustian to the master's long journey in search of time lost. The exotic fascination of the text of the *Tartar Relation* is immeasurably enhanced by Mr. Painter's editing. At home, as a medievalist, in the world of these indefatigably courageous monks and the legendary savages whom they visited, he has ignored no source of error, no possible lie, no mistake in copying, no textual variation, no clue to any legend. Confronted, however, with a society as unfamiliar, as exotic as Proust's Paris must have seemed to an intellectual young Englishman, his guards were down.

Lack of space precludes the discussion here of the varying reliability of Mr. Painter's sources, and it is not a subject that will disturb most readers. For if these two volumes are not the

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"definitive" biography the author set out to write, they do form a concordance to Proust's life and work, unique because by the brilliance of their composition they project an absorbing portrayal of an era and a society. This work is indispensable to Proustians. Readers who have never progressed further than *Swann's Way* can enjoy it as a Goncourt-style journal focused on one man. But will it lead them to read through to the final volume — *The Past Recaptured* — in which, Marcel, the narrator, achieves the goal that eluded Mr. Painter, the elucidation of "The workings of [Proust's] imagination at the very moment of creation"?

Entering the Age of Feiffer

THE TIN MEN. By Michael Frayn. Little, Brown & Co. 216 pp. $4.95.

Peter Buckman

We have reached the stage when almost anything passes for satire. The only workable divisions are between the "public" and the "private" practice of the art: the "private" covers the witty columns in English newspapers of veterans like Beachcomber and Paul Jennings, while the "public" is embodied in the *Beyond the Fringe* team, who combined the muscularity of the American masters with a *pointilliste* accuracy of mimicry. Their success engendered the English satirical wave, which swamped all divisions. The columnists, unchanged, found a new audience that did not discriminate between old-fashioned wit and the newly fashionable satire. The *Fringe*, which had built this insatiable following, had also captured the dedicated audience of the old Goon Shows, which brought the Absurd to an unsurpassed pitch of professionalism.

The Goons were the leading in-group of the fifties. They were not pegged as satirists and their humor was zany Perelman rather than Mort Sahl, with their plot to foil a German invasion by floating a cardboard replica of Great Britain in the English Channel and then pulling out the plug. They made everything ridiculous, which according to the dictionary is the true purpose of satire. And they built an audience of *cognoscenti*, of people who knew their private vocabulary, and who were conditioned to the outrageous. It was these people who raved over the *Fringe*.

That success resulted in the foundation of *The Establishment*, a satirical night club. Britain moved into the Feiffer Age, more than a little behind America. And *Private Eye* was founded, the first purely satirical magazine. Its staff was of the same cut as the *Fringe*: Oxbridge graduates, witty, left wing, fashionable. Designed to look like the product of amateurs, with its typewriter print and erratic layout, the magazine attracted distinguished wits such as Claud Cockburn and the egregious Malcolm Muggeridge. Peter Cook of the *Fringe* was for a long time on its editorial board, and its leading cartoonist, William Rushton, was a star of the B.B.C. show *That Was The Week That Was*. There were a lot of the same faces under different hats. The magazine thrived on the scabrous, the obscene, the send-up handled with quarter-staffs rather than rapiers. Its targets were mostly political, aimed with the scattered shot of a blunderbuss.

But in this "public" sector there was a curiously accelerated degeneration into banality. Inventiveness died so rapidly we hardly knew it was with us before we were bemoaning its passing. *The Establishment* went bankrupt (it continues under very different management). Lenny Bruce was not allowed to land. Two B.B.C. shows of straight satire went off the air. The third has frequent rests. Even *Private Eye* has found it impossible to continue being funny about the same things in the same way. Despite occasional bursts of popularity its circulation has steadily declined.

Meanwhile, back in the "private" sector, that of the columnists, little changed. The old hands remained unmoved by the wave. They are the still small voices, with their swollen audiences intact. Of a totally different stamp from the Fringers, they are mostly older and do not betray their origins. Their nearest American equivalent is perhaps Art Buchwald, only it's a gentler descant that they sing; their satire is rural rather than urbane.

Michael Frayn is a relatively new recruit to their ranks who came to fame while the wave was at its height. It was, and is, a private world he invented, with devotees who had to learn his language. Unlike the Goons he is rarely outrageously absurd. His characters are from local lore, minor government figures, suburban mothers, politicians. Idly reading an occasional column may result in total incomprehension: you have to know the rules. In common with his Sunday-paper colleagues, he is very much family reading; nothing obscene, nothing off-putting. This bland strain is very different from that of the "public" satirists, who have frequently caused offense.

Frayn qualifies for the satirical label because his pieces render recognizable characters and situations, once you've got the hang of it, ridiculous. His novel is very much a stringing together of pieces. It is ostensibly the story of the William Morris Institute of Automation, thrown into confusion by the impending visit of the Queen to open a new wing dedicated to the automation of Ethics. But the story, often hilarious, is only an excuse to satirize—there is no other word—various aspects of English society. Starting with a television magnate, Rothermere Vulgarian, we proceed through the various members of the institute who, intellectuals all, exemplify some weakness, some absurdity we can all recognize. It's farce from start to finish, without even a straight character against whom the weirdies can be compared. There is Rowe, for ex-

Peter Buckman spent three years in publishing, in London and New York, and has recently returned to England to write.

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ample, who is writing a novel but cannot begin till he has completed his own reviews. There are several characters from stock, janitors and deprived and dessicated spinsters who would never survive the light of a Sunday column, but who are here brought in as filling. There is Macintosh, the head of the Ethics Department, trying to build a computer (called Samaritan) which will offer a coherent ethical behavior pattern under the purest form of the ethical situation: two people aboard a raft which will only support one of them:

> *Samaritan II came back up to the gantry, winched by the crane. There was something about its visible dials and displays that struck Goldwasser.*
>
> *"Doesn't it look a bit sanctimonious to you?" he asked Macintosh.*
>
> *"Aye, it always does after it's gone over the side. It's a minor defect. We'll get it right in development."*

It contains some marvelous flashes, notably the description of computerized journalism, based on the constancy of certain types of stories and the incomprehensible ambiguity of headlines—a random selection by computer from a small vocabulary will produce headlines as acceptably meaningless as those in any popular paper:

> 'STRIKE THREAT PLEA PROBE MOVE SHOCK HOPE.'
>
> 'MAYFAIR MAN IN SEX SHOW MIRACLE.'
>
> 'DO-IT-YOURSELF ENVOY IN SOCCER PROBE MARATHON.'

Yet the inventiveness which in Frayn's columns is sustained by not being overexposed does not support a novel. He succeeds in ridiculing a lot of not-so-sacred cows; but as they stand, comical nuggets barely connected by a thin tissue of incredible narrative, they fail to add up to anything substantial.

Among a satirical group, Frayn is almost alone in daring the novel form. Spike Milligan, an ex-Goon, has written one, subject to the same strain and unpublished in America. We are promised a novel from Jonathan Miller, but as with Tom Wolfe, there are many publishers who have had to stop holding their breath. Those "private" celebrants of the art who had a steady record before the satirical wave hit them have survived by conserving their strength. It was the sustained glare surrounding the "public" practitioners which brought them down. Being satirical takes heavy toll.

But then so does writing a novel. Mr. Frayn's columns will continue to delight his *aficionados* because there the limits of space and frequency are ideal for his talent. While almost anything will pass for satire, the same indulgence cannot be extended to the novel.

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Malcolm Lowry: A Reminiscence

David Markson

Malcolm Lowry's novel, Under the Volcano, *was recently reissued by Lippincott, along with an edition of Lowry's* Letters. *His two unpublished novels,* Dark Is the Grave *and* October Ferry to Gabriola, *will be brought out by New American Library in the fall of this year and in 1967.*—The Editors

For seven or eight days, in the summer of 1952, I visited with Malcolm Lowry in the squatter's shack on the beach beyond Vancouver where he had written most of *Under the Volcano.* In September, 1954, while they were awaiting the departure of a freighter to Italy, he and his wife Margerie lived for two weeks in my New York apartment. The duration of both visits seems greater in retrospect, since time spent with Lowry was somehow concentrated, or *distilled.*

Speaking of Dylan Thomas, Lowry told me once: "You know, I never saw him when he wasn't drunk." I have to begin with the same qualification about Lowry. The man could not shave himself. In lieu of a belt, he knotted a rope or a discarded necktie around his waist. Mornings, he needed two or three ounces of gin in his orange juice if he was to steady his hand to eat the breakfast that would very likely prove his only meal of the day. Thereafter a diminishing yellow tint in the glass might belie for a time the fact that now he was drinking the gin neat, which he did for as many hours as it took him to collapse—sometimes sensible enough of his condition to lurch toward a bed, though more often he would crash down into a chair, and once it was across my phonograph. Then he would hack and sputter through the night like some great defective machine breaking apart.

Yet what one remembers is less the excess than Lowry's own attitude toward it, an incredible impression he conveyed that he could never take any of it quite seriously. He had an acute sense of his own dissolution, eternally chagrined at being a nuisance, apologizing hourly for small disasters, but what he sensed equally was the underlying absurdity in it all: the very idea, a grown man and that is the third burning cigarette I have misplaced tonight.

One afternoon in New York we had to leave him alone for a time, though safely within the apartment. Because a party was being given for him that evening, Margerie had done her best to establish what Lowry termed her "tyranny of five o'clock"—no hard liquor before then. What gin we possessed was hidden, and we left him with six or eight cans of beer. I returned first, about three hours later. Within moments, Lowry had commenced to giggle. Sheepish, but no less transparently gleeful, he glanced about furtively before he confessed: "I have a funny story to tell you, about something that happened when you were out." Something had happened, as opposed to being done. A day or two before, I had bought fresh shaving lotion. I did not ask what it had used to dilute itself.

One jokes because Lowry joked: this was mischief only. Though the mischief was somehow cosmic too, as if ordained. In his autobiographical narrative, *Ushant,* Conrad Aiken remembers a younger Lowry as "visibly and happily alight with genius,"

David Markson teaches English at Long Island University. His satirical novel, The Ballad of Dingus Magee *(Bobbs-Merrill) is to be published shortly.*

and the phrase means exactly what it says. Lowry *looked* like a genius; there was a gleam not within but behind the eyes that seemed to transcend any ordinary alertness or mirth. The notion will be more provocative if one recalls the Consul's "demons" in *Under the Volcano* — another surely autobiographical work — and how often those demons are "in possession." He had Scandinavian eyes, with a certain whiteness in the pigmentation of the lids which complemented that demonic glitter. But his upper teeth protruded slightly, suggesting a grin whether one was intended or not, making of him a roguishly improbable Faustus at best.

And he was really too "bookish" for the role, even if there was a distinct manner in which he cared far less about the written word than about the personality of the man who had put it down. A book became a kind of introduction, for Lowry, to the author personally. Voicing some insight or other, he might preface it thus: "As old Melville would say. . . ." What followed would be a notion that Melville (or whoever) had never anywhere expressed, but that only he among authors might have.

He chose his men, however: "You cannot trust the ones who are too careful. As writers or drinkers. Old Goethe cannot have been so good a man as Keats or Chatterton. Or Rimbaud. The ones that burn."

He delighted in repeating an anecdote about having known "a poet" of 17 or so, in London—"a wild boy who insisted he was already dying, smashing glasses after each drink, that sort of thing." Some years later, he had begun to admire the work of "one" Dylan Thomas, whom Margerie then met during a visit to England on her own. "And how is ruddy old Malc?" Dylan asked. Margerie was certain that Lowry did not know the man. Nor could Lowry himself make the connection until a new Thomas collection appeared with an Augustus John portrait as a frontispiece.

Then again his "familiars" were not necessarily always his peers. During one New York conversation, and after a lengthy pause on Lowry's part, the talk had been taken up again for some moments before he announced: "Incidentally, there was an owl perched outside there just now. You saw it, of course?"

An owl. On West 113th Street. Well, it was not impossible—though with Lowry there was also the question of what *sort* of owl. One morning when he was alone at the Dollarton shack, for example, a bird several times plummeted from a tree to crash against a window. The question to be asked at Margerie's return, for one with Lowry's occult orientation, was self-evident: "Is there mail? Someone is trying to get in touch with me." As Lowry related the incident, it was almost redundant that Margerie carried a letter from a total stranger, the last line of which read: "You have got to write to me." There would be a merriment in the telling, perhaps even a hint of self-mockery. Doubtless it sounds stagy; in reality, it was unsettling.

In any case such dimensions were more than appropriate to Lowry's talk which, again like the Consul's, was wholly remarkable, wholly implausible, if not to say so full of involution and subordinate phrases that even

"THE WRITER'S FUNCTION is not without arduous duties. BY DEFINITION, he cannot serve today those who make history; he must serve those who are subject to it . . . Whatever our personal frailties may be, the nobility of our calling will always be rooted in two commitments difficult to observe : refusal to lie about what we know and resistance to oppression."

Albert Camus (accepting the Nobel Prize for Literature, December 10, 1957)

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simple declarations were rarely completed: every owl reminded Lowry of twelve other owls. One afternoon, out with friends, he began an anecdote about a French hospital where, apparently, several kindly but ill-advised nuns had supplied him with liter after liter of red wine. The story was started at least eight times. But after digressions about everything from Manx fishing customs to the reading habits of James Joyce, it spiraled finally into absolute incoherence:

"Malc, will you for heaven's sake tell us what you are talking about?"

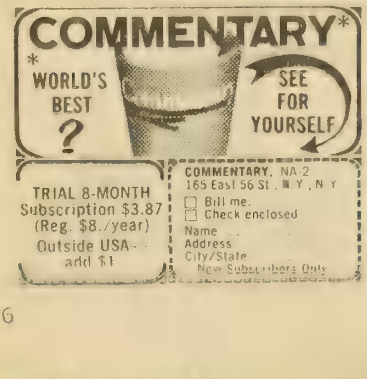
"Well, it's difficult. But you have to listen. It's . . . *contrapuntal!*"

The tale of the nuns was told, insofar as it was, in an exclusive East Side hotel, under circumstances themselves characteristic. Lowry was to meet his agent there at about noon. After various confusions he arrived at approximately 4, wearing baggy denim trousers, a boyish sports shirt without a necktie, and a zippered denim jacket. In fact, he was in the process of being turned away, until another member of our party was recognized by the doorman—though Viscount Peter Churchill's status at the hotel has presumably been in question since.

A point should be made that such situations did not occur because of the drink alone, though they had nothing to do with anything like Bohemian protest either; rather, there was a kind of naïveté in the man, and a considerable innocence. He had lived in isolation for so long, in Cuernavaca and in British Columbia, that he simply did not *think* about such things as neckties. In the Dollarton woods, where the Lowrys had neither electricity nor plumbing, an "appointment" meant a casual invitation to look in at the shanty of some fellow squatter 100 yards down a stony beach.

As it happens, Lowry and I did take a more "formal" excursion up there one day, or what began as such. The Dollarton house was situated on one of the deep-water Pacific inlets east of Vancouver Island. Somewhere to the south, though "just around the bend," was a town called Port Moody that Lowry decided we might inspect. In bathing trunks, carrying our clothes, we set out via dinghy: "Around the Horn to Valparaiso!"

The latter was more like it. After an hour investigating flora and fauna along the wooded shore line, we were next evidently in the great strait itself, banging about amid currents, inspecting the looming, rusted underbellies of freighters at anchor a mile or so from any docks, absurd though maybe intrepid too in our tiny craft. Four hours had elapsed before we made fast—to discover that we might venture no farther than to the first dockside tavern. Somehow, en route, Lowry had lost his pants over the side.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Undaunted, we had the required drinks. Yet even well into dark Lowry was reluctant to depart, though now what held him was a special flavor of the tavern itself—of the sea at its door and of men who followed the sea. More often than literature, or Mexico, the sea colored Lowry's talk, recollections of his one boyhood voyage as a coal trimmer, of other passages thereafter, and for all his removal from it now it lured him still. This stocky, clumsy, shy little man just turned 43, without a cent in his pockets, for that matter without pockets, appearing on the threshold and grinning ingenuously, yet timidly too, which was characteristic of him among strangers . . . and yet within a moment being grinned at in turn, his obvious joy infectious and winning. Men lifted their glasses, they called hello. There is a line in one of the stories: "The very sight of that old bastard makes me happy for five days. No bloody fooling." Long after recording it Lowry remained too pleased to admit he had overheard it being said about himself.

But at last, departure. Once Port Moody was behind us and the random lamps of the freighters at mooring had faded to port the darkness was absolute. "Now listen, Malc, do you recognize this inlet?" "Oh, it's near, it's near." He, himself, all but invisible in the stern, sprawling, dragging one arm or the other in our wake. "There are whales here now and then, have I told you?" Then, from somewhere in the mountains, the eerie "Zinnnng! Zinnnng!" of a sawmill running through the night. "Ha! There is old Kafka, leading his orchestra. He must have been a splendid fellow. Kafka. I prayed to him once, and he answered my prayer." It is well past midnight when we locate the solitary dim gleam in the distance. Still, we may be rowing an additional half-mile out of the way. But no, it is the shack; Margerie has left a kerosene lamp in the window. "Oh, I knew you chaps would have some adventure or other." To which, Odysseus: "I say, you do have the decency to offer us a drink?"

Up there in the wilderness, Lowry swam for half an hour or more each morning, whatever the weather. It may have saved him—certainly it postponed the inevitable. He was all chest, though in that athlete's way of going to fat where chest and stomach become one, and he had short arms that often seemed to flop about ineptly, like the appendages of some beached sea thing.

Yet he had been handsome and, as the photos show, with his beard the face expressed a kind of gravity and wisdom in the last days. But at this time he was weathered and turning fleshy. Interestingly, the older Errol Flynn, cast as the boozy Mike in *The Sun Also Rises*, took on a look very like Lowry's.

I have said there was something naive or ingenuous about him. On another level it was simply honesty: one was convinced he had never in his life been motivated by pettiness. But he was also able to talk about love, in an essentially masculine, platonic sense, without inviting accusations of mawkishness, or worse. A case in point involves Conrad Aiken, who had filled an *in loco parentis* role for him in his youth, and whom he had not seen for nineteen years before the New York visit.

Aiken was on Cape Cod when the Lowrys arrived, and Margerie sent a telegram. After two decades, and though he was 65 then himself, Aiken still knew his man. It was the poet who made the trip.

Unfortunately, his arrival coincided with the aforementioned party. For some years Aiken has maintained a walk-up in the East 30s, and we went there first. Lowry was still in fair shape outwardly, the after-shave "bracer" to the contrary. (He had this faculty: musing, perplexed by unmentioned private visions, he could be teetering at the edge of the abyss and for a time not seem drunk at all, merely abstracted. Eventually, of course, he would come back to reality like a bridge collapsing.) At Aiken's, the fare is martinis. Lowry had been elated for days over the prospect of seeing the man again, but here too he was initially shy, and there were false starts. In rough form at the moment was a novel, *October Ferry to*

Gabriola, the most nearly finished of the several to be left at his death. For some minutes Lowry endeavored to summarize a nonexistent plot, after which: "Well, nothing *happens*. Nothing should, in a novel." Whereupon Aiken, whose *Blue Voyage* Lowry readily acknowledged as the critical influence on his own concept of fictional subjectivity: "No. No incidents."

Lowry also talked a good deal about his condition, laying it in part to his pain at having to leave Dollarton, where the squatters faced eviction. "I have to slide through this time of crisis on my unconscious," he repeated more than once. During the conversation he was beset by the shakes, and discussed this also. (Shortly after his arrival in New York, having to sign a paper before a notary, he was unable to write his name. Three martinis effected a remedy, though he spilled the first and the second had to be held for him.)

Margerie had gotten him into a tie and jacket for the evening, and I had shaved him, so at the party itself his appearance again may have been briefly deceptive. Present were his friends James Agee and James Stern, his editors Frank Taylor and Albert Erskine, and two or three wives. The night was exceptionally hot; Agee, apparently already ill himself, stood through most of it in a pool of sweat that had literally dripped from his chin to the floor. Almost at once, Lowry drifted into a kind of rapt silence, likewise sweating profusely, gazing at nothing; perhaps an hour passed in which he spoke to no one at all, nor did he move from his chair. Then, suddenly, cupping his hands to his mouth, he began to make sounds that can only be called "beeps"—though one who knew could infer jazz, and more specifically tunes associated with Bix Beiderbecke: *Singin' the Blues; I'm Comin', Virginia; In a Mist.* For thirty minutes at least, even more absolutely lost to the rest of us now, the man rendered the Dixieland he had loved as a youth. ("I learned to write listening to Beiderbecke," he had remarked in Dollarton. He owned an ancient, hand-cranked phonograph, and a collection of scarred recordings to which he could listen for hours. "Oh, what pure art!" he might cry, or, "Ah, the discipline!" Amid the New York baggage was a ukulele, but with strings missing.)

The private recital ceased only when Aiken announced his departure: "Good night, disgrace." Then, however, Lowry insisted upon seeing him home—this with no idea where Aiken was headed and, chances were, with no money in his possession either, since Margerie normally handled all cash. In the street, in jest but in sadness, Aiken had to wrestle him off as a taxi drew up. Breaking Lowry's hold, the older man tumbled to the floor as the vehicle took him away.

Those next moments, gazing into the empty street where only now a small rain, like a mist, had begun to fall, Lowry could not have appeared more sober. "He is an old man," he said. "And now I will never see him again." He was right, if for a wrong reason; and for a time he wept.

By morning, the twinkle had returned. Aiken had spoken of a 9 o'clock train, and Lowry did not begin to function until well past that hour, but he insisted upon seeing the poet off. "After all, he is my father, and I haven't seen him in fifty-eight years. How can you keep me from him?" And again: "Of course, I would have gone to Massachusetts myself if I had to, even on all fours." In the end he settled for a telegram: *Was on deck 7 a.m. to see you off Wednesday but was offset by hurricane am going to encounter Monday afternoon off Cape Hatteras. . .*. (There was, in fact, a hurricane along the coast that week, called "Edna," which Lowry talked about incessantly and which he insisted he had "invoked.")

At the same time he was able to regret what he determined had been "rudeness" at the party, apologizing too for the mounting havoc in my own apartment—glasses broken, books and bottles and half-smoked cigarettes scattered everywhere, if not to mention the sheaf of manuscript poems reposing for days now beneath the kitchen sink—or the blood that had mysteriously appeared on his blanket.

Similarly, whenever we were out together, always the generous impulse: "Here, here, let me pay." Then the hand at the pocket, the sigh of frustration. "Well, later, Margerie has money." Neither would he forget, ultimately demanding that she contribute $10 or $20—"my share, at least"—on an accounting that had come to infinitely less.

They were to sail, via an Italian line, from Brooklyn—on a ship he gleefully proclaimed was certain to carry high explosives.

En route to the docks, he was much taken by the Brooklyn Bridge, and he was "almost tempted" to revise a judgment on Hart Crane (he felt the bridge a static symbol). Loyally, he remembered to remind me that I must read both Stern and Agee, as well as Aiken's *Great Circle*—"Though I did not write that. The one I wrote in another life was *Blue Voyage*." And throughout the drive he repeated a line, in a spurious Mississippi accent, that he attributed to Faulkner: "Ah can stand anything. Ain't nothing wrong with me that a good bour-bon won't cure."

In fact he stood the first few hours well. At breakfast the shakes had been extreme, but he had acknowledged without argument that a shave was necessary. The sailing was to be seven or eight hours delayed, however, by which time he was semi-conscious in his bunk.

"I must see the skipper. If he is not a company man, this will be a happy ship." Meanwhile he impressed upon Margerie the urgency of tipping the steward at once. "Italian ships have holds full of Chianti."

Then, final words which will perhaps be allowed in a reminiscence of this sort: "I'm a pretty bad man, but you should really come to Sicily with us. We love you, you know, but not so that you have to shove a cork up your arse, old man."

Three years and intermittent letters later, the cablegram: *Malcolm Suddenly Dead—Margerie.*

And *vale*, since he eludes one's poor words anyway. One was convinced that the demons were real. But what one remembers, in the end, is the innocence withal, the mirth, the sheer *abundance*.

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LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

grim. Further, through a clever placing of sentences, Mr. Eastlake implies that the "many" Indian tribes which supported the Puritans' war against the Pequots is about the same as the "many" Vietnamese who are supporting us today in Asia, whereas in fact about 90 per cent of the Indians of New England supported the Puritans in 1637. . . . Mr. Eastlake also would have us believe, in defiance of all available testimony, that Puritan land law conflicted with Indian land law: and he advances a curious concept of moral responsibility in dubbing as a "gadget" of the Pilgrims a host of communicable diseases that the 17th-century colonists conceived as their own most bitter and incomprehensible enemies. In final desperation Mr. Eastlake conjures up an invidious and thoroughly inappropriate trope about Governor Winthrop and tosses in an *ad captandum vulgus* reference to Indian fornication. This is competent reviewing? . . . *Alden T. Vaughan*

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Garbage

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: While watching the late news this evening, I was presented with two sharply contrasting messages, which I offer without comment other than that a new type of subliminal doublethink seems to be with us.

Resonant Harry Reasoner, on C.B.S., read without so much as ironic intonation the following paraphrased article: In the Dominican Republic today, students dumped trash cans at the entrances to streets, with the result that garbage was strewn along the gutters. A U.S. paratrooper ordered one youth to pick up the garbage, the youth protested, argument ensued, and the paratrooper killed the youth with a shotgun.

Not a second after the last word of the bulletin, a young girl in maid's costume *flies* into the living room of a troubled woman with a new product of impliedly magical potential that will leave her hands in perfect shape and appearance for playing the piano at a party. *Stephen Gillers*

Aid for the obsolete

Lexington, Va.

Dear Sirs: I was shocked to learn of the sad plight of many Negro sharecroppers in Mississippi described by Robert G. Sherrill in "The Obsolete Negro" [*The Nation*, Jan. 17]. I am a senior at Washington and Lee University and have spoken to several professors and fellow students about this matter. We feel that we should make an attempt to provide clothing and whatever else we can collect for these less fortunate citizens. Would you please send me more detailed information concerning the number, location and needs of those who have been treated in the manner described by Mr. Sherrill? *Roger S. Sennott*

Information can be obtained from, and contributions sent to, The Delta Mission, National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y. 10027. The Editors

Good-will tour

West Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on the superb work you are doing in *The Nation*. Your editorial "The Message" on Vietnam in the issue of Jan. 24 hit the nail on the head. We could have peace there any time that we were willing to abide by the Geneva Agreements of 1954. The North Vietnam Government has made this offer.

We want to invite all your readers to join our Interracial Goodwill Seminar this coming summer, visiting Denmark, Sweden, the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, France and England. Write Promoting Enduring Peace, 489 Ocean Ave., West Haven, Conn. We see top government leaders everywhere and on a previous trip saw Khrushchev for three hours in the Kremlin. *Jerome Davis*

Gullible Hanoi

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: I wonder why, during this time of the Vietnam crisis, the parallelism of protest with the Northern "peace movements" during our own Civil War has not been discussed in your pages. . . . The peace movement of the early 1860s demanded negotiations with the South, demonstrated to remove government troops, wrote countless newspaper articles and pamphlets, held mass meetings and even had barn burnings. (Much bigger than draft cards.) . . . But the most important parallel was the great damage that our Northern peacemakers then, and our present protesters now, had and have in confusing the reality judgments of the enemy. North Vietnam today believes that a vast peace movement is sweeping the United States and all they need do is wait it out until our troops are withdrawn by popular demand. Jefferson Davis, too, was conned into believing that the Northern desire for peace would drive Lincoln from his office. . . .

The Copperheads, as they were so descriptively called, helped both to prolong the Civil War and cause much extra damage. How much more true is it today with our highly publicized "get out of Vietnam" movement?

Lee Oscar Bloomgarden

Suppression

State College, Pa.

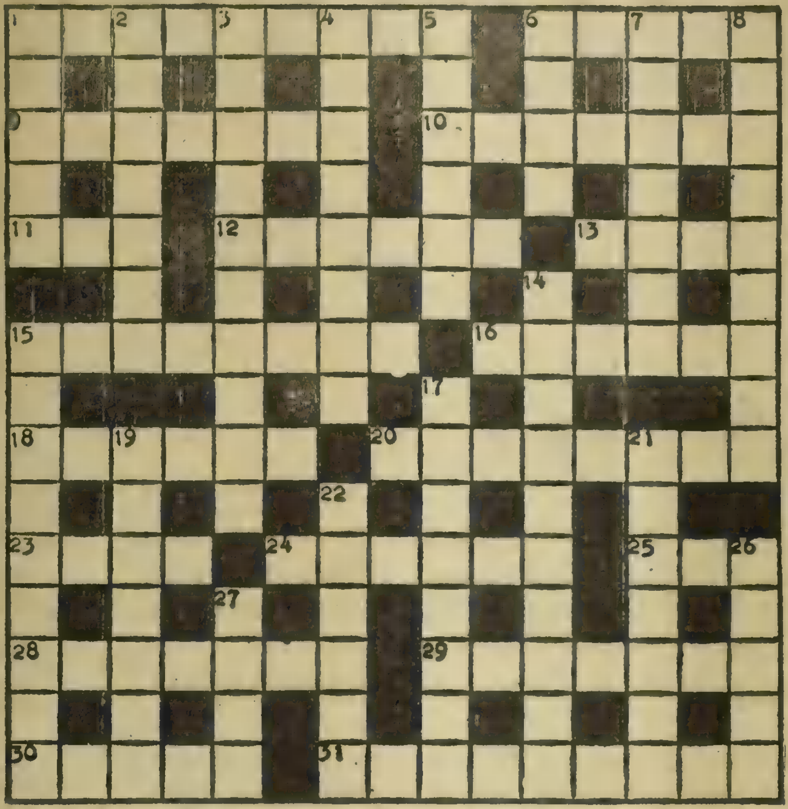
Dear Sirs: The Portuguese Society of Writers, suppressed suddenly in May under violent circumstances, has appealed to the courts. The appeal is to be heard now that the elections to the National Assembly are out of the way.

The Portuguese Government called the society unpatriotic for giving its prize to an Angolan writer convicted of terrorism. In its appeal (which the Portuguese press could not publish and which our own "free" press apparently failed to report), the society maintains that (1) the jury which attributed the prize was autonomous and acted on literary merits; (2) the novel which received the prize had already been given three prizes in Angola proper, one of them after the author's jailing; (3) the author was not condemned to fourteen years' detention for any activities but for what he allegedly told a co-defendant during a conversation; and (4) the attribution of the prize was a pretext for suppressing the independent society. . . .

Publicizing the reason for the suppression may be the only way to move the Portuguese Government now to rescind an action that cannot but damage its reputation abroad. *G. M. Moser*

Crossword Puzzle No. 1139

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Novel description of such people as 17? (6, 3)
6 See 11 across
9 Money belonging to the organization, by implication? (7)
10 Those who glide might look for one to kite a money order? (2-5)
11, 12, 6 across and 15 down Might this cause a buzzing in your radio? (3, 6, 2, 3, 9)
13 March out like this if the entrance is a little sheepish? (4)
15 Old reprobates might try to be in playful raillery. (8)
16 and 29 How you might consider the grade if tired of remarks fixing future responsibility. (3, 3, 2, 2, 3)
18 Mr. Hale sounds more of a German artist than a musician! (6)
20 Down? Say a different word for the present. (8)
23 An absence of resinous material, by the sound of it. (4)
24 The wrong color label to apply to Hitler's jumping-off time. (3, 3)
25 With a core, such a robe would seem fishy. (3)
28 A false boast in the matter of defense? (7)
29 See 16 across.
30 Wined and tipsy, like Mr. Drood. (5)
31 and 26 down His study of Arachnida reputedly contributed to a rule well-remembered by some. (6, 3, 5)

DOWN:

1 Not heavy in the beam. (5)
2 Where one might find a rattle in the last of the line. (4-3)
3 It might be a pointer for a woman of class, but a little spongy. (10)
4 Signs to spoil such as a 31-26. (8)
5 Nothing with which to mix up a hat and a gun! (6)
6 They can be long on light horses, too. (4)
7 One might have found her ruling a strain. (7)
8 The sort of net fishes find complicates things. (9)
14 This garter is crooked, so make it less so. (10)
15 See 11 across
17 General attraction — at least so designated by Barnum. (3, 5)
19 It might be cutting humor of a poor writer. (7)
21 He may have a breakdown connected with his work. (7)
22 Maybe only a point for the less obese. (6)
26 See 31 across
27 One's manner sounds rather nasty. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1138

ACROSS: 1 Savings stamps; 9 Icing; 10 Pompadour; 11 Nightly; 12 Equates; 13 Nooks; 14 Tribesman; 16 Wayfaring; 18 Get-up; 19 Enacted; 21 Another; 22 Legendary; 23 Glove; 24 Numbers racket. DOWN: 1 Spinning wheels; 2 Vainglory; 3 Negates; 4 Sepoy; 5 Timbering; 7 and 6 Short measure; 8 Present perfect; 14 Third base; 15 Matchlock; 17 Antonym; 18 Georgia; 20 Argon; 21 Abyss.

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nizing the National Liberation Front. However, the pause had another effect that the President did not relish. Those members of Congress who had grave doubts about the whole Administration policy in Asia were encouraged by the lull to voice their misgivings. The *persona non grata* Senator Fulbright, as well as Senators Mansfield, Aiken, Cooper and others, made public their opposition to further bombing, and fifteen Senators wrote the President to ask that he listen to their views before ending the lull. The dominoes were falling and Mr. Johnson acted. He curtly pointed out to the fifteen that they had given him a blank check, so to speak, at the time of the Gulf of Tonkin incident, and if they had forgotten it, he had not.

Nevertheless, while resuming the punishment of Hanoi, he kept the peace offensive going by instructing Ambassador Goldberg to appeal to the Security Council. Thus Hanoi was further damned by its rejection of UN mediation, on top of its iniquitous utilization of the lull in the bombing to repair its bridges and rail sidings. In the New York *Herald Tribune* Roscoe Drummond hailed the result: "Resumption of Bombing Seen Unifying the Country." Such is Mr. Johnson's desire, but the reasoning is of a piece with the theory that bombing the North would pacify Vietnam. It will bring not unity, but the appearance of unity, with disunity festering underneath. Opposition will increasingly be equated with treason. It will take clear heads and stout hearts to continue openly to condemn American policy in Asia, and that variety of courage is never in long supply in any country or under any system of government.

In that respect, democracy is perhaps in no better case than totalitarianism. An incipiently totalitarian version of democracy, based on public relations, is in fact developing in the United States. In *The New York Times* James Reston writes: "Something important has happened in America since Woodrow Wilson went to his grave believing that the President of the United States was paralyzed in the foreign affairs field by the overwhelming power of the Congress and public opinion." Public opinion, and thereby to a considerable extent the Congress, is controlled by the President through the mass media, and so effective is his control that he can contradict himself at will. Reston ticks off an appalling list of items on which Mr. Johnson has ended up by doing what he had vowed publicly not to do, the bombing of North Vietnam being only one instance. Under these conditions unity is a laugh, and not a merry one.

The Plutonium Keg

Joe Alex Morris, Jr., covers the Middle East for the *Los Angeles Times* and other papers from his base at Beirut. His long article in the January 16 *Times*, "Arab D-Day Closer Despite Safeguards," should arouse concern in the State Department and the White House. The fact is that the safeguards may soon exist more in fancy than in fact, and the danger of war in the Middle East is steadily increasing. Moreover, the possibility that such a war might be fought with nuclear weapons cannot be ruled out. Initially, a full-scale nuclear exchange between the U.S. and the USSR seems less likely than an outburst at the Hiroshima level between smaller powers. Where such a "small" conflict, with only a few hundred thousand victims, would eventually lead is of course anyone's guess.

The basic threat in the Middle East is that the Arab countries consider themselves permanently at war with Israel and periodically reiterate their determination to drive the 2 million Israelis "into the sea." And there are 85 million Arabs in the region to make the deed fit the words. The obstacles have been lack of unity among the Arab states, the exceptionally high quality of the Israeli armed forces, the technological backwardness of the Arabs in contrast to Israeli progressiveness (aided by private sources in the United States) and, most important, the presence of the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean.

Slowly but surely these safeguards are being eroded. The least affected, for the present, is the fleet but, with a major U.S.-China conflict looming in the Far East, no nation in the Near East, or in Europe for that matter, can be confident that the American shield will be held over it indefinitely. As for the happy circumstance of mutual dislikes among the Arab rulers, unfortunately these are gradually being subordinated to the religious and political hatred of the Arabs for their Semitic brethren. A United Arab Command has been formed and apparently this time it is not merely on paper. At the same time, the arms situation in the area is in a state of flux. The United States and its NATO allies have been supplying both sides (see editorial, "Kuss of Death," January 24) while the Soviet Union has been arms supplier to the Arab states, except for Lebanon and Jordan, which have preferred to rely on the West. But this may change. Schedules for rearming the key states surrounding Israel have been set by the Arab high command, and if Lebanon and Jordan cannot meet the deadlines from their regular sources, they are obligated to contract for Soviet equipment instead.

Of course the Arabs are plagued by the centrifugal tendencies common to all allies, plus some special ones of their own, but they appear to be making progress toward the goal of a coordinated military force of more than half a million, armed and equipped on a par with the Israeli forces. The Israelis can hardly be expected to view this prospect with equanimity. They have denied any intention of making nuclear weapons. Such denials are of course *pro forma*. In the back of every responsible Israeli head there must be the thought that if worst comes to worst, the output of the atomic reactor at Dimona could produce enough plutonium to make a few "small" nuclear weapons a year, and since the ranges are short, these weapons could be delivered quite accurately.

Against this developing insanity, one may set the appeal of Israel's foreign minister, Abba Eban, for Tashkent-type negotiations between his country and the Arab powers "either directly or with the help of a major power." He knows, of course, that two major powers would be required—the United States and the Soviet Union. After the success of the Soviet mediation between India and Pakistan nothing can be ruled out, but it is clear that enormous pressures would be required to induce the Arabs to relinquish their avowed intention to complete, so far as lies within their power, the task of extermination that Hitler began. As for collaboration between the U.S. and USSR in the cause of peace, one need only look at Vietnam to realize how remote it is. Here we see once more the infinite capacity for mischief, and the formidable obstacles against a relaxation of tensions, raised by the American insistence on policing the world.

The View from Jakarta

Something ought to be said about our response to the Indonesian crisis—not so much Washington's reaction, which has been quiet and (one hopes) cautious, but the public reaction. For it is another indication of a lack of sophistication about the world that continues to burden us as a nation. For one thing, our press has by and large ignored the massacre which followed the October coup. Some reports indicate that 200,000 may have already died at the hands of Islamic and other groups on a vindictive rampage against Communists in Java, Sumatra, Celebes and elsewhere; no one in Jakarta seems to be able to control this situation, which will leave behind a terrible and long-lasting bitterness in Indonesian society. In the light of this slaughter, simple humanitarian impulses ought to move us to say something more than "things are looking up for the West in Southeast Asia."

Second is our notion of the foreign-policy alternatives other states enjoy. We had assumed, with a touch of hysteria, that Indonesia was going Communist and therefore was necessarily against America; when the country went more or less military and anti-Communist instead, Indonesians should automatically have become pro-America. The present balance of American and Chinese power in Asia lends some truth to that proposition, but it is limited to what Indonesians perceive as being in their own interest and does not preclude a continuing hostility to other aspects of the American presence in Southeast Asia. Sukarno's recent expelling of American reporters who wrote that he was weak can be understood in terms of the power and personal relationships of Jakarta politics. But why has Indonesian opposition to anti-Communist Malaysia not yet publicly abated? And why does the army press—our friends—continue to display anti-imperialism slogans directed against Britain and the United States (as well as China now), to inveigh against foreign bases in Southeast Asia, and to condemn the American effort in Vietnam? Of course the ideological momentum of the last several years will not fade immediately, but still more it may be that army officers and other leaders, despite a shared interest with the United States in containing China, also fear American checks upon Indonesia's freedom of action. They remember American aid to a rebellion against Jakarta in 1958 and quite possibly harbor deep resentment of any white intervention in Southeast Asian affairs. Whatever the exact reasons for the Indonesian failure to fulfill our expectations, it seems that the world is divided in a more complicated way than into two halves; Indonesians have their own peculiar view of international affairs which places Indonesia, not the United States or the USSR or China, at the center of history. We are taking a very long time to understand this elementary point.

Banned from Valhalla

Although it was unseemly of Attorney General Katzenbach to gallop up to the edge of the grave, as it were, waving his spuriously reasoned 7-page opinion, still it was most fitting to have the ashes of Robert G. Thompson refused burial in Arlington Cemetery. Arlington, after all, is the ultimate accolade to the military mind—the Valhalla of the easy answer. If a man does his hitch and afterward avoids a federal prison sentence of more than five years, he is as eligible for burial in Arlington as he would have been if he had died in battle. It does not matter if he flaked off as a soldier, was a black-hearted dead beat and fake as a civilian; he served, and stayed out of prison, and therefore he was a hero. The subtleties of the military mind extend to only two slots: here is the friend, there is the foe.

Thompson's life, on the contrary, was another complex patch on the crazy quilt of modern politics. He believed in the United States; he believed in communism. He fought for the leftists in the Spanish Civil War; he fought for this country, and won a Distinguished Service Cross, the second highest honor that can be awarded a fighter. In the late 1940s and early 1950s he went down under the wave of McCarthyian foam, convicted as a subversive; he tried to dodge prison by jumping bail but he didn't make it. A brave, defiant, blighted life.

It is also fitting that the Congressman most responsible for getting the Attorney General and the Defense Department to keep Thompson's offensive ashes out of Arlington was Charles Bennett of Florida. Bennett's career has been mainly distinguished by his efforts to prevent the federal government from making Ed Ball, caretaker of the Florida DuPont holdings, toe the line (see "Florida's Railroad War" by Robert G. Sherrill, *The Nation*, March 9, 1964), and by his suggestion to take all the boys out of the job corps and put them to something "useful" in the Army.

Of him it can be said — as Senator Clark recently remarked of Russell Long's views on Vietnam — that his mind paddles along at the level of "grade school questions" and, when it must make a choice, inevitably does so between two primitive alternatives. That a man of this sort could persuade Katzenbach and the Defense Department to go along with him is, if one looks around at what is happening elsewhere in the nation and the world, not really too surprising.

Strike at St. John's

Why the Professors Picket . . .

Maurice R. Berube

With the rise of mass education, the question emerges of whether the college professor may not best protect his profession through the medium of unions. The current strike at St. John's University in New York City places that question in sharp and controversial focus.

Since the early 1950s, college enrollments have nearly tripled to an estimated 5.5 million for 1965, and the ranks of college teachers have doubled in the same period. Caught in the flood of unprecedented college expansion, the professor often finds himself in the role of hired hand. A widening gulf between teachers and boards of trustees increases his feeling of impotence, and the publish-or-perish doctrine is a symptom that the academician is becoming a cog in a giant educational industry.

Nowhere has all this been more apparent than at St. John's. Its rapid expansion in less than a decade from a small parochial university, owned and managed by the priests of the Congregation of the Mission, the Vincentian fathers, into the largest Catholic university in the United States is a prime example of the burgeoning college establishment. The composition of the faculty shifted in that period from Vincentian teachers to a predominantly lay staff.

The university's structure began to assume striking parallels with a business corporation, with decision making firmly implanted in a managerial administration. For some of St. John's lay teachers the net effect was that of manning classroom assembly lines. Statutes of the university created a board of trustees two-thirds of whom were to be Vincentians. In the academic senate where the professor might expect to have a voice in the determination of professional matters, he was hopelessly outnumbered: only one teacher representative was seated from each of the university's seven schools, as against sixteen members appointed by the university administration. On the departmental level, matters were no better. Departmental chairmen were nominated by the school deans and appointed by the board of trustees. Bernard Malamud's hero of *A New Life*, hoping his colleagues would "elect *him* head of the department," could not have been conceived of at St. John's.

Recent university presidents have approached faculty-administration relations with an air of priestly paternalism. The Very Rev. Father Edward Burke, in an interview with a student reporter, invoked paternalism: the president, as father, is absolutely responsible for the well-being of the family and all authority is in the top administrators of the university."

Father Joseph Cahill, his successor, did not depart radically from this idea of a university. "If you sit down and explain things," he was quoted in the press, "most people will be reasonable."

The result has been a two-year running battle between faculty and administration. The spur has been the United Federation of College Teachers, a local union of the American Federation of Teachers. Although never officially recognized by the university administration, its mere formation produced an immediate reaction. St. John's administrators, having previously ignored a reactivated chapter of the American Association of University Professors, proceeded to meet with the AAUP group. Many of the teachers instrumental in reconstituting the AAUP on campus had also founded the union chapter.

Faculty discontent, once given a means of expression, escalated from a concern with a pension and insurance plan to a desire for greater freedom in the teaching process. Faculty rebellion erupted at a faculty meeting last March. The immediate cause had been the failure to implement a pension and insurance plan promised by President Burke. Dr. Andrew Robinson, AAUP chapter president, distributed copies of the university's budget for 1964-1965 (never before released by the administration), which showed a $2,500,000 surplus. For a staff with the lowest salary scale of the ten largest Catholic universities, this was insult as well as deprivation. Two hundred of the faculty walked out of the meeting.

St. John's troubles were not confined to a disgruntled faculty. Students followed the faculty example two days later with their own demonstration. Their protest centered on a demand for greater flexibility in selection of invited speakers and the recognition of student clubs. Students for a Democratic Society had been denied campus status. Speakers were blue-penciled on the ground of being controversial, a policy that attained absurdity when Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, the television priest watched by millions a decade ago, was found unduly controversial. Commencement speakers have included Russell Kirk, a noted conservative, and Claire Booth Luce, a Goldwater supporter. The Vincentian definition of controversy left much to be desired.

In the spring, the AAUP and the UFCT became uneasy partners in revolt. Four main objectives were proposed: a 25 per cent wage increase to remove the AAUP "D" salary rating from the university; an elected faculty senate; election of departmental chairmen, and studies on reorganization to be adopted by vote of the faculty.

St. John's administration moved in two directions to "explain things" to the faculty. On reorganization, it called in Dr. John Meng, president of Hunter, to aid in directing a self-study in several unit investigations. Its unilaterally appointed "mediator," Rev. Joseph Tinnelly, C.M., was to oversee the study. On teacher compensation, it proposed a token increase in pay, a free major medical plan and a group life insurance plan. This latter offer was rejected by the faculty with a resolution to demand around-the-clock bargaining through the AAUP at its next scheduled meeting with Father Burke. The AAUP never presented the resolution.

A moratorium ensued in the hope that the studies, staffed by faculty-elected representatives to a Faculty Planning Council, would resolve the impasse. Eight committees worked through the summer

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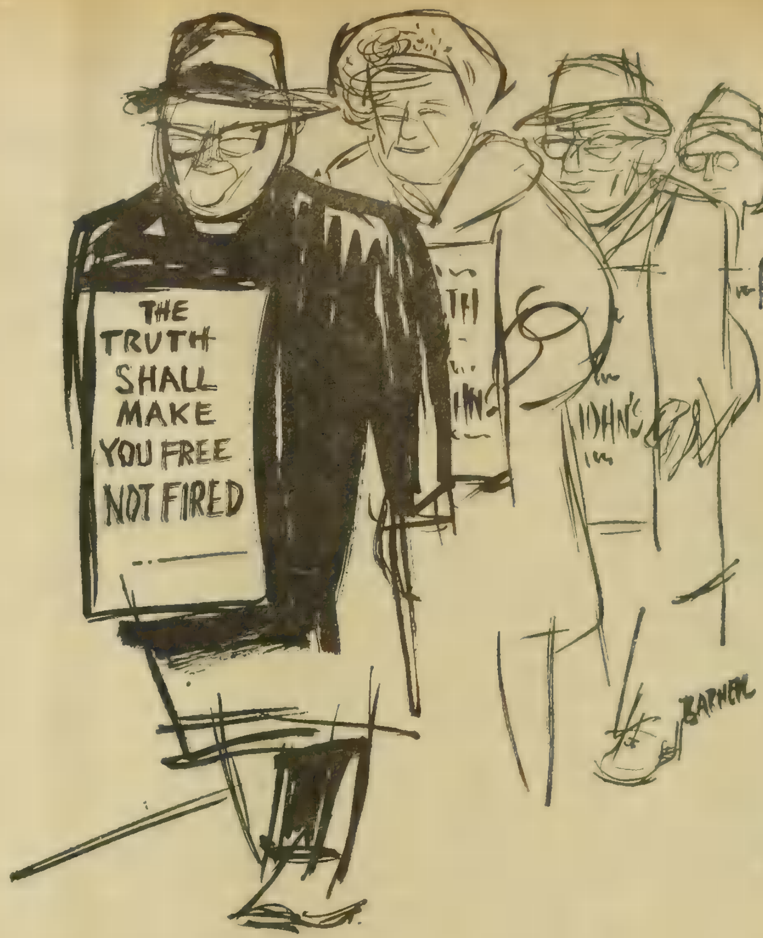
and prepared recommendations on every aspect of the university, from academic freedom to university objectives. In August, the council adjourned indefinitely after interpreting the unilateral appointment of the chairman of the Philosophy Department as a gesture of bad faith. Later attempts to reconvene were thwarted by Father Tinnelly, who claimed that the council had technically dissolved itself and was no longer functioning. Throughout the early fall, the faculty maintained a drumbeat of demands that the university implement some of the council's completed proposals.

In December, the university resorted to radical surgery. Thirty-one teachers were given summary written notice of termination of their faculty status, without benefit of hearings. Four were chairmen of the eight Faculty Planning Council committees, those on academic freedom, university objectives, curriculum and student affairs. Twenty were members of the union and two of these were non-Vincentian priests: Father Peter O'Reilly, a Thomist scholar serving as chairman of the UFCT chapter, and Monsignor John Clancy, a former member of the Vatican Secretariat of State and biographer of Pope Paul. According to the university the thirty-one were dismissed for such "unprofessional conduct" as "unauthorized demonstrations" and a "continuing effort to impugn the credibility of the Vincentian community."

After this amputation, the university revealed part of its plan for reform. This initially included the establishment of a university senate, composed of eighteen administrators and thirty-two representatives from the faculty; at the same time, approval was given in principle to the 1940 AAUP "Statement on Academic Freedom and Tenure," and to a revision of the mechanics of tenure.


THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE NOT FIRED
JOHN'S

The St. John's quarrel has renewed debate on one of the perennial aspects of academic freedom. To what degree can a university fulfill its obligation to free inquiry if it is committed to a religious dogma? The AAUP in its 1940 statement on academic freedom took a defeatist approach to the problem by admitting of religious exceptionalism. The statement endorses unhampered freedom for the professor in the non-religious school, but notes that "limitations of academic freedom because of religious or other aims of the institution should be clearly stated in writing at the time of the appointment."

A recent study by the Danforth Foundation of academic freedom in 817 church-related colleges is less pessimistic. The Danforth study finds free inquiry not inconsistent with a religious orientation. This type of college, the "free Christian college," is free "because it does not control thought, Christian because it has a definite commitment." This is feasible because the free Christian college "stands unapologetically for religion and liberal education, but it relies on example, persuasive presentation of ideas, and a climate of conviction, rather than on conformity, to accomplish its ends."

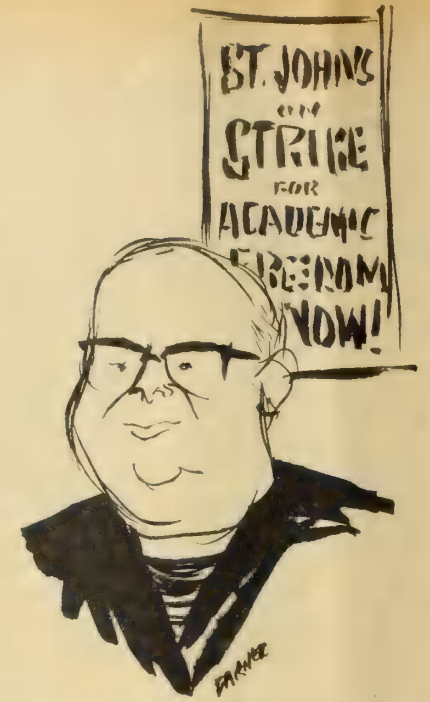
The stillborn report on academic freedom by the St. John's Faculty Planning Council echoes the optimism of the Danforth Foundation. The committee, chaired by Father O'Reilly, recommended that the teaching of controversial issues be removed from a setting where there is an "assumption that they are settled in advance." The report, based on studies made by the American Civil Liberties Union, states: "Studying a philosophy or a social theory for the purpose of approving or denouncing it is not studying it with an open mind. Such discussion should include presentation of divergent opinions and doctrines, past and present, on a given subject."

St. John's leans to the posture of defender of the faith. "The trustees of St. John's are determined to maintain this university as an institution which is both Catholic and dedicated to academic excellence," Father Cahill announced. Yet the dismissal of twelve members of the Department of Philosophy, including one cleric, and another priest in the Theology Department, casts doubts on the Vincentian commitment to free inquiry.

Perhaps a more pertinent issue is how to insure academic freedom without impinging on the necessary administrative functioning of a university. In the alienation of college teachers from the centers of policy making, a rash of university senates have sprouted up, such as the one at the University of Pennsylvania. These governmental bodies often serve as mere buffers between faculties and administrators, functioning primarily as safety valves. Despite the existence of a senate at the University of Pennsylvania, departmental chairmen are still appointed by administrators.

Situations vary with each college, but one main fact emerges: faculty participation in policy is precariously dependent on university administration. At City University in New York City, where departmental chairmen are elected, judgments of the department on tenure, appointment and promotion are nevertheless subject to veto by administrators. Within the scheme of a collective bargaining agreement, where rights are not only given clear definition but are strictly enforceable, the college teacher would possess a viable base outside administrative purview.

The major thrust of the union's efforts at St. John's has been to liberalize the existing framework. There is every reason to believe, nonetheless, that what the university feared most was collective bargaining. This is somewhat difficult to understand in light of the social encyclicals, notably Pope Pius XI's *Quadrigesimo Anno*, exhorting Catholics to join unions. Despite the semantics of the word "worker" in the encyclicals, few would maintain that it was meant to apply solely to craft and industrial workers.



The issue, then, becomes one of professionalism. Teachers, sensitive to their status, have hesitated to join unions, although many professionals—journalists, musicians, actors and engineers—came by unionism much earlier and more naturally. Teachers, both in the public schools and in the colleges, have seen an incompatibility between professionalism and unionism.

In the past five years, the American Federation of Teachers has gone a long way toward dispelling these notions. Collective bargaining in New York City between Local 2 of the United Federation of Teachers and the Board of Education regularly negotiates on sizes of classes. This is not simply a condition of employment but a matter affecting educational policy. Furthermore, the union and the Board have developed in concert a pilot program to uplift the educational quality of elementary schools in the ghettos. Such an item as classroom discipline has recently been spelled out in a contract between the AFT local in Detroit and that city's Board of Education.

The American Federation of Teachers, parent body of the fledgling UFCT local involved at St. John's, is predominantly composed of public schoolteachers. But its ties with the college are of ancient vintage. One of the AFT's prominent members was John Dewey. A more recent prominent member was the former college professor, Hubert Humphrey.

One effect of the St. John's strike has been to give college unionism a wider audience than it might have hoped to obtain in years. From the deep South, where unions are not traditionally received kindly, has come a strange request. The law school faculty of the University of Mississippi invited the UFCT to send a speaker. The topic: What a union has to offer the college professor.

WELFARE IN AFFLUENCE

THE MIRAGE OF RATIONALISM . . . **Reece McGee**

It has now been thirty-four years since Franklin Roosevelt took office with a mandate to alleviate the great depression through unprecedented welfare measures, and more than fifty years since an earlier Roosevelt institutionalized liberal programs as a responsibility of the federal government. Under Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson, political liberalism with regard to the responsibility of the government for the welfare of the people has remained the guiding philosophy of considerable activity and spending. The present Administration has set in motion programs illuminated by this ideal of a magnitude unknown in previous generations. All this has not occurred without considerable debate. The reactions of the conservative community (ranging from mutters of malediction and dire warning to screams of pure anguish) have been audible for half a century and become entirely predictable. The liberals, for their part, differ considerably among themselves about the content and structure of various programs, but rarely question the assumptions of the ideology that guides them. Under these circumstances, then, and given the fifty-year experience of the consequences, it may be appropriate to ask what, really, *is* the ideology that undergirds our welfare spending? What are its assumptions and bases, what its weaknesses and failures?

It seems fair to characterize the liberal programs of this century's administrations, regardless of party, as "quantitative." From the first Roosevelt's trust-busting and conservation measures to Johnson's "war on poverty," the government has dealt, directly and indirectly, almost exclusively with material

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phenomena, principally money and income. (Such New Deal measures as the Artists' and Writers' Project are not exceptions to this generalization, for they were motivated, as witnessed by the treatment of their products, more by the need to put funds into the hands of a jobless occupational class than by care for artistic creation. Nor was John Kennedy's support of the arts an exception, since it was not defined or carried out in the context of welfare measures.)

Whether programs have taken the form of direct relief, as many did during the depression and many still do, or of the more sophisticated ventures in education, retraining, etc., now under way in VISTA and the poverty program, they are still directed toward the relief of unemployment and want, or toward changing the circumstances of individuals in such a way that those ancient enemies will find some persons or categories of persons less vulnerable. Little attention has been paid to programs which might affect the *quality* of life for our population (although, to be sure, some programs have done so as a side effect) and none has been focused on the basic *structural* assumptions of our society which produced the problematic conditions in the first place. We have dealt with the poor and the jobless as individuals or, at furthest remove, with conditions promoting unemployment or poverty in specific industries or geographic areas, and rarely with the underlying and persisting structure responsible for them. (The Civil Rights Act, by exception, is an example of such structural programs. It is interesting, however, that the provisions in it which might bring about radical change, like their parallels in the Constitution, have remained largely unenforced.)

It seems inevitable that this should be so. The quantitative character of government-sponsored welfare programs, and their necessarily individual focus, are both probably inherent in a democratically governed materialistic society with its great susceptibility to pressure brokering (which makes fundamental restructuring of the social order a practical impossibility). Too, no reasonable way has yet been invented to direct and "program" qualitative measures centrally. Thus it is possible to provide income for artists and poets, to distribute their works, or to beautify the nation's highways (although it is proving difficult to get the latter done), but there seems no way in which a program of the American Government can either seriously promote qualitatively superior activities or educate the population to them.

A more fundamental reason for the character of this century's political liberalism seems to lie in the philosophy and assumptions upon which it built. For liberalism as we know it today is a direct outgrowth of Enlightenment rationalism and, as its heir, has inherited both its strengths and weaknesses. The strengths are sufficiently well known that they need only be recited here: a concern for individuals and the conviction of their worth, the idea that government is the creation and property of the governed, the faith that man is, if not inherently good, at least not evil. The great documents of the American people are firmly rooted in these traditions, and the vitality, stability and duration of our political process, built upon them, is testimony to their power.

The weaknesses and perhaps downright errors of Enlightenment rationalism are less apparent; it may have taken the 20th century to make us begin to apprehend them. Fundamental is the article of faith that men really are reasonable or, stated another way, that the truth or the right need only be made known and men will follow it. Insights unchallenged in the works of Marx and Freud call this into question. (From Marx, that knowledge can be put into the service of ignorance and slavery; from Freud, that reason unaided may be unable to penetrate the final recesses of the human mind from which flow some, at least, of the springs of conduct.) And recent advances in science and its philosophy (notably, the work of Einstein and Heisenberg) raise doubts as to the absolute nature and stability of "truth" itself. It may still be that the truth *could* make men free, but that we can and will know it and, knowing, act upon it, remains an assumption.

With specific regard to welfare programs and the rationalism which seems to enliven and direct them, a corollary of the basic Enlightenment posture is that it is good to alleviate want and that the absence of want, *in itself*, creates satisfaction. The "good life" and the "good society" are essentially quantitative. (It can, of course, be argued that nothing in rationalism *necessarily* leads to this conclusion, and that is probably so. That it *has* led to it in the United States, however, and —following us—in much of the rest of the world, and that it has been the animating principle of our welfare posture, seems unarguable.) And the evidence of this century in particular seems not only unable to support that assumption or hypothesis but flatly to contradict it.

None of the above is meant to denigrate the successes and accomplishments of quantitative liberalism. Its monuments are all about us. Through the liberal and liberating programs of past administrations we have gone a long way toward alleviating or even eradicating physical want in large segments of our population formerly subject to it. Free public education has enabled "the masses" of our society to overcome handicaps of birth and to attain, and in some respects enjoy, a material standard of life unknown in the world previously and unequaled by similar classes anywhere else, even today. The diseases which have most often been the scourges of man in other times and places *have* been, if not entirely banished, at least held at bay, and it is probably not soft-headed to predict that, barring catastrophe, man's oldest enemy, hunger, will never again prowl our streets. In the light of human history these accomplishments are nothing to take for granted. They may, in fact, be our greatest triumphs, for no other society has ever attained them. They are, without apology, the glory of our national liberalism, and cannot by any means be explained as mere accidents of history and natural resources, for many societies have been fortunately endowed but have failed even to attempt such accomplishments through lack of the guiding altruistic ideology which defines them.

But as these unquestioned "goods" are the products of Enlightenment rationalism, so are its failures, for they, too, spring from its definitions of man and his place in the world. The root problem of Enlightenment rationalism, surprisingly enough, is precisely its emphasis on the individual and its consequent doctrines of individualism and individualistic enterprise. These, especially when combined with laissez-faire economic theory

and its rationalizations in Protestantism, have produced an ideology that is, despite its material successes, both inhuman and dehumanizing. This is the credo that man is motivated by self-interest (for how else should *individuals*, these special, separate *personae*, be accounted for?) and is measured by his accumulation of wealth. These, the roots of materialism, are just as much products of rationalism as are democratic politics. That they may also be necessary ideologies for capitalization and industrialization, as Weber pointed out, may well be true; but although he described some facets of puritan character which he associated with "the spirit of capitalism," he could have had no foresight of the situation that confronts us. Individual self-interest has probably been the "motive force" of Western societies for the past two centuries, the ideology or frame of reference which defined them and kept their members going. But we have celebrated its successes overmuch and, therefore, overlooked its failures and disintegrative consequences, some of which are only now beginning to be apparent as the United States becomes the first society to offer fulfillment of the ideology to all.

The dilemma is simply this: individualism, self-interest, and judgment of the worth of men according to their accumulation of wealth act as motive forces for a society only so long as most of its members cannot attain that wealth. Once an affluent economy has been created, one in which most people do share in the prosperity and abundance, such criteria no longer provide goals and satisfactions and, in addition, create discontents which cannot be materially alleviated because they are products of materialism in the first place.

(It should be noted that, in these matters at least, there seem to be few essential differences between the economic systems of the United States and the Soviet Union. *The Economist* has called them, perceptively, rival systems for the provision of material plenty. It is not surprising, then, that some familiar American problems are beginning to haunt the Russians: juvenile delinquency, worker absenteeism, alcoholism and hedonism. It would even be possible to say with some validity, if one were inclined to be particularly critical of the American experience, that Marxism has some moral superiority over "free-enterprise capitalism" as we practice it. For basic to Marxist notions about the necessity for collective ownership of property is the judgment that greed is a social force so dangerous that it demands rigid control. In the United States "free enterprise," at least as interpreted by Ayn Rand and some recent Republican candidates for election, would seem to exalt greed as a character trait good and essential to the social order.)

If, as has been suggested, individualistic materialism cannot satisfy in an affluent society, and may even bring its own internally created discontents, evidences of this state of affairs should surely manifest themselves in the United States, which is highly individualistic in its culture, and affluent to a degree unknown to history. And the evidence among us of social and psychological discontent is widespread.

Socially, there is revolutionary discontent among one-tenth of our population—the Negroes, who have had to take to the streets in massive civil disobedience in order to jog the government and the rest of us into even an awareness that there is something amiss with their condition and our responsibility for it. And there is massive lethargy or resistance to doing anything about it among large numbers of the rest of the population. In another sector of American life the reactionary radicals—again a minority, but an influential one—seem alienated from the century in which they live and view many aspects of their society with hatred and paranoid suspicion.

Psychologically, there is evidence of massive failure of health and stability. The mental health associations speak of one hospital bed in eight being filled by a mental patient. Even if this figure is only approximately accurate, it is incredible, for if one bed in eight is occupied by a person mentally ill, what must be the proportion of our population that is deranged but unhospitalized? (For behavior must be considerably aberrant before the sufferer is committed.) Drug addiction is an increasing problem in many of our large cities and has reached epidemic proportions in neighborhoods of some of them. Alcoholism blights the lives of an unknown number of our citizens; responsible estimates reach into the millions. Suicide terminates over 19,000 lives annually and is a leading cause of death among the young. When their conditions of life cause such staggering proportions of a society to flee them through mental illness, drugs, drink or suicide, it does not seem amiss to view those phenomena as evidences of massive discontent.

Thus despite thirty (or fifty) years of federal programs for the alleviation of want and need, and the quite real abundance in which, as partial consequence, the vast majority of Americans live, there remains in the land a large degree of serious unrest. (In this respect, at least, Senator Goldwater's political strategy was correct; he sensed the discontent and focused his campaign upon it. But he never really understood it, since his own philosophy was an expression of the very forces producing it, and he missed his mark more broadly than any previous contender for the Presidency. It is interesting that John F. Kennedy, who also campaigned on the notion that "something was wrong" with the society, won. Note, however, that his remedy called for self-sacrifice rather than self-interest.)

The explanation for social maladjustment in an affluent society is simple: material goods, of themselves, are incapable of creating human satisfaction. Man, as any social scientist or practical politician knows, is a symbolic animal, the only member of the animal kingdom that is. The present relevance of this fact is that men do not experience reality directly, as other animals do, but rather as mediated and interpreted by the symbol systems which make them *men* instead of unspecialized apes. In a materialistic society, value is placed on things, and satisfaction comes from having acquired them in symbolically specified quantities and conditions.

Men thus come to appraise themselves against symbolic yardsticks which measure whether they have been "successful" in obtaining socially defined qualities and quantities of goods; their self-appraisals become a function of possessions. But there is a double jeopardy in this. In the first place "moth and rust . . . corrupt" material goods, and "planned obsolescence" degrades our appraisal of them, so that, for example, the ego satisfaction derivable from possession of a new car lasts only as long as it is "new," and the annual Detroit marathon insures that the period will not be extended. Second, and far more destructive, making objects the measure of our satisfaction gives into the hands of those who order the supply of them, or dictate the evaluation to be placed upon them, control over our self-esteem. We become not our own masters but hostages to the appraisals of others.

Most important and most destructive of all, however, are the theological consequences of materialism. Paul Tillich has defined God as "ground of being," that is, that which is most important to us, that value for which, in the end, we would sacrifice all others. In this sense—and the most irreligious among us will have to agree, I think, that it makes sense—all men have gods. And in a materialistic society, things are god. It should be unnecessary (in the pages of *this* journal) to reiterate the domination of American political and social life by the commercial community and commercial values. ("Why is it," a visiting Scots professor remarked to me rather wistfully last year, "that in your country money always wins?" The perpetually lost battle of the conservationists to which he was referring is only one of a thousand cases in point.) But if we worship *things*, and the things are symbols of ourselves (and we do and they are), then we are worshiping ourselves . . . only no one really can be his own god, for we know him, then, too well.

The very abundance of material goods in which the vast majority of Americans now live (judged by the standards of the rest of the world), and the political forms through which that abundance has been shared by most strata of our society (for who can deny that our years of liberalism have "spread the wealth"?) have created problems for us. The more obvious one of these is simply that, with the material necessities provided nearly everyone, and a fair portion of luxury common to many, the qualitative needs of life are rising to attention as never before. Our bodies pampered and our physical appetites sated either directly or vicariously, our physical security relatively assured and the future bright, the tawdry, blighted and despoiled in American life are everywhere becoming more notable and more serious to us. But the awareness has come too late, it seems, for if our ears are no longer assailed by the din of hideous shops or slums, so that we have learned the values of quiet, they are now assaulted from supermarket to dentist's chair with Muzak or the ubiquitous transistor. And if we now have great highways flinging their spans across the continent—and sometimes not unaesthetically—our cities also pay the price for them in smog and traffic jams. (A news item recently reported that on one weekend in Los Angeles a mere two accidents had involved a total of 150 cars on smog-shrouded freeways. The end in *that* direction would seem to be in view.) Further listing of our failure to attend the qualitative needs in life could no better illustrate the problems both of their absence and of the way in which our quantitative bent has made it difficult if not impossible to serve them.

A second problem is closely involved with the forms in which liberal programs of government have been staged. While it is certainly true that as a result of such programs wealth has been more widely distributed in our society than at any time in the past, the same programs have also created pockets of poverty among us which are appalling, whether measured by absolute or philosophical standards. These are populated by what one writer has called "the communities of those left behind" by the thrust of the society and government aid. Among them are such familiar problem populations as the aged, the illiterate or unschooled, the Negro and those with obsolescent skills. And to this painfully familiar list, I would add another paradoxically unfamiliar: many of the members or supporters of the radical Right, whom the society has also "left behind," but in a new, strange way. For in the case of the first group, the "motive force" of our society and our programs for its enrichment have failed to deliver, and in the second, it may be argued, it has delivered all too well. Both are, in effect, the creation of materialism with its consequent worship of things.

Those among the materially poverty-stricken have been left behind in the grab for things. The relative deprivation of this population—surrounded by a society of sparkling abundance and overwhelmed by its demands that all must *have*—can be nothing short of frightful in its pain and frustration. (For if one must have cars, and television, and boats, and beautiful clothes and handsome companions to be successful and satisfied, what can one think of oneself if one must struggle to eat?)

The other population, that of our frustrated, flaming radicals of the

Right, is more difficult to understand until its social origins are analyzed. For surprisingly enough, material success is well represented among them. It would be interesting, although perhaps impractical, to compute the median income of members of the John Birch Society. Certainly its many corporate supporters can make no plea of poverty, and its representation among physicians (one of our highest income occupational groups) is, in some sections of the country, at least, very high, if not overwhelming. But the radicals are, apparently, generally *new* to wealth, and seem to come, themselves or in a generation, from more humble origins. A subgroup comes from an older population that has recently fallen on evil days.

For those new to money, the Horatio Alger myth is real: when one has money and things, one is "successful" and therefore by definition, satisfied. But since it has not proved to be so (and cannot, for reasons inherent in materialism already discussed), and since these bewildered persons cannot question their ethic (it is their *selves*), there must be something fearfully wrong, out there, in the world. The application of the argument to groups that have lost status as society changed—old Anglo-Saxons, for example—is obvious: must not something also be fearfully wrong with a world where one has arrived and yet, somehow, loses anyway? Thus, because of our very abundance, and because of the relativity of our standards of self-assessment, those without luxuries, even if they eat good bread and send their children to high school, may feel bitterly deprived by a society where they have been encouraged to want cake and college, and to judge themselves by their acquisition. And those who have eaten cake may feel equally betrayed, because they have won the prize and it has proved unsatisfying.

It is my suggestion, to summarize the argument to this point, that there is, indeed, "something wrong" with the state of our society, although John Kennedy did not define it, and it is not what Barry Goldwater described. What is wrong is a great malaise of spirit induced, essentially, by rationalism and individualism which, when coupled with materialism, have led us to the conception of a man-centered (and hence, self-centered) universe in which to seek our fates. In the United States, these notions have been ratified and exacerbated, especially for the lower-middle classes, now everywhere coming to power and position, by traditional Protestantism and what Weber called "The Protestant Ethic," and they have left us with an outlook and a self-conception both weak and bleak. And however liberal and well intentioned the programs mounted by the government may be, and however well they may alleviate conditions of material want, even among those now members of the communities of the left-behind, they will not resolve our dilemma. They are incapable of dealing with the spirit and the self-conception of man and thus are our undoing. Men need gods greater than themselves to live by: one need not be a theologian or a believer to comprehend this. Our human history teaches it, and if it did not, we have the witness of our present condition and our frantic rush to escape it.

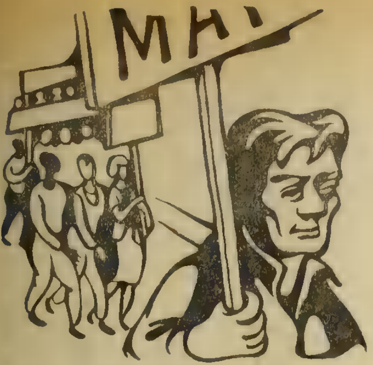
Part of that condition and that rush is clearly visible throughout the 20th century, with its search for "causes" larger than themselves to which millions have given, and are giving, themselves. Archetypal among these was Nazism, as clear a call to death as any ever sounded, singing paeans of death, and dealing it wholesale: to its own adherents as well as to others, *and with no other promise from the beginning.* (For long before Churchill offered to his grateful people the bitter bread of blood and sweat and tears, Hitler had proffered the sweetmeat of killing and death for the Fatherland. It is relevant and sinister that the same self-destructive fervor is today visible in the preventive-war enthusiasts of the far Right, who would rather that all of us be dead than any of us Red.)

In the United States, where we have thus far managed to escape the consuming ravage of 20th-century war, the philosophical and behavioral responses are beginning to appear, and are almost equally appalling. For *our* response (still in its first, tentative, faltering steps) is nihilism and anarchy. And, knowing the roots of the malaise, the response seems obvious. Nihilism—in the form of material destruction—is an old reaction of the dispossessed. It does not seem accidental in Rochester and in Watts, where the Negro protest inflamed the ghettos into mob action, that the thrust of collective reflex was against property. In so utterly materialistic a society, "Burn, Baby, Burn," is more than a mob password; it is a nihilistic call to death. (For in such a society, remember, *things* are self.)

Equally, anarchy is a response to a material ethic on the part of a new rich class whose ideology has consisted in getting the material prizes their society has offered them, but which has found them totally unsatisfying. For if the order to which they have given themselves and which has given them the only meaning they have ever found, has provided no resource of *spirit* to uphold them, then they have been betrayed, and that order must be brought down. The radicals of the Right are bitter critics of our society, but even their intellectuals have been notably silent on constructive suggestions for replacing the social structures they so despise. It is probably not accidental either that much of their political activity consists of spoiling engagements which they cannot win, and which can have no other consequence than destruction of their natural political allies, the traditional Republicans.

This, then, is our dilemma: we are an individualistic society in an age when the interdependence created by our complicated social structures has made individualism obsolete. We are a materialistic society at a time when the very success we have enjoyed in the production and distribution of material goods has made them useless as providers of satisfaction. We are a liberal society in a condition where the attempt to alleviate some wants (certainly morally valid in itself) will only inflame others. And we are left, at the end, with nothing larger than ourselves.

There is nothing really new in this recognition. At least three major philosophies or ideologies exist to which appeal has been made, with varying degrees of awareness of the problem, for the resolution of the dilemma. One of these, rampant in the world but with little real foothold in the United States, is leftist radicalism. There have been occasional radical experiments in our history and there are some buglings of it now, but the historic examples have tended to be of short duration and have failed, as have the contemporary modes, to catch



the imagination of the American people. To explore the reasons for this failure is not within the scope of this discussion, but certainly one of them must be that radicalism has failed because it is, at least in part, a creation of the very ideology it attacks.

A second remedy, whether apparent or real, is far more ancient than any contemporary political or economic radicalism. This could be called the "medieval" response of Christian theology (using the term "medieval" in its historic rather than its pejorative sense). More than most radical solutions with which I am familiar, the answer of the Christian Church *does work*—at least for the relatively few church members in the United States who are *behavioral* Christians. There is, I think, incontrovertible evidence that those who have understood the Church's message of crucifixion and resurrection have been enabled thereby to overcome the siren call of death and to live stable and joyful lives. But for most of us (and I include a large proportion of American churchgoers and, indeed, much of the Church itself), God has been dead for at least 200 years. The Church, seduced by its surrounding culture, has tended to adopt that culture's values, and all too often continued to preach not He Who Is but an Old Testament Man in the Sky in whom no thinking person can possibly believe. A reformation in the Church has clearly begun and is making remarkable headway at a speed which few, twenty years ago, would have believed possible. Despite this glimmer of hope, however, it is probably too late to win the race with chaos. Most of the world is not Christian and is not going to be, and is plunging headlong into the very materialism which seems to be condemning us. Much of it, further, seems to be politically and socially irresponsible, and either has or soon will have ultimate destructiveness at hand. The medieval remedy does not seem to provide a practicable answer; it has managed, barely, to keep the Church alive since the Reformation, but it appears unlikely to generate sufficient appeal to make itself the avenue of our salvation now.

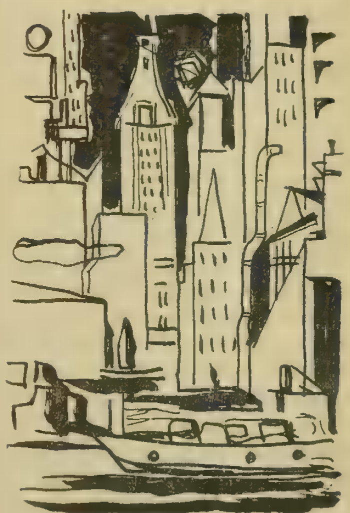
A remedy which to many minds has probably appeared both more contemporary and more "American" is the possibilities inherent in simple diversity. The toleration, or genuine encouragement, of diversity in ideas and behavior has the decided advantage of being attuned to our political and social system. It does, to the degree that it can overcome demands for conformity, make possible behavioral alternatives. Another positive feature is the fact that diversity in ideas and behavior can be "programed" by centralized control, so that if the government chose to do so, it could actually encourage and increase it.

Unfortunately, the notion that the encouragement of diversity per se offers a way out of the dilemma in which we find ourselves smacks too much of Enlightenment rationalism to offer much hope for the future. We are not a people noted for great tolerance of nonconformity, and much of the thrust of recent administrative activity seems to have been in the other direction. Neither is there evidence to indicate that even if diverse alternatives are logically possible, nations or people will necessarily adopt them. Cultures are notoriously resistant to planned change and, while it is certainly true that a society such as ours will produce people and ideas to counter the cultural mainstream, by the very token that the dilemma I have described *is* our cultural mainstream, diversity per se seems unikely to offer an effective resolution.

It is possible, in other words, for persons to arise and survive here who do not share the common values of our culture. It is even possible for them to transmit their ideas to others. The current reformation in our churches is a case in point. But the weight of the culture appears overwhelming and the time we have remaining to us may well be running out. There is no real support in the United States for a re-evaluation of human worth; the idea of man as a market commodity is firmly fixed and does not appear capable of being changed simply by the existence in the society of contrary ideas. Such concepts have, after all, existed in what we (revealingly) call our "market place" of ideas for a long time.

This remedy, or purported remedy, nonetheless, does offer the only resolution for the dilemma in which it appears reasonable to place hope. If it may be stated in simple form, the dilemma appears to be that the materialistic nature of our society has encouraged us in selfishness and removed the bases of self-evaluation from our own hands, thus making us hostages to fortune. But the individualism of American life *has* permitted to spring up within our society in recent years three phenomena which run counter to that trend and which have captured the imagination of the American people and, indeed, the attention of the world. These are the Peace Corps, the civil rights movement, and more recent student revolts against the bureaucratization and meaninglessness of much higher education. All three have the common denominator of selflessness, are devoted to nonmaterial ends (and, to some degree, are even anti-materialistic), and have offered their participants the opportunity to judge themselves according to transcendent standards. Their results have been, within realistic limitations, little short of remarkable in each case—often most particularly for the participants if not always for the objects of their action.

We can conclude from these experiences that nonmaterial motivations are not only still possible in American life but are sought for and welcomed by fairly large segments of our people, and that the



rewards which some have demonstrably discovered in such action have been adjudged worth suffering for. And the contrast of the enthusiastic acceptance on many levels of these behaviors, with the sullen toleration of our problem in Vietnam, should also be instructive: it is not too late. What the public reaction to the Asian situation shows is not that Americans are unwilling to suffer, even for goals not entirely clear, but that they are unwilling to suffer for goals not clearly seen as noble. The political scientist might conclude from this that the public has not yet attained political maturity, and it may be so. But the philosopher might speculate that the best of rationalism and its liberal political consequences are yet with us. The horns of the dilemma on which we are impaled may not be entirely paradoxical after all.

Corps of Engineers

THE PORK-BARREL SOLDIERS

Robert G. Sherrill

Three brave and perhaps quixotic Senators will attempt in this session of Congress to disrupt the oldest established permanent floating boondoggle in American politics—that carried on between a number of their fellow legislators and the Army Corps of Engineers. Senators Frank Moss of Utah, Lee Metcalf of Montana and Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania will push a bill that would turn the Department of the Interior into a Department of Natural Resources, with the new cabinet office absorbing several scattered agencies and bureaus including the civil engineering dictatorship of the Corps.

Just another bill in a bill-laden Congress would have no significance, but this one is said to enjoy the support of Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, a man who is not unwelcome around the White House; and the rearrangement would be in keeping with the President's apparent desire to regroup cabinet responsibilities.

This isn't the first time a Department of Natural Resources has been proposed, nor is it the first time an effort has been made to cut the mighty Corps down to proper size. The Hoover Commission tried to do it thirteen years ago but, after scaring the pants off the Corps and its allies, it ultimately lost. Moss and colleagues may lose, too, but they've already got a good scare going. Braxton B. Carr, president of the American Waterways Operators, the largest and most influential organization of tugboat, towboat and barge owners, recently sent out an agony memo to his 225 member companies warning that "the future of navigation in the United States will be dim indeed if the Corps of Engineers loses its responsibility for civil works to a catchall Department of Natural Resources." Carr reported that while Udall would be working behind the scenes to shackle the Corps, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara is not expected to help the engineers, with the result that "the Corps' hands will be effectively tied." He urged members to "get into the fight."

If, as Carr predicts, the Corps' hands are tied, it will be the first time. When this recommendation was previously before Congress, ex-President Hoover complained that the corridors of the Capitol were thick with engineering generals and colonels, lobbying like mad against the proposal.

Moss has carefully couched his appeal for reorganization in the phrases of efficiency, and there is certainly that to consider. Responsibility for the development of water resources is presently scattered among at least forty bureaus, departments and agencies of the government. Four cabinet offices share control at the top. Within the Interior Department alone, ten agencies meddle with the water. Federal land management is almost as splintered, and there is no unity of power development. Moss would also gather such control groups as the Forest Service (now in the Department of Agriculture), the Federal Power Commission and the Tennessee Valley Authority into the new department. They are not expected to go willingly.

The real fight will develop over the jurisdiction of the Corps of Engineers. Why should that venerable fraternity of specialists — which West Point was specifically established to perpetuate—be deprived of its civil functions? Because, some say, it has in recent decades become merely a political arm of Congress. One Texas Congressman, complaining about the public's suspicious nature, said recently: "You never heard of an Army Engineer program yet that has not been criticized as pork barrel." If the Department of Interior has not been entirely free of favoritism and the taint of pork, its reputation is still better in that regard than the Corps'.

The boondoggle routine is perfectly balanced. The Corps justifies the projects, and Congress appropriates the money. On the one hand the Corps gets bigger and more influential — two conditions dearly prized by generals — and on the other hand public-works money is doled out to civilian contractors "back home" with Congress getting credit for spreading the happiness. And the largess is booming. During its 150-year life the Corps-Congress cornucopia has put, or is now putting, $22 billion into the contractors' pockets; another $35 billion is programed for the next fifteen years.

Everyone gets fatter all the time, and with no fuss and usually little debate. No special hearing was held in the Senate, for example, on the St. John River hydroelectric project in Maine, although it is expected to cost at least $300 million. Most of the nation's greatly needed flood-control dams have been built by the Corps and most of the navigable streams and harbors have been shaped and improved by the Corps. It has 222 flood-control dams, 603 local-protection levees, and 19,000 miles of improved inland waterways to its credit, and many of these are worth while. But others are merely worth boodle, and now that the Corps appears to be running out of ready sites for dams and dredgings, it seeks desperately to maintain its powerful position with Congress by sponsoring some projects that verge on the scatter-brained.

It has pushed through dam projects on the west fork of a river when it was the east fork that presented the flood problem. It has scooped out harbors to give better access for tankers carrying fuel to utility plants that are converting to natural gas. It has proposed recreational reservoirs on rivers too polluted to support fish life. It has built dams to protect less farm acreage than is flooded by the resulting reservoir.

Fearing that some day it may run out of projects, the Corps authorizes far more than it can handle. Some untouched backlog projects are fifteen years old, and the longer they lie on the shelf, the more ridiculous becomes the original price tag attached to them. Sometimes, such is its haste to get business, the Corps just plain goofs in its estimates. On several projects in the Southeast, actual costs ran 257 per cent higher than the estimates. Even Louisiana Sen. Allen Ellender, who appears to think that money grows on hat-racks, was heard to whimper when the cost of one project went up 600 per cent in a year. Discrepancies of 200 and 300 per cent between original estimates and final costs are not uncommon.

Obedient to Congressional whim, the Corps justifies building longer and longer waterways into the bald spots of America. It approved the notorious 516-mile channel connecting Tulsa with the Mississippi—a $1.2 billion project which inspired the observation from economist Cecil Haver that, considering the cost of maintenance, the nation would be better off if it abstained from using the canal after it was built.

Now the Corps is ready, and Congress seems more than willing, to build a canal from the Gulf to connect with the Trinity River at Fort Worth and Dallas. This Trinity River project has been proposed, off and on, for a generation, but it used to be considered a joke. Will Rogers is usually given credit for being the first to suggest that the best thing they could do with the Trinity was to pave it—an allusion to the fact that in the Fort Worth-Dallas area the Trinity is often a reluctant trickle, shallow enough to wade across. The cost of this project will be such that one critical Congressman allowed as how it would be cheaper to move Fort Worth to the Gulf. Nevertheless, such projects emanating from Texas are no longer a joking matter; San Antonio now seriously proposes that it have its own canal to the Gulf—125 miles as the crow flies. Give the Corps enough time to study the matter, and it is sure to come up with a positive response to San Antonio's dream ditch. The Corps is famous for rationalizing fantastic proposals.

The idea of building a canal from Lake Erie to Pittsburgh has been kicking around since the old canal days of the last century. Although it was revived again in the 1930s, nothing ever came of it because, except for the fact that the canal might readjust the commercial traffic pattern to benefit Youngstown, Ohio, other possible gains were hard to envisage. However, Rep. Mike Kirwan of Youngstown is fond of this project, and the Corps is expected eventually to come up with a study that justifies digging. Kirwan is a big man in water-resources development.

The Water Valley Dam on Eleven Point River down in Arkansas is another good illustration of the Corps' research bounce. Just about everybody but the Corps and a group of influential Arkansas politicians has agreed that putting a dam on Eleven Point River is a poor idea. The state of Missouri, the Interior Department, the Bureau of Fish and Wildlife, the U.S. Forestry Service, many conservation organizations—all oppose it. The Corps gamely started out with the argument that the dam was needed for, of course, flood control. But inasmuch as the last serious flood on that river occurred in 1915, nobody took that seriously. Next, the Corps proposed to build the dam for power development, but could find nobody who wanted to buy the power. Then it tried to sell the idea of a dam to impound a "recreational" lake — although there are seven other man-made lakes in the area and fourteen in the state, and although to build this superfluous dead-water reservoir they would have to destroy one of the last free-flowing rivers in the Ozarks. The lake would ruin $28 million worth of farmland and businesses, and force 500 families to move.

Last April the Corps which, when left alone is not always unreasonable, agreed that the idea for a dam should be scrapped. But Arkansas Congressmen howled in protest and demanded a new study. So the Corps took another look and said, well, the dam might be a good idea after all.

Then there is the Cape Fear River development in North Carolina. Thirty-two years ago the Corps made a study and reported that flood control is not justified in the lower Cape Fear basin. Nineteen years ago, after that area's worst flood of modern times, it again studied the situation and again could not justify a dam. But today the Corps—with a joyous background chorus of most Congressmen from North Carolina—says flood control is essential. The Corps' estimate of potential flood damage is about 40 per cent higher than the estimate of the Soil Conservation Service. Even if flood control isn't needed, says the Corps, see the fine recreational reservoir we shall make for the people of North Carolina!

Into this reservoir will feed the Haw River, the most polluted stream in North Carolina, and the New Hope River, which the National Park Service says carries moderate to severe pollution. One knowledgeable critic forecasts the result to be an expenditure of $72 million to create a "gigantic cesspool for raw sewage from towns and cities and for discharged chemicals from industrial plants" upstream. To achieve this, the Corps will drown

35,000 acres, and drive 150 families off farms that have come down to them through seven and eight generations.

A resident of New Hope Valley, which will be at the bottom of the reservoir, appeared before the House Public Works subcommittee to beg Congress to leave them alone. When he was asked, "What is an average price of the land in the valley?," he answered proudly: "I would say that there is much land in the valley that is of such value to the people that it would take as much to buy it as it would to buy the Capitol in Washington." (His neighbors who had come to Washington with him, and who filled the committee chamber, applauded.) "I do not mean to be disrespectful but I mean that many of those are not to be sold. They have been handed down from generation to generation as an asset, something that has been looked forward to." The committee was unmoved.

Back in 1942, Congress revived an old idea of a canal across north Florida as a way to out-fox enemy submarines lurking offshore. Those were desperate days when cost didn't matter, but even under such conditions Congress gulped when the Corps reported that the benefit-cost ratio would be a wretched 0.19—that is, the cost would be more than five times greater than the benefit. Defense officials said to forget it. Taking a second look at the project, they decided that ships going around the tip of Florida would not be nearly the sitting ducks that barges emerging from the canal would be.

And so forget it most of the nation did. But not Florida land speculators, or politicians, or pulpwood and phosphate companies with stuff to barge. They wanted that canal. The Corps eventually obliged with the right benefit-cost ratio, although it did take some time. The year the war ended they squeezed here and squeezed there and managed to come up with a benefit level of 1.05, still not good enough. In 1958, they tried again, and again decided the benefit level wasn't high enough to move.

But five years later, with some superb juggling, the Corps had a respectable figure. It took some doing. Although construction costs had risen nationally 36 per cent since the 1945 estimate, and though the project plan had been expanded, the estimated cost was mysteriously slashed 13.5 per cent. As for the forecast benefits, they now included half a million dollars a year in "land enhancement"—something nobody had thought to consider before. It wasn't pointed out until some time later that the Corps had forgotten to place on the minus side the permanent flooding of the Oklawaha River Valley—a river which *The New York Times* has properly called "one of this country's most beautiful free-flowing streams"—and the disenhancement of the lands that will be covered by the canal.

Raymond W. Stuck, who was for four years chief of the Corps' civil works division but is now retired and can speak frankly, calls it a nice piece of "hocus-pocus." The sleight of hand would probably not have been successful if President Kennedy had not needed the support of Florida Congressmen to liberalize the House Rules Committee. Getting their support, he personally asked that the barge canal be put into the 1963 budget.

The Cross-Florida Barge Canal—which Senator Ellender calls a "little work," costing only $145 million—at least illustrates with what a free hand the Corps is permitted to maneuver. In 1964 the Corps asked for, and got, $200,000 to start Rodman Dam on that canal project. The politicians put on their best suits and trooped out to the site and made speeches and set off some dynamite. Last year, the Corps was back, asking $350,000 for Rodman Dam. To continue work on it? No, to *start* work. Even such great and good friends of the Corps as Ellender and Florida's senior Senator, Spessard Holland, were embarrassed by the fast shuffle. Said Ellender to the Corps' General Welling: "Last year you asked for $200,000 to initiate Rodman Dam. Today you are asking for $350.000 to initiate the Rodman Dam. What happened?" And Holland chimed in: "I went there when they supposedly started that project and you all put on quite a good show of blowing up a lot of soil a year ago. Now you mean to tell me you have not been able to go ahead and award this contract?"

That, said General Welling, was exactly what he meant to tell him: "We applied it to other contracts."

That seemed to end the discussion, because Ellender and Holland do not mean to be critical by such questioning. When Florida's Governor Haydon Burns appeared before the Senate Public Works committee to beg that the government continue with the canal, he complained that some people were writing about it as being a "pork-barrel outrage." Tut tut, soothed Ellender, "we get such blasts as that every now and then. Don't pay any attention to such articles."

And then Ellender made a point that is basic to the leapfrog philosophy by which Congress and the Corps cooperate: that is, spend a little money and then you can argue it would be wasted unless you spend a lot more. Up to now the government has put $5 million into the Cross-Florida Barge Canal, leaving a minimum of $140 million to go. Said Ellender, "We have invested quite a bit of money up to now in that project and once a project of that kind is started—"

Governor Burns: "It is no time to stop."

Ellender: "That is right. This criticism is just so much chaff."

Chaff or not, it irritates. When Arthur Maas of Harvard wrote his book *Muddy Waters*, criticizing the Corps for highhandedly ignoring the President, Lt. Gen. Lewis A. Pick, then chief of the engineers, explained publicly that Maas was simply "trying to get more centralized power in government" (and you know what *that* means). *Life* magazine's recent editorial, "The Seductive Odor of Pork," suggested that there might be something other than logic behind the proposed canal from Fort Worth-Dallas to the Gulf. Gen. John L. Person (Ret.), executive vice president of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, flared back that the editorial was "ridiculous . . . superficial, inaccurate and cynical . . . using innuendo and false implications."

Maj. Gen. Jackson Graham, currently director of the Engineers' civil works program, is really showing a thin skin. In two recent speeches he complained of "a downpour of the 'pork barrel' and 'boondoggle' type of criticism" and "the current fad of castigating water-resource engineers and highway engineers and other engineers on this subject of beauty. 'Despoilers' and 'uglifiers' are typical of the epithets. We try to put these brickbats in perspective. . . ."

The Corps and its allies have a way of handling their critics. Chief among these critics is Senator Proxmire of Wisconsin. It may be only accidental, of course, but while every neighboring state is receiving several millions of dollars from last year's rivers-and-harbors budget, Wisconsin will receive nothing. It may be only coincidental, too, that Utah, Moss's home state, is left out of the budget.

Leslie A. Miller, ex-Governor of Wyoming and chairman of the Hoover Commission's task force on natural resources, once gave this appraisal:

> *The Corps of Engineers, one of the oldest of government services, has become undoubtedly the most powerful lobbying and pressure group in the government today.*
>
> *By various grants of authority from Congress, it has extended its power and influence into many fields of civilian services, including the plum-rich areas of river-and-harbor improvements and flood control.*
>
> *Theoretically, the Corps is responsible to the Secretary of the Army, and through him, to the President. In practice, it has worked out that the engineers deal directly with Congress itself, often arrogantly ignoring, as has been demonstrated in many instances, the expressed wishes of the Commander-in-Chief. It has become hard to tell now who is the master — Congress or the Corps of Engineers — for, though Congress provides the appropriations for these rich and often wasteful engineering projects, the Corps provides the* modus operandi *and the excuse for the spending of billions on the project that brings such joy to the home districts of the rivers-and-harbors-bloc Congressmen.*

Miller wrote that thirteen years ago. He could have written it today. Nothing has changed.

Last year, in a further effort to by-pass the executive branch and make as many arrangements as they can just between themselves, Congress voted to allow the Corps to proceed with any project costing not more than $10 million that the Corps and the two Congressional Public Works Committees agreed on, without going to the full Congress for approval and without even looking for a nod from the White House.

President Johnson, properly jealous of his powers in this instance, said they wouldn't get away with it. He is likely to remember this attempted slight and act accordingly in the coming Department of Natural Resources fight.

The opposing camps are already assembling. On the one side will be such groups as:

¶ The National Farmers Union and the Grange and other rural blocs that are tired of the Corps coming in with its grandiose schemes and, without consulting local farmers, flooding them with another reservoir on which city folk can water-ski on weekends. The Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation is not guiltless in this regard, but the Corps is much more high-handed.

¶ The National Audubon Society and all lovers of wild retreats, to whom the Corps is The Great Destroyer. Speaking for these opponents, one columnist wrote recently that to the Army Engineers "a vast sheet of water apparently is the most coveted thing in the world—another great artificial lake to attract tourists, swimmers, boat riders, fishermen, hot-dog peddlers, motel operators, all to 'up the economy' of the area. If there is anything that challenges, even nauseates, the Army Engineers, it is a free-flowing stream."

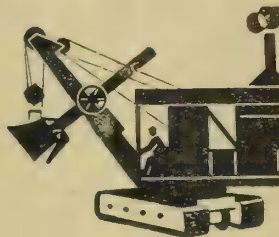
¶ The Soil Conservation Service, which is constantly being badgered by the Corps. The SCS was the first government agency to challenge the Corps' total domination over flood-control matters. Nine years ago it won the right to build small dams upstream, mostly for the protection of farmers (this arrangement with the Corps is quite properly called a "treaty"). But even these dams have to be approved by the Corps and it loves to quibble over the SCS's plans. One soil conservation official told me recently: "We spend more damn time rebutting the Corps than we do in planning our projects. We have 707 watershed projects going today, and we had to rebut the Corps on 20 per cent of those."

On the other side, standing four-square with the Corps and almost indistinguishable from it, will be that fascinating organization called the National Rivers and Harbors Congress. In the previous furor—the one thirteen years ago—a House member charged that the National Rivers and Harbors Congress was attacking the Hoover proposal because members of the NRHC were tied up with contractors' lobbies who feared a slump if the work was taken away from the Corps. The same charges will no doubt be heard again, because the same old National Rivers and Harbors Congress, with a few new faces, is still around.

The NRHC is an undisguised lobbying organization, and its most important members are Congressmen and Senators. In a brochure distributed by the NRHC, it describes itself as "non-official in nature" but "unique" in its "long tradition of close cooperation with top officials in the legislative and executive branches of the government."

It should indeed have uniquely close cooperation with the legislative branch, since *all* members of Congress are ex officio members of the NRHC, *all* eleven of its national vice presidents are Senators or Congressmen, as are the chairman of the board and *all* chairmen of the standing committees.

Here are found such names as Sen. John McClellan of Arkansas, chairman emeritus of the NRHC. (He is also chairman of the Senate Committee on Government Operations, where the Moss bill perilously lies.) Senator Ellender is a national director of NRHC; he is also chairman of the Senate Appropriations subcommittee which decides on the Corps' budget. Other vice presidents are Sen. Everett Dirksen of Illinois, Rep. Joseph Martin of Massachusetts, Sen. Spessard Holland of Florida, Rep. Robert Sikes of Florida, Sen. Ralph Yarborough of Texas, Sen. John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, Rep. Mike Kirwan of Ohio, Rep. Robert Jones of Alabama, Rep. Ed Edmondson of Oklahoma and Rep. John Blatnik of Minnesota.



Once a year the NRHC gets together and decides which rivers and harbors projects it should present to Congress. Then its Congressional members change hats, go back to the Capitol, and start lobbying one another. This past session the NRHC approved projects that would cost $1,936,542,000. Congress turned out a bill costing $1,985,785,000. That's what those Congressmen-lobbyists call "close cooperation."

More of it will be seen when Moss, Metcalf and Clark come over the barricades.

PENNSY-CENTRAL

ONE BIG HAPPY RAILROAD . . . Desmond Smith

> *In the use made of the railroads by their owners and managers, the legitimate profit on transportation was often a relatively unimportant motive. The power to fix freight rates carried opportunities compared to which reasonable return for services rendered was inconsequential. It opened the door to schemes and conspiracies.*
>
> Our Times

In the thirty-seven years since Mark Sullivan wrote those words, very little has changed to alter this remarkable insight into the *Realpolitik* of U.S. railroad management. Over the past decade a series of seemingly unrelated mergers have, in effect, created a new entity in the market place, a group of giant regional railroad monopolies. Some rationalization of the sprawling U.S. railroad system is obviously necessary, but in the next few years the nervous system of President Johnson's Great Society — the railroads—will begin to exercise a profound leverage on the American economy. For just so long as the railroads have had to compete with one another, the power to fix freight rates has been held in check. Now the nation-wide merger movement is rapidly destroying the restraint of free competition. Design, not coincidence, is behind the well-organized railway-merger campaign. Ben Heinemann, the aggressive president of the Chicago & North Western, has quietly predicted that the stage is already being set for the supermergers of the 1980s. Then, says Mr. Heinemann, with commuter city traffic out of the way, three or four Goliath-sized transcontinental transportation companies will share among them 90 to 95 per cent of the freight moving across the United States.

Under these circumstances, the closest scrutiny should attend the audacious application of the Pennsylvania Railroad for public approval to merge with the New York Central. For the moment, consider the immediate consequences of such a merger. The Pennsylvania New York Central Transportation Company (observe that the word, *railroad*, is avoided; the new company plans to get into *all* forms of transportation) will be the biggest corporate merger in American financial history. The two companies will pool assets of more than $5.5 billion, own and operate more than 20,000 miles of track, 4,000 locomotives, 8,000 passenger carriages, 227,000 freight cars, vast real estate holdings, and 19 million shares of common stock. Moreover, this prodigious transportation company would wield its vast economic power through thirteen states containing 40 per cent of the country's population. From New York in the East to Chicago in the West, from Louisville in the South to Mackinaw City in the North, a transportation trust would be created beyond the dreams even of a Harriman—who first raised the idea of one railroad partially controlling another on the principle of "community of interests." Since both Mr. Perlman (of the N.Y. Central) and Mr. Saunders (of the Pennsylvania) have described the benefits of this merger in terms of eliminating schedules, abolishing terminals, cutting down on equipment, ripping up "surplus" track, and terminating the employment of thousands of workers whose whole lives have been spent on the railroads, it is worth examining why their common interest is *not* in the public interest.

At present, the N.Y. Central and the Pennsylvania are rivals. At more than 140 points on a thirteen-state railroad map the two giants have to fight in the market place for the right to carry a customer's business. A Penn-Central combine would result in a drastic shake-up of the present highly competitive Eastern railroad structure. Western shippers, dependent on rail transportation, would inevitably find themselves having to pay more for goods shipped from the East. In turn, manufacturing plants on the Eastern Seaboard would be confronted with freight increases on raw materials from Western states. When Mark Sullivan singled out the power to fix freight rates he focused on an aspect of railroad economies usually hidden from public view. Prof. Walter Adams of Michigan State University has described this economic power with a simple analogy: "In a poker game with unlimited stakes, the player who commands disproportionately large funds is likely to emerge victorious. If I have $100, while my opponents have no more than $5 each, I am likely to win — regardless of my ability, my virtue or my luck. I have one asset the others lack, the power to bankrupt my rivals." In the railroad business, market power is very largely the sum of all the freight cars owned. Today the Penn-Central companies own every second freight car rolling through the Great Lakes, Central Eastern and Pocahontas regions. It is no good for Mr. Perlman and Mr. Saunders to dance around this question of market power: the two gentlemen blandly proclaim their sole purpose is efficiency. But as a big Pittsburgh manufacturer told *Business Week*: "Here we have two of the largest and slowest lines in the country merging. It's going to make a single line that's twice as large—and twice as slow." Another Pittsburgh shipper added: "Anything that gets to be 150 per cent the size of the Pennsy is too big."

The proposed Penn-Central merger provokes three important questions. They concern the adequacy of Congressional measures in dealing with the railroads; the current financial status of the Penn-Central companies, and the public usefulness of the Interstate Commerce Commission as it presently functions.

On the first of these questions there can be little doubt that until

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recently the state of the railroads was on a par with the state of the Pima Indians, as far as Washington was concerned. Indeed, until the nation's passenger services began to fall apart in the early 1960s, neither White House nor Congress ever gave much time to what was tacitly understood to be the preserve of private enterprise. It is still an interesting (and unanswered) question how much credit for this lamentable neglect can be laid at the door of the powerful railway lobby. A case in point is Sen. Claiborne Pell's long and unsuccessful fight to win passage for an inter-city railroad reorganization bill. When Sen. Harrison Williams' Urban Mass Transportation Act was passed in 1964—with a midget appropriation of $375 million spread over three years — it was the first government action in years. Compared to the $141 billion spent on the federal-state highway program in the past twenty years, the Williams measure is ludicrously inadequate. Finally, it should be noted that the Williams bill is restricted to intra-city problems.

In one of the most curious public relations campaigns of all times the cash-rich railroads have spent literally millions of dollars in recent years persuading the American public that they must be doing something wrong. Thus, the best brains in U.S. advertising and public relations have been busy telling what may be dubbed "The Failing American Railroad" story. As with all advertising, the perceptive reader will look to the subplot for the real message. That message is merger. It is on this issue that the second question then emerges: has it been sensible to allow the Penn-Central companies their day at the hoardings without rebuttal?

Few people realize that railroads split their bookkeeping into separate halves. Railway presidents are always talking about operating income being in the red. What they seldom discuss in public is their nonoperating income. But railway companies are enormously wealthy landowners, real estate operators, mine operators, and dozens of other things besides. Since so many highly paid minds have been employed to bring about a general condition of public numbness on the railway issue, it seems worth while to look briefly at the Penn-Central argument in 1962 before the ICC. When the publicists left the stage, the railway lawyers moved in from the wings. The ICC knows all about nonoperating income, and the railway argument shifted therefore to the matter of competition. The Pennsy's attorneys argued that the transportation business today is a dog-eat-dog world where pipe lines, truckers, barge operators and air lines have all conspired to finesse the railroads at every turn. "The railroads can no longer consider any traffic captive. One form or other of transportation offers competition for substantially all traffic which the railroads are handling with long and short haul."

During the hearings, the eleven ICC commissioners were shown an endless parade of gloomy graphs, maps and statistics. Even with a merger, according to the presentation, Penn-Central was confronted with a doubtful future: the inroads of other competition would insure a steady decline of freight handled in the years ahead. Competition is less serious, however, than Penn-Central would have the ICC believe. Railroads continue to provide the only large-volume, low-cost, general-transportation service for the shipment of virtually any product, anywhere in the United States. In striking contrast to the picture of woe painted for the benefit of the ICC are the more recent stockholder reports. Take a glance at the New York Central. "Automobiles," says its report, "once handled almost entirely by highway carriers, are now rolling in Central's new multi-level cars in ever-increasing numbers. Coal traffic is also returning to the Central, primarily as a result of the new unit trains and incentive rates. New markets for Flexi-Van (a road-rail service), the most versatile freight container ever devised, are being rapidly developed."

The New York Central's erstwhile rival is not doing too badly either. Not long ago Pennsylvania's president, Stuart Saunders, told a group of businessmen: "We are going to put a minimum of 5 million tons of coal in Europe in less than five years, and much quicker than that, I think. We are willing, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, to commit some $50 million to this project." It is generally difficult to see how the Penn-Central companies can continue to cry poor in the face of such evidence. Alfred Perlman of the New York Central, in fact, calls railroads "the surprise growth industry of the next decade." Not surprising then to find that last year the "failing" Pennsy managed to distribute a $2 dividend to some 13 million shareholders.

So much for questions of Congressional inaction and of shell-game methods of accounting on the part of the railroads. The final question to ask is: have the regulated industries taken over the regulators? Specifically, how diligently does the ICC protect the public interest when it deals with the railroads? Railroads are regulated in the belief that they contribute something vital and essential to the economy as a whole. Additionally, the public now has a taxpayer stake in the railroads as a result of federal-state subsidies for passenger services. A regulatory agency, whose purpose it was to promote healthy competition while protecting the public interest, could be remarkably useful. Instead we have the ICC. So discredited is this agency among independent-minded economists that the question arises of its continued usefulness as a regulatory agency. As Prof. Walter Adams has remarked, "These days, the ICC does not protect the public against the industry but protects the industry against the bargaining power of the public." As a result, the ICC's long-awaited decision on the Penn-Central case is scarcely in doubt. It will be in favor of the merger. And, in the Washington headquarters of the Association of American Railroads, no one will be a bit surprised.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Joining Father's Outfit

THE PENKOVSKIY PAPERS. By Oleg Penkovskiy. Introduction and commentary by Frank Gibney. Foreword by Edward Crankshaw. Translated by Peter Deriabin. Doubleday & Co. 411 pp. $5.95.

Samuel L. Sharp

There is something of an established tradition about documents purporting to show the schemes of Russian leaders for world domination or other equally nefarious plans. Even when adjudged forgeries, such documents have a remarkable capacity for survival and periodic re-emergence. The most famous example is that of the so-called Testament of Peter the Great, which first popped up in the alleged memoirs of the Chevalier d'Eon, that fascinating 18th-century transvestite and French intelligence agent. The "testament" was published in 1836, courtesy of Polish political exiles who wanted to alert the West to the dangers of Russian expansion. The habit of quoting the "testament" in evidence survived the collapse of the czarist system; it was turned into a weapon of political warfare against the Communists. As late as 1951, Father Edmund Walsh, S.J., reprinted the "testament" in an appendix to his book, *Total Empire,* a study of "the roots and progress of world communism," thus making a proto-Bolshevik out of Peter I. An explanatory note states that the "testament" had been declared a forgery by historical scholarship, but Father Walsh argues that "independent . . . of its authenticity, the will possesses great intrinsic interest, as embodying principles of action followed out by Russia during the last hundred years. . . ." Similar arguments, ascribing "intrinsic interest" to *not quite authentic but plausible* documents have been heard about the famous Zinoviev Letter of 1924 and other fabrications.

Do the Penkovsky Papers (let us dispense with the phony pseudo-scholarship of the transliteration used throughout the book) belong to this category of not quite authentic documents? Some experts—including Victor Zorza of the *Manchester Guardian* — question its authenticity on the basis of a careful analysis of the internal evidence of the text. Edward Crankshaw, himself somewhat of an accessory to the operation as author of a foreword to the book, dismisses this approach as tedious exegesis, an occupational hazard of professional Kremlinology, of no interest to the general reader. He politely suggests in an article elsewhere that Frank Gibney, chief surgeon of the operation, "oversimplifies" when he tells us that Oleg Penkovsky, the colonel in the Soviet military intelligence (GRU) who turned spy for the West, actually jotted down the "revealing hotchpotch" in his cramped Moscow quarters. Crankshaw and others are inclined to look upon the Penkovsky "papers" as transcripts of de-briefing sessions held during Penkovsky's several visits to the West, to which some material sent by him from Moscow may have been added. It may indeed be silly to insist, as some obstinate truthmongers did, that the original Russian manuscript or typescript be produced. As Paul Blackstock points out, *these,* too, could easily be manufactured by one dis-information outfit or another, be it the CIA, the British M-6 or one of the many free-lancers in the business. The central issue to Crankshaw is not the method of delivery of the document in its present form, but the authenticity of the material as coming in one way or another from an important operative close to the very centers of Soviet power and decision making. On this score he has no doubts, nor do we. What we question is the material truth of what are billed as valuable revelations.

Let us have a close look at what is before us. The core, although by no means "most of the book," as Mr. Gibney claims, indeed consists of material which seems to have originated with Penkovsky. By my count, 221 out of 411 pages are in this category. The rest is made up of Gibney's introduction and continuity, a foreword by Crankshaw, and a couple of pages by Greville Wynne, British co-defendant in Penkovsky's trial and his main contact with Western intelligence. The book is padded by a 60-page insert of the "Prihodko lecture" on how to spy in America, a document presumably made available by Penkovsky in microfilm. There are also family pictures and reproductions of passes, membership cards, diplomas of the colonel, all in support of the authenticity claim.

To this reader, a substantial portion of the "papers" is early Penkovsky and belongs to the immediate period following the colonel's success in establishing contact with Western intelligence operatives. The problem facing a defector (including what is known as a "defector-in-place" who changes allegiance but not his place of residence) is that of impressing the prospective recipients of his material with his access to important secrets, as well as his competence in evaluating information. On both these scores, Gibney insists, Penkovsky was a very valuable source. Yet there is something pathetic in Penkovsky's efforts to establish himself as a man in the know.

Penkovsky begins by stating that he knows "more than most" about Khrushchev's plans and policies; yet nowhere in the text is there anything to support his boast. His only contact with Khrushchev, other than a passing glimpse of him during the war, was rather remote: while in London, he wrote to the First Secretary an indignant letter about the state of neglect of the grave of Karl Marx. This, we are told by a supposedly sophisticated operative, was to bolster his standing as a zealous Communist while already spying for the West. Incidentally and quite revealingly, he enjoyed the discomfort his complaint caused to the personnel of the Soviet Embassy in London, by no means the only instance of digging under fellow workers. When he was stationed in Turkey as assistant military attaché, he reported on his boss and used for the purpose the channel of the rival intelligence network, the K.G.B., dirty pool even in this dirty business. This is mentioned because it is in Penkovsky's personality and his relations with people around him that one finds the key to his "revolt" against the system. One does not have to accept the primitive epithets employed by the prosecutor in Penkovsky's trial to identify certain character traits which compel even Mr. Gibney to describe his man as a "flawed hero." Although successful in his military career, Penkovsky tended to feel shortchanged when as-

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signed to political work or training activities in the rear. He wants to go to the front: "After all, at that time there were already several hundred decorated heroes of the Soviet Union, but all I had was a cigarette case which I got for fighting the Finns." When decorated with the order of Alexander Nevsky, he feels that "all this lifted my spirits considerably, and I went back to my regiment anticipating a brilliant military career." Those who were in charge of Penkovsky later in London must have caught on to his vanity and love for shiny hardware; he apparently had himself photographed in a British and an American colonel's uniforms. Political transvestite? Shades of the Chevalier d'Eon!

There can be no doubt that at one point the colonel became disgusted with the system in which he lived. But he tells us in what sounds like a true confession that he began by being disgusted *with himself*: "I felt before, and I feel now, that I must find some justification for my existence which would give me inner satisfaction." And again: "Inwardly I have not grown one bit, and I have the feeling that every day our 'Communism' is pulling me back instead of moving me forward." This feeling of personal emptiness leads by one step — I am sure the psychiatrists have a word for it — to the notion that not he, Penkovsky, is sick with frustration or whatever is nagging him: the system is sick, the country is sick. "Some disease or infection is gnawing and eating at our country from within, and we must do something to stop it. I do not see any other choice, and this is the main reason why I am joining the ranks of acting fighters for a better future for my people." From this point on, he does not have one good word for the realities of the Soviet Union. Khrushchev and his gang are adventurists bent on aggressive war. The generals gorge themselves with caviar and grow roses in their gardens while the people starve, actually starve. The Soviet leaders are planning for a "first strike" in a nuclear war. And here comes the clincher: "This would open the road to the subjugation of the entire world," a standard phrase about Russian — Russian, not just Soviet — intentions which is several centuries old.

Before we let Penkovsky off the couch or out of the confessional, one must mention the constant references to his father, a father whom he never knew and who died in 1919, the year of Oleg's birth, as an officer of the "white" armies fighting the Bolsheviks. This detail of his biography has somehow escaped the allegedly all-knowing keepers of the secret files, but whenever Penkovsky feels that he is in trouble, he expects it to be flung in his face. So the ghost of Vladimir Penkovsky stalks the Papers, performing several functions: he feeds his son's paranoia and at the same time legitimizes him with his new friends. Oleg can now in spirit join his father's outfit.

Perhaps it needs pointing out that disenchanted Boy Scouts who discover the not too elegant nature of politics—and Soviet politics must indeed be quite dirty when seen from the kitchen side—are not very reliable evaluators of the realities which they so violently and totally reject. I feel that although the West no doubt made a first-rate catch — actually the fish practically forced his way into the net — and presumably received a lot of useful technical information, Penkovsky's contacts must have been relieved when he decided to return to Moscow, driven by a most vigorous death wish. But why revive the whole episode now? There are various theories on this subject, too, the most plausible being that we have here the answer of the CIA and/or M-6 to the publication of the memoirs of Gordon Lonsdale, *recte* Konon Molody, a Soviet spy caught and convicted in England but exchanged for Wynne. Yet the politically minded would not be satisfied with the answer and would look for more than a prank-counter-prank game involving the dis-information boys of three great powers. The Papers may particularly appeal to some by reinvigorating and updating the notion of the "immutable aims" of the Soviet Union. That this is done with the help of evidence that came from a highly charged and therefore not entirely reliable source; that the evidence, even if — as in the case of the interest of the Soviet military in the "first strike" option around 1960-61 — true at the time may now be, as Mr. Gibney blandly suggests, of "academic interest," is beside the point. Psychological warfare, an oversold endeavor supported by a well-heeled vested interest, must go on, even if against one's own people, always the handiest target.

The Incurable Species

THE PROUD TOWER: A Portrait of the World Before the War, 1890-1914. By Barbara W. Tuchman. The Macmillan Co. 528 pp. $7.95.

George Dangerfield

On a first reading, this is impressionistic history, symptomatic, brilliant, but not deep. On a second reading, it seems to be suffused with despair. The "world" of 1890 to 1914 depicted here is, significantly enough, an Anglo-American and Western European world; it is shown to be bursting with energy; it batters itself to bits. Across the gigantic "sudd" of World War I, lying between us and it, only a few exceptional voices utter a language which connects with our own; they are the voices of composers, artists and writers; the rest are either complacent or base or deluded or unavailing. These speakers—the best as well as the worst of them—stand there on the farther side of the great "sudd," in a posture of failure. But the posture is symptomatic only; it does not reveal, still less explain, the cause of failure; indeed, it intimates that the failure is incurable. Mrs. Tuchman sums this all up, it seems to me, in one deadly sentence at the very end of the book: "The working class went to war willingly, even eagerly, like the middle class, like the upper class, like the species."

This sentence is deadly, not only for what it says, but for what it implies. Mrs. Tuchman is witty, she is very intelligent, she has a remarkable gift for narrative and descriptive prose; but when she uses the word "species," I do not think that she is writing like a historian. "Species" is a biological term, which reminds us of the immensities of evolution, and which—in the context of the sentence cited above—implies that mankind is a warlike species and must always remain so. Historical progress, on the other hand, is a matter of the incorporation of previous experience; and unless we assume that history is simply the record of follies and crimes, we have a right to believe that prog-

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ress of some sort has taken place. By progress, I mean moral progress—the endeavor to develop the full potential of man. When Mrs. Tuchman writes (of Jaurès' indictment of the capitalist system), "in his time it was *still* [the italics are mine] possible to suppose that the fault lay in the system, not humanity," she appears to be denying this kind of progress. I may have misinterpreted her, but I feel that *The Proud Tower*, vivid and engrossing though it is on almost every page, is at heart a despairing book.

The contents of her portrait are, necessarily, eclectic; as she says herself, she might have picked an entirely different set of subjects. The ones she has chosen are: the English Tories of 1895-1902, the Anarchists, the American imperialists, the Dreyfus case, the Peace Conferences at The Hague, the world of Richard Strauss, the English Liberals, the Socialists. Her criterion is that they should be "truly representative" and have "exerted their major influence on civilization before 1914, not after." (This is not true of the chapter on Strauss, which contains such names as Matisse, Picasso, Braque, Proust, Yeats and Stravinsky, and which is the one hopeful chapter in the book.)

How right she is to begin with the most complacent of governments. The Tories under the Marquess of Salisbury were, she says, "patrician." The epithet is altogether fitting. Not all Tory cabinets, it is true, had been so packed with landed aristocrats of impeccable lineage as this, but that is the point. For this was to be the last of the old Tory dispensations; and, as if to emphasize the fact that its hour had come upon it, it was arrayed in unusual splendor. And yet, by its behavior in the face of a world in rapid motion, it seems to have been quite unaware of its doom. Lord Salisbury — kindly, irritable, melancholy, retiring Lord Salisbury—was a very clever man, but his cleverness did not include an acute sense of the future. He was, said his Chancellor of the Exchequer, in schoolboy language, "keen about the housing of the poor and sanitary improvements," but that was all. "As long as I am here," he told the House of Lords, "nothing will happen." "Rightly or wrongly," he once announced, "I am not interested in the legitimate aspirations of Ireland." If a man says "rightly or wrongly," he always means "rightly."

Lord Salisbury was often bored by the speeches to which he was compelled to listen in the Lords, on such occasions he would set up a nervous drumming with his heels which, his colleagues on the front bench complained, gave them the sensation of seasickness. Boredom was also a characteristic of that other pillar of the Tory Party, the Duke of Devonshire. As Marquis of Hartington in the House of Commons, he had been a pillar of the Whigs; unable to see eye to eye with Mr. Gladstone, he had joined the Tories as a Unionist. Although he was the only man in public life who had been known to yawn in the middle of his own speeches, public life—next to horse racing—was his chief antidote against tedium. His immense wealth, his princely estates, the embraces of the Duchess of Manchester—none of these sufficed. Nor would it be true to say that he took office for the good of the nation (a claim often made) unless one adds the necessary rider that he identified the good of the nation with that of his own order.

Poem

Little green leaves
in the wind,
are you tourists?
John Tagliabue

In fact, the Tories under Salisbury were a conspicuous example of the "stake in the country" principle. Now it is almost a truism to say that those who hold this principle either end by plunging the stake into the heart of the country, or submit, like any common suicide of the old days, to having it plunged into their own. Because they were manifestly unable to accept the concept of change, the Tories, under Salisbury's exquisite nephew Balfour, were routed in the election of 1906; one might well say that they had died by their own hand. The election of 1906 is a crossroads in English history; and beneath all such crossroads there is some evidence of political *felo-de-se*.

Mrs. Tuchman, I presume, intends to make these unimpressionable Tories an example of indifference to the aspirations of the governed—an indifference inseparable from any portrait of this *fin de siècle* Europe. *Fin de siècle*, of course, usually implies decadence; and this world (as she points out) was seething with energy—aesthetic, scientific, industrial, human. With the exception of the Dreyfus case, which had all the fury of an ulcerated tooth, not one of her subjects reveals a decadent state of society. Each, however, points to a misgoverned one.

It is only appropriate that Mrs. Tuchman should follow her chapter on the Tories with a brilliant account of the anarchist movement. Deploying all her virtuosity in the description of personalities, she constellates this account around the figure of Prince Kropotkin. Kropotkin, with his noble forehead, huge beard and diminutive body, looked somewhat like one of Edward Lear's Old Men; and, like them, inhabited the ineffable world of Nonsense. But it was Nonsense with a difference. Gentle and amiable in his private relations, he dreamed of nothing but the spontaneous violence of unorganized revolution. After that, man would assume his rightful place in the Eden of stateless mutualism; in fact, he had always been there, although he had never realized it. This kind of Eden thinking is characteristic of the extreme Left and the extreme Right. It is as if the Serpent had wheedled, conspired against, squeezed and tormented man, but had never succeeded in forcing him to take the fatal bite. To Kropotkin, man was essentially good: he had not fallen.

When Bernard Shaw, in a pamphlet designed to annihilate anarchism, asked "how [if man was good] did the corruption and oppression under which he groans ever arise," this question was not (as Mrs. Tuchman seems to think) unanswerable. To such as Kropotkin, corruption and oppression were historical necessities, designed to reveal to man the horrid features of his Tempter. From this point of view, the theorists advocated "the propaganda of the deed"—*attentat*, assassination. Strike the Serpent in his most glittering form—a czar, a President of France, an empress of Austria. But, alas, such excesses led only to worse things. When anarchism's terrorists began throwing bombs mindlessly into theatres and cafés they seemed (like the flogging English headmaster, who wished that his scholars had only one bottom among them) to be saying that all mankind should be collectively chastised, since it stubbornly refused to recognize how good it was. In the end, the theorists disavowed the terrorists; they may have realized that Eden thinking ends only in death; and anarchism drifted away into organized movements, such as syndicalism, whose very name implies organization of a sort.

The anarchists did succeed in emphasizing (to put it mildly) the hypocrisy and misery which flourished under the capitalist state. If organization had not been alien to their mutualist philosophy, who knows how far they might have gone? The Socialists were organizers to a man; but the Socialists, in turn, did not succeed in their great and most humane endeavor, and that was to persuade all workers to down tools in the event of a declaration of war. Perhaps it was their compulsive fragmentation—splendidly described in "The Death of Jaurès"—which did them in; but more probably it was the fact that, unless all workers in all major states downed tools, the result would be frightful; for then the state whose workers had not struck would inevitably overwhelm the rest.

To express it another way, the only means of preventing war is to do so before it has broken out. *Si vis pacem, para pacem*: this is the difficult lesson which (I think) the governors of this world will learn, are indeed already learning, before it is too late. Manifestly, the official classes of Mrs. Tuchman's world were of another mind. Her chapter on the peace conferences shows that the personages gathered there were concerned only with formulating the rules under which it would be possible to conduct a war. But because that world was misgoverned then, must we blame this on humanity? Or, conversely, must we say that humanity always deserves the government it gets? Rightly or wrongly, I believe in the possibility of progressive government. But I believe that it is government, not humanity, that has to learn to be humane.

Schisms & Chasms

THE STATE OF WAR: Essays in the Theory and Practice of International Politics. By Stanley Hoffmann. Frederick A. Praeger. 276 pp. $5.95.

Irving Louis Horowitz

This book of essays proved disquieting. Not because its author's brilliant shafts lacked incisiveness, nor because it dramatically altered my picture of the world; my discomfort stemmed rather from a nagging sensation that I had been through these arguments before. *The State of War* recalled to mind dozens of issues I had grappled with—and not always as successfully as Mr. Hoffmann—in my own book of essays, *The War Game*. Yet Mr. Hoffmann's volume differs quite markedly from mine. His work called to mind the *Symphonie Fantastique*, in which the beautiful waltz scherzo of the second movement is transformed into a grotesque parody of the witches' sabbath in the fifth movement. *The State of War* has a remarkable capacity for clear initial statement which slowly declines into a sad and bitter pessimism (in the name of realism, of course), where Rousseau, Game Theory and Dialectic all become tragic grotesqueries.

Mr. Hoffmann and I (along with many social scientists) share a theory of programed conflict, view with similar disdain moralistic approaches to political problems, and have the same ultimate hope that the value of survival will prove to be more compelling than the interests of nation, class or prestige. But for him all of this shared wisdom is offered in the name of a hard-nosed continuance of the cold war, while I offered my interpretation as evidence that the cold war is obsolete and useless. The uncomfortable feeling therefore has to do with this: that if Mr. Hoffmann and I were in accord on the facts, then our discord was precisely over the question of morality—which I dare say we both seem too ready to dismiss as rhetoric.

But before being driven to such a conclusion, I felt it important, to myself at any rate, to see whether we were in fundamental agreement as to matters of fact and theory. With only slender satisfaction, I can say that the difference between *The State of War* and *The War Game* is not only a moral schism but, just as assuredly, a scientific chasm.

Mr. Hoffmann's book is divided into nine chapters. Six and one-half of them are more or less linked to the title, while the other two and one-half are essays in the history of ideas—from Rousseau, Kant and Hobbes to Aron, Schelling, Kahn and Tucker. Hoffmann is at his best as a historian of ideas, but the bulk of the book and the burden of the argument rest upon the chapters directly concerned with the "state of war." Chapters 2, 3 and the first part of Chapter 8 could well form the basis of a study in the the-

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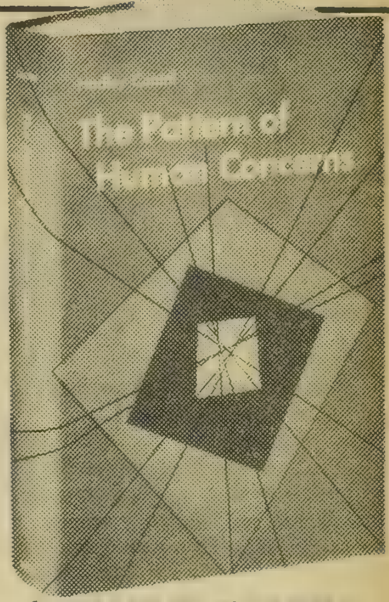

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THE PATTERN OF HUMAN CONCERNS

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oretical underpinnings of conflict theory in political and social science; but its critical spirit somehow does not carry over into the analysis of the main body of the text. Perhaps the problem is that this is a set of papers written over a five-year period, and reflects uneasy responses to amorphous audiences. Even in their "considerably revised" form, we have a set of essays held together by the author's sentiments rather than by a systematic accounting.

Hoffmann's sense of the dialectic is magnetic, perhaps even a bit magical. For instance, he can break out of the number three only once in the important chapter on International Systems and International Law:

A new system in the stakes of conflict is said to emerge when there is a new answer to the questions: (1) What are the units in potential conflict? (2) What can the units do to one another in a conflict? (3) What do the units want to do?

Next, the kind of alteration in the system is indicated by changes (1) that do not affect the system as such, (2) merely weaken the system, (3) ruin the system altogether.

The balance of power which brought about equilibrium in the classical period is then divided into three: (1) relative equilibrium among major states which are more than two in number, (2) common ties that cut across national lines, (3) systems in which the state exercises only limited power over its citizens.

Conversely the process of international deterioration is also subdivided into threes: (1) irrepressible ambitions of individual rulers, (2) the destruction of transnational ties through technological innovation, (3) strong integrative tendencies in the nation leading to heightened nationalism.

After a brief interlude, where the number four intrudes, we return to dialectical gamesmanship in describing stable international systems: (1) The law of the political framework. (2) The law of reciprocity. (3) The law of community. This dialectic of "the obsolete and the premature" goes on through the entire chapter. Indeed, even the chapter itself is subdivided into three parts. What is wrong with all this is not dialectics, but its didactics. Instead of concrete studies of international law, we get systems analyses. The legal order is said to be based on (1) common ends, (2) variations in time and (3) variations of space. Specific analysis yields to the pressure of a metaphysical catalogue. The purpose of this baroque jumble of categories is brutally simple: to tell us that the solidity of international law remains in serious if not inevitable doubt. Out of such dialectical mountains are molehills fashioned.

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The world Mr. Hoffmann creates is so "realistic," it is unbelievable. There are no economic forces at work propelling nations. There are no popular classes moving to gain independence from the bureaucratic empires of both East and West. There are no sloppy problems in the world but only systems about the world. As long as real dialectic is kept out of the reckoning—the dialectic of how the other participants to the game of war perceive war and the potential for peace—then, of course, Mr. Hoffmann can hardly be confounded. But the intellectual rigidity which motivates the author is irrepressible.

In a remarkable paragraph on restraints and choices in American policy, he writes:

> *One is bound by one's commitments; one is committed even by one's mistakes. The United States may be free to avoid new and mistaken entanglements in the future, but it is not free to tear out of its scrapbook the political misjudgments of the past. Nor is it free to avoid entanglements altogether. (The mediocrity of SEATO as an instrument of foreign policy has led, not to a United States withdrawal from the defense of Southeast Asia, but to a downgrading of this particular alliance in favor of direct United States involvement.) Once more, freedom of action shrinks to mitigating the bitterness of the unavoidable.*

What can this mean but the carefree abandon of the gambler—the "patriot" rather than the "expert" taking command? The fate of the gambler is that the rules of the game itself drive him to desperation. Programing conflict is a marvelous phrase—but such programing relies so heavily on the equilibrium which obtained even before the game gets under way that its utility as a root concept is questionable. The actual game has its own dialectic—and as Hoffmann shows, Russian Roulette is inevitably the outcome. To be committed to one's mistakes is to be committed to the *probability* of defeat. To think of every concession as a political collapse is to be committed to the *inevitability* of war. It is to confess the bankruptcy of the international "peril parity." Mr. Hoffmann's celebration of indeterminacy, ambiguity and a patternless world may lead to its opposite, a demand for determinacy, precision and manifest destiny—to a commitment to one's mistakes. What is so frightening is how accurately Hoffmann's views portray the current moment and mood in United States history.

The most significant scientific dilemma involved in Hoffmann's approach is his insistence on dividing the political world into two parts: the domestic and the international. The "domestic" ostensibly reveals a consensual pattern and is "based on the model of the integrated society." The "international" is based on a conflictual pattern, and represents a "decentralized milieu divided into separate units." This dualism enables the author to rule out of consideration civil wars or wars of national liberation. It fosters his already highly concentrated elitism by allowing him to consider men and nations of the Third World as manipulated tools of the big-power struggle. He speaks of revolutionary movements "as proxies for both Russia and China." Having convinced himself that the "domestic" is grounded in the idea of community, he can come to no other conclusion than that the absence of community is internationally inspired by the "game situation."

Such a dualism has serious analytic consequences. It stops one from examining the interpenetration of national and international goals. Take one recent instance: the Dominican Republic. The Dominican crisis can be considered an example of the trade-off policies of the Democratic Party—engaged in by its Presidential leadership from Woodrow Wilson to the present. The Democratic Party has a long history of bartering international self-determination schemes for national social security programs. That is to say, the classical technique has been to silence the opposition by maintaining a harder-than-thou posture toward the threat of international communism. In this way, the party can dissociate its domestic program of "creeping socialism" from any implications that such domestic legislation will aid the Communists. The Democratic Party posture—from the belated involvement of the United States in World War I, the arms embargo on weapons for Republican Spain in the thirties, the intervention in the Greek Civil War in the forties, etc.—has been to accept commitments to conservative foreign regimes in order to gain the advantage for liberal domestic programs. This pragmatic policy has been highly successful: it greased the path for the New Deal, the Fair Deal, the New Frontier and now the Great Society. There can be little doubt that this is but one instance of how national and international politics can be understood only as two sides of the same coin, rather than as qualitatively different entities.

The most significant philosophical dilemma involved here is Hoffmann's exaggerated sense of voluntarism in politics. As if political strategies of an age uninformed by past experience express anything other than the shared illusions of that age. He speaks of "spectacular mistakes" made by political leaders without considering the possibility that the ignominious defeat which engulfed Hitler on the Russian front is not nearly so much a matter of caprice and miscalculation as it is of the inevitable clash of world empires moving in contrary directions. To speak of the "mistake" of risking too much or too little as a threat to security or survival is naive, since one knows mistakes by the consequences rather than the prediction of events. The purpose of this voluntarism is to reinforce the untested premise that modern revolutions multiply the risks of war. This may be true when revolutions are carried out by small nations that leave intact the essential balance of forces (as did Cuba in the Western Hemisphere), but it is just as certain that warfare is minimized when revolution is carried out by major global areas that thoroughly restructure power balances, as in Russia in 1918 or China in 1949. What Hoffmann terms "risk" is therefore little more than the strident belief of current United States policy makers that any shift in the international equilibrium is in itself untenable and unacceptable.

Mr. Hoffmann uses the word "modest" in the most immodest way possible — as a warning against doing things or saying things which go beyond the confines of his vision of game theory; for example, a "modest pretension." Furthermore, he employs a barrage of terms quite differently from ordinary usage: *strategy* is used to replace rather than augment principles; *balance of power* is the same as bi-polarization; *commitment* is a surrogate for fanaticism; *concession* is akin to capitulation; *realism* becomes an equivalent to whatever the situation now is (as Hoffmann perceives it to be); *operational* is any policy unhampered by considerations other than victory.

What ultimately makes the book obsolete is not Hoffmann's vocabulary but the political motives behind his vocabulary: his notion that the major consequence of nuclear weapons has been to substitute crises for wars. Raymond Aron's premise is no longer true; for in the post-nuclear era, what has become decisive is the replacement of "crisis" (of the higher dialectical gamesmanship practiced by the major powers) with small wars. Indeed, to the extent that Aron is correct, Hoffmann draws the least interesting inference. For in a world of continuing crisis, the moral basis of conflict becomes more, not less, urgent and compelling.

We are told that the best social science can do is to show the limits of our knowledge and provide tools for the analysis of concrete situations. Causal analysis — single or multiple, historical analysis, and integrating principles for that matter—is held to be immodest and hence invalid. Mr. Hoffmann salutes his intellectual mentor Raymond Aron by noting that *Peace and War* is "a monument of scholarship in the service of doubt." One can only reverse the phrase when dealing with the author of *The State of War*: he has provided us with a monument of doubt in the service of scholarship. What is now required is not a celebration of doubt but the removal of at least some doubt through diplomacy.

Is He A Trendy?

JOHN BUCHAN. By Janet Adam Smith. Little, Brown & Co. 524 pp. $7.50.

Mordecai Richler

In the end, you've got to like John Buchan. Before accepting the job of Governor-General of Canada in 1935, he made a list of pros and cons, which included the following:

AGAINST	*Too easy a job for a comparatively young man* *A country and people without much glamour*
FOR	*An immediate peerage might revive mother*

Buchan got his immediate peerage, becoming Lord Tweedsmuir, which prompted Ezra Pound, of all people, to write: "Thank god for one Brit. peer who didn't BUY it or get it by DIRT." Pound, it seems, not only admired Buchan's thrillers, among them *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, but shared with him an enthusiasm for social credit and anti-Semitism. Describing a 1903 affair in Park Lane, Buchan wrote: "a true millionaire's dinner — fresh strawberries in April, plovers' eggs, hooky noses and diamonds." On the other hand, as Buchan's biographer, Janet Adam Smith observes, with an unconscious sense of parody, some of young Buchan's best and richest friends were Jews; and again in 1903, this time as one of Milner's young chaps in South Africa, Buchan went so far out on a limb as to write that it would be unfair to think of Johannesburg as "Judasburg":

> *You will see more Jews than in Montreal or Aberdeen, but not more than in Paris; and any smart London restaurant will show as large a Semitic proportion as a Johannesburg club.*

Furthermore, like many another young anti-Semite, Buchan mellowed into an active supporter of Zionism, a speaker at Jewish National Fund dinners, perhaps in the hope that hooky-nosed gourmets would quit Mayfair for the Negev.

But Buchan, I must say, was an astute Governor-General, full of insights into the Canadian soul. On the occasion of King Edward VIII's having his thing with Mrs. Simpson (the real-life story now being filmed with the principals by Jack Le Vien and soon to open in hard tops all across the Commonwealth), he wrote Baldwin: "Canada is the most Puritanical part of the Empire and cherishes very much the Victorian standards in private life. . . ." Buchan also grasped immediately that Canada suffered from a

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Mordecai Richler, a Canadian novelist now living in England, is the author of The Apprenticeship of Dudie Kravitz *(Little, Brown) and* Stick Your Neck Out *(Simon & Schuster).*

SPRING SEMESTER IN THE CLASSROOM

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great deal of provincialism and that the "crying need" was for "some national leader who would really guide the thought and touch the imagination of the whole country." In Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister he suffered so gracefully, Buchan saw no such leader. King, a crafty politician but unbelievably embarrassing sentimentalist, was a bachelor who kept pictures of his dead mommy everywhere, and consulted spiritualists rather than Washington before making major policy decisions (which, incidentally, suggests a theme for a future study of Canadian policy, foreign and domestic: on balance, were mediums less harmful to Canadian development than FDR, JFK and LBJ?).

Buchan also understood that Quebec was a major Canadian problem and that:

> *A great deal of blame attaches, I think, to the English population. There is a truculent Orange element in Ontario, and in Montreal, where the whole business world is run by the English, who are only a quarter of the population, there has been in the past a good deal of arrogance and unfriendliness. . . . It is not easy to get any kind of imaginative outlook from the ordinary hard-faced business man.*

He was refreshingly receptive to the ideas of bright young Canadians, like David Lewis, then national secretary of the C.C.F. (now the New Democratic Party), and actually read radical Canadian journals like *The Canadian Forum*, a reading habit shared with possibly 2,000 other Canadians.

In 1939, Buchan, bless him, brought King George VI to Canada on a visit. While the King never actually stopped on our street in Montreal, he did pass nearby and we were all scrubbed and turned out of school to wave at him on our first unscheduled holiday, as I recall it, since Buster Crabbe, the Tarzan of our day, had spoken to us on Canada Youth Day. For as long as George VI was in Canada my friends and I used to set pennies down on the tracks to be flattened by passing freight trains and then fan out into rich neighborhoods, where we told the kids the royal train had gone over them and got a nickel for each.

This tour, Janet Adam Smith writes, gave "great impulse to the growth of Canadian national feeling, as against provincial. French Canadians had begun to talk of 'our' rather than 'your' King and Queen." Lord Crawford wrote from London: "The visit has given Canada a status never quite conceded hitherto. Canada now stands out more distinct from the U.S.A., with her own personality clearly defined. . . ." To which I can only add: fiddlesticks. A year later the Mayor of Montreal, Camillien Houde, was interned for telling French-Canadians not to register for military service, and thousands took his advice, tore up their draft cards and took to the hills, rather than fight "a British war." Since then, of course, French-Canadian comments on the royal family are largely unprintable. As for us, the hooky-nosed, our feeling for the royal family was characterized by an amused benevolence. They didn't affect the price of potatoes. An enterprising lady on our street, Mrs. Miller of Miller's Bakery, baked the largest *chaleh* we had ever seen and sent it to Buckingham Palace for Princess Margaret's birthday. Her picture appeared in all the newspapers. "For local distribution," she told reporters, "we also bake *knishes* and cater for weddings."

Janet Adam Smith's biography, highly praised in England, cannot be faulted elsewhere. It is clearly a labor of love, impressively researched. She succeeds in convincing us that Buchan, with all his prejudices, was a decent and honorable proconsul. The archetypal self-made gentleman, jolly good at many things, embarrassingly excellent at none. He is survived by such as Harold Macmillan and Sir Alec Douglas-Home, which is another way of saying, if one may lapse briefly into contemporary British parlance, he is not a trendy.

Yet Another Interview With B. Bonnet

L. L. Case

(An interview with Beauregard Bonnet, author of *In Cold Weather*, the much discussed fur trappers' handbook, which many critics have hailed as a brilliant new departure in creative writing: A novel, in this case an arctic romance, cast here in the form of a nonfiction reference book, a compendium of statistical tables, charts and graphs.)

Mr. Bonnet, most reviewers have been surprised by your switching to a fictional theme, considering that your reputation has been based almost exclusively on your celebrated actuarial tables published by the Scylla and Charybdis Life Insurance Company in the forties. It must have taken a lot of soul searching before you decided to venture into fiction.

It certainly did. And I must say I didn't get much encouragement. When I first formed my theories of fiction as nonfiction my friends were unsympathetic. They felt that what I proposed—a tabular form that employed the most modern techniques of statistical method but was at the same time compellingly fictional — was nothing more than a mathematical solution for tired statisticians suffering from lack of data. I felt, I must say, that it was they who lacked data!

My theory, you see, is that you can take *any* fictional theme and make it into fiction as nonfiction. I don't mean by that, of course, that just faking some charts to prove a political point would qualify; it's an interesting genre, to be sure, but *impure*, without either the poetic altitude of fiction or the artistic integrity of a good bell-shaped distribution. I've been quoted, incidentally, as saying that fiction is now more factual than nonfiction. That's *not* what I said. I simply feel that fiction has been neglected, and that it has great relevance to 20th-century data processing.

Some critics have charged that fiction-nonfiction isn't really new.

Oh, sure. Usually they bring up *Moby-Dick*. But they're wrong, of course. Everybody knows that *Moby-Dick* was a treatise on whaling, but some of these people have been trying for years to prove that Melville really wanted to make a novel out of it. I don't believe it for a minute. He wrote this perfectly good whaling book and made it *sound* like a novel. Quite the other way around, and old hat, really. And it's just as useless for a writer whose talent is essentially fictional to attempt fiction-nonfiction, because it simply won't work. Do you follow me? A factual orientation is fundamental. I hate to sound querulous or arrogant about this, but I truly don't believe anything like what I have done exists in the history of fiction.

Getting back to your book, I think everyone agrees the climax was breath-taking. I'd like to know how you managed to resolve it.

You're referring, I know, to Graph 34, but I don't think of it as the climax. If you go back to Tables 14 and 15, you'll see that the intersection of the two principal curves was inevitable, given the situation set forth in Chart 33. The optimum conditions for Jane's survival were clear, even though the only variables explicitly compared in Table 14 were temperature and length of exposure. The style of parka she wore, her blood count, her hair length, her socio-economic background, her hygiene-aptitude scores, and the various other factors were what we call self-canceling. And ditto for Dick, from Table 15. Graph 34 merely carried through from Chart 33, by extrapolation; their two curves, though parabolic, were not parallel. Intersection was both possible and necessary. So Dick and Jane not only survived, but got together at the end, even though they lost their dog Spot. Sorry about that, of course.

Anyway, I'm glad you liked it. I was emotionally exhausted for weeks after I finished. But at least I'm certain that I brought it off perfectly. The book will be a classic.

A few people—I'd rather not mention names—have implied you've made a good thing out of your book financially. Any comment?

Well, why not? I went way out on a limb and risked six years of my life not to get rich but to invent a serious new art form for posterity. Besides,

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L. L. Case's satires have appeared in The New Yorker *and the* New York Herald Tribune.

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what if I make a million dollars or so, what's so great about that? Anyway, a boy has to hustle.

I couldn't agree with you more. Tell me, is it true that you never used a computer?

Yes, it is. I've always felt that a computer is incapable of the sophisticated nuance I require; besides, the flashing lights give me a headache. Even an old-fashioned calculating machine artificializes, you might say, the atmosphere of a statistical application to a novelistic problem. So I began, twelve years ago, to train myself to use an abacus. It took me a year and a half of daily practice to achieve perfect accuracy. And I'm terribly, terribly clever about that. When the abacus told me something a little bit wobbly, the beads slid from right to left, so I'd go over that part again. I'm an algebraic Paganini. I knew then, you see, that I was going to initiate a new art form, and I wanted to make sure it got off to a good start.

Are you planning another novel in this genre?

I'm thinking about it. Geodetic Press was rather pleased with the success of *In Cold Weather*, you know, and they're after me to do another. What I have in mind—this is only exploratory, understand—is a study of beach erosion in the West Indies. My working title is *Shifting Sands*, and the protagonist behind the charts will be a kind of modern Robinson Crusoe. I may make him a writer who is fed up with bestsellers, movie rights and book-promotion gimmicks, who loses himself on an island where there is no television and no interviewing. Everything is fine for a while, but what he *doesn't* know is that the beach-erosion rate on this particular island is increasing *geometrically*, and soon, well, you can see what I'm leading up to. I've already roughed out some marvelous charts!

I'll have my slide rule ready for it, Mr. Bonnet, and many thanks.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

NOTES

Some weeks have passed since I felt impelled to say anything at length about the new plays on or off Broadway. A play must possess a certain degree of *merit* for me to take the pains to denounce it. One of the vices of our theatre as well as of our criticism which exercises a malignant effect on our audiences is the practice of discussing shows in superlatives of praise or rejection. Is it worth anyone's trouble to expatiate on the inedibility of a rotten egg?

I am reminded of a critic who said in depreciation of a well-known and generally respected dramatist that he had a "second-rate mind." A second-rate mind is a *very* good mind if one begins to think of those one might cite as first rate: Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Spinoza. In what rank does Ibsen belong if we compare him to Aeschylus or Shakespeare; where does Pirandello stand in relation to Sophocles or Dante? And if Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Sophocles or Dante are "placed" higher than the others, does it signify that Ibsen or Pirandello is thereby nullified and cannot add to our understanding and pleasure?

The silly rating of artists by categories which are extremely vague and not really helpful to anything except perhaps to the critics' self-esteem must be decried. We are a hasty and lazy lot, we theatre critics, and we indulge our egos to the detriment of craftsmen and artists who in most respects are our superiors. This does not matter much except that our readers' minds are frequently softened in proportion to the stiffening of our critical snobbery.

I can be severe with *Marat/Sade* because it interested me in many ways. A play like *Cactus Flower* by Abe Burrows out of a successful French ("Boulevard") comedy does not exasperate or bore me (Royale Theatre). I liked looking at Brenda Vaccaro. I thought the others (Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson and the rest) pleasantly proficient, and like most of the audience I found numerous occasions for laughter. It's a "good show." But I have seen its equivalent many, many times all over the world, and beyond taking note of its commercial smile I see no value in further critical examination of it.

The Mad Show (at The New Theatre, 154 East 54 Street) is called a musical revue based on *Mad* magazine—a publication that has hitherto escaped my attention though it may be widely read. It is a very fast show: a series of high-voltage blackouts. Most of them are marked by joshing rather than satire of television—offensive to no one. One gasps at the pace, guffaws at the snappy punch lines, and appreciates one's own hipness as it reflects that of the entertainment. The company's four participants (particularly Linda Lavin in *The Boy From*—which is musically the best of Mary Rodgers' numbers) all work hard and well. Lyrics are by Marshall Barer, Larry Siegel and Steven Vinaver, and "Alfred E. Neuman's" biff-bang-thank-you-ma'am direction achieves its purpose. I had a brisk good time, but now some weeks since I attended the spree I can barely remember any of the things which amused me during the evening.

There is more substantial fun in the two one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward at the St. Marks Playhouse (133 Second Avenue), the first of which is called *Happy Ending*, the second, *Day of Absence*.

Happy Ending is a comedy skit about the exploitation of a silly and wealthy white couple by a family of Negro servants. They relish fleecing their no-account victims and we are gratified by their malice.

More biting and more pertinent is *Day of Absence*. In this the all-Negro (but one) cast plays white folk in very jolly masks—a "reverse minstrel show." In a small Southern town, the author bids us suppose all the black inhabitants have disappeared for one day. The white citizenry cannot conduct any of its business. The wellborn lady doesn't know how to feed or diaper her baby; no one is capable of cleaning, sewing, administering or brightening anything.

A batch of Southern types is introduced from the Mayor (played by the actor-author with considerable gusto) down to the Mop Man. All are characterized with hilarious caricatural skill. The play is somewhat too wordy, but provides us with a proper poke, even as it tickles. The direction by Philip Meister displays an ability to draw savage strokes of guying, so that the show exhilarates with a good swift kick in the seat of our conscience and risibilities.

What interests me most in Stanley Mann's two one-act plays which are being presented at the Cherry Lane Theatre, under the collective title *Rooms*, is the acting. The first of the two plays, *Better Luck*

Next Time, is a gimmicky comedy with one memorably witty line—something better than a wisecrack—and a few incidental pleasantries. The second play, *A Walk in Dark Places*, is a dramatization of a clinical case history involving hysteria, homosexuality, rape, drugs, madness and sundry psychic bumps from the trivial to the criminal. All this is projected as an alienist's office investigation resembling a trial scene.

None of the acting is "great": how often must it be said that great acting is almost more exceptional than great plays and that it benefits nobody to discover "greatness" in every effective performance. Shirley Knight, a handsome girl, alternates a comedy characterization of a lovable nitwit in the first piece, with the portrayal of a pathological young woman in the second. (George Keathley's direction in the comedy is too scrupulously exact or studied to establish the ease needed to relax the actress and the audience sufficiently for full enjoyment.) As far as the scheme of the play allows, Miss Knight's enactment of the sick girl is arrestingly graphic in its painful tensions.

Irene Dailey plays a professional divorce co-respondent with fine assurance and crisp intelligence in the first play, and brings an honest command based on emotional and technical maturity to the second—the coordination of personal experience or content with the calm of craftsmanship.

These performances (in addition to those of James Broderick in both plays) made me aware once again how versatile a company of young American actors might prove, how much they might offer us if there were really permanent companies in true repertory theatres around the country. The significant feature about the performances in *Rooms* is that, though they are not extraordinary in the sense of "genius" or breath-taking "inspiration," they are the kind we might frequently witness if actors were more often given the opportunity to play such contrasting roles as the actors do here.

In this regard I recalled with some melancholy that Irene Dailey, who made her New York stage debut in a bit part in Maxwell Anderson's *Truckline Cafe* in 1946, was never again seen in New York till she appeared in *The Subject Was Roses* in 1964.

Shall I remind my readers that there are other forms of theatre to be enjoyed besides those up- or downtown, on the main stem or in the byways of the city? There is, for one thing, the Dance. With the American Ballet at the New York State Theatre branch of the Lincoln Center festivities, one may admire the Broadway brilliance of Jerome Robbins' version of Stravinsky's *Les Noces*—a theatrical masterpiece. I use the qualification "Broadway" in this instance not as a pejorative but as a descriptive term. For though Stravinsky's score is eminently Russian (as well as "cosmopolitan"), and the original interpretation I saw at its world première in Paris many years ago confined itself to a stark black and white and the curious stiffness of a pristine religiosity, there can be no question that Robbins' variations and concatenations of a peculiarly American energy, with its hectic precision and feverish challenge of invention, serve Stravinsky in a marvelously original manner, adding new notes to the vocabulary of the dance theatre.

RECORDS

Benjamin Boretz

BACH: *Brandenburg Concertos*. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Herbert Von Karajan, cond. (Nos. 1-6); with Suites Nos. 2 and 3. DGG 1(3)8 976/78.

Concentus Musicus, Vienna; Nikolaus Harnoncourt, cond. (Nos. 2, 5, 6) Telefunken (S)AWT 9460-A Ex.

Marlboro Festival Orchestra; Pablo Casals, cond. Columbia M2L 331/ M2S 731.

Bach, evidently, can be misinterpreted in an inexhaustible variety of ways, of which three are given definitive representations on these *Brandenburg Concerto* recordings. Von Karajan, at his usual loss when confronted by music whose structural issues cannot be dodged behind sheer sound or propulsion, takes his usual course of substituting broad "interpretative" conceits for any real consideration of the compositional ideas at hand—not really that complex in the *Brandenburgs*, after all. Here the notion is to "characterize" each movement by imposing a single articulative approach on every event; thus every attack within a given movement is either completely detached or completely slurred. Whatever doubts remain are drowned in official symphony-orchestra sound. The latter, at least, provides some peripheral laughs: the booming reentry of the overkill string tutti after the (competently played) tiny-voiced harpsichord cadenza in the first movement of No. 5 has a grotesque pathos; the slow movement of No. 1 seems to have been performed under the curious illusion that it was the *Tristan* prelude; and the slowly unfolding sonorities of the first movement of No. 6 could, with a simple tonal transposition, be played at Bayreuth before the curtain to *Das Rheingold* without arousing anyone's suspicions. The orchestra, soloists and recording engineers add no further complications beyond the rather badly out-of-tune horn playing in some of the First Concerto, especially the third movement.

The performances by the Concentus Musicus of Vienna, on the other hand, are models of misplaced historicity, careful in their use of all the "authentic" instruments and ensemble dimensions, with no equivalent concern for the resultant balances, or for any particular weighting of accents, dynamics or phrases. Thus, although the performers all play within the same time span, and with respectable accuracy, they don't seem to be playing together in any musically significant sense; the effect in Bach's tightly interlocking textures is almost comical at times. What emerges may indeed be "the sound Bach heard"— his well-known views on the competence of contemporary performers gives some substance to this claim — but it is certainly not the music he composed; the neutral Baroquery of the Collegium Musicum is no nearer to Bach than is Von Karajan's Venusberg.

The Casals album is still another matter, for it represents far more a cruel and cynical exploitation of the eccentricities of an old man, whose name is still prestigious and salable,

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than any serious offering of a performance of the *Brandenburg Concertos*. The resultant exhibition is painful; madly fast or erratically fluctuating tempos, screaming accents, sudden spurtings out of inner-part fragments and equally sudden fade-in-fade-out volume changes, as if someone were randomly turning volume controls for each part independently, as well as for the entire ensemble. In this context, Rudolf Serkin's sober (piano) playing of the harpsichord cadenzas in No. 5, and, in general, the exemplary precision with which all of Casals' instructions are carried out by the Marlboro performers, thus projecting every oddity with brilliant clarity, only make the experience all the weirder.

BACH: *Hohe Messe* (Mass in B-minor). Soloists, Chorus, and Orchestra of the Netherlands Bach Society; Anthon van der Horst, cond. Telefunken (S)AWT 9416/18.

A performance in the good, clear Netherlands choral tradition, textually faithful and utterly straightforward, which again results in the transformation of the intensely special language of Bach's ideas into the common formulas of his Baroque predecessors. Even more than the Concentus Musicus recording of the *Brandenburgs*, this represents a highly professional execution of an essentially amateur conception; such, evidently, is the increasingly inescapable fate of works of great internal profundity and complexity that are superficially easy to perform, but it seems an inappropriate subject for a recording project.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonatas: in B-flat, Op. 106 ("Hammerklavier"); in A-flat, Op. 110. Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3900/BC 1300.

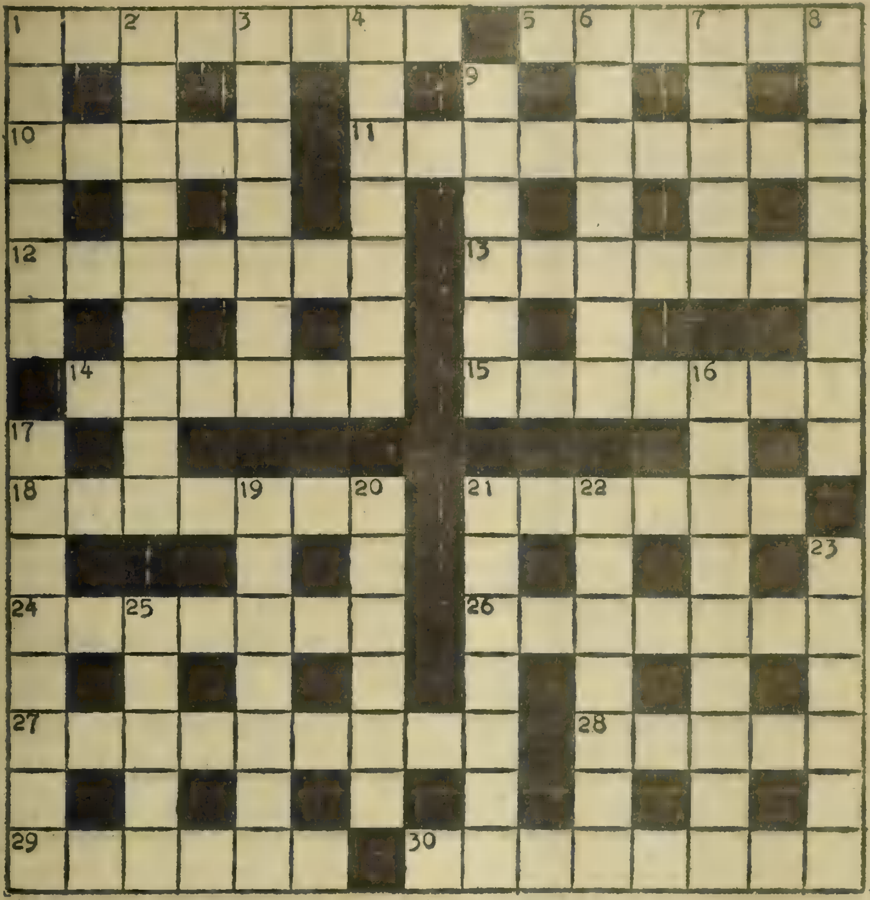
If Charles Rosen is not the most remarkable living pianist, there must be other criteria for that distinction than the capacity to play the Hammerklavier at the tempo and with the sonority and control that one had always assumed were reserved for the "ideal piano" obviously conceived by Beethoven—to be heard only mentally during a reading of the score or by inference from the best possible, necessarily imperfect performance. Rosen's capacity to project both the long-range pitch and rhythmic structure (especially the way pitches in the same register connect as linear and durational profiles even when separated by long time spans) is truly sensational. In the outer movements, this is accomplished by taking tempos fast enough to give unitary coherence to large-scale events; and within these astonishingly concentrated time spans, every detail is not only clearly articulated but sonically and accentually weighted so that its precise relational meaning is clear. In the slow movement, this same precision of weighting, particularly in sonority and volume, sustains the coherence of succession over remarkably long and slowly unfolding passages. And the transition among the tempos, textures and sonorities of the Adagio and those of the Fugue, achieved as a wholly continuous succession, is perhaps the most impressive moment of all. Throughout, one has the sense that Rosen is aware of all the events taking place in the length and breadth of the work's texture, not just those at the registral extremes or immediately adjacent to one another; it is this quality, above all, that seems to give his performance its wonderfully complex intelligibility.

BEETHOVEN: The Rasumovsky Quartets (Opus 59, Nos. 1-3); Quartet, Op. 74 ("Harp"). The Juilliard String Quartet. Epic SC 6052/BSC 152.

The Juilliard's performances are characteristically purposeful, with a tensile alertness to every nuance and detail that produces precisely the right framework for the projection of Beethoven's string-quartet ideas. Their realization of the extended dynamic, accentual and registral ranges of the works (perhaps facilitated in Bartók-Schoenbergian retrospect) is probably equaled by no other existing group; the explosive openings of Op. 59, Nos. 2 and 3, of the Allegro of Op. 74, and the less obvious accented single cello note beginning the second movement of Op. 59, No. 2, for example, depend entirely for their identity as immediate signals of formal concentration on the instantaneously full-valued attack that the Juilliard Quartet uniquely achieves. And the final fugue of Op. 59, No. 3, is played nearer to the blinding speed required by Beethoven's metronome marking (as well as by the counterpoint of time levels essential to the entire structure) and with more precision in the machine-gun articulation of every figurational attack than any performance I have heard since the recording (on the Bartók label) by the old New Music String Quartet. But all this only makes one wish, even more, that the Juilliard Quartet would at last match its articulative capacities with an equivalent care for ensemble accuracy, intonation and sonority.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1140

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 5 Reared by the sound of it, and by a goat? It's one's basic job! (5, 3, 6)
10 A slice of melon and other fruit.
12 Not muffs for the listeners — they're nuisances. (7)
13 How Hans Brinker spoke of a troublesome situation. (2, 5)
14 A very minor insult! (6)
15 Claimed to be a type of school for those we might expect to cut up.
18 A recognized part of the curriculum in Pennsylvania. (7)
21 A saucy word for those who are reputedly swinging on top. (6)
24 One who applauds with the tongue, perhaps. (7)
26 Stimulated by the call of the sirens? (7)
27 Listens in actual surroundings while getting ready for play. (9)
28 Where some put chalk, as those in 27 should respond. (2, 3)
29 He used to supply fighting men, but sounds more delicate. (6)
30 Lots of these are common, on or near the highway. (4, 4)

DOWN:

1 All birds are requested to pay! (6)
2 Her suitor was a real swinger when it came to using a 24! (That's how real dames turn out!) (9)
3 Were such men of Conan Doyle hard to figure out? (7)
4 This might help drive a head out of sight, though we probably have one on hand. (4, 3)
6 Turned over and tacked on, by the sound of it. (2-5)
7 Characteristic of art, it could be.
8 To do so would be a rather warm gardening job for the dissolute. (8)
9 Such an architectural feature would be almost a triumph. (6)
16 The saucer gets broken when Kitty climbs in, looking for Friday's dinner? (9)
17 Gets experienced churchmen, possibly. (8)
19 How to find the second runner fixed. (2, 5)
20 Glaring like a fish? (6)
21 and 22 Burgundy evidently made him daring. (7, 3, 4)
23 Proving summers might be a little deadly. (6)
25 and 11 across Not a light measure for 2 ounces! (It might be experimental.) (1, 4, 2, 3, 4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1139

ACROSS: 1 Little Men; 9 Guilder; 10 Up-draft; 11, 12, 6 across and 15 down The Flight of the Bumblebee; 13 Lion; 15 Badinage; 16 and 29 It's all up to you; 18 Mahler; 20 Nowadays; 23 Lack; 24 Der Tag; 25 Alb; 28 Bastion; 30 Edwin; 31 and 26 Robert the Bruce. DOWN: 1 Light; 2 Tail-end; 3 Ladyfinger; 4 Markings; 5 Naught; 6 Odds; 7 Tsarina; 8 Entangles; 14 Straighter; 17 Tom Thumb; 19 Hacksaw; 21 Analyst; 22 Leaner; 27 Mien.

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Big as well as small business follows the flag. The two largest U.S. banks, Bank of America and Chase Manhattan, have asked for licenses to open branches in Saigon, and First National City and American Express are also studying the opportunities. Fifteen banks are already operating in South Vietnam, with the French and British in dominant positions. While doing a job on the Vietcong, shouldn't we be correcting this situation too? Henry M. Sperry, a National City Bank vice president, thinks we should. After cordial visits with Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and Vietnam officials, Sperry declared that it would be "illogical" to permit the French and British to "monopolize" the banking business, because South Vietnam's economy "is becoming more and more U.S.-oriented."

And with so many big spenders around it is also becoming more and more inflationary. The *Newsweek* story pointed out that the United States has been pouring vast amounts into South Vietnam—$600 million a year in foreign aid alone, or more than one-fourth of that country's gross national product. The current $500 million military construction job is not being done by organizations like the Seabees of World War II—that wasn't free enterprise. A consortium of U.S. construction companies is handling the job this time, with a payroll that will rise to 65,000.

Of course if the Vietcong should win the war and get back their own country, the boom would collapse. But the American business community is confident that nothing so calamitous will be allowed to take place. As one big construction official said, "Johnson certainly wouldn't build all this for the Communists."

AID for Whom?

If nothing else, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on Vietnam are making painfully clear how hard it is to get a sensible response from a bureaucrat. David Bell, the administrator of AID, told Sen. J. W. Fulbright's group that the $2.7 billion in economic aid pumped into Saigon's corrupt economy since 1954 has left the country in "much better" condition, with "considerable agricultural improvement" —although in the next breath he had to admit that Vietnam, which used to be the rice bowl of Southeast Asia and as such a great exporter of the commodity, now is in such terrible economic shape that it must *import* $21 million worth of rice each year. To some extent, of course, this is because U.S. troops and airmen have burned the rice fields.

Bell said he felt that the AID program had done a lot of good. For whom? For the Saigon crooks? For the North Vietnamese? Bell admitted that one of AID's "very significant problems" is the ease with which Vietcong agents can go into stores in South Vietnam, buy U.S.-supplied medicines and groceries, and, with a little cautious dodging, take them to North Vietnam or even China. The Saigon merchants, imbued with the patriotism we hear so much about, will sell to anyone, especially if he is willing to pay black-market prices for the goods we gave their transient rulers for nothing. Sen. Joseph Clark pointed out that more than ten years ago President Eisenhower insisted that economic aid to Vietnam be dependent on the reform of the government. Had this policy been followed? No, Bell conceded, it hadn't.

Sometimes the cheerful recitation of multibillion-dollar mistakes brought pained outcries from Senators who cannot understand such smug waste. "There is a $37 billion backlog of unmet needs in communities in this country," Albert Gore remarked, "yet this year alone we will spend half of that in Vietnam." Yes, said Bell, and that's too bad; but he thought Gore might be overlooking the brighter side, which is that Korea has sent a division of troops to the war! (He said this in earnest, as if he did not mean to mislead, as if he could not see the shining irony of it—that *we* have *two* divisions of U.S. troops stationed in Korea, whence *one* division of *their* troops come to our assistance!)

It is not likely, with the Administration staunchly resisting any conversation with the American people, that much information of consequence will come out of these hearings. Indirectly, however, the Administration's efforts to suppress news is already having the desired and expected reaction—a flurry of exposés by newsmen such as the Washington *Star's* Richard Critchfield, four of whose articles from Saigon placed in the *Record* by Senator Clark, gave the first session of the Foreign Relations Committee its only meaty information. "Though the United States has spent billions in Vietnam, it has invested only $4 million in land reform from 1954 to 1960, nothing from 1960 to 1965 and is spending only $1 million this year," writes Critchfield. "The United States gives goods, the goods are sold to people with money to buy them and the money goes to support the war. But the effect is to nourish an urban economy in which the middle and upper classes prosper but does almost nothing to improve the life of the 80 per cent of the peasant population."

It would take Fulbright's group three hours to drag that much information out of a man like Bell, and then it would come forth wrapped in misleading excuses. Critchfield is not the only reporter on the scent. Richard Harwood of *The Washington Post* writes, "Of the total AID package of more than $500 million for the current fiscal year, less than $2 million is earmarked for schools and school supplies in the villages, only $1.1 million for rural water systems, $1.8 million for 6,000 rural self-help projects, $12.8 million for public health, and $5.8 million for agricultural development. The total for these projects—about $24 million—is less than the $27 million AID will invest this year in a desperate effort by the National Police Force to curb the misuse of U.S. aid and to stop the flow of contraband to the Vietcong."

This kind of tough honesty, which is seen with encouraging frequency in the American press these days, is going to make the artful dodging of Administration witnesses sound all the sillier.

The Top-Priority Issue

It is sometimes useful to view an issue from outside the conceptual framework within which it is currently discussed. There has been no real debate on the China question although, as James Reston pointed out recently in *The New York Times*, it "lies behind the whole war" (in Vietnam). While there has been no real debate, it has become clear—despite Dean Rusk's muscular efforts to avoid an unambiguous statement on the point—that our main concern is with China, not with Vietnam, North or South. It has also become increasingly clear that some if not all of our hawks would like to see us strike at China's nuclear installations now, on the assumption that we will eventually have to deal with China militarily. China, of course, makes much the same assumption. In effect, therefore, the military of both nations look at events from closely aligned viewpoints; that is, they assume that China and the United States will sooner or later find themselves at war. It is precisely this shared assumption that creates the greatest danger of war.

What is not so clear is that both nations are now in the process of preparing for a direct military confrontation. For example, if the Pentagon assumes that we will eventually strike at Chinese nuclear installations, either by provoking China or by way of reprisal or for any other reason, then it would follow that we would first bring into being, in South Vietnam and Thailand, a military complex formidable enough not only to prevail on that ground but to withstand a massive land attack from the Chinese to the north. For it should be kept in mind that the North Vietnamese and the Chinese might move south so rapidly, and in such force, that they would overrun South Vietnamese and U.S. forces or succeed in creating a situation in which we would not dare to use nuclear bombs because of the grave hazard to South Vietnamese and our own personnel. Also we might well hesitate to use nuclear weapons for fear of the damage that just one well-placed Chinese bomb might work on Saigon and its inhabitants. By this logic, then, we would first need to have a huge force in South Vietnam and Thailand, a force of, say, 800,000 or 1 million men, as some experts have estimated, along with bases, air fields, harbors, warehouses, etc. In effect we would have to have a force in being *before* we struck at Chinese nuclear installations.

From the Chinese point of view, therefore, what we are now doing must seem a convincing fulfillment of their own deep assumptions that we intend to make such a strike. If China's leaders assume, as they must, that we intend to launch an attack, sooner or later, then it is reasonable for us to assume that they *want us* to establish a huge army on the mainland, regardless of what it may mean to the Vietcong or the North Vietnamese. For China cannot expect to cope with U.S. air and naval power; in these fields it is hopelessly outclassed. As China sees it, then, the only way to fight a war with the United States with any prospect of success or stalemate would be to bait us into establishing a huge army on the mainland. This in turn might account for China's insistence that North Vietnam fight on—and on. Granted that all this is surmise, it is still relevant. For one thing, it indicates the vital need for a real debate on China.

The Chinese may not be, as U Thant suggested recently, "obsessed with fear and suspicion," suffering from "the equivalent of a nervous breakdown," but there are now unmistakable signs that they are preparing for war; Felix Greene detailed some of the evidence in a recent speech at Stanford University (January 19). The Pentagon, of course, must read these signs as fulfilling its own assumptions about Chinese intentions. Before we get into a land war with China, arising out of "the mirror image" that each military has of the other, full hearings and debate should be held on our China policy—if we have a policy. And a likely lead-off witness might well be Henry Luce who, in a little-noticed address before the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco on December 3, gave it as his opinion that the general East-West confrontation in the Pacific—not communism per se—is today the top-priority issue on the world's agenda.

Conscience of a Lawyer

The New York Civil Liberties Union this month gave its 1966 Florence Lasker Civil Liberties Award to Clifford Durr, a man well known in the days of Franklin Roosevelt as the conscience of the Federal Communications Commission. He was responsible for issuance of the Commission's "Blue Book," a report that criticized broadcasting for excessive commercialization and tried to impress on the industry its responsibility for serving "the public interest, convenience and necessity," as the law provides. It was Durr, also, who put through what became known as the "AVCO rule"—prompted by the Aviation Corporation's attempt to buy radio stations—which provided that a station owner wishing to sell his property must advertise for bids and not make private deals (a rule that has not been enforced as well as it might have been). Durr fought against advertising agency control of broadcasting and pushed FM, insisting that at least some of the new channels be reserved for educational purposes. He stood up against encroachment by the big newspaper publishers into broadcasting.

Durr's career in Washington came to an end when he boldly quoted the Constitution to Harry Truman, who was then setting up his Loyalty Review Board and creating a temper in the country that encouraged Sen. Joseph McCarthy to scramble for power across the reputations of his fellow citizens. He denounced McCarthyism even before the term was invented. In recent years, Durr has been practicing law (he has recently retired) in his home town of Montgomery, Ala. It has been a quiet practice, primarily the crises and tragedies of the very poor. None of the big civil rights cases have come his way—perhaps because he is a brother-in-law of Justice Hugo Black, and potential clients have feared that if their cases were to reach the Supreme Court their warmest friend on that bench might have to disqualify himself. Or perhaps clients wanted a less controversial lawyer; Durr has never been orthodox, in Washington or in Alabama.

The Lasker citation refers to "consistent and outstanding courage and integrity in the defense of civil liberties whether in the performance of duty or above and beyond the requirements of duty." Clifford Durr would agree that he has tried to do his duty, but nothing he has ever said suggests that he feels he has done more than his personal integrity and professional skill have required of him. It would not have occurred to him that there was anything unusual in that, and we are particularly happy, therefore, that the Civil Liberties Union has obliged him at last to see himself as his admiring contemporaries see him.

Lewis Gannett

Lewis Gannett was as attractive a man as everybody said he was, and he was a superb 20th-century reporter. He had exceptionally clear blue eyes. He saw a book or a thing plain. Then he sat down and within minutes wrote what he saw, exactly. He reported precisely and steadily in his column in the New York *Herald Tribune* what was in that book—that was his gift. He reviewed 8,000 books in 6,000 columns. He was possibly the one American newspaper critic of whom we can say that he was lucid, informal, readable, unpedantic and, above all, unpredictable all the way. Lately, he entered the hospital in Sharon, Conn., near an old house on top of a sun-swept and wind-seeded hill, where he had lived for forty years, and he died on February 3, at 74, after a short illness.

Lewis Gannett made his way to the New York *World* and, after covering the Versailles peace conference, to Oswald Garrison Villard and *The Nation*. He became an associate editor and continued as a contributor to the magazine after joining the *Herald Tribune* staff in 1928. He wrote what he saw in Lewis, Dreiser, Anderson and Cather, and then in Hemingway, Faulkner and Dos Passos—as he had written and was to write what he saw in China (*Young China*, 1926), and from an automobile crossing the United States (*Sweet Land*, 1934), and on that hilltop (*Cream Hill*, 1949). Four times he wrote two successive columns about single books—by Santayana, Henry Adams, Sandburg and Gunther. In the world of books when he began, and for twenty years thereafter, American writing was generally thought a branch of English literature. Gannett did not overestimate the work of his countrymen; if anything, he underestimated it. But he was quick, penetrating and, on occasion, bold. "I would recommend to editors a name I have never met before, that of John Steinbeck," he wrote in 1932 of *The Pastures of Heaven*.

One day in the 1950s, he walked about Cream Hill with a friend. The old house had many good plain American chairs in it and comfortable space between them, and there wasn't a piece of clutter in it, front to back. Several times Gannett paused to look at a lithograph by his wife, Ruth Crisman Arens Gannett; he said, "Ruth is the artist, you know." It is easy to imagine the coming scholar, busy at his push-button research in American literature, asking the computer: "Who thought the book worth reading when it came out? What did he see?"—and getting back one of those 8,000 reviews in 6,000 columns (1923-56) by Lewis Gannett.

Marguerite Young

DE GAULLE AND L'AFFAIRE . . .

Alexander Werth

Paris

It is tempting to say that there are more important things in the world than the Ben Barka scandal. This month, the Common Market crisis, which had dragged on for more than half a year, at last came to a reasonably satisfactory end. Weighing up the pros and cons, all the Six decided that it was in their interests to let the Common Market continue. The five other partners refused to put on paper their agreement with France's objections to the Council's majority vote in favor of "supranationality"; but it almost comes to the same thing: if they do not want to break up the Common Market (and, for the present, they obviously don't), they must act as though they had subscribed to France's objections. The French insist on this point in part because they believe that if the majority vote does not take force, it will be easier for Great Britain to join the Common Market in the near future. In 1963, during his great love affair with Adenauer, de Gaulle slammed the door in the face of "America's Trojan horse," but he has since discovered that the real Trojan horse is not Britain at all but Germany, and he would welcome in the Common Market a major partner who shared his objections to supranationality.

In fact, though, de Gaulle no longer rejects, as he did last summer, any kind of political union; during the election campaign in December, he defined his position:

> *Once, as I hope, we get over the Common Market ordeal, we should like to propose once again . . . the beginnings of a political cooperation. I am sure that, sooner or later, England will join. But this would not be a supranational Europe. Europe is what it is. But it could become a cooperative body and, after a time, a confederation.*

During the campaign, de Gaulle became acutely aware that if France strongly approved his foreign policy in respect of NATO, the Atlantic Alliance, Vietnam and his *rapprochement* with the Russians (he is to visit Moscow this summer), the country, particularly the French farmers, was made exceedingly nervous by the thought that the Common Market might disintegrate if de Gaulle persisted in his tough policy, as illustrated by the June 30 break-up at Brussels. Not that the French were alone to blame; men like Hallstein and Mansholt thought (as the French put it) that they could extend the powers of the Brussels commission, with the French not daring to provoke a major crisis inside the Common Market a few months before the French Presidential election. This was the "blackmail" to which Couve de Murville refused to yield. Much to everybody's satisfaction, the danger to the Common Market has now abated.

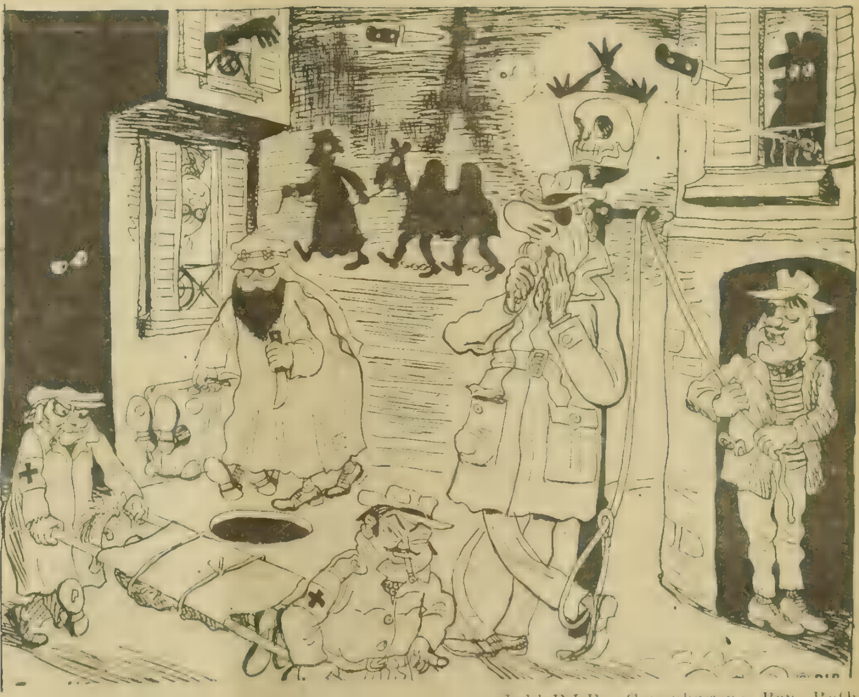
Far more important than the ups and downs of the Common Market is the resumption of the bombings of North Vietnam. It would take too long to summarize all the French charges of hypocrisy, incoherence, ruthlessness and ineptitude that have been brought against President Johnson's policy in the last few weeks. It is sufficient to say that even if the "Christmas truce" was not taken very seriously, it still suggested that Washington was perhaps trying to find some way out of the impasse. The appeal to the UN might have made sense if some reasonable and constructive proposals had been submitted with it; but on four occasions—so it is thought here—the President made it clear that he was not thinking along those lines. *Le Monde* dismisses the appeal to the Security Council as a demagogic trick intended merely to weaken the growing opposition in the United States to the war; "but to approach the Security Council after the resumption of the bombings was to destroy in a few minutes all the good done by the pause. . . ." Recent utterances by General Wheeler and other brass have created the greatest uneasiness in France, and in Europe generally; not only is the word "genocide" being used, more and more frequently, in respect of the unhappy men, women and children of Vietnam, but many European commentators do not rule out an extension of the war to China (with God knows what further complications) before the end of 1966.

All this is, of course, much more important than Ben Barka. Nevertheless, the scandal is filling up ten times more space in the papers, and taking up more time in conversation, than any other topic. It has become *L'Affaire*, and only two *affaires* in the past have enjoyed the capital A: the *Affaire Dreyfus* between 1894 and 1905 and the *Affaire Stavisky* of 1934 which shook the foundations of the Third Republic. Its ultimate effect on the future of France is still unpredictable; but if it has not marked the beginning of the end of de Gaulle's Fifth Republic, it has certainly, for the present, weakened it to an extraordinary degree.

De Gaulle has made a practice of referring to the "rottenness" and "corruption" that existed under the Third and Fourth Republic; and he had largely succeeded (with the help of the strait-laced Madame de Gaulle) in giving France an air of majesty, purity, integrity and respectability. Madame de Gaulle had surrounded the "Court" with an aura of Victorian virtue; thus, divorced people were banned from the more select receptions at the Elysée Palace; persons not married in church were frowned upon, and no man with a girl friend on the side had much chance of being elevated to the rank of cabinet minister.

The Ben Barka affair has shown that, below the façade of Gaullist respectability, there was a great deal of dirt in France—some of it very near the steps of the throne. It also recalled to mind that, ever since de Gaulle's London period in 1940, a great deal of very shady police activity has gone on in the great man's shadow. If de Gaulle regards the secret police as an evil, it has been to him an inevitable, and indeed indispensable, evil, and there were times when he was only too glad to use its services as an instrument of his policy.

One of the President's sharpest critics, Admiral Muselier, commented years ago on the "*basse police* and Gestapo atmosphere that surrounded de Gaulle in London"; his secret services, run by men like Soustelle, were of great value to him in Algiers in 1943, during his struggle for power against the American-patronized General Giraud. Later, in 1947, when de Gaulle started on his "Rally of the French People" movement (RPF), a "shadow army" was built up; it included many bona fide Gaullists, who had taken part in the Free French intelligence networks during the war, but attracted also a remarkably high proportion of criminal-fringe riffraff, among them former German collaborators, former members of the Vichy *milice*, of the Doriot gangs, et al. This "shadow army" of the RPF was to be maintained in a small way even after the RPF itself had collapsed as a political force; and its 1954 chief, Jacques Foccart, is now the secretary-general of the Elysée in charge (officially) of African affairs but (unofficially) of police and intelligence matters. His name has been mentioned in connection with the Ben Barka scandal. Police inspector Souchon, one of the policemen who actually arrested the



Juul-P.I.B., Copenhagen; Ben Roth

President de Gaulle Has Personally Requested a Thorough Investigation into the Ben Barka Affair

Moroccan leader, later claimed that he had been given assurances by Antoine Lopez, the chief organizer of the kidnaping, that Foccart knew all about the plan and that he, Souchon, was therefore "covered" at the highest level.

During the late phases of the Algerian War, when the French-Algerian OAS terrorists became extremely active in both Algeria and France itself, de Gaulle's "shadow army" split into two fragments, part of it following Soustelle into the OAS and another part subdividing again into what came to be known as the "parallel police" and the *barbouzes* — respectively, an anti-OAS intelligence network and anti-OAS commandos. Since these people were fighting the anti-de Gaulle and "French Algeria" terrorists in their own way, it might be argued that they were on the side of the angels. Many *barbouzes* lost their lives in savage encounters with the OAS. But the trouble is that the *barbouzes* and the "parallel police" included many shady adventurers and downright gangsters.

After the Algerian War ended, the two groups should have been dissolved but, for still unexplained reasons, they were not. Instead, they enlisted still other adventurers, many of whom had originally been part of the OAS terrorist gangs. By the time the Ben Barka scandal blew up, it was difficult to say to what political camp any of these people belonged. Many of those who took a direct part in the kidnaping of Ben Barka were plain gangsters, such as Boucheseiche, to whose villa outside Paris the Moroccan leader was taken; or Figon, who had apparently been ordered to assassinate him in Cairo last summer, who took part in the kidnaping, and who was then found shot through the head in his Paris hide-out on January 17 when the French police finally made up their minds to arrest him. It is generally believed here that he was "suicided" by the police.

Not only the "parallel police" but also the two much more official French police services were involved in the kidnaping. Lopez, the chief organizer, was an important (though unofficial) member of the SDECE, the "French CIA." Officially he held an important administrative post at Orly airport outside Paris, but it seems evident that he was also acting as an agent of the Moroccan secret services and, more particularly, of General Oufkir, Morocco's Minister of the Interior. Oufkir, the "strong man of Morocco," dominates the police, the army and (to all appearances) the King himself.

To cut short a terribly long and complicated story, it seems clear that Ben Barka had been approached on the King's behalf with the proposal that he should return to Morocco and so help to "widen the political base" of the Moroccan regime. Oufkir, determined to scotch his dangerous rival, induced Lopez to organize the kidnaping. Lopez secured the help of two regular inspectors of the Préfecture de Police, Souchon and Voitart, who carried out the actual "arrest." Lopez seems to have persuaded them that this would be done with the approval of both the Elysée (M. Foccart) and a certain M. Aubert, right-hand man of Roger Frey, the Minister of the Interior. Such at least was Souchon's claim.

Apparently on the strength of the stories told by the much-too-talkative Figon (a hireling who took part in the operation), *L'Express* published on January 10 a hair-raising account of how Oufkir himself arrived in Paris, drove to the villa where Ben Barka was held prisoner, and, unable to control his blood lust, stabbed his political rival to death "with a Moroccan dagger."

Whether Oufkir personally murdered Ben Barka has not been definitely established; indeed, it is not even certain that the man is dead (no body has been discovered). But the French Government could not pretend that it did not know Oufkir organized the kidnaping, and that he had been in Paris on October 30 and 31, the two days following Ben Barka's disappearance. Hence the belated international warrant for the arrest of Oufkir—a quite unprecedented step for a government to take against an important minister of a foreign country.

The question that has, quite inevitably, been raised is to what extent the American CIA is mixed up in the affair. One has only to leaf through the New York *Herald Tribune* to see that Oufkir is looked upon in certain American quarters as "Morocco's best protector against communism," while Ben Barka, an organizer of the Three-Continents conference in Havana, was regarded as a "Communist agent," or at least (and bad enough) as a man who would help turn Morocco into a "Gaullist" and "neutralist" country, as free as possible of American influence.

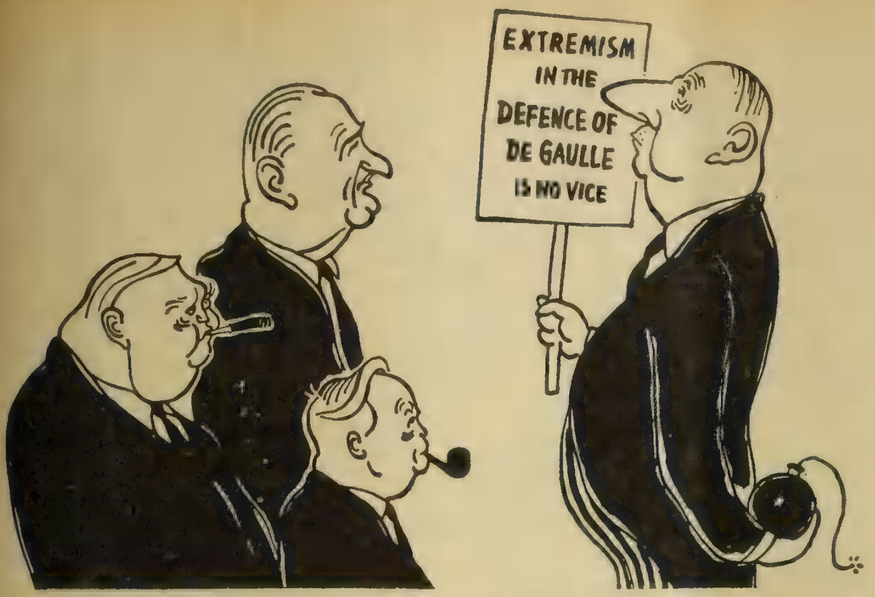
There is good reason for saying that de Gaulle was deeply upset by the "stab in the back" coming from Morocco, for whose young King he had a particular friendship and whom he had tried, over the years, to convert to a "neutralist" policy. It has also been suggested in Paris that one of de Gaulle's most cherished ambitions is to form all three North African countries (Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco) into an "American-free" French zone of influence. This is not to imply that there is any truth in the story Oufkir is now (so it is rumored) planning to reveal: that de Gaulle had two important meetings with Ben Barka shortly before the kidnaping. But the theory that the CIA played a part in the kidnaping is given fairly wide credence in Paris. François Mauriac declared in the *Figaro Littéraire* that the American agency had pulled off a tremendous double coup: it had deprived the Third World of Ben Barka, and had discredited de Gaulle. "If they didn't do it, then the Devil himself must have played the game for them."

The inquiry into the Ben Barka affair is continuing, and the extent of the reaction still cannot be gauged. It has already had serious international repercussions. Relations with Morocco (whose King has refused—or has been too scared—to do anything to Oufkir) are extremely strained, though diplomatic relations have not yet been broken. The attitudes of the other Arab countries have been curious. Nasser has taken de Gaulle's side. When a Moroccan envoy arrived in Al-

POVERTY, INJUSTICE & THE WELFARE STATE

Beginning next week, a two-part study of the bureaucratic preoccupations, moral judgments and abuses of power which corrupt the administration of public welfare in the United States. Why would an Ombudsman be largely ineffective here? Three proposals for establishing justice for the poor.

By Richard A. Cloward & Richard M. Elman


EXTREMISM IN THE DEFENCE OF DE GAULLE IS NO VICE

Abu, The Observer, England: Ben Roth

geria, thousands of students demonstrated in the streets, shouting "Oufkir *assassin!*" (and also, here and there: "*Vive* Ben Bella!" and even "*Vive* de Gaulle!")—in effect, a left-wing demonstration against the military dictatorship of Boumedienne, now figuring in the minds of the more progressive elements as a sort of Algerian equivalent of Oufkir. In Paris, Moroccan students passed a resolution condemning Oufkir's police state.

De Gaulle may have derived some slight satisfaction from this African support, but the Ben Barka Affair has not done him, still less his regime, much good. The truth is that when de Gaulle announced that he was running for President on November 4, he must have known some of the main facts of the Ben Barka kidnaping. He may already have felt that some of his ministers were not running the various police services as they should—which would help to explain why he asked for a personal vote of confidence, not even mentioning his ministers as the people who would continue the "new Republic" after he had gone.

Many other strange things happened. On November 3 (barely a week after the kidnaping) Oufkir was again in Paris, and invited Frey, the Minister of the Interior, to a dinner at the Moroccan Embassy. Sufficient evidence was already available to arrest him, but for "reasons of state," as was later explained, this was not done. Two days later de Gaulle asked the King of Morocco to take action against Oufkir, but it is clear that the President was anxious at that stage not to create a major diplomatic incident, and—what is more damaging—did not wish the Ben Barka scandal to become public in France before the election. Only a very small number of arrests were made, and practically all the underworld figures who had taken part in it (Boucheseiche and the rest) were allowed to escape to Germany or other countries. They seem to have been well paid for their services by the Moroccans (out of CIA money, several papers here have alleged).

The arrest of the two police inspectors directly responsible for Ben Barka's arrest was first delayed and then kept dark. Needless to say, de Gaulle's opposition has alleged that, whoever may have been "covering up," the President himself had, to say the least, tolerated the reticence.

Even after the election, very little was heard about Ben Barka; his kidnaping did not become *L'Affaire* until the second week in January when *L'Express* published its sensations, and especially until Figon's mysterious "suicide" on January 17. A few days before that de Gaulle is said to have flown into a sudden rage over the goings-on in the various French police services; he then fired General Jacquier, the head of the SDECE, and transferred the agency from the authority of Prime Minister Pompidou to that of the Ministry of Defense. A former ambassador, 77-year-old Léon Noel, was given the job of recasting the whole French police system. The old gentleman said it would take two or three months to draw up the reform. The opposition parties duly noted that the sorry business was being pretty well kept "within the family," Noel having been one of the big shots of the RPF in the past and, worse still, the "protector" of Lemarchand, a Gaullist deputy and the lawyer who had defended Figon in his 1955 trial, who had maintained close personal contact with his "client," and who had been extremely active in Algiers as a *barbouze* and a member of the unofficial "Gaullist" intelligence network.

During the cabinet meeting following Figon's "suicide," de Gaulle again become very angry when he realized that few of the ministers accepted the "suicide" story. Whatever the President himself thought, he made some disobliging remarks on the way Frey had conducted the whole affair. Not that Frey has been fired yet, nor, for that matter, Pompidou, then the nominal head of the SDECE, who had received various warnings about the impending kidnaping of Ben Barka but had done nothing about them.

De Gaulle has, to some appreciable extent, been deglamorized, and some of his ministers, and particularly Frey, are thought to have covered up a great deal of very dirty police business. Now the big question is how long will it take for the affair to blow over. The inquiry being conducted with energy by the inquiring magistrate, M. Zollinger, is intended (so de Gaulle has promised) to "tell the whole truth." But will it? The opposition have suggested that de Gaulle is now going through all the motions of righteous indignation, but that he himself may have a few "guilty secrets"—which would explain why he has not yet fired Frey. (Frey, we might add, played a curious role at Algiers in 1958 when he used the radio there to spread panic in France; perhaps he knows more about the inside story of 1958 and more recent events than de Gaulle wishes to have generally publicized.)

What seems much more serious is that de Gaulle, for all his apparent desire to have the whole truth revealed, has so far firmly opposed a special meeting of parliament and, above all, the constitution of a parliamentary committee of inquiry on which all the political parties would be represented. Such committees did valuable work both under the Third and the Fourth Republic, whenever public opinion was badly rattled by a major scandal. They usually got at the whole truth —whether about the anti-parliamentary riots of 1934, or about the Stavisky scandal, or in 1950, about the *affaire des généraux*, with its leakage of military secrets, or the *affaire des piastres*, the currency rackets in Indo-China. But the idea that the detested "parties" should poke their noses into a matter as delicate as the inner workings of the various police services is more than de Gaulle can as yet bring himself to swallow.

The Gaullist ministers and Gaullist UNR deputies are deeply perturbed by what has happened, and look with some dread toward the parliamentary election of 1967. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that the opposition parties will not make political capital out of the Ben Barka affair. It is even more difficult to see Pompidou or Debré leading the UNR to a great election victory.

'CONDUCT UNBECOMING . . .'

Lieutenant on the Peace Line . . . . John Rechy

El Paso, Tex.

As this is written, Second Lieut. Henry H. Howe, Jr., 24, of Boulder, Colo., is locked up in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kan.—the first soldier to be punished for marching in a peace demonstration against the United States Government's position in Vietnam. He was arrested last November by civilian police in El Paso, Tex., in a manner which many contend—and at least one military spokesman for the prosecution asserted — was illegal.

Tried by general court-martial, Lieutenant Howe was euphemistically charged with using contemptuous language toward President Johnson and with conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. A third charge—intention "to promote disloyalty and disaffection among the troops and civilian populace of the United States" — was dropped.

Although ably defended by his military counsel, Capt. Thomas C. Bigley of the Judge Advocate General's staff, Lieutenant Howe was found guilty and given a severe sentence: two years' imprisonment at hard labor, dismissal from the service (the equivalent of a dishonorable discharge), and forfeiture of all pay and allowances.

Despite the fact that appeals of his case were pending, Lieutenant Howe was immediately placed in virtual solitary confinement in the Fort Bliss stockade. He was allowed visits only from his counsel, his family and, on special permission, from his girl friend. He was permitted to receive telephone calls from the same parties, but a call from a Denver reporter was interrupted. His mail and reading material were censored.

Joining the case as civilian counsel, the American Civil Liberties Union quickly announced its intention to appeal Lieutenant Howe's conviction in the civil courts as unconstitutional, being a violation of his right of free speech. The ACLU also charged that holding Lieutenant Howe in the stockade while appeals were pending was a further violation of his rights.

Subsequently, in an automatic review of the case, Maj. Gen. George T. Powers III, commanding general of Fort Bliss, reduced Lieutenant Howe's sentence to one year's imprisonment at hard labor. It was announced belatedly that Lieutenant Howe would be given credit for time served in the Fort Bliss stockade.

In view of the ACLU's announced intentions, General Powers' reduction of the sentence has been interpreted by some as a strategic move whereby the defendant officer may have served his full sentence by the time the case is appealed to other courts. Thus, even if the decision were reversed, the Army seems vindictively determined to punish Lieutenant Howe.

In an adventurous maneuver (if realized, it would have been the first such instance) the ACLU filed a writ of *habeas corpus* in the U.S. District Court to have Lieutenant Howe released on bail pending appeals. Attorney Melvin L. Wulf of New York, pleading the case as legal director of the ACLU, pointed out that defendant officers in the past have been allowed to remain free or restricted to quarters while appeals are heard—and not imprisoned in the stockade unless the charge involved violence. It was clearly the political nature of the case which resulted in Lieutenant Howe's incarceration, Mr. Wulf implied; and he charged that Major General Powers had acted "capriciously and arbitrarily" in the matter.

General Powers was subpoenaed to answer the charge. A man with three sparse patches of hair and narrow eyes in a face stamped with a stony mirthlessness, attesting to his many years in the Army, General Powers reacted to Mr. Wulf's questioning with the outrage of a man not used to explaining his actions.

He asserted bluntly, almost belligerently, that he had decided to incarcerate Lieutenant Howe because the lieutenant was "not fit to be an officer" and, outside the stockade, he would have had to be treated as one. The general "just knew" that other officers would want to have nothing to do with Howe (although, on Mr. Wulf's prodding, he admitted he had taken no survey, nor asked any officer).

Predictably, General Powers asserted his belief in the infallibility of the Army system ("I have never questioned the constitutionality of a court-martial proceeding"), although, again, Mr. Wulf managed to make him admit that on occasion he had heard that a court-martial decision had been reversed. "I don't think this case will be reversed," General Powers prophesied.

General Suttle, the judge (who had only a month or so earlier ruled against a petition filed by Leon Day asking that the Army be en-

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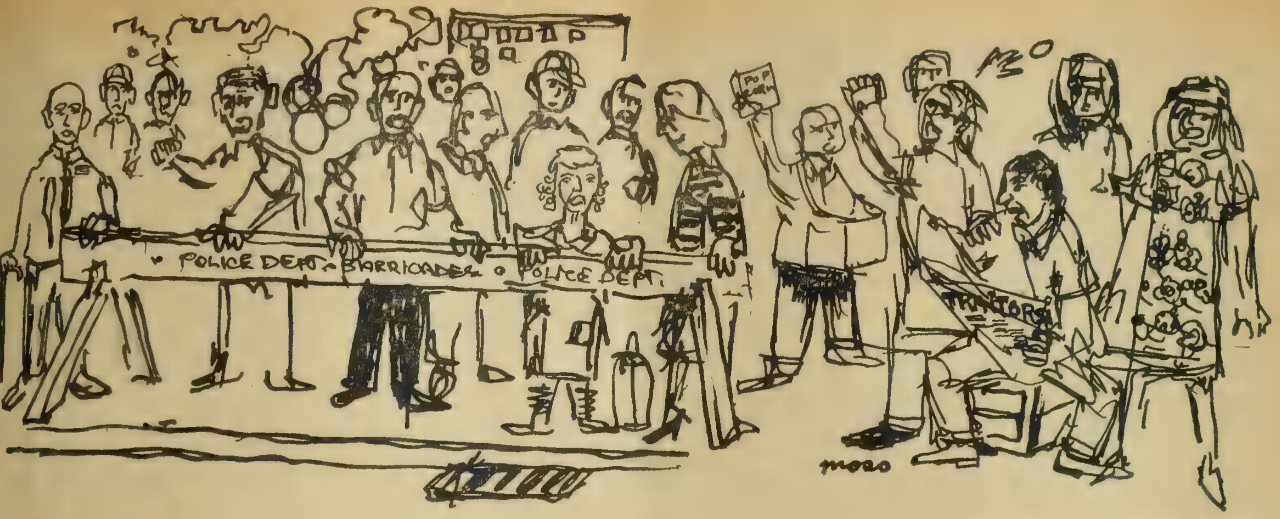
John Rechy is the author of City of Night *(Grove Press).*


POLICE DEPT.
BARRICADES
POLICE DEPT.
TRAITORS

joined from discharging him dishonorably for having belonged to the Socialist Workers' Party), left little doubt as to where his own sympathies lay. He pointed out to Mr. Wulf that "we have to think in numbers," implying that Lieutenant Howe's case must be considered in regard not to one individual's rights but to the efficient operation of the Army. He also admonished Mr. Wulf that this was "not a civil rights rally." Almost as predictable as General Powers' testimony was Judge Suttle's ruling that the decision to incarcerate Lieutenant Howe had not been "capricious and arbitrary." He would, however, not act on a motion by Mr. Wulf that the Army be restrained from removing Lieutenant Howe from Fort Bliss pending disposition of his case in the 5th Circuit Court of Appeals. The judge declined to do so on the ground that he had no jurisdiction in the matter, although in ruling at all he had assumed such jurisdiction! No amount of rational explanation by Mr. Wulf concerning this and concerning the fact that Lieutenant Howe's removal would create new difficulties for his defense would sway the judge, who announced his feelings quite succinctly:

"I hope we don't see the day when the federal courts can tell the U.S. Army what to do!"

The next day, Lieutenant Howe was flown to Fort Leavenworth.

Now, his case goes automatically to the Army Board of Review; then, depending on that board's findings and the subsequent decision of the Howe defense, it may be appealed to the three-member civilian Court of Military Appeals, the highest military court. Neither of these two bodies may increase the sentence—only reduce it or allow it to stand. Claiming that Lieutenant Howe's constitutionally guaranteed rights have been violated, his defense will appeal his case in every court available. If it should reach, and be accepted for hearing by the Supreme Court, it will be the first military case heard by the highest court in America.

Recalling that Gen. Edwin Walker was never court-martialed for disseminating Birch Society and similar rightist material to soldiers in his command, one must wonder whether any charges would have been brought against Lieutenant Howe had he been demonstrating, say, for the bombing of Hanoi.

A second trial emerging out of the same demonstration in which Lieutenant Howe participated will be based on charges for libel brought by Dr. Richard C. Trexler, of the History Department at Texas Western College, against the El Paso *Times* for printing a letter exhorting the college authorities to "throw the bum out," and brandishing the wild—and currently popular—charge of "treason."

The peace demonstration from which these trials stemmed occurred on an unusually warm, humid November afternoon in El Paso, Tex., when about a dozen young men and women, most of them college students, led by Dr. Trexler, marched in San Jacinto Plaza—the heart of this handsome city—amid jeers and shouts for scorched flesh from a mob of more than 2,000.

The paradox is that El Paso, compared to Texas' pistol-packing larger cities like Dallas, or its devil-oriented smaller ones like Lubbock, had appeared, before all this, as the progressive daughter in a wealthy reactionary family. It was the first city in the South to pass an ordinance banning discrimination, and reportedly the first to integrate both its lower schools and college. It accomplished all this without incident, and subsequently one of its previously all-Anglo high schools elected a Negro "most popular boy."

What, then, could have stirred this generally tolerant city into a vortex of hatred? It began like this:

Late in October of last year, Nick Cheshire, a former student at Texas Western College, which is located in El Paso, and Harry Bowen, a graduate student and teaching assistant there, petitioned the city council for a permit to march in protest of the Vietnam war. They had previously been told by a member of the traffic control department that they would need such a permit.

At the hearing of the council, the Mayor, while contending that there was nothing illegal about such a demonstration, called the request for a permit "an exercise in provocation and incitement . . . a further refinement of the tactics of civil disobedience . . . intended to . . . discourage the laws requiring patriotic duty in service of the flag, and impede the conduct of war." An alderman intoned: "I can think of nothing more despicable than a man who will not fight for his country." (It would be interesting to know how the alderman ranked genocide, poverty and lynching in his scale of things despised.)

Although the alderman also admitted that such a demonstration was legal, the council — in what was, for its questionable ends, an idiotic move at best--voted to deny the group permission to march.

Insisting that they would march, the small committee retained J. B. Ochoa, Jr., a man identified with civil liberties cases, as its attorney and found a faculty spokesman in Dr. Trexler, formerly a first lieutenant in the Air Force, now a captain in the inactive reserves.

The hostility began to mount. A branch of a local patriotic club, the Civitans, adopted a resolution asking that Texas Western College professors showing sympathy for students in the protest group be "silenced" (a funny—if scary—echo of gangster movies!) or "separated from the tax-supported salaries they now enjoy."

The Junior Chamber of Commerce drew up a resolution urging El Pasoans to fly the American flag to indicate their "stand against communism." Not to be left out, the local League of United Latin American Citizens (LULACS)—reputedly the only national minority group not represented at the civil rights march on Washington—drew up *its* resolution opposing the demonstration, perhaps mainly to show that its members are every bit as pseudo-patriotic as the Anglos. It is a compulsion exhibited by certain of El Paso's Latin Americans. (One could call them Uncle Tomáses.)

The intrepid American Legion urged that no permit be given to the demonstrators and, reminding them of the freedoms they enjoyed, inevitably illustrated the most ferocious irony of rampant ersatz "patriotism": its seeking to deny the very freedoms it celebrates.

Germinated by such fever, two threatening telephone calls were made concerning Dr. Trexler, one to his wife, one to the Mayor's secretary. As a result, Dr. Trexler was guarded at the college by a campus policeman.

LET'S HAV
MORE

Shifting from the crowing complacency of the earlier weeks, before the city had revealed that it too contained a group dedicated and brave enough to demonstrate, the El Paso *Herald-Post*, a Scripps-Howard paper, reacted like a wronged wife. Its headlines shrieked, its editorials dealt in innuendo, its news stories inflamed, and its letters-to-the-editor column allowed its readers to denounce, as did that of the El Paso *Times*, an independently owned newspaper. ("Communist-inspired beatniks," the letters shouted, "egghead professors," "malcontents," "anti-American," "seditious," "led by an expert . . . trained for such things," "advocating revolution.") In a typical editorial, while condescendingly upholding the group's right to demonstrate, the *Herald-Post* declared:

"The history of communism has been one of infiltration, subversion and terrorism. . . . In time, unless we stand up to it, it will reach our shores (as indeed it has already in some measure)." After that statement, its thickly rhetorical "caution against tarring advocates of free speech with the brush of treason" (a bow to those "good citizens, who abhor all that the dissident group represents [but who] nevertheless defend its right to be heard") amounted to mere piety. The overall meaning was clear.

Although not known as a "liberal" newspaper, the *Times* at least seemed occasionally to be attempting to sound a rational note. In a stirring move, it printed the Bill of Rights to remind the city of the granted rights which some were attempting to deny the demonstrators.

Before this recent uproar, the atmosphere at Texas Western had been accurately described as "seething with apathy." A somewhat sleepy college, despite a handful of competent and even talented people on its staff, it had seemed determined to qualify for its nickname —"the high school on the hill." Years ago, a brave instructor had protested the showing, without opposing comment, of the pro-HUAC film *Operation Abolition*. He left shortly thereafter, and apathy again settled on the school like moss.

Lately, however, the college, partly through its Excellence Fund—supported by local private contributions—had managed to bring a more spirited group of teachers to its campus. Among them was Dr. Trexler.

Dr. Trexler's courageous stand caused a roiling questioning of themselves among the complacent members of the faculty who had lulled themselves these many years. A petition, signed by sixty-three faculty members and administrators, urging the city council to reverse its decision—"irrespective of the undersigneds' opinions as to the merits of American policy, or as to the wisdom of the planned protest" —was safely worded, but it was enough to cause great anxiety among some of the faculty.

One later retracted her support. Another explained that he was asking the city to pave a section of land adjoining his property and could not therefore afford to sign. A third questioned the integrity of one of the demonstrators whom she did not like personally. Another contributed—secretly—to the group's legal fund.

The dissenting professors received other support: from the Action Committee of the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors; from 675 students at the college who signed a resolution upholding the decision of professors to speak out; from the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith; from letters to Dr. Trexler (including one from a woman "in a military home"); and from infrequent letters in the newspapers. But those notes of reason were all but drowned by the cries of lunacy.

At the height of the furor, the city attorney was finally consulted as to the legality of the demonstration. (Incredibly the city officials had not thought of doing this at the start!) The ludicrous result was the revelation that no permit had ever been needed. The city council had acted fatuously on hot air.

On the eve of the demonstration, the Scripps-Howard paper carried an "interview" with Dr. Trexler, featured prominently at the top of its front page. In the only bold-face paragraph of a 20-inch story, the newspaper reported:

"Dr. Trexler said that he believes the welfare state is an ideal situation. He said he does not believe that the individual's control of his own money or property is a basic freedom." In the minds of those already aroused, that was tantamount to making Dr. Trexler a professed Communist.

Protesting that he had been misquoted, Dr. Trexler clarified his views to the editor and the reporter who had written the story. He had said that the "right to own property is not the *only* basic right"; he had not mentioned money. He had further said he thought the welfare state was "necessary and desirable" in that "the government has interest in the welfare of its people," and he approved of that interest.

"That's the same as 'ideal,' " said the reporter.

"No, it isn't," the editor admitted.

The paper made no formal retraction, but a clarification appeared about 26 inches down in the body of the story that described the demonstration the next day—too late and too obscure to affect anything. The president of a mortgage company wrote the college president, enclosing a photostat of the questionable interview and encircling the very remarks Dr. Trexler had denied:

"I am encircling a paragraph which certainly distressed me. In view of Dr. Trexler's general attitude, I see no reason for our company to continue to contribute to the Excellence Fund at Texas Western College as long as a man of this type remains on the faculty."

The atmosphere had grown so ominous that the police department announced it was stocking tear-gas grenades to cope with possible disorders during the demonstration.

At 1 o'clock on that warm Saturday the sad circus finally began.

"Here they come!" a youngish man (hanging from the branch of a tree) shouted to the mob in San Jacinto Plaza. The mood until then had been that of a high-school football rally: young people laughing, vendors doing a good business. But, now, that awful camaraderie which exists among those who have found a mutual scapegoat seemed to embrace the majority of the spectators. Hatred focused on about a dozen young men and women—mostly "A" students at the college—led stoically by Dr. Trexler.

Its dignity further outraging the mob, the small group began its slow, somber, courageous march, outlining a quadrant of the park. They carried signs which read: "Have We Asked The Vietnamese?" "End The Bombing." "I Want The Truth About Vietnam." "Would Jesus Carry A Draft Card?"

The only harshly worded sign was carried by a thin, serious-faced young man, clearly not a part of the planned demonstration. His placard read: "End Johnson's Facist Agression in Viet-Nam," and, "Let's Have More Than A Choice Between Petty, Ignorant Facists in 1968." Its two misspelled words perhaps attested to the fury with which they were penned.

This demonstrator, wearing civilian clothes, was Lieutenant Howe, a graduate of the University of Colorado and at the time of the demonstration assigned to the 31st Engineers at Fort Bliss. Not very long ago, he had written his parents that he was proud to serve his country. The escalation of the Vietnam war, despite Johnson's campaign promises to the contrary, had led him to join the demonstration.

"They oughtta turn the boys from Fort Bliss on 'em!," an old man wearing a cap shouted, ignorant that one of "the boys from Fort Bliss" was among the demonstrators. Pitifully he turned (like a child to an adult) for approval from the young people about him. Other sad old men were passing out miniature flags, obviously exulting in the awareness that the crowd was with them. Again a part of an army—this time a heckling, cackling, motley army—they joined in piling insult on insult:

"I'll get the gasoline, you burn yourselves!" "Yellow reds!" "Traitors!" "Commies!" "Cowards!"

An emaciated young counter-demonstrator (paradoxically he looked like the press's caricature of the "peacenik") appeared carrying a sign which read: "Don't worry, the squirrels will gather them up before winter sets in." On the apparent assumption that anyone who carries a picket is against America, the crowd had at first hooted at him as he walked toward the demonstrators; and when he joined the march, an obviously drunk man tried forcibly to remove a tiny American flag which the pasty-faced counter-demonstrator had pinned to his lapel. As the crowd read the sign, cries of approval replaced the execration. From the side lines, the Mayor, sporting sunglasses and a funny small hat, watched with an amused smile as the crowd became surer of itself.

After about half an hour, the demonstrators crossed the street to the garage where their cars were parked. Quickly, Lieutenant Howe was led to one side by the police, who began immediately to question him. The other marchers drove away through a portion of the street cleared by the cops.

Even a howling mob is pitiful; this one hung around for long moments, like those who linger at a party afraid of the isolation they know will grip them once they're alone again. Having acted in unison against a scapegoat that was now gone, they were strangers once more, these outcasts in their own right, so desperate to be incorporated.

Why Lieutenant Howe was stopped by the cops is still not entirely clear. Several conflicting reasons have been offered, including one that he had called attention to himself on the base by expressing his views against the Vietnam war and was therefore quickly spotted by military police who pointed him out to the civilian police. The fact is that the police knew he was a serviceman (and at the station one cop offered to turn him over to the other prisoners).

Many contend his being held in the first place to be illegal, pointing out that he was stopped and detained ostensibly as a "vagrant" when the police did not have the requisite "reasonable grounds" to suspect him. In a brief filed with the military court, Captain Bigley asserted that the seizure and arrest had been illegal. Angry reaction from the prosecution did not shake its decision to withhold from evidence the placard carried by Lieutenant Howe. (If it had been introduced, the legality of the manner in which it was obtained might have become an issue.) Instead, photographs of Lieutenant Howe carrying the sign were introduced, and the court heard testimony by witnesses as to the wording of the placard.

However, in his review of the case for General Powers, the staff judge advocate, a colonel, admitted that the sign was a product of illegal arrest and subsequent illegal seizure and that for that reason had not been introduced in evidence at the court-martial!

In the interrupted interview by Harry Farrar of the *Denver Post*, Lieutenant Howe is quoted as saying:

> *One of the hallmarks of fascism is the suppression of free speech. There is a clear distinction between responsibility to the military and the rights of a citizen. I have never refused to obey an army order. I would go to Vietnam if ordered to do so. On the other hand, I believe I have the right to express my opinions as a citizen. . . . I believe it is my responsibility, as a citizen, to protest against something I think is wrong.*

So far, the Army has disagreed; but the case is still to be resolved —perhaps, if all else fails, by the Supreme Court.

And El Paso now? The *Herald-Post* still practices its sometimes subtle, sometimes blatant distortion. Carrying a UPI story on the anti-war demonstration in Washington, it shouted across page 1: "Peace Pickets Wave Red Banners." Any who read beyond that—and many, of course, had not—would discover, buried half a dozen paragraphs beneath the harsh gravestone of the headline, that only six among the more than 15,000 carried the foreign banners. And the *Times* recently chastised twenty-two Presbyterian ministers in San Francisco who, contending that Jesus had taught Christians to pray for their enemies, criticized President Johnson for asking for a day of prayer "exclusively in support of anti-Communist forces" in Vietnam.

Still, there are hopeful indications in this badly shaken city.

The letters to the editor are not as vituperative as before; and one of the city's most sedulous right-wing letter writers recently decried those who deny free speech, no matter of what political leaning.

Also, in numbers exceeding all expectations, hundreds (jammed beyond the doors of the hall), mostly students from "the high school on the hill," attended a pro-and-con discussion on Vietnam; and that discussion was held on the campus of the college where, not too long ago, several instructors had been afraid to sign a petition in support of free speech.

Further, when Harry Bowen, one of the two who petitioned to demonstrate, was informed that he was being fired from his supplementary job as counselor of a privately owned — but college-controlled — dormitory, fifty students threatened to move out of the building, and a group of professors protested the firing to the dean of students. Bowen retained his job.

And greatly significant was the Scripps-Howard paper's grudging editorial after the demonstration. While still denouncing the marchers, it said:

"Perhaps it takes courage of a sort to demonstrate in an unpopular cause."

Truth in Packaging

THE SUPERMARKET CAPER . . . Jennifer Cross

Now that the "truth in packaging" bill has been taken out of Senatorial deep freeze, the legislature will again find they have uncovered a thistle scarcely less prickly than the issue of how many guns for Vietnam or how much butter for the war against poverty. If the bill manages to pass, it will be a major landmark in consumer legislation. Like the National Commission on Food Marketing (NCFM), which was set up by act of Congress in July, 1964, and is due to report in July of this year, it has provoked the concentrated hostility of the $80 billion food industry.

Rumbles of discontent were being heard in the supermarkets long before Sen. Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.) started his packaging investigations five years ago. Consumers and consumer organizations the country over complained that the retail shopper, far from being the sovereign, rational buyer that manufacturers like to make out, was bewildered and frustrated. Since 1961, the supporting evidence has become monumental, and most of it centers on packaging.

Aside from the problems of how to choose from among the 8,000 items in today's supermarkets (more than five times the number stocked before the war), confusing or dishonest containers make it impossible to buy rationally or to compare prices. To drive this point home, Mrs. Helen Nelson, California's Consumer Counsel, organized a shopping test in a typical Sacramento supermarket. She selected five college-educated housewives, gave them each $10, and asked them to buy fourteen common household items, ranging from rice to toilet soap, choosing solely on the basis of the most quantity for the least money. The results, she later testified before the Hart subcommittee, were depressing. Her team took nearly twice as long as the average shopper, and half the time could not identify the cheapest items.

The ladies were not incompetent —merely at sea among the plethora of sizes and weights which go far beyond people's desire for variety. As Mrs. Sarah H. Newman, general secretary of the National Consumers League, told the NCFM last October, "customers really do not benefit from having seventy different sizes of potato-chip packages available to them." Nor do they benefit from the multiple fractions in which these weights and sizes come, and which would be quaint if they did not look suspiciously like cheating.

A These odd measures can be legitimate marketing practice, as the packaging industry has been quick to point out. Some manufacturers prefer to sell by price, and alter quantity as the cost of the foodstuffs fluctuates. Different products, or even the same product from dif-

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ferent sources, may vary in densities, and that will produce odd amounts when uniform packaging is essential (e.g., in vending machines) or desirable (e.g., spices). Harrison F. Dunning, president of the Scott Paper Co., told the Hart subcommittee: "The housewife wants a neat little rack of six kinds of spices, and she wants them to look good in her kitchen, so she wants them all the same size. They have different specific gravities, so to fill the bottle you have got to have 2¼ oz. of one, 3½ of another, 4⅛ of a third, and that is what the housewife wants."

Not so legitimate is the phenomenon of slow shrinkage, all too often the result of manufacturers' attempts to increase profits and acquire an edge over competitors. Familiar friends like Betty Crocker Instant Mashed Potatoes and Kraft Fudgies have gradually dwindled (from 7.2 to 6.5 oz., and from 15 to 12 oz.). The once standard No. 2 can, containing about 20 oz., has largely given way to the 16 oz. No. 303 can or the 15 oz. No. 300. Today, almost the only commodities sold in standard units are flour, sugar, ground coffee, tea, cheese foods and dry beans. (A notable exception is the line of goods sold by the Co-op under its own label. These come in regular sizes.) The erosion is continuous. "How long will it be before one of the current 15 oz. brands comes out "new" containing 14 or 14½oz.?," inquired Mrs. Nelson. "This kind of competitive battle, fought with constantly changing package sizes, compounds confusion for consumers." Of course, the package looks the same and costs at least as much as it did before.

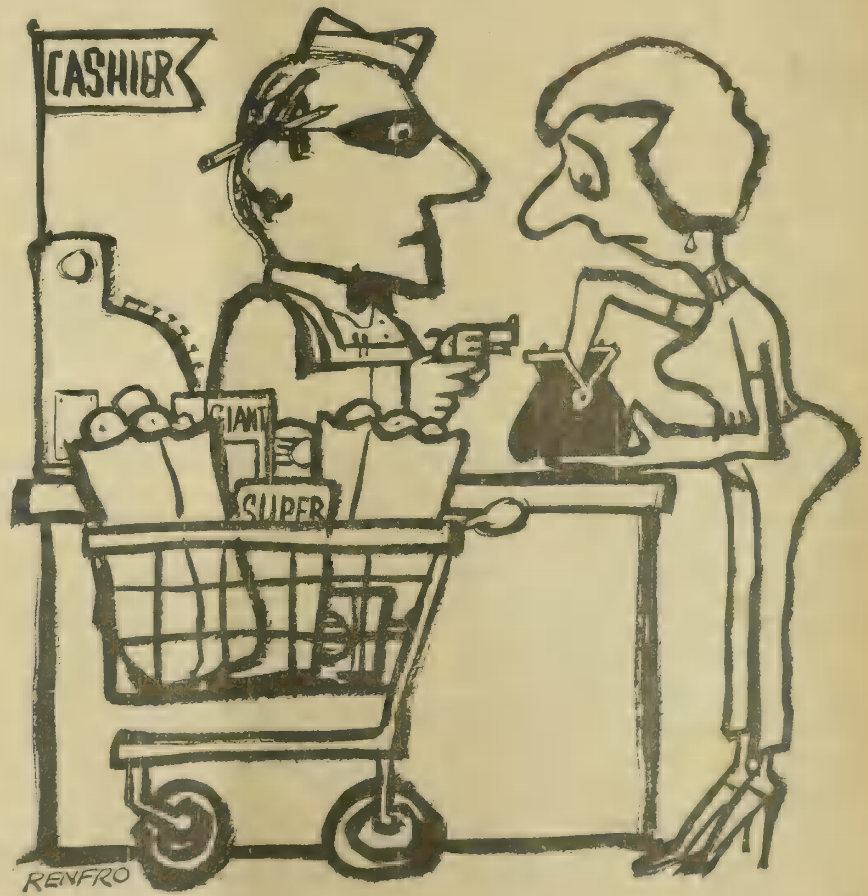
A more acute and tangible grievance is deceptive packaging. In the course of only two years, Consumers Union alone has collected complaints involving 200 different product lines, some of them coming from the biggest manufacturers in the country. There is the package cunningly designed to look bigger than it is . . . the full-color picture that bears scant relationship to what's inside . . . puffy adjectives like "big" quart and "jumbo" gallon, and meaningless descriptions of size like "king," "giant," "large," and "super." Other packages suffer from marked schizophrenia, wherein the legend on the front, which is what the customer reads, is not borne out by the contents listed in small print on the back. Thus one is offered "pineapple-filled oatmeal cookies," which contain neither filling nor pineapple, and a frozen creamed spinach, "expertly blended with heavy cream, fresh farm butter and the perfect touch of seasoning," which (besides the vegetable itself) contains mostly milk, flour and vegetable shortening.

Another problem is the "cents-off" label, offering a small reduction on "the regular price," whatever that is. According to Mrs. Esther Peterson, special assistant to the President for consumer affairs and Assistant Secretary of Labor, this is misleading because "the manufacturer is in effect promising something that he cannot at all times deliver. . . . He has no control over the prices charged at the wholesale or retail level. The 'cents-off' legend may mean cents off to the wholesaler or retailer—but it does not necessarily mean cents-off to the consumer."

Aside from the packaging issue, other serious questions about food-trade operations have been raised by the NCFM. These are the quality of certain foodstuffs, the less-than-good system of food distribution available to the poor, higher retailing costs that raise consumer food prices, and an increasing domination of agriculture by "oligopolies" — the big processing and retailing chains that can use their bargaining power to depress farm prices.

While the quality of American food is generally good, a number of witnesses brought enough evidence to the contrary to suggest the need for new or revised federal standards for certain frozen and canned products. A Consumers Union report on frozen entrees (October, 1965) found that "stingy portions and mediocre quality make them hardly worth while," while their tests on frozen fruit pies (September, 1965) revealed declining weight and quality. David Angevine, public relations director of the Cooperative League of the U.S., cited watered-down juice drinks, turkey dinners with only one-third meat, and fruit-juice substitutes which are little more than "sugar-water, flavored, colored, with two or three vitamins added."

In some cases federal standards are low enough to disappoint people who buy prepared foods in the



expectation that they will resemble homemade recipes. Thus it is perfectly legal to sell frozen chop suey which contains only 2 per cent deboned chicken meat, or frozen breaded shrimp which is only 50 per cent shrimp. Manufacturers are legally required to list the ingredients in order of predominance, but not to state the percentages. The differences in terminology which result are too subtle for most buyers. How many realize that "chicken with noodles" contains at least 15 per cent chicken, but "noodles with chicken" has only 9 per cent?

These problems affect everybody, but the 34 million living at or under the official poverty line have troubles of their own. While not all consumer experts are yet ready to endorse David Caplovitz's view that "the poor pay more," evidence is piling up to show that he is right. Mrs. Dorothy Height (national president, National Council of Negro Women) said there were fewer big supermarkets in poor, particularly Negro, urban districts. Stores were smaller and more congested, with less choice of goods, poorer quality and few fixed prices. Mrs. Nelson's consumer survey of the Watts area showed many similar complaints—plus high prices, particularly in neighborhood stores which give credit. Rightly or wrongly, more than half the 250 people interviewed felt in some way cheated. The main targets of the August riots were retail stores; seventy food markets were burned and looted.

Not only Watts complains of high prices. From 1960 to 1964, everyone paid 1 per cent a year more for food, and in 1965 we paid 3 per cent more. One of the most important NCFM jobs is to find out why, with particular reference to retailing costs. Gross margins (the difference between the wholesale and retail price, expressed as a percentage of total sales) have gone up from 18.1 per cent in 1955 to 22.2 per cent in 1963, and last year accounted for 3.7 per cent of the public's $69 billion food bill.

It would seem that either retailers are on to a good thing, or else operating costs have risen sharply. In fact, supermarket net profits, which run generally between 1 and 2 per cent, are not exorbitant. However, between 1947 and 1963, labor costs went up by 36 per cent, and the cost of plant and equipment by 51 per cent. Possibly the consumer got better service, but he got nothing out of supermarket rent increases (up 400 per cent during this period), interest payments (up 300 per cent) or advertising and promotion (up 300 per cent). And he did not get any of the financial advantages resulting from improved food technology.

The last person to benefit has been the farmer. Between 1947 and 1964, the public paid $26.2 billion more for their food, but 88.5 per cent of it went to the processors. During the same period, agricultural prices dropped by 12 per cent, and farmers were saved only by a 40 per cent increase in production. Farm incomes have generally failed to keep pace with the rest of the population. The average annual wage of a farm operator ($3,750) is well below the national average and less than almost every type of worker in the food processing and handling industries.

Many NCFM witnesses feel that "the core of the problem . . . is the accelerating control of the 'toll gates' between primary producers and consumers which is coming to be exercised by an ever decreasing number of increasingly powerful corporate complexes." By moving into certain commodity markets, particularly livestock feeding and packing, these giant retail-wholesale-production chain complexes are gaining an unchallengeable grip on prices. So the commission has started a separate inquiry into concentration in the food industry, sending questionnaires to firms with more than $750 million a year turnover — A&P, Safeway, Kroger, Acme, Food Fair, Winn-Dixie, National Tea, Jewel Tea and Grand Union.

The food industry's replies to its critics are genially simplistic, ingenious or brutally frank, depending on whether you read the national press, the Senatorial committee and NCFM hearings, or the trade press. Since 1964 (by which time the food industry and its satellites had pulled themselves and their resources together sufficiently to undertake a national publicity campaign), the housewife has been told repeatedly that food is a bargain, costing less of her take-home dollar than ever before. She is also reminded that the American food industry is the envy of the world, and that she is a splendid little shopper to whose lightest whim the industry is only too glad to cater.

Official testimony, backed up in the trade press, has stressed certain themes until they have become well worn. After polite preliminaries about what a good job the food industry does, spokesmen picture the consumer as a rational shopper, choosing freely and expressing approval or disapproval of different products by the way he spends his money. "Because of his dollar ballots," said Prof. Steuart Henderson Britt, editor of the *Journal of Marketing*, "the consumer will continue to be king. Every day he casts these ballots at the cash registers." As for the female of the species, according to an ad for the Scott Paper Co., "a woman in a store is a mechanism, a prowling computer. . . . Jungle trained, her bargain-hunter senses razor-sharp for the sound of a dropping price."

A second point made frequently is that if there are lots of products and package sizes cluttering up the supermarket it's because the consumer likes it that way. According to Mrs. Helen Wolcott Horton, consumer service director of the Pillsbury Company, there is a growing demand for convenience foods because one-third of all women over the age of fourteen have jobs away from home. Today's buyers (flattery is the industry's favorite weapon) "have more money, more education, more sophistication and more willingness to experiment. They are optimistic, highly mobile, recreation-minded and family-centered." Along with their sophisticated taste in food is a sophisticated taste in service, running to fancier stores, bigger car parks, Musak and kiddie korrals.

Packaging, said the manufacturers at a NCFM hearing, cannot be a serious issue because they get so few complaints about it. Most women shop by brand rather than by weight and are not interested in comparing prices. Mrs. Blanche M. Stover, food editor of *Parents' Magazine*, confirmed: "We all get the same general comments on industry—its products, its packaging and labeling, its advertising, its service. We know that some women are concerned about unfilled packages, bulky packaging, hard-to-read fine print, weights in fractional ounces, etc. But . . . we have received little adverse criticism of packaging and labeling as it exists today. The reader is much more likely to com-

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plain that the local store does not yet stock a new food product she has read about in a magazine."

At the Hart subcommittee hearings on truth in packaging, manufacturers could not very well dismiss the issue as of no consequence, so they gave more detailed explanations for the multitude of package sizes, and reinforced these with warnings of what would happen if the industry were forced to standardize quantity. First, such uniformity would not eliminate fractions for the consumer who wants to know the price per pound. Second, it would stifle initiative in developing new products or improved packages. Third, it would lead to increase in costs, in the form of more packaging machines and a proliferation of container sizes, which would probably be passed on to the consumer. Manufacturers had different ideas of what this particular bill would be. The Kellogg Co., for example, estimated that its current volume of production, if packed in standardized sizes, would cost additionally "between $3 and $6 million," not counting the probable loss of business "due to inability to give the consumer the sizes she wants to fit the needs of her family." Collectively, the cost was estimated at tens of millions of dollars which, as Mrs. Newman was quick to point out, is probably what we are currently paying for unstandardized and generally uncalled-for package changes. Last, and just in case there might be grounds for reform, the industry insisted it would be wrong to effect changes by legislation. Properly strengthened and fattened, existing regulatory agencies (particularly the Federal Trade Commission and the Food and Drug Administration) would be quite adequate.

On the question of supermarket economies, at least as they affect consumers, the industry based its case on the harsh necessities of retailing competition, stressing low profit margins, and the large slice consumed by rising wages and fringe benefits. Furthermore, the housewife was surprisingly fickle—not, of course, because she was discontented but because she was exercising her sovereign choice. Robert R. Mueller and George E. Kline, editors of the *Progressive Grocer*, showed that 42 per cent abandoned their favorite store each year, either because they moved, or because they were dissatisfied, mainly because of high prices.

Quite the most noticeable thing about the truth in packaging and NCFM hearings is the staggering contradictions in consumer and industry testimony. Is the consumer, for example, a rational, sovereign buyer, or a confused woman trying to read the small print on the label and doing sums on her fingers? How would the "prowling computer" have made out in Mrs. Nelson's shopping test? Do consumers *really* want the huge variety of foodstuffs offered them, along with jazzy packaging, fancy supermarkets, trading stamps and other promotions? Do women really care about truth in packaging anyway?

A little light on these and other discrepancies can be thrown by the grocery, advertising and packaging trade press where, as Dexter Masters puts it in his *Intelligent Buyer's Guide to Sellers*, business people are more apt to speak their mind. The consumer and her needs are discussed with a good deal less reverence in private than in public. Admen and others have known for many years that the problem of our overstocked economy can be solved only by making people want what is produced rather than by producing what is wanted, and to this end anything goes—from trading stamps to research on the effect of the housewife's menstrual cycle on her purchasing habits.

The result is not necessarily pleasant shopping. A packaging magazine recently admitted that today's supermarket is "a confusing jungle filled with a blur of colors, shapes and noisy jostling people, all contributing to a tense and confusing atmosphere for the shopper. . . . There is no clerk to guide her, the atmosphere is a bit unfriendly, lighting conditions are often poor, she can't find things easily."

The housewife also encounters a good deal of sharp practice. A recent survey by the National Bureau of Standards in Arkansas showed that "more than 80 per cent of prepackaged foods were found to be of short measure." Only last December, Jerry Cohen, staff director and chief counsel for the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Anti-Trust and Monopoly, revealed he had interviewed 100 package designers, and "many were discouraged because they were asked to design deceptively."

Industry has also been less than honest about its motives in opposing the packaging bill. Behind stated complaints lurks a mortal terror of government interference. Consumer experts, on the other hand, are adamant that industry should not and could not put its house in order unaided, any more than it should claim to know what the consumer wants better than he knows himself. Mrs. Peterson stated: "If a competing firm institutes a questionable practice and succeeds, then others suffer if they fail to follow, a process which has been called "Gresham's Law of the market place." Existing government machinery is certainly not adequate to cope with the problem. Thirty-three federal agencies are currently engaged in 296 consumer-protection activities, most of which were originally set up by Congress to represent producer interests.

The truth in packaging bill can solve a lot of problems. In its present form it calls for the statement of the net-weight content on the front panel of a package, plus standards for the size and location of the type in which it is set. It prohibits adjectives like "giant," "big" and "jumbo" in the net-weight description; "cents-off" legends as an integral part of a label, and package sizes, shapes, dimensions or pictures that may deceive consumers. It will also establish reasonable standards of weight or size for packages, and for declarations of quantity other than net weight (i.e., the meaning of "a serving"), and will require adequate information about the ingredients and composition of the contents in a prominent place on the package.

The bill is not intended to obviate the need for more food standards or to halt the flood of products in today's supermarkets. Nor will it end all the difficulties of the 22 million people who lack an 8th-grade education and may have trouble reading a label, however specific. But it will clear up some of the present confusion. More important, it will save money. At least one supermarket operator estimated that 25 per cent of the family food bill could be saved by more rational shopping. In California alone, consumers could save $25 million a year on food if costs were lowered by just one-half of 1 per cent.

If the bill manages to pass, it will be despite the food industry, whose formidably coordinated national lobby has thrown dust in the public's eye, while keeping the bill corralled in Senate committees. The opposition consists of the Grocery Manufacturers Association, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the National Association of Manufacturers, linked by trade press and national, regional and state conferences. Most formidable is the GMA, which links more than 100 national food-processing trade associations, supported by allied industries that sell in supermarkets and, of course, the advertising industry. *Supermarket News* described their lobby thus: "Grocery manufacturers descended on Washington last week and in a VIP turnout before the Senate Commerce Committee blasted the truth in packaging bill in a concerted bid to kill the administration-backed legislation." They lobbied individual Senators. They lobbied in the trade press, sniping at Senator Hart, Mrs. Peterson, and later, the NCFM. They also managed to kill, or postpone, some state truth in packaging bills, e.g., in California.

The latest move is a report designed to help the NCFM get "an accurate picture" of the food industry. To finance it, the GMA dipped into its own kitty and also passed the hat around the advertising agencies and media, applying a little pressure to keep the contributions flowing. James Patton, president of the National Farmers Union, has condemned the whole episode as "shocking" and "deplorable," and filed a complaint with the Department of Justice.

Two massive campaigns aimed at the public in 1964 and 1965 dinned home the message that "food is a bargain." The industry spends a billion dollars a year to advertise its product, and for this it also expects some editorial cooperation. The GMA president "suggested to the publishers that the day was here when their editorial departments and business departments might better understand their interdependency relationships as they contributed to the operating results of their company, and as their operations may affect the advertisers—their bread and butter." First result of this wordy but unmistakable warning was a *Look* magazine article (January 26, 1965), that was almost blatant propaganda for the food industry. Follow-up comment by Senator Hart never saw the light of day; neither did several TV appearances for which he was scheduled, nor an article by William D. Zabel, supporting the bill, and due to be reprinted in *Reader's Digest*.

Against these efforts, the consumer lobby is puny. Lacking time, money and organization, it has made little or no attempt to coordinate the efforts of local consumer councils with national organizations like Consumers Union, National Consumers League, Cooperative League of the USA, AFL-CIO, and the American Home Economics Association. If the bill manages to pass, it will not be mainly due to consumers' efforts. The encouraging thing is that the Administration appears to be behind the bill — a point that was made by Mrs. Peterson last November to the Association of California Consumers, and confirmed by Vice President Hubert Humphrey at a consumer conference in New York last December.

Also pending in Congress is a "truth in lending" bill. Since this would if anything be even more unpopular with the business community, truth in packaging may pass after all.

The Point Beyond Decency . . .

Owen Lattimore

Two years ago, at the International Congress of Orientalists in New Delhi, a couple of Soviet delegates made slighting references to American "neo-colonialism." I remember challenging them on this, with the counterproposition that the liquidation of empires has now gone so far that one can properly speak only of post-colonialism. What a fool I made of myself! If a Russian today were to call American policy in Vietnam "neo-colonialism," my only retort would be that he, though a Marxist, couldn't recognize an attempt at outright colonial conquest when he saw it.

This policy has a clear colonial ancestry. After the defeat of Japan, the United States, which during the war had supported Ho Chi Minh (there was no French anti-Japanese resistance in Indo-China to support), swung over step by step to support of the French attempt to restore colonial rule. The critical step was taken by President Truman. It has mostly been forgotten by now that when North Korea invaded South Korea in 1950, Truman did three things, not just one:

(*1*) He ordered immediate resistance by the American troops already in South Korea. (There were no Russian troops in North Korea.) For this he very quickly got UN support, and it is the one decision that is now remembered.

(2) He interposed the Seventh Fleet between Taiwan and the coast of China. For this he got support from no other country, nor from the UN. The original purpose of this measure was not only to prevent China from taking advantage of the Korean War but to prevent Chiang Kai-shek from enlarging the crisis and involving America by attacking China. This was what "interposing" originally meant. The

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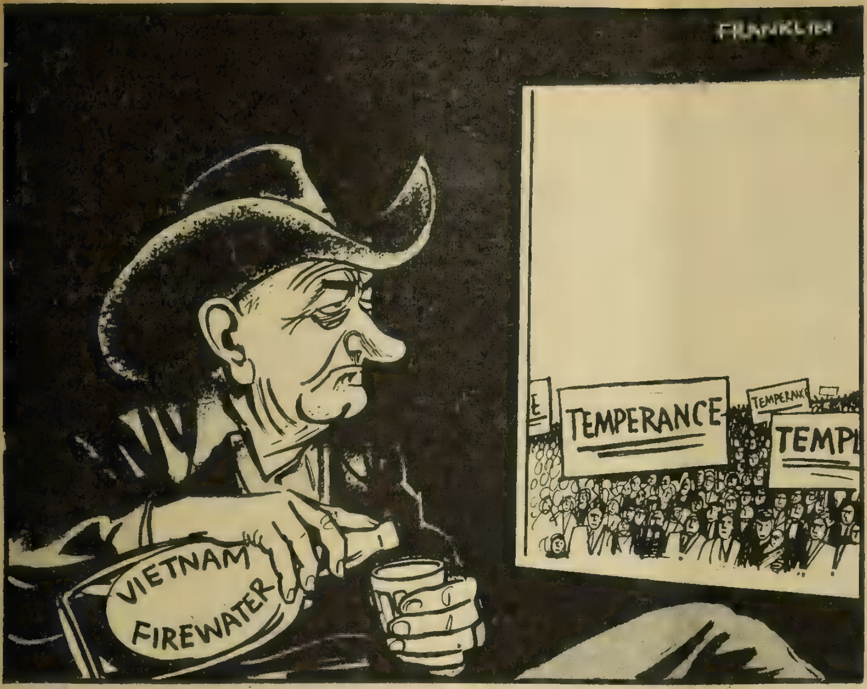

Franklin, Daily Mirror, England: Ben Roth

later antics of "unleashing" and "releashing" Chiang Kai-shek were inventions of the malign genius of John Foster Dulles.

(3) He put America squarely behind the French in Indo-China (which then still included Laos and Cambodia as well as Vietnam). This measure later became, under initiatives taken by Dulles, a policy in which the Americans were more ardent than the French. Its continuation was due to the fact that American aid to France in Europe, under the Marshall Plan, could be juggled to provide enough to keep things going in Vietnam for a few years. With a sure supply of funds from America, a "free world democracy" through which to funnel them, and a politically corrupt area in which to spend them, there is no end to the combinations you can play. From that point on, the American shift from support of a receding French colonialism to entrapment in an all-out attempt at colonial conquest can be traced stage by stage.

The intermediate Eisenhower-Dulles stage may seem obscure, but only because of the means by which Dulles fooled Eisenhower. It is often said that Eisenhower, who had spent his life in the Army, knew enough to restrain his generals in Vietnam. It is more realistic to assume that, having won an election largely by his promise to get out of a "Truman war" in Korea, Eisenhower did not want to risk the label of an "Eisenhower war" in Vietnam. Even so, he was no match for his Secretary of State, whom he trusted too far, as weak Presidents tend to do.

It was Dulles who found Ngo Dinh Diem and installed him in South Vietnam. The clear intention of the Geneva formula of 1954 was to avoid dividing Vietnam, like Korea, into two countries. There was to be, first, a cooling-off period, with the withdrawal of foreign troops, and then an election to determine *how* Vietnam was to be united as one country; not—repeat not—*whether* it was to become two countries. Ngo Dinh Diem, with Dulles behind him, was able to sabotage this intention, even after a Democratic administration had once more been elected in America.

The fatal flaw in the Dulles-Diem ploy was that it trapped America in the squeeze between "rivals" and "enemies." Diem, like Chiang Kai-shek in China before him, was a strong-man nominee in a weak country. Like Chiang before him, he (or his sister-in-law, Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu) realized that when the clamor arose for a more reasonable facsimile of a democratic regime, the danger would be not that America would come to terms with his enemies, the Communists, but that Washington might replace him with some rival—some liberal or moderate who stood a little to his left, but yet far to the right of the Communists. Therefore, like Chiang Kai-shek, he directed the main drive of his police terror against such liberals and moderates. If he could get these potential rivals out of the way he would, with American backing, be able to deal with the Communists "from a position of strength." The tragic result was that, as in China previously, no leadership against the foreign-supported reactionaries was left—except that of the Communists.

The root of the matter is not that North Vietnam has "taken over" the National Liberation movement in the South, but that the South has said to the North: "We have made our fight, we have shed our blood, we have sacrificed our leaders. If you don't come in now, you are no patriots, and every anti-imperialist in Vietnam will despise you."

We come then to the present stage, in which our forces committed to South Vietnam grow nearer and nearer to half a million men, and the "free world" head of its government we are nominally backing is a swashbuckler who says that what the country needs is "half a dozen Hitlers." We are now at the point Japan reached when Manchuria had been conquered, "Manchukuo" had been established (that "bulwark against Bolshevism" of blessed memory), and the question was whether to escalate the war into China south of the Great Wall. In those days a Scottish missionary friend of mine interviewed a Japanese Christian who had just been installed as mayor of Mukden. He pleaded with the Japanese that surely there must be a possibility of putting an end to the bloodshed. Surely, if reasonable compromise could be offered, there would be moderate, progressive Chinese who would be willing to work with Japan for a stable, prosperous Manchuria.

The Japanese Christian paced the room. Then he said: "If we tried to work with any such Chinese, we would only have to shoot them within a month or two." The meaning is plain. You reach a point where decent-minded people, because they are decent-minded, have to resist, or sabotage, or evade your policy.

We have reached that point in Vietnam, and what we now confront is our own imperialism, and the ghastly showdown in which decent-minded people prefer Communist leadership to our patronage and our napalm.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Compleat Cold Warrior

THE FREE WORLD COLOSSUS: A Critique of American Foreign Policy in the Cold War. By David Horowitz. Hill and Wang. 451 pp. $6.95.

Arnold S. Kaufman

When men engage in conflict, the first casualties are integrity and truth. As the scope of conflict enlarges, the costs increase. The heaviest price exacted by the cold war has been the moral contamination of people. Perhaps one should accept the toll with reflective calm. David Horowitz has refused to do so. The result is a book that describes and interprets the history of the cold war in a way that challenges, excites, provokes, angers and inspires. Horowitz has written a sincere and important book, which says much that desperately needs saying in these times of madness. (A casual perusal of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s relatively sympathetic discussion of the way the Vietnam crisis evolved during the Kennedy administration reveals the extent to which this madness penetrated the official Establishment. See Chapters 20 and 37 in *A Thousand Days*.) It is more the pity that Horowitz's work is not strongly reasoned; that he succumbs to some of the same sorts of mistakes which he correctly imputes to the cold warriors in and out of government.

Horowitz's basic thesis is that American leaders are almost entirely responsible for the origin, intensification and perpetuation of the cold war. This is so because "the early post-war power situation was such as to give the United States a near monopoly on the *strategic* decisions which would affect the basic structure of international relations in the post-war period." By contrast, Russian rulers "were bound by the same imbalance of power to make moves of primarily *tactical* significance." This is a viewpoint already advanced by such scholars as D. F. Fleming, William A. Williams and Isaac Deutscher. Along with Walter Lippmann, these are the men to whom Horowitz acknowledges a special debt.

Given his basic assumption, the question to which the author properly addresses himself is why the American Government has pursued cold-war policies in the way it has. His explanation is offered in the course of a sometimes repetitious examination of the different stages and aspects of the making of American foreign policy during the last two decades. What gradually emerges are the assumptions Horowitz believes have controlled decision making at every critical juncture in that tortuous journey. Though he nowhere states them briefly, and in sequence, it is worth doing so. Taken together, they constitute an ideological profile of the Complete Cold Warrior.

- An international Communist conspiracy exists. Polycentric tendencies are illusory. The ultimate aims of the conspiracy are unchangeably aggressive.

- In the short run, America's vital interests require that these aggressive forces be restrained. In the long run, communism must be destroyed.

- Quite independently of their aggressive intent, Communist powers are morally vicious. As President Truman put it when he announced the doctrine that bears his name, "One way of life is . . . freedom. The other, terror and oppression."

- The destruction of communism can be achieved through a policy of military containment. For the Communists practice tyranny so gross that, if their destructive energies are not permitted to flow out, they must be turned against their own people. They will thereby sow the seeds of their own destruction.

- The free world must be prepared to use any means required to achieve the desired end. The forces of Communist darkness are so black that no effective policy can be more heinous than the evil it is directed against.

- The protection of freedom against Communist threat comes out of the barrel of a gun. Force is the only instrument on which the free world can, in the end, rely. It is the only thing the Communists understand.

- Programs of social and economic aid are justified only if they reinforce military containment. Military containment, in turn, requires nuclear kill capacity many times over. It also requires that we make it very clear to the enemy that, for aggressors, there can be no sanctuary.

- Any sign of weakness in the deployment of our massive military might is tantamount to appeasement on the model of Munich. Moreover, as President Kennedy once put it, "that which serves to unite us (America and its allies) is right, and what tends to divide us is wrong."

- Conditions of social instability in the underdeveloped countries invariably provide the cunning Communists with opportunities to subvert nationalist revolutionary movements. Though we should support stabilizing reformist tendencies, we should always and everywhere oppose left-wing revolutionary forces—even if effective opposition requires intervention in the affairs of other nations.

- Liberal democracies are inherently vulnerable to Communist subversion. We must ruthlessly guard against this possibility, even if it requires that we weaken institutional protections normally accorded political dissent. McCarthy's errors were tactical, not strategic.

- In the end, our cause is just. Our ultimate aims are personal freedom and national self-determination. We have no right to interfere in the affairs of any other nation except on grounds of self-defense. But, as Communist subversion or aggression invariably threatens our vital interest, the U.S. is always entitled to move against existing threat in every way possible, provided only the move promises to be effective. (Thus, the House of Representatives on September 20 passed, by overwhelming majority, Rep. Armstead I. Selden, Jr.'s resolution giving legitimacy to the unilateral use of force by any nation which considers itself threatened by "international communism, directly or indirectly.")

I believe these points fairly represent the views that Horowitz imputes to America's ruling elites. He thinks that almost every major postwar foreign-policy decision can be understood in terms of one or more of these assumptions, and he attempts to show, with relentless, scholarly persistence that this is so. His specific arguments are always provocative, frequently persuasive, and occasionally overwhelming: especially so when he discusses the Truman Doctrine and the Potsdam conference, the evolution of the Atlantic Alliance and how we got our-

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selves into the Cuban mess. At least part of his analysis of the Kennedy administration's response to the Cuban missile crisis is spectacularly confirmed by Schlesinger's recent admission that with at least a "2 to 1 superiority in nuclear power targeted against the Soviet Union, *the shift in military balance of power would be less crucial than that in the political balance.*" (*A Thousand Days*, emphasis added.) Whether the complete cold warrior is anywhere to be found in all his pristine idiocy in the official Establishment, Horowitz seems to me to have established beyond doubt that a host of his near relatives have been hard at work shaping, subverting and distorting policies to make them conform to their ideological prejudices.

It is regrettable that there is much in this provocative and important book that makes it vulnerable to legitimate criticism. For example, Horowitz describes President Truman as having a "basic McCarthyist orientation." Whatever deficiences this vastly overrated President may have had, however inept and erosive his efforts may have been to counter the *political threat* posed by McCarthyism, he was no McCarthyite. Horowitz makes it seem as if Averell Harriman is one of the complete cold warriors; but this characterization is simply inconsistent with many of Harriman's actions, not least his lonely efforts to persuade President Kennedy to give the Russians more time to respond to the impending blockade during the missile crisis. Horowitz roundly and rightly condemns many of President Kennedy's actions—especially his Bay of Pigs adventure. But he devotes not a word to the fact that President Kennedy did draw back from hurling our air power at Cuba during that disaster; not a word about his farsighted efforts to negotiate a settlement between the Indonesians and the Dutch; not a word about the Peace Corps; nothing about the support he gave the Bosch regime in the Dominican Republic; in short, very little attention to anything that tends to confirm what I think is in fact the case—that Kennedy was a most ambivalent cold warrior. On balance, he was trying to bring American public opinion to recognition of some of the realities of the contemporary international scene. Curiously, of the four Presidents who have held office since Roosevelt, it is Eisenhower who comes through Horowitz's mill in best shape. This is to come perilously near to *reductio ad absurdum*.

But it the author's more systematic errors that are most damaging. There are at least three pervasive theoretical distortions.

Horowitz has naive notions about how historical intent is to be established. For example, he claims that by 1946 the United States had already "decided" to use its productive capacity exclusively as an instrument of power politics. This is a simplistic account of what has in fact been an extraordinarily complicated national response to the plight of the world's needy. It's an example of the "nothing but . . ." fallacy. Aid to India, the Peace Corps, the Alliance for Progress, the decision to ransom the Cuban prisoners, aid to Indonesia, aid to the Congo, to Algeria, to Egypt, to Israel, to Chile—all are *nothing-but* instruments of power politics in the cold war. No doubt this factor is an indispensable condition of all these measures, but not enough. The fundamental logical distinction between a necessary and a sufficient condition is one with which Horowitz seems to have little acquaintance. Moreover, just as cold warriors often adopt a rhetoric of benevolence in order to justify certain kinds of aid they actually endorse on cold-war grounds, so a good deal of genuine benevolence has been masked by the rhetoric of the cold war in order to make proposals acceptable to our "political realists." Crusty experts like Hans Morgenthau and Senator Fulbright have often tried to conceal warmheartedness beneath a blanket of coldly prudential words.

A second basic defect of the book is the extent to which Horowitz fails to understand that much of the antagonistic reaction to Stalin's Russia was due both to the nature of Stalinism, and to the experiences many good people had with domestic communism during the thirties. It would be entirely reasonable for Africans to mistrust America's Rhodesian and South African policies solely on the ground that we are still a predominantly racist society. By and large, our Negro citizens are still second class politically, economically, educationally and socially —and we have only begun to dismantle the institutional system that perpetuates their condition. Similarly, it was not, after all, maniacal for American leaders, and many others, to mistrust Stalin's Russia solely on the ground that his regime was a barbaric tyranny. The relationship between domestic vice and foreign policy is cruelly intimate — especially when the tyranny operates a substantial military establishment.

Moreover, it was reasonable to sup-

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pose that those who had called the tunes to which American Communists performed their acrobatic dances during the thirties were not men in whose good faith one could place much confidence. Ideologically, a monolithic international Communist conspiracy — that is what it was at the time—*was* a potential aggressor. One could not have any confidence that once the havoc of the war had been repaired, aggressive communism would not rampage. It is true that these early cold warriors often had crudely oversimplified notions about the imperviousness of Communist systems to change. But ideological naïveté of this sort was more than matched by those who persistently apologized for the viciousness of the Stalinist regime.

These remarks are not meant to imply that American policies were consistently justified, and certainly not that they were consistently correct. But neither were they consistently and exclusively the result of bad will and stupidity. There is a difference between being correct and being justified. And many of the policy decisions that have, in the aspect of history, proved to be incorrect were, all the same, more or less justified on the basis of existing knowledge and in terms of acceptable moral standards. Horowitz seems reluctant even to consider this possibility.

The third basic defect of his book is perhaps the most important. Horowitz, like so many persons of the New Left here and abroad, simply fails to understand or appreciate what may be called "the normal political process" in the United States. The point is important because many actions that can be interpreted as impenetrably self-defeating expressions of the cold-war philosophy betray not the historical intent of leaders as much as the collective intent—or at least apparent intent—of very large and influential portions of the population to whom politicians are responsive. For leaders will often act not as they want but as they *think* they must. In so doing they may, no doubt, often be at fault—but the fault is of a different kind than that which Horowitz imputes to American politicians. For the defects lie not in their views about the threat of communism but in the power, or apparent power, to which they feel they must subordinate their actions, and in their conception of how much submission to that pressure "political realism" permits.

The vagaries of the normal process were strikingly revealed by the government's actions during the Dominican crisis. A sequence of events that Theodore Draper has described as "a kind of political phantasmagoria that would make anyone dizzy, actors as well as onlookers" has, at the moment, brought to power a Boschite, Hector Garcia-Godoy, who is "no puppet and no reactionary" (*Commentary*, December, "The Dominican Crisis"). The present Administration's Kennedy-like ambivalence is ironically dramatized by the fact that at the very moment McGeorge Bundy was trying to restore the constitutional Bosch regime to power in the Dominican Republic, he was heavily under attack from two quarters: a few understandably credulous participants at the National Teach-In in Washington were accusing Bundy of fearfully reneging on his commitments to address the teach-in; and certain State Department *aficionados* (not, mind you, Pentagon people) were double-crossing Bundy by undermining the compromise solution to which he had secured Bosch's agreement. Thus, according to Draper, the same Bundy who is one of the architects of our Vietnam disaster, is the only person to have emerged from the Dominican fiasco with "dignity and honor." Anyone who honestly tries to discover a coherently malevolent cold-war logic in all of this is, like Job, doomed to moan: "How long will ye vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words?"

Oddly, C. Wright Mills understood all of this in his more reflective moments. He knew that, in the long run, the correctness of American foreign policy depends on the quality of American civilization; and that the quality of our civilization in turn depends largely on the extent to which men of reason and morality can permeate and reshape existing institutional arrangements. A formidable task, no doubt, but not one we have the right to abandon in fits of frustrated rage either at pusillanimous "liberals" or at romantic "radicals." Instead, we must persist in the coldly reflective search for concrete steps which, though they may not achieve anything as dramatic as "building a movement," have some prospect of making more and more Americans acknowledge the truth about our foreign policy.

C. Wright Mills did not always conform to his image of the responsible intellectual. Few do. Horowitz is often sadly deficient. But when I compare his driving determination to expose the network of lies, half truths, distortions, logical fallacies, irrelevantly patriotic appeals, and the old-fashioned ignorance which presently enmeshes the American people in a Vietnam adventure as viciously immoral and imprudent as any large-scale endeavor on which this nation has ever embarked; when I confront first hand what often passes for governmental expertise; I can only conclude that Horowitz's thesis is in balance more correct and better reasoned than prevailing official alternatives. But this conviction does not prevent me also from regretting the frequent weakness of his reasoning and, consequently, the diminished effectiveness of his arguments.

Roundheads and Bluenoses

THE REVOLUTION OF THE SAINTS: A Study in the Origins of Radical Politics. By Michael Walzer. Harvard University Press. 334 pp. $6.95.

W. Warren Wagar

"My only object," says Michael Walzer in *The Revolution of the Saints*, "is to make Puritan radicalism, so unattractive to my contemporaries, humanly comprehensible." This he has done superbly well. And it is no light undertaking for a member of the editorial board of *Dissent*. The modern radical instinctively looks on the Puritan radical with loathing and disgust. We conjure up nightmare visions of flint-faced Presbyterian tycoons and generals decreeing preventive nuclear war against godless world communism with all the fanaticism of resurrected Roundheads. We call to mind that long line of Puritan bluenoses who have been telling us these many years what books we may or may not read, what drinks we may or may not imbibe, with whom we may or may not sleep. Following Max Weber, we discover profound connections between the Calvinist ethic and modern cutthroat capitalism. Even the familiar argument, disseminated by G. P. Gooch and others, that in Calvinism lie many of the roots of liberalism and democracy does not really help. We are not sym-

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pathetic. "Calvinist saintliness," as Walzer himself admits, "has scarred us all."

According to the Walzer thesis, in contradistinction to the Weber thesis, Calvinism bears little direct responsibility for the "spirit of capitalism," but it does deserve recognition as the first outbreak of political radicalism in history. The 20th-century radical is asked to put aside his prejudices and regard the Puritan of the Reformation era as a spiritual forefather. Like the Jacobins and Bolsheviks of later centuries, the Puritans developed "a politics of party organization and methodical activity, opposition and reform, radical ideology and revolution." They were men of a transitional epoch, a time of troubles, who responded to the disintegration of the old order by supplying disaffected gentry with a new faith. Anticipating the millennial ambitions of Jacobinism and Marxism, the Puritan faith sought to make the world over again. In place of the easy performance of tasks appointed by tradition, it called for a new, hard, egalitarian, impersonal discipline and a life of unremitting toil. The saints, working through state and church, would have made a world without love, beauty or leisure, but also a world of justice and righteousness, as good in God's eyes as life on earth could be. In a word, the politics of Puritanism was a radical politics.

The proper place to begin any study of Puritanism is the mind of John Calvin, and Walzer provides a lucid summary of Calvin's political ideas. He will irritate Calvinist scholars by preferring to see the founder of their faith as "a French refugee intellectual caught up in Genevan politics . . . not primarily a theologian or a philosopher but an ideologist." Calvin had little to offer in the way of new theological insights. Walzer seems to imply that he played Lenin to Luther's Marx. His real contribution was his radical expression of discontent with the traditional order, and his subordination of the problem of personal salvation to the collective effort of building a new heavenly order on earth. Luther's church was a sanctuary raised on native soil; Calvin's was a church militant dominated by exiles and refugees, pilgrims and crusaders, strangers to one another, bent on world conquest.

Most of Walzer's book is devoted to a study of the "ideology" of English Puritanism, traced from the thought of the Marian exiles in Geneva down to the beginning of the Civil War. Puritanism carried on the work of Calvin in a spirit rather more authentic than that of the Huguenots of Calvin's own country. Whereas in French Calvinism, the principal thinkers were lay saints who combined Calvinist ideas of duty and discipline with traditional medieval constitutionalism and sought, in a sense, to breathe new life into political feudalism, the leadership of the English movement was quickly seized by ministers, who functioned as a radical intelligentsia and indoctrinated elements of the rising gentry with a pure and rigorous Calvinist *Weltanschauung.* When the opportunity for revolutionary action finally appeared, leadership passed to gentlemen and soldiers, but the Puritan ministry had done its work well, over a span of ninety years. Parliament and Cromwell became the instruments for giving practical effect to the Puritan program for national reformation. As one Puritan minister, Thomas Case, charged the Commons in 1641:

> *Reformation must be universal. Reform all places, all persons and callings; reform the benches of judgement, the inferior magistrates. . . . Reform the universities, reform the cities, reform the countries, reform inferior schools of learning, reform the Sabbath, reform the ordinances, the worship of God . . . you have more work to do than I can speak. . . . Every plant which my heavenly father hath not planted shall be rooted up.*

Although the author may somewhat exaggerate the affinities between modern ideology and the Puritan program, he is not otherwise on the side of the modernists in the scholarly debate concerning the modernity of the Calvinist Reformation. In its form and energies, Puritanism may have had the character of modern radicalism, but he insists that its basic inspiration was exclusively religious. The Marxist line is rejected, despite a good word for the books of Christopher Hill. The Weber-Tawney thesis fares no better. In the tradition of Werner Sombart, H. M. Robertson and many others, Walzer points out that although the Puritans gave new dignity and urgency to work, they inveighed as much as anyone against profiteering, usury and the lures of Mammon. They did not regard great private wealth as a sign of election, and they counseled against giving too much attention to commercial enterprise. They may have delayed rather than encouraged the development of capitalism in England. Nor, as Walzer correctly observes, did the Puritans make any theoretical contribution to liberalism. For Tudor-Stuart tyranny they proposed to substitute a tyranny of their own, a medicine more fatal to human freedom than the disease it promised to cure. If in many ways Puritanism acted unwittingly as a modernizing force, it was not itself modern. Its purpose was to bring heaven down to earth. The Puritan divine, gentleman and warrior did battle for God, and not for any human goal.

This is a solid book, of sound scholarship and rich with historical insight. Its comparisons between Puritanism and modern radicalism are nothing dazzlingly new, and one may wonder if the Joachitic and Anabaptist sects discussed in Norman Cohn's *Pursuit of the Millennium* do not deserve to be considered as the first expressions of political radicalism in Western history, although they were clearly less "political" than Puritanism. But *The Revolution of the Saints* is a valuable and sophisticated study of the political ideas of English Calvinism, worth all the agonizing efforts to achieve true historical empathy which it must have cost its author.

He ends on a nostalgic note. Puritanism after 1660 went the way of Bolshevism after the death of Lenin, and there are some effective quotations from one of the last poems of Sergei Esenin. One may feel the same wistfulness about the decline of political radicalism in this country since 1945. The swords lie rusty. The old battle cries are heard no more. "What a misfit I've become/ . . . I feel a foreigner in my land."

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Graham Greene's Bonbon du Bon

THE COMEDIANS. By Graham Greene. The Viking Press. 309 pp. $5.75.

Alan Cheuse

Comedy writers, says Aristotle, are evil speakers and telltales. Graham Greene, by that definition, has been a comedian for years. With his right hand he spins button-lipped mysteries such as *The Third Man.* With his left he creates the lambent malevolence of the razor gang of *Brighton Rock,* that original *bonbon du mal.* In addition to his continuing skill for depicting the violent underworld of racketeers and espionage, and his forthright dramatizations of an orthodox vision of a world where sin is a necessary part of the human condition, he has recently widened his fictional universe to encompass revolutionary politics. The first hint came in *The Quiet American,* that angry, sometimes even hysterical, portrayal of a love rivalry between a British reporter and a CIA agent in pre-Johnsonian Vietnam. Fowler, the news writer, puts his rival, Pyle, out of the way by collaborating with the Vietminh.

Greene, in this new novel which deals with life among the resistant and acquiescent elements — native, English and American—in contemporary Haiti, has drawn upon both aspects of his unique talent to produce the most interesting novel of his career. It lacks the passion of *The Power and the Glory*; also, the colorful landscape of Hispaniola seems to have been slighted by the same Greene who has made so much of every other country he has used. The writer has other concerns. His heretofore narrow moral view has widened to include new elements, some hopeful, others pessimistic. This marks a turning point in the artistic life of a man who could have been called a "mature" writer a decade ago. *The Comedians* will force critics to open the lids of their boxes labeled "Greene, Graham," and take a fresh look.

"The Comedians" are those who, at first, try to adjust to the barbarous Duvalier bureaucracy by day, and the nighttime terrorism of his secret police, the dark-spectacled "Bogymen" Tontons Macoute. Brown, the middle-aged narrator, born in Monaco, with a background of writing War Office propaganda and huckstering "modern" art, arrives in Haiti to see his mother who wills to him the major interest in a Port-au-Prince hotel. Suddenly a "capitalist," Brown has an accompanying vision of success:

> *One night I had looked out of my window at two in the morning. There was a great yellow moon and a girl was making love in the pool. She had her breasts pressed against the side and I couldn't see the man behind her. She didn't notice me watching her; she didn't notice anything. That night I thought before I slept, "I have arrived."*

But the totalitarian climate counteracts for potential tourists the lure of rum punches and voodoo dances staged at the poolside. Brown decides to sell. On the voyage back from New York, after an unsuccessful attempt at dumping the property, he meets "Major" Jones, an entertaining fellow who boasts of a past of guerrilla warfare against the Japanese and hints of a current mission to the Haitian Government. To the team of Brown and Jones is added Smith—who ran for the United States Presidency in 1948 on the Vegetarian ticket. Smith and his wife are also on a mission. Innocent of current politics, they want the Duvalier regime to sponsor a Vegetarian Center. ("Eliminate acidity," says ex-Freedom Rider Smith, "and you give a kind of elbow room to the conscience.")

Brown suspects Jones's real motives. He wonders, "Are you and I both comedians?" Brown, Jones and Smith are seen as "interchangeable like comic masks in a farce." When the cast grows, more clowns, the worldly impotent, enter. About his love affair with Martha, the wife of a diplomat stationed in Port-au-Prince, Brown says: ". . . neither of us would die for love. . . . We belonged to the world of comedy and not of tragedy." He also shares with her husband the view that their common Jesuit education allows them to see "the kind of part" they play. Philipot, the poet nephew of a Duvalier minister (whose corpse replaces the revelers in Brown's swimming pool), interprets his life through the same metaphor: "Wasn't I a comedian with my verses smelling of *Fleurs du mal* . . .?" And Brown's mother, from her deathbed, asks, "What part are you playing now?"

> *I suppose* [Brown thinks] *I was playing a part—the part of an Englishman . . . of a responsible businessman . . . the act belonged too closely to the theatre of farce.*

The comedy is not merely confined to character. Prophylactics are substituted for balloons at a shipboard party. Jones escapes from the vicious Tontons Macoute — themselves grotesque parodies of movie extras or hipsters behind their dark lenses—in the dress of a Latin call girl; Smith passes himself off as Truman's major 1948 election opponent. Such incidents paint Greene's usually more sober face with comic lines.

But beneath the new effects Greene is still the captive of one theme: how innocence prevents one from becoming eligible for salvation. Even if the world is run by faithless comedians—men without religion or politics—one must join it; one must commit the "necessary" sin of living a conscious life. The uninspected life is not worth saving. Pyle, the "quiet" American, may have caused many deaths through his clandestine activities, but he never felt the bite of culpability. Thus Greene made him out to be the real evil presence in that novel. (Pyle is murdered. Fowler keeps the mistress they were vying for, but for his complicity in the American's death he lives in a kind of purgatory on earth, wishing that there was someone to whom he could say he was "sorry.") Martha, Brown's mistress, is *not* a "comedian" because, Brown reasons, "she had kept the virtue of her innocence." She loves her repulsive son, puts on no act for her lover, and not until Brown, unable to bear her innocence, badgers her into saying that she has slept with Jones does she ever lie to him.

By the novel's end, all the "comedians" have become revolutionary actors. Brown and Jones commit themselves to the rebel movement in the hills, Jones to the death. Young Philipot has gone into guerrilla training and Brown's hotel man, Joseph, goes with him. Martha's husband has opened his embassy to its first political refugees. Even the seemingly innocent Smiths eventually set out on their own course of subversion (and emerge as the most admirable of the many Americans whom Greene has portrayed, despite their eccentricity).

There is only one "straight" actor;

Coming

A response by David Horowitz to Arnold S. Kaufman's review of his *The Free World Colossus*; and a reply by Mr. Kaufman.

Alan Cheuse, formerly an editor of Studies On The Left, *now lives in Mexico.*

he is the retiring Marxist Doctor Magiot. Previously tolerated by the government as an ideological gesture toward potential friends in the East, he is gunned down by the Tontons Macoute when the American ambassador returns to Haiti. Nowhere is the meaning of the novel's action more clearly implied than in a letter written just before he dies which Brown receives after the murder. His radical commitment to a new Haiti, Magiot writes, has not been composed only of materialist theory but also of a *mystique*, a humanist faith. He is not afraid to act because: "I would rather have blood on my hands than water like Pilate." The richness of the novel's denouement, of the entire narrative, really, is the result of such political variations on Greene's old theme.

Ex-capitalist Brown toys with the idea that the "comedians" are the only truly committed, to

> *. . . the whole world of evil and of good, to the wise and to the foolish, to the indifferent and to the mistaken. We have chosen nothing except to go on living. . . .*

But he dismisses this version of the truth. His act of daring on behalf of the insurgents has given him the perspective to see beyond false philosophies. After crossing the border into the Dominican Republic, he applies for a job as caterer-manager to an American mining company. He badly fails the interview. The American, he later tells the sympathetic Smith:

> *. . . assumed I was a communist. . . . Because the Tontons were after me. Papa Doc* [Duvalier], *you remember, is a bulwark against communism. And insurgents, of course, is a dirty word. I wonder how President Johnson would deal with something like the French Resistance. . . .*

(Greene points out clearly how America's militant anti-communism, like a medieval *auto-da-fe*, sullies almost beyond redemption her admirable ideals.)

The author's continuing pessimism has led to the farcical atmosphere and despairing comic tone. Surely Brown speaks for Greene when early in the novel he declares:

> *. . . it was only my sense of humour that enabled me to believe in Him. . . .*

The radical politics, paradoxically joined with that pessimistic view, rather than alleviating the suffering merely intensifies the pain. Beyond innocence, after dissembling and fakery are dispensed with, having fled from the dark inferno of Haiti's (read "Hades") public life, Brown has merely raised his torment to a higher level. His vision of poolside voluptuousness has been replaced by a view of the world "as a great plain," and he is "walking and walking on the interminable flats." Purgatory! The cosmic joke remains: only "Death is a proof of sincerity."

And God is revealed by the conclusion to be "an authoritative practical joker." Haunted by a dream of "Major" Jones playing his revolutionary role in the style of an English music-hall comedian, Brown finds work as a funeral director's assistant in Santo Domingo.

This *Commedia* is more satanic than Divine. Brown's stand on the side of social justice has not saved him from an end that reeks with the irony of our time. It has, rather, led him there. *Pacem*, Aristotle. This is closer to tragedy than anything Graham Greene has written.

Contra Sontag

AGAINST INTERPRETATION: And Other Essays. By Susan Sontag. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 304 pp. $4.95.

Charles Thomas Samuels

Susan Sontag is a writer of rare energy and provocative newness, sustained by an intimidating if arcane erudition. Even when her methods are questionable she gives fresh drama to a cast of players that fills the quarterlies with predictable performances of moderate acuity and suavely lucid prose.

But how does she perform? And in behalf of what conception of the critic's role?

Miss Sontag's ideas about art and criticism are most fully developed in the title essay of her collection and in a piece "On Style": (1) Art is formal and meaningful only through its form. (2) Modern critics are fixated on content even though they proclaim their belief that content and form are inseparable. (3) This fixation with content leads to the technique of interpretation that ignores what she calls art's "voluptuousness." And (4), as a result, we need "in place of a hermeneutics . . . an erotics of art."

Thus armed, Miss Sontag sets forth to do battle against interpretation; but there is something oddly superfluous about her attack.

Where has she been since the advent of I. A. Richards, Panofsky or B. H. Haggin, to mention some originative or practical critics of several arts? Who can she be talking about when she asserts that "most people assume . . . interpretation is . . . an absolute value, a gesture of mind situated in some timeless realm of capabilities"? Does she confine her critical reading to Bosley Crowther and Charles Poore? If not, why does she trouble to confute "the prevalence of genteel-moralistic judgments in a contemporary literary (and film) criticism"?

Yet one could accept her book as an exercise in theory (discounting the polemical tone as high spirits) were her theoretical statements clearer and more intimately related to her practice. To begin with, what does she mean by "interpretation"? She offers a definition ("a conscious act of the mind which illustrates a certain code, certain 'rules' "), but she never tells us what the code is or why its rules are objectionable. Moreover, since she defines "style" as "the set of rules" by which "the will plays with itself" (whatever that means), it is a little difficult to see why she should be so formalistic when talking of art, and so free-spirited when attacking the formalistic nature of criticism. Nor by citing Marx and Freud as examples of the interpretive spirit which stifles the modern age does she identify the movement she disdains.

Insofar as she is clear, she is against an unarguably naive tendency toward reading things allegorically, and she violates her crotchets when she engages a work of art. She damns "the modern style of interpretation . . . [which] . . . digs 'behind' the text, to find a subtext which is the true one," and then analyzes *Blues for Mr. Charlie* to show

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"a rather complex displacement of the play's true subject." She has nothing but scorn for critics who apply the test of imitation, yet she finds that Chaplin's *The Great Dictator* is "painfully, insultingly inadequate to the reality it purports to represent."

Her method of argument combines loosely asserted connections and the sort of historical survey with which tired professors are likely to regale their undergraduates. In the title essay there is a passage illustrating both traits:

> *At least since Diderot, the main tradition of criticism in all the arts, appealing to such apparently dissimilar criteria as verisimilitude and moral correctness, in effect treats the work of art* as a statement being made in the form of a work of art.
>
> *To treat works of art in this fashion is not wholly irrelevant. But it is, obviously, putting art to use—for such purposes as inquiring into the history of ideas, diagnosing contemporary culture, or creating social solidarity.*

At least since Diderot. Miss Sontag likes this method of introducing a topic: "In the modern tradition (roughly, Rousseau forward) . . ."; "The culture-heroes of our liberal bourgeois civilization are anti-liberal and anti-bourgeois. . ."; (this last in a 1½ page piece on Simone Weil). There is something so pleasantly organized about it, particularly when one can authorize the generalization with an exemplary culture symbol.

apparently dissimilar criteria as verisimilitude and moral correctness. Why "apparently"? Do we talk of *Dubliners* and *Germinal* in the same way, though one depicts a social actuality and one moralizes it? And don't the dissimilar styles and intentions of these books demand different critical responses?

To treat works of art in this fashion is not wholly irrelevant. But it is, obviously, putting art to use. If not wholly irrelevant, shouldn't some notion of its relevancy be set forth, and shouldn't that relevancy qualify the impassioned attack against interpretation which is Miss Sontag's *raison d'être*? "Obviously" is made to do the work of argument, but it is nothing more than innuendo. And don't artists themselves put art to use for the purposes, among others, which Miss Sontag lists?

The "new critics" argued all this decades ago, and they did it with more philosophical sophistication and more careful consideration of texts than Miss Sontag does with her lists of approved modern fringe thinkers (Artaud, McLuhan, et al.) and obscure works of art (Franju's *Le Sang des Bêtes*, Noël Burch's *Noviciat*, etc.).

Her affirmations are no more persuasive than her attacks. To revise the putative fashion for overvaluing content, Miss Sontag proposes a simple reversal, as if we could improve critical discourse by simply turning an error on its head. "In art," she tells us " 'content' is, as it were, the pretext, the goal, the lure which engages consciousness in essentially *formal* processes of transformation." When she writes "the sense in which a work of art has no content is no different from the sense in which the world has no content. Both are. Both need no justification," there rings the rusty clangor of MacLeish.

No wonder Miss Sontag rejects evaluation along with interpretation. Her god is love. Though she toughly asserts "I don't, ultimately, care about handing out grades to works of art," she is liberal with As. In an intellectual milieu marked by exquisite acts of differentiation and a powerful tendency to exclude, Miss Sontag has won fame by equating art with existence and proclaiming herself the liberator of the sensibility to new sources of pleasure.

Which makes it all the more puzzling to see how careful she is to deny any vulgar delight in thrills when once she begins making a case for something she enjoys. Celebrating "Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*" [*The Nation*, April 13, 1964], she initially declares that it is difficult to advocate a film full of "close-ups of limp penises and bouncing breasts [with] shots of masturbation and oral sexuality. . . ." But, given her theories about art, one is surprised to find her casting a veil over her responses: "Rather than being sentimental or lustful, Smith's images of sex are alternately childlike and witty." How ingeniously the arguments that the film is not pornographic jostle the ingenuous glee that it is: "In *Flaming Creatures*, amateurishness of technique is not frustrating, as it is in so many other recent 'underground' films. For Smith is visually very generous; at practically every moment there is simply a tremendous amount to see. . . ." Only a critic as absolutely humorless as Miss Sontag could have perpetrated this howling example of misplaced pomp:

> *One great virtue of the pop-art movement is the way it blasts through the old imperative about taking a* position *toward one's subject matter . . . there are some elements of life — above all, sexual pleasure—about which it isn't necessary to have a position* (emphasis hers).

Her rare analyses of art works are invariably surprising in view of her theories. Perhaps the best such essay in the book is the review of Ionesco: at least here she provides valuable insights into her subject and designates serious critical issues concerning his ultimate worth. As she asserts, Ionesco's "plays are not 'about' meaninglessness. They are attempts to use meaninglessness theatrically." For that reason, Ionesco should be a prime example of the new art she seeks to promote. But the conclusion of her review judges that Ionesco is less great than Brecht, Genet and Beckett because he does not share their "full-bloodedness . . . grandeur and relevance."

What is one to make of a critic so intellectually armored, yet so vulnerable? Exactly what Miss Sontag avows in her prefatory note: "What I have been writing is not criticism at all, strictly speaking, but case studies for an aesthetic, a theory of my own sensibility." If we substitute "attitudes" for "case studies" and "reflection" for "theory" we can begin to estimate her positive contribution.

In her famous essay, "Notes on 'Camp,' " she anatomizes more than a fashion in contemporary taste. In notes which reveal a fundamental impatience with intellectual work (ingenuously defended on the ground that one cannot catch a "fugitive sensibility" in "a linear, consecutive argument"), she makes a claim, belied by her jottings, that she is describing rather than advocating. Yet her expostulation ex cathedra about sex ("the most refined form of sexual attractiveness [as well as the most refined form of sexual pleasure] consists in going against the grain of one's sex") virtually duplicates the epicene flavor she acknowledges in "camp." More seriously, her analysis of "camp" culminates in an excuse for it on grounds which are morally presumptuous. "Camp" taste, she says, is a kind of love for human nature; "camp" feeling is "tender." Receptivity to "camp" is an antidote for those serious souls who are poisoned by "high culture and the high style of evaluating people."

Miss Sontag is less a critic or an aesthetician than she is a publicist with a subtlety and flair suitable for an epoch in which nothing but the recherché and novel will serve. Reading her reminds me of coming from the metaphysical poets, Emily Dickinson or T. S. Eliot, onto the long lines and rhapsodic lists of Walt Whitman. Indeed, it is not surprising that the shift in artistic purpose which is signaled in the post-Whitmanian poets, and which should have affected even the legitimate heir of the metaphysical-Eliot line (Lowell), should now make itself felt in criticism.

I don't think we need react to this phenomenon with Miss Sontag's "voracious enthusiasm," before which everything is an item of consumption ("I have the impression not so much of having, for myself, solved a certain number of alluring and troubling problems as of having used them up") and from whose vantage point, passing by in hectic "supercession," all kinds of work are equally to be cherished. At least, we ought to be clear what her sensibility threatens. In its expression, discernment is abandoned in behalf of sensation, evidence yields to incantatory assertions, and critical elucidation disappears, leaving in its place porous generalizations about the agonized modern mind, and hasty concoctions to lighten its burdens with a tolerance for junk.

A half hour's aimless flipping through recent issues of our major literary quarterlies will suggest that Miss Sontag is not unusual, though highly publicized, as befits a publicist. After the pioneer achievements of the last three decades, as Hayden Carruth has said, "readers are more interested in the non-literary forms of criticism, or in no criticism at all."

Yet we need to remind ourselves that the death of criticism is dangerous for art. Mr. Carruth, a poet, insists that he derived unaccountable benefits from the critical explosion through which he lived. Miss Sontag calls into question not only the intellect which criticizes but the intellect which creates. Her theory asserts the primacy of form in order to champion a new definition of art which one can see realized in the tiresomely self-referring nouvelle vague.

Between Miss Sontag's celebration of sensuous surface, and Norman Podhoretz's assertion that the novel has been supplanted by the essay as a bringer of news, there is a strong similarity. He has turned his back on art; she has lobotomized it.

Charles Thomas Samuels teaches English at Williams College. He has written for The Massachusetts Quarterly, The Yale Review *and other magazines.*

FILMS

Robert Hatch

There is no ghost or glimmer of new moral content in Joseph Losey's *King and Country.* We had all of it as long ago as *Billy Budd* and we've had it countless times since. A simple boy (Tom Courtenay) "walks away" from a war. Of course he is caught and brought back to stand court-martial. And this being the British army (World War I), the proceedings are conducted with the gentle implacability that British gentlemen traditionally display toward domestic animals and "other ranks." The young captain (Dirk Bogarde), appointed to defend the hapless creature, is moved by such candid helplessness to an eloquent plea of extenuating circumstances, loss of perspective by reason of battle fatigue and absence of premeditation. The tribunal is more than half convinced, but if the lad was sick, it is a catching sort of sickness and the larger view dictates the sentence of death before a firing squad. This is carried out so inexpertly that the captain himself must administer the *coup de grâce,* gazing deep into his protégé-victim's eyes and inserting the barrel of a revolver almost lovingly into his gaping mouth.

There was a time when people would solemnly debate the moral balance in this kind of charade, the assumption being that you could find ethical bedrock in war if only you dug deep enough. It's late in the day, I think, for that sort of agonized sophistry.

In a sense that's a pity, for there is good work in *King and Country.* In the first place, there is the duet between Courtenay and Bogarde. It may be old hat—the inarticulate honesty of the one and the yearning compassion of the other, the vain reaching across class; and when Bogarde is caused to quote Lewis Carroll in a moment of despair you may wonder for a moment if the film is meant as some ghastly parody. But the two are fine actors and they are working with what is—or was—the British social condition.

Much more interesting, though, is the chorus of the prisoner's fellow soldiers. These are Elizabethan zanies, rollicking about in French mud so fluid that it will not accept the rotting fragments of their dead comrades. This Falstaff's honor guard fights titanic sham battles with rats that outsmart them; on the eve of execution they lug jugs of home brew (trust them to cook it) into the death cell and fall into a maudlin homosexual roughhouse that culminates in a game of firing-squad blindman's buff. The fellows are quite mad from mud and cold, hunger and fear; and their officers, stepping about in spotless twill and polished leather, are quite mad not to notice it. There was a sort of hell's ballet going on in the background of the picture (and the extravagantly horrible set had the right staginess for it). I wish it had been made the whole picture, and the ethical cant thrown to the junk heap with *Journey's End* and Percival Christopher Wren.

De Santis' *Italiano Brava Gente* is about World War II, but it could as well have been 1916. Its manner is a weird cross between *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Alexander Nevsky.* It seems that among his other wicked buffooneries, Mussolini sent an army to the Russian front, and this is alleged to be the story of what happened to it. With the exception of a contingent of black shirts who ape the Nazis and stay prudently in reserve, these brave but gentle Italians march deep into the great plains as the wheat ripens and the evenings turn chill. They fear the Germans, fraternize happily with any Russians they meet, and observe the first snowflakes with childlike gravity. Cossacks kill them, Germans kill them, they kill one

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another, and the cold wipes them out in a white pestilence.

All of this is painted on a very broad canvas, panoramic battle scenes and equestrian charges alternating with vignettes of personal sacrifice and humane encounters. The irony of misadventure is heavily underscored, with occasional episodes of hysterical implausibility. The project was ambitious and to little purpose. Retreat through the Russian winter is as worn a tale as the sacrificial execution of the innocent soldier, and de Santis' depiction of the brave little band laughing and cursing, dreaming and dying in that flat immensity is the inevitable cliché for the subject matter.

Indeed, I'm afraid I have had it, as far as "responsible" war films are concerned. They go on pretending that war is something to argue about, that its nature must be "brought home" to us. All of us have lived with war all our lives; we've never known anything but war, and the discussion has become stale, distasteful and humiliating. If we must have war films, let's stick with the Hollywood glamour boys and be honest about the obscene fascination of the subject.

Michael Goldman

If *Marat/Sade* is a problem play, the problem would seem to be: what is the problem? Peter Weiss has lately made it all too easy for us to continue raising irrelevant questions by offering his opinion as to "whose side he is on" in the controversy between his two protagonists. [See editorial, "Peter Weiss and Wolf Biermann," *The Nation*, January 10.] His political explanations, interesting as they are for other reasons, are not likely to be any more to the critical point than our own. We may be grateful, then, to the Film-Makers' Cinematheque for having put on display recently a number of Weiss's films, which offer somewhat more germane evidence as to his purposes as an artist. The films, five very short and one feature length, were directed by Weiss between 1955 and 1959, and represent the bulk of his work in the cinema. While they can make no one regret that he has turned playwright, they cast a fascinating light on his development. For the sensibility that emerges from them — and it is as much to be found in the occasional boredom as in the interest they arouse — is that of a superior de Sade, troubled by human sympathy, laboring to invent Marat.

The earlier, short films are more a film-maker's notebook than achieved productions, but an obsessive series of images dominates them. Fragments of the body appear and are recomposed. Arms, legs and heads are brought together in various perspectives and combinations. A man and a woman lie side by side, staring into space. The treatment is remote, disjunctive; the actors' faces are either blank and fixed, or briefly crossed by unrelating spasms of expression. A sense of strain, overstimulation and affectlessness prevails.

One film, *Faces in the Shadows*, departs from the general manner when the camera surveys the faces of old men in a crowded beer hall. It is a significantly tender piece of reportage. But these faces, "natural" and "animated" though they are, are also profoundly at a loss. Each is presented in careful isolation. The feeling in their faces searches for a reply; we never see them find it. The sound track is dim and garbled, imperfectly synchronized; perhaps it records not this but some similar scene. We are left, once more, with a feeling of sensual dispersal, of fragmentation, but now another element is present, reflecting and reinforcing Weiss's treatment of the human image — a sense of blank urban flow.

Both motifs are developed at greater length in *The Mirage*, which follows a day in the life of a pathetic urban wanderer, a teen-age boy on the verge of madness. In a series of episodes, the violence and waste of city life underscore his hallucinations to remove him further and further from reality. He is punched by boxers at a gymnasium, hurt by factory machinery, offered food only at what seems to be a morgue. Later, he eats some filth left out for birds, and runs amok. His erotic imaginings have the fragmented texture of the shorter films. On the morning of his departure we find him staring at a torrent of garbage being poured onto a dump; the sequence of shots suggests that he may be looking there for the blond girl who haunts his fantasies.

The Mirage lacks a dramatic interest equal to the quality of its feeling. It does not make clear where its hero's hallucinations leave off and the tortured world of the city begins, and the source and meaning of his aberration are equally in doubt. Has it been produced by the brutal and exhausted society he moves through? Certainly. But is not this society a madness too—a madness, so the film suggests, identical to his own? Can madmen produce anything but a mad world? At this point in Weiss's career, the paradox was merely implied. It took on dramatic life only in the figure of Marat, who stands out against the sad, fragmented sensual vision that de Sade represents, proclaiming its cause and cure.

Weiss may have good reason today to identify himself with Marat's revolutionary message. But these films remind us how much more complicated was the vision that went into *Marat/Sade*. Marat is de Sade's creation — an invented madman's mad invention, interpreted by madmen but amazingly like life. The rational impulse by which we conceive of revolutionary change no doubt can result in true criticism, but it is also the most desperate of our fantasies.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

In 1959 when Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona* was first produced in Paris the audience was deeply impressed and moved. It had cause. This play about a supremely wealthy German shipbuilder and his son was received as a parable. Though contemptuous of the Nazis, the older man had turned informer to get his son out of trouble — an act which led to the murder of a Polish rabbi. The son, who had attempted to protect the Jew and who scorned Hitler, was nevertheless a patriot and later, as an officer of the *Wehrmacht*, had resorted to torture of the enemy.

These events, antecedent to the play's action, establish the premise for the story of guilt that follows. Obtuse Frenchmen in the audience might have taken it as a cautionary tale directed solely toward the Germans; the more knowing saw the play as symbolic of the French condition during the internecine butchery in Algeria of the fifties.

Like the German shipbuilder's son in the play, the French hid themselves from knowledge of crime committed for *la patrie*. Many who protested were tracked down by hatred and violence. Though the vindictive were given to hypocritical rationalization of their brutality, others suffered inner torment and shame. In either case, these sentiments stemmed from two national humiliations: the early capitulation to the Germans and the successful rebellion in Algeria. The country was divided within itself. And, like Germany after its defeat, the French waxed ever more prosperous. It is perhaps no simple chance that the central figure of Sartre's play — the idealistic officer turned torturer — who has immured himself in the family citadel to hide his anguish and to shut out the evidence of his father's and his country's material well-being — is named *Frantz.*

Though the immediate stimulus for writing *The Condemned of Altona* may have been the Franco-Algerian tragedy, Sartre aimed at creating something more than a blunt political parable. The play's final moments reveal the deeper motivations. While father and son are on their way to a double suicide, a taped recording which Frantz had made in his seclusion is played. As the curtain is about to descend on the empty stage we hear:

> *Centuries of the future, here is my century, solitary and deformed—the accused. My client* [Frantz is "defending" himself] *is tearing himself open with his own hands. . . . I will tell you the secret of these multiple incisions. The century might have been a good one had not man been watched from time immemorial by the cruel enemy who had sworn to destroy him—man himself. One and one make one—there's our mystery. The beast was hiding, and suddenly we surprised his look deep in the eyes of our neighbors. So we struck. Legitimate self-defense. I struck. A man fell, and in his dying eyes I saw the beast still living—myself. . . . Where does it come from, this rancid, dead taste in my mouth? . . . It is the taste of the century. . . .*

We are all guilty. The murderer is identical with the victim. ("One and one make one.") Man must transcend himself. Two people in the play—particularly Frantz's sister-in-law, an "outsider," an artist — appear strong enough to leave the infested family mansion. Perhaps others too may succeed in escaping the vicious syndrome of Frantz's final indictment.

The play proliferates symbols. For example, Frantz and his sister Leni, cynically faithful to the ancestral establishment, have made love together. This signifies that those who bury themselves in guilt and shame, those who fear facing reality, commit a kind of incest.

This is strong stuff. The play abounds in psychological and philosophic convolutions. It is a "think piece." Yet after I had read it twice and then gone to see it some years ago in London I referred to it in *The Nation* as an interesting play which bores or as a boring play which interests! Now that I have seen it at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, the basis for this paradox has become clearer.

Sartre is a brilliant and courageous man. He has an amazing mind, tortuous as often as it is lucid. He has numerous skills, among them the ability to write plays that emit sparks which fascinate and momentarily illuminate. *Dirty Hands*, apart from other merits, is an arresting melodrama. There are passages in *The Devil and The Good Lord* which might be placed in an anthology of exemplary intellectual dialogue for the stage. Because of the urgent contemporaneity of his thinking, and his gift of statement on subjects of inescapable importance, whatever he writes demands close attention.

In general, however, and more particularly in *The Condemned of Altona,* Sartre is hardly an artist or even a consummate theatre craftsman. His compelling will to stab our conscience creats a certain intensity. At the outset the play induces a degree of suspense. But as it progresses through its three hours of volubility one grows fatigued by the author's strained effort and the inadequate sustenance it provides. The play's personages barely come to life, either as true characters or as powerful mouthpieces. There is no poetry in their speech, no flesh or blood in their contacts, and finally little excitement or drama in their confrontation. They do not make us believe in them on any level. We recognize in the extended dialogue an entirely serious and committed man, a person who, despite his occasional eloquence, in this instance remains only partly articulate.

The complexity in *The Condemned of Altona* is characteristic of Sartre. In many of his essays and critical pieces this complexity produces results that approach genius. At other times—and something of the sort occurs in a few of the play's passages—complexity becomes a pyrotechnic cleverness of rhetoric and debate. The intellect outsmarts itself. One becomes suspicious, feels oneself being deceived. The mechanism of the mind confronting us revolves and gyrates with an agility much too free to be useful. The mental inventiveness surpasses the quality of the insights. We are struck dumb in a kind of confused admiration without being convinced in our intelligence or satisfied in our spirit.

There is little point in insisting that *The Condemned of Altona* is a valuable social document. It isn't for us. Though the play may be assumed to have meaning here in America because of Hiroshima or the war in Vietnam, or because we too engaged in the fight against the Nazis, *The Condemned of Altona* is not written in a vein relevant to our experience or frame of reference. And it is still more futile to say that, for all its defects, it is a more substantial play than any other on Broadway. (That may be so, but who has ruled that we must go to the theatre?)

The French production was galvanized by the lightning shock of Serge Reggiani's acting as Frantz—another factor in the play's Parisian success. We need not be at all surprised that no equivalent of this exists in the performance at the Vivian Beaumont. The acting ranges from the thoroughly competent to either the somewhat embarrassingly strenuous or the tolerably mediocre. The whole under Herbert Blau's direction is done with determined sincerity and evident understanding, except for the set which does not make complete dramatic sense.

I avoid further particulars because the work of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center should be reviewed

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as a whole at the end of the season. For this reason my strictures at the moment are aimed at the formidable French master rather than at the struggling young Americans.

Robert Pasolli

Off-off-Broadway, so named by its chief chronicler, *The Village Voice*, is a string of shabby *camera* theatres in lofts, coffeehouses, church basements, store fronts and, least glamorous of all, YMCAs—concentrated in lower Manhattan, mainly in Greenwich Village. For several years the obscure, somewhat murkily exotic pastime of an audience that couldn't have exceeded two or three times the total number of practitioners, off-off-Broadway now enjoys a much bigger demand for admission from persons eager to join what must look to them like a coterie. Perhaps a desire for the *outré* is what motivates this secondary audience, which must surely have heard about off-off-Broadway's characteristic excesses, both theatrical and moral. Or perhaps it is moved by a longing for a theatrical atmosphere more informal, amiable and humane than the condescending audience exploitation of the commodity theatre, on the one hand, and the chilling culture mongering of the institutional theatre on the other.

The Judson Poets' Theatre is a focal point in this expansion of interest in off-off-Broadway. The godchild of Al Carmines, associate minister of the Judson Church on Washington Square, this theatre, more than any other, has attracted a following for its frequently outrageous, always affable kind of theatre, touched by a special insouciance that seems to me to distinguish the Judson from the other groups. (The Caffe Cino, the Theatre Genesis, the La Mama ETC, the Open Theatre, the Clark Center, the Hardware Poets Theatre, the Chelsea Theatre Center and the Lincoln Square YMCA Theatre are the other prominent, on-going ventures.) The Judson's revival over the past two years of Gertrude Stein (*What Happened*, *Play I*, *Play II*, *Play III* and *Three Sisters Who Are Not Sisters*), its enchanting musical version of *Winnie-the-Pooh*, and its musical extravaganza, *Home Movies* (the most famous off-off-Broadway production of all, although its renown was largely due to ensuing commercial presentation)—these productions are among the most engaging theatre I have seen.

The recent bill at the Judson consisted of *Red Cross* by Sam Shepard, a young playwright of some fame off-off-Broadway, and a new adaptation of Sophocles' *Antigone* by Theodore Stinchecum, who also directed it.

Red Cross is a one-act encounter play about a young man, Jim, and the chambermaid who takes care of the room he shares with a young woman, Carol. In Carol's absence, the maid comes in to fix the room and surprises Jim at calisthenics. She submits amenably, while changing the beds, to a variety of his whims, including a long harangue about body lice and an impassioned swimming lesson, at the end of which she "drowns" from exhaustion. Recovering, she muses on the experience of "drowning" in a rhapsodic outpouring of beauty and power, then regains her self-possession and abruptly departs. The episode is set between two short scenes involving Jim and Carol which echo the physical jubilance and debilitation.

Red Cross is an enigmatic play on many counts, the playwright having left out a great deal of information ordinarily thought pertinent. He avoids elements of exposition, like identification of the scene and of the relationship of Jim and Carol. He avoids delineation of character, such as whether Jim is psychotic, playful or merely young. He leaves unclear the intention of the action: are the calisthenics symbolic masturbation, is the swimming lesson symbolic intercourse? Even his theme is elusive: is the encounter essentially between youth and maturity, man and woman, son and surrogate mother, or physicality and spirituality? His obvious symbols are ambiguous too, like the trickle of blood that appears on Jim's face at the end of the play, which could be an emblem of his having been defeated by the maid, or merely the testament of his lively lice—if, indeed, the lice were real in the first place. Those are some of the possibilities which Mr. Shepard hints at but does not confirm. Rather, he leaves them in suspension, as ambiguities which resonate against one another and against the stage action that produced them.

One wonders why ambiguity doesn't alienate the audience by obfuscation. I think the answer is that the playwright never looks up, but he plunges right through his stage action, giving no sign that he is aware of the peculiarities lurking behind it. It is bravura playwriting, sure and authoritative, and gives us an experience akin to the chambermaid's death by drowning. Like her, we glow with euphoria afterward, wondering about the experience. We have been tricked by the play's vitality, as she has been by Jim's, and our recompense for having submitted is, like hers, the pleasure of confrontation with a queer and mysterious reality.

The production, directed by Jacques Levy and designed in stark white by Lindsey Decker, was suave and effective. The actors' skin and hair and the blood on Jim's cheek were the only uses of color; it was eerily pure. Florence Tarlow, an actress frequently seen off-off-Broadway, was superb as the maid, reserved and controlled. Miss Tarlow is a naturally wacky actress, but she played everything straight here so that the wackiness showed only at the seams of her performance, a technique in keeping with that of the play. Her rhapsody after "drowning" was beautiful and moving.

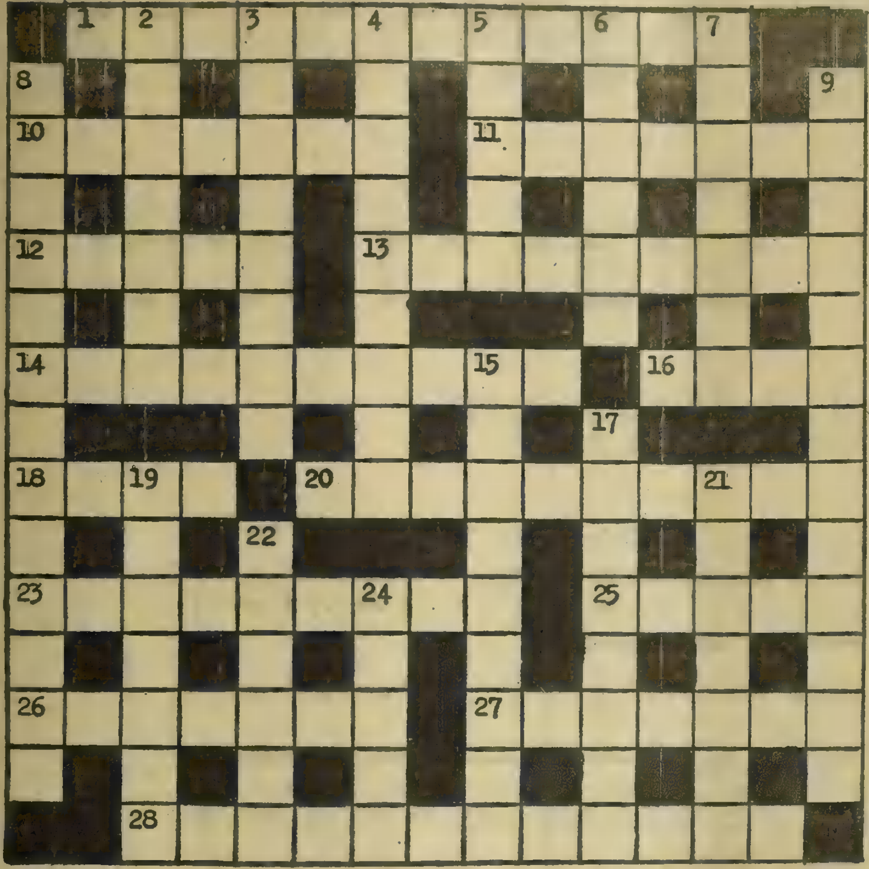
By contrast, Theodore Stinchecum's production of his own adaptation of *Antigone* was deadly. The play is hearty meat for any theatre, let alone the gentle Judson, but Mr. Stinchecum felt somehow the need to pour over it a rich sauce of physical production. Elaborate Japanese paraphernalia inhibited the movement, distracted one's attention and diffused what focus the actors managed to establish. Only Alice Spivak as a stridently *kvetching* Antigone rose out of the miasma to deliver up a characterization, but one would have preferred her to stay under. Worse than that, the strong, bleak and sinewy poetry of Mr. Stinchecum's version, which I had discovered in the two scenes I read, was swamped along with the actors. Several good production ideas were awash in all of this—mainly ritualistic elements live and on film—but they couldn't save the production which, paced for a snail race, was a ponderous evening in the theatre.

It is ironic that the Judson has mounted this tedious *Antigone* as a major effort just at the time when so much attention is focusing on it as the *grande dame* of off-off-Broadway. Many people walked out on the performance I attended and I was sad for the Judson. But that soppy emotion, I suspect, is gratuitous when directed at a theatre whose insouciance has been a major source of its strength. I hope, and assume, that the Judson won't lose its cool.

Robert Pasolli spent the 1962-63 season at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis on a Ford Foundation grant, and was later associated with the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in New York.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1141

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Like Mary, perhaps, about a poem form of the times. (12)
10 A capital fellow, obviously the Chief! (7)
11 Issue of how one is called back to eat, in a way? (7)
12 How one might like a Martini next to the washer, perhaps. (5)
13 Tiers might make them square, as an alternative. (4, 5)
14 Boone, as a statesman? (10)
16 Wild oats, possibly associated with Zeno's place in philosophy. (4)
18 Chooses the wrong spot? (4)
20 Not conducive to a sense of balance, if this. (10)
23 and 7 down An occasion for "Auld Lang Syne" on a seemingly perpetual basis. (4, 2, 3, 4, 3)
25 Direct attention. (5)
26 Proves false. (7)
27 Leave intentional deviation for effect! (7)
28 They should be familiar with the accounts of only half-complete fisherman. (12)

DOWN:

2 A long-standing one might make the speaker happy. (7)
3 Afraid the island is nothing to our country! (8)
4 May apples and makers of drugs? (9)
5 It's nothing to be 135 degrees overweight! (5)
6 State how to put a question in another state, briefly. (6)
7 See 23 across
8 Hash of turkey he'd O.K. would be fit for royalty! (3, 4, 2, 4)
9 Was Prince Houssain transported by one? (7, 6)
15 At one time Kipling had evidently not yet seen one. (9)
17 Having to do with the feet (size, number, etc.)? (8)
19 Driving movement, though some might be rather dopey. (7)
21 25 gets about in one that tries to make things pure. (7)
22 It might be pronounced "authoritatively." (6)
24 Hardy girl brought up under a decided advantage. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1140

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Bread and butter; 10 Lemon; 12 Earwigs; 13 In Dutch; 14 Slight; 15 Medical; 18 Reading; 21 Catsup; 24 Clapper; 26 Alerted; 27 Rehearsal; 28 On cue; 29 Sutler; 30 Used cars. DOWN: 1 Billed; 2 Esmeralda; 3 Dancing; 4 Nail set; 6 Upended; 7 Trait; 8 Rakehell; 9 Atrium; 16 Crustacea; 17 Procures; 19 In place; 20 Garish; 21 and 22 Charles the Bold; 23 Adders; 25 and 11 A shot in the dark.

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flict was in many respects, it nevertheless was fought, more or less, on "equal terms." Indeed, the heavy concentration of Vietnamese artillery under General Giap was what sealed the fate of the French defenders of Dienbienphu.

The nature of the war today is entirely different because of the technical means employed on the American side. It is no longer at all assumed here (as it was a year ago) that the Americans have no hope of winning the jungle war. On the contrary, it is thought possible that the Americans will "win." But how? By a process of almost general extermination.

The renewal of the bombings of North Vietnam has aroused great anger, especially among responsible intellectual groups here. Professor Duverger, analyzing American aims in Vietnam for *Le Nouvel Observateur*, has described the phenomenon as "external fascism." Internally, the United States remains a democratic country, but externally it inflicts fascism on disobedient foreign countries by means of napalm. "Would it not do American prestige in the Third World far more good to abandon South Vietnam than to go on with this war which is arousing the fiercest hatred against the U.S. in the Third World countries?"

To be sure, there are the universities that are shocked by all this. But will they be able, Duverger asks, to put a stop to this "external fascism," or will their protest lead to a revival of an even more virulent form of McCarthyism? The only thing, he thinks, that might have some effect on the U.S. is a major protest of West European public opinion, a protest directed most particularly against the unspeakable horror that thousands of Vietnamese women and children are being killed, crippled and wholly or half burned with napalm. A children's welfare society, *Terre des Hommes*, with headquarters in Geneva, begged the U.S. authorities in Vietnam to allow crippled and burned children to be taken out of the country and given the best possible medical treatment. The response was a blank refusal; it is not thought good for the outside world to see what napalm can do to children.

To date, no West European government, except de Gaulle's, has come out openly against the war in Vietnam—least of all the West German Government, which merely regrets that it can't send troops there. The Labour government is feeble for its own reasons; "and [as Duverger says] it requires the conservatives of *The Times* to save England's honor."

All the same, America is not popular now among the people of Europe. The thousand Guernicas of Vietnam are giving them bad dreams. For what happens even after a "victory" in Vietnam? And how much "prouder" and more trigger-happy will such a victory make the people of the United States? Do they seriously think they have a mission in Asia and other parts of the world; and is this the best way of fulfilling their mission? One can foresee a violent wave of anti-American sentiment sweeping Western Europe if the bombing of North Vietnam goes much further.

ALEXANDER WERTH

The Stopper

The Pentagon and the President have a "stopper" for all critics of Administration policy in Vietnam: "What, then, is your alternative?" At the moment, this unanswered question has the critics at a distinct disadvantage; the live options are neither obvious nor numerous. But two considerations must be kept in mind. By building up an enormous force in Vietnam, the Administration has itself created the dilemma it now asks its critics to solve. In other words, the formidable military presence which we have now established in Vietnam does pose some problems about how it can be removed without a distinct loss of prestige. This consideration weighs heavily with such responsible critics as George Kennan and General Gavin; in fact it forced them to make concessions which robbed their testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of much of its effectiveness. And the other point is that the Administration (even assuming the good faith of its "peace offensive") has never clearly and conclusively demonstrated that it has exhausted all live bids for negotiation or the possibility of finding a role for the UN. Senator Ribicoff's proposal—that the President arrange a preliminary conference at Geneva with the thought of subsequently reconvening the Geneva Conference itself—is merely one of several unexplored avenues of escape from the dilemma.

If all possibilities for a negotiated settlement fail, there would still remain the option of a unilateral withdrawal of American forces. But this would, indeed, be the last alternative, and virtually none of the Administration's critics propose unilateral withdrawal—although none of them make clear why, given their view of this dirty war, they hesitate to take that position. We submit, however, that there is an explanation. Withdrawal would be a blow, perhaps a fatal blow, to the UN. It would be tantamount to conceding that the organization is powerless to cope, even indirectly, with a major threat to the peace involving one of the Big Two powers without the consent of both. Some such consideration doubtless explains Senator Morse's consistent contention that the issue of Vietnam must be brought to the UN. Granted that there are peculiar difficulties such as the nonmembership of China and the apparent reluctance of North and South Vietnam to participate in UN negotiations, the fact that intervention would be difficult does not dispose of the UN's duty, under the Charter, to seek peace in Vietnam—Chapter I, Article 1; Chapter V, Article 24(1). The good sense of the majority of the people tells them that it would be a good idea if the United Nations were to become involved (74 per cent of the Americans questioned approved this proposition in a recent Gallup poll).

The statements in this issue (p. 227) suggest how a role for the UN might be found in the Vietnam dispute. In effect, both proposals assume a reconvened session at Geneva as a necessary precondition, but "back to Geneva" has always been the logical first step for a settlement and presumably the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong would be willing to negotiate there on the basis of their Four Point proposal. One statement also suggests how it might be possible to induce the Soviet Union to join with Britain in reassembling the parties at Geneva. Until such possibilities as these have been fully tested (somewhat similar proposals have been raised in letters to the press by Seymour Melman, Irving Horowitz and Seymour Lipset), neither the Pentagon nor the White House should be permitted to fob off critics by simply asking: "What is your alternative?" At the moment, the tacit assumption that this retort is a stopper blunts the mounting criticism of Administration policy.

The War Fans

Atlanta

"Affirmation Vietnam," held on Lincoln's Birthday and trumpeted all over the city for weeks in advance, was to draw an overflow crowd to the new 50,000-seat Atlanta Stadium and declare thunderous support for American policy in Vietnam. The stands were seven-eighths empty on February 12. For one thing, it rained all day. Perhaps, also, the attendance reflected the fact that support for the war, though still felt by a majority of Americans, is polite and passive, with people standing behind the country by sitting in front of the TV.

This was not a bellicose crowd. Although one man did snatch a picket sign from one of the thirty people who marched silently around the stadium ("We Do Not Affirm This War." "We Condemn American Aggression." "Support Julian Bond and Free Speech." "Vietnam for the Vietnamese." "Stop Hysteria—Both Sides Are Wrong"), most of the opposition was expressed either in banter or earnest argument. On the picket line were Negro and white college students, a few faculty people, a blind man, a young woman pushing a baby stroller.

Sponsorship of "Affirmation Vietnam" reflected the new far-Right-to-moderate-Left coalition which has grown up around LBJ. On the list was one of Georgia's most vociferous racists, Roy Harris of the *Augusta Courier;* and also Ralph McGill. It included segregationist Peter Zack Geer, who led the attack on Julian Bond's right to be seated in the Assembly; and also Rufus Clement, president of Atlanta University. In view of the racist position of some of the Atlanta rally supporters of his war, Mr. Johnson may have been ill advised to charge his Senate critics with prejudice in his February 16 Chicago speech to the American Association of School Administrators. Inside the stadium Confederate flags were sold, alongside copies of *The Green Berets* and (surprisingly) Marvin Gettleman's book of documents, *Vietnam*.

Sen. Richard Russell told the crowd: "The time for debate as to our participation in Vietnam has passed." Sen. Herman Talmadge, following him, quoted Stephen Decatur: " . . . but my country, right or wrong." Another Georgian, Dean Rusk, was the wind-up speaker: "Let us be very clear and very simple." And he was. We were in Vietnam because "there is an aggression by North Vietnam against South Vietnam," and "we have a commitment to South Vietnam."

The crowd munched on peanuts, sipped Cokes, and applauded. Sgt. Barry Sadler stood at parade rest behind the microphone and sang *The Ballad of the Green Berets*. Organist Graham Jackson played *Yankee Doodle* and *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. The Emory University Glee Club sang *There Is Nothing Like a Dame* from *South Pacific*. The sound carried outside the stadium. A girl on the picket line, drenched and hatless, said: "It's like a Fred Waring concert. And I find that unnerving, because this is a *war* rally."

HOWARD ZINN

VIETNAM: WHAT ROLE FOR THE UN?

The Strategy of a Truce

Russell J. Leng

The Soviet Union would not consider such a thing; France did not think it wise to become involved; the Secretary-General felt that the matter should be handled in a more quiet, informal manner, and even the American Ambassador admitted that little could be accomplished at this time. Yet for better or worse the United Nations Security Council is now directly and formally involved in Vietnam.

As the United States has already discovered, the UN is likely to find that the cruel realities of the Vietnamese dilemma offer a hard testing ground for its greatest strengths and most deplorable weaknesses. Above all, it will test the nearly forgotten premise that gave birth to the United Nations: great powers must cooperate to keep the peace.

By now it is obvious that any effective United Nations action in Vietnam will require the approval and cooperation of the Soviet Union. As first glance, the Soviet's consistent official stand against involving the United Nations in the Vietnamese war would seem to doom the American initiative to an exercise in wishful thinking. But although the prospects of achieving a cease-fire in the near future through the UN are not great—as Ambassador Goldberg's letter to the Security Council so candidly admitted—they are not impossible. The endless

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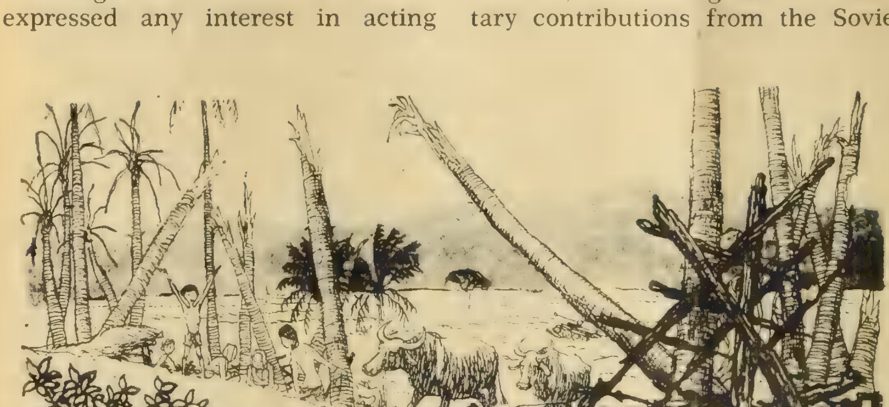
Russell J. Leng is a foreign affairs analyst with the Legislative Reference Service, Library of Congress, who specializes in United Nations affairs. The views expressed here are his own and do not represent those of the Library.

rounds of private discussion and face-saving devices available to the organization are among its greatest assets. The Soviets are in no position to join with the United States in arranging peace negotiations if they still take global communism seriously, but they could respond to an initiative from the nonaligned nations —for example, to reconvene the Geneva Conference. In so doing they could gain stature with the Afro-Asians and, at the same time, bring about the peace they apparently desire without losing too much face among their more militant Communist brethren. The United States may be somewhat more willing to negotiate with the National Liberation Front if we are requested to do so through a similarly sponsored resolution.

Of course, there is still the problem of obtaining the cooperation of the other four parties to the dispute —Peking, the two Vietnams and the Vietcong. So far none of them has expressed any interest in acting through the United Nations. But here, too, with the possible exception of Peking (whose cooperation is not essential), a strong neutral initiative could bring about a consent to discussions.

When and if the question of peace is brought to the negotiating table, a reliable cease-fire will necessarily be one of the first issues to be considered. The United Nations is the entity most likely to end up with the responsibility for overseeing that truce. What are its prospects for success?

If its ability to open the way for difficult negotiations has been one of the UN's greatest strengths in the past, peace-keeping operations have provided some rather striking examples of its limitations. Money is the most obvious difficulty. The United States has moved from its adamant stand on the compulsory nature of peace-keeping assessments for the Middle East and Congo operations, but the long-awaited voluntary contributions from the Soviet Union and France remain outstanding and the organization continues to teeter on bankruptcy. Nevertheless, despite the predictably high cost of any operation in Vietnam, finances are not the basic problem. The United States could easily afford to pay the entire cost; it would be a good deal less than the current outlay for the military campaign.



Punch: Ben Roth

"Mother, Why Can't They Make Every *Day a Holy Day?"*

This does not mean that we can simply spray blue paint on the helmets of the 101st Airborne Division and magically turn them into a Korea-style United Nations force effectively controlled by the United States. What was possible in Korea, or even in the Congo, will not be possible in Vietnam. Whatever else may or may not have been proved by the Soviet Union's implacable stand on the Congo and Middle East assessments, it proved that the two-thirds majority in the General Assembly which we had come to depend upon, and which made peace-keeping action possible outside of the Security Council, has faded away. A United Nations force in Vietnam will be small and manned by a balanced force of "Socialist" and "non-Socialist" lesser powers. It will be initiated and, most probably, directly controlled by the Security Council, and thus subject to Soviet veto.

This rather awkward state of affairs is not solely a product of Soviet intransigence but the inevitable dilemma of an international organization which has been forced to take direct action in situations involving the conflicting national interests of great powers. The very success of peace-keeping operations in the past has made the great powers the more jealous of their control over the organization. The Soviets reacted to the outcome of the UN venture in the Congo no more violently than we would react to a similar situation in, say, the Dominican Republic. Perhaps even more important, the United Nations will not allow itself to become involved in policing a Vietnam cease-fire unless there is a reasonable prospect of success. The organization is currently much too weak, both financially and spiritually, to accept the burden of someone else's failures in Vietnam.

It is not surprising that the Secretary-General has been so insistent on having the NLF participate in any proposed peace talks. If the Vietcong is not satisfied with the terms of a peace settlement, a small

UN force is not going to impose compliance when more than 200,000 American troops and the entire armed forces of South Vietnam have failed. Thus, even with the support of both the United States and the USSR the UN cannot realistically consider policing a truce without active Vietcong cooperation.

It should not be forgotten that although the International Control Commission, which grew out of the Geneva Accords of 1954, may have been unduly handicapped by its small size and an overabundance of petty complaints, the lack of any real cooperation from either the North or South Vietnamese governments doomed it from the outset. A bigger force would have been no more successful then, and without the cooperation of all sides collapse would come even sooner today.

A workable peace settlement would seem to be dependent on the successful integration of the Vietcong into the political structure of South Vietnam. In such a situation, a United Nations peace-keeping and observer force could be quite effective in overseeing the withdrawal of North Vietnamese and American forces, controlling the release of prisoners of war, guaranteeing amnesty to guerrilla forces leaving the country, and even supervising elections. Without at least the minimal support of the actively engaged forces, including the Vietcong, it could do none of these.

It will be difficult to reach a workable peace settlement, but not impossible. The Vietnamese have been fighting for more than twenty years; neither side wants to continue the slaughter. The neutral aid facilities of the United Nations could do a great deal to help a war-weary Vietnam recover its strength and identity.

The United States has a vital stake in the future of the United Nations. Its potential for peacefully solving the disputes of the great powers still offers our best hope of survival in the nuclear age. We cannot afford to sacrifice that potential to cover our own failures elsewhere.

The Tactics of a Truce

Jack D. Forbes

To one degree or another all the parties engaged in the Vietnamese civil war profess a desire for peace, and yet the war continues. In part this is because no peace proposals made by either side have thus far included guarantees to protect the interests of all participants. The North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front appear to desire conditions very unfavorable to the Saigon junta and the United States, while the latter groups appear intent upon the annihilation or disappearance of the NLF. No peace can be arranged until conditions are set forth which recognize the interests of all Vietnamese factions, including tribal groups, Buddhists and neutralists.

In making any peace proposal, it must be assumed that all parties truly desire an end to hostilities, providing only that their relative positions of strength are not diminished by the immediate postwar stage of developments. Any *serious* peace proposal must realistically respect that condition.

The first step in any move toward peace would be the recognition by the United States that the Vietnamese war is a civil war, that the several most interested participants—NLF, Buddhists, tribesmen, neutralists, Saigon junta leaders, North Vietnamese, Catholics, et al.—deserve recognition as legitimately concerned groups and that no one of these parties can pretend to speak for the South Vietnamese or the Vietnamese as a whole. The United States must also face the quite obvious fact that the Saigon junta has no claim to call itself a legitimate government, being merely the end result of numerous unconstitutional seizures of power. It has no more claim to represent the South Vietnamese people than does the NLF or FULRO (the tribal alliance). In brief, there is no government in South Vietnam, but rather several factions engaged in a military-political struggle. And the United States must admit that it is the only significant non-Vietnamese participant in the civil war and that if it were not for the United States intervention the war would doubtless involve only Vietnamese.

Any serious peace proposal must, I believe, rest upon the following principles: (1) that a cease-fire must be arranged as a precondition for real negotiations under United Nations supervision; (2) that only the United Nations can properly supervise the transition to peace; (3) that South Vietnam will have to be under international control for a number of years to prevent a resumption of the civil war or the seizure of power by one faction; and (4) that all interested parties must not only be involved in the peace negotiations but must be provided with face-saving arrangements which will give all groups the opportunity for claiming a moral if not a military victory. I believe that the following proposal meets these conditions.

A cease-fire should immediately be arranged, on the basis of existing "fronts," no matter how complicated the boundaries may be. Second, all military units in South Vietnam should be immediately placed under United Nations command and all non-Vietnamese (principally U.S.) and North Vietnamese troops should be withdrawn under United Nations supervision according to a carefully arranged schedule.

At the same time that United States, North Vietnamese, Australian and South Korean troops are evacuated, equivalent numbers of United Nations units, derived from neutralist or nonaligned nations, should be introduced. Once all foreign and North Vietnamese troops have been replaced, a coalition government should be created, representing all factions, including tribal groups and non-Vietnamese minorities. As soon as conditions are appropriate, within perhaps six months, free elections should be held under the close supervision of United Nations authorities. Proportional representation for all parties and factions should be guaranteed, so as to insure the participation of all groups.

The United Nations forces should remain in South Vietnam for a period of at least five years subsequent to the first free elections and at least one year after the second free elections in order to guarantee that no powerful faction violates constitutional guarantees in the interim. Such a United Nations presence

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Jack D. Forbes is a native of Southern California now teaching history at the University of Nevada.

should also guarantee full freedom of speech and political activity.

During the five-year (minimum) period of United Nations supervision, the armed forces of all South Vietnamese factions should be demobilized and replaced by a minimum-sized police force under civilian control. Likewise, the Mekong River Project (or a similar scheme of economic development) should be implemented. The United States should—as it easily can—bear much of the cost of both the UN operation and the Mekong project.

Such a procedure as proposed above would, I believe, provide adequate protection for all factional interests. It would avoid further bloodshed and allow the South Vietnamese time in which to determine their own destiny. It would make full use of the United Nations, the only agency designed to settle a conflict such as exists in Vietnam. Finally, it would set a precedent for United Nations interim control of contested regions which might well be useful in Laos, Korea, Germany and elsewhere.

POVERTY, INJUSTICE and the WELFARE STATE

Part 1: An Ombudsman for the Poor?

Richard A. Cloward & Richard M. Elman

Americans think of justice primarily in connection with agencies of law enforcement, for such agencies have drastic powers, even over life itself. But at a time when the United States Supreme Court is upholding the right to counsel in criminal proceedings of all kinds and otherwise curbing infringements of individual liberties by law-enforcement agencies, it needs to be said that many other government agencies have only slightly less drastic powers, especially over low-income people. It is no small matter that a person may be arbitrarily defined as ineligible for public relief, no small matter that he may be arbitrarily evicted from a public-housing project. There are few institutionalized safeguards against the potentially unjust exercise of power by governmental "poor agencies," and virtually no place where low-income people can turn for assistance in availing themselves of the channels of redress that do exist.

In America, we continue to define poverty as resulting from all manner of personal devils which must be exorcised with commensurate autos-da-fé. England, by contrast, has moved far beyond the Elizabethan "poor-law" concepts which still dominate much of America's orientation toward the impoverished. Our welfare state is accordingly characterized by a lawlessness, a discrimination by class and race, a disregard for human rights and dignity, and a niggardliness that are recurrent, often routine, if not institutionalized. And if our social-welfare system is regularly unjust, it is because American public opinion about the poor makes it so.

There is a plethora of evidence to support this view. For one thing, America spends as small a proportion of its tax dollar on social-welfare programs as any other major social-welfare nation in the West; furthermore, if the changing value of the dollar is taken into account, we spend little more now than two decades ago. For another, the notion that our welfare programs are chiefly for the poor is a persisting fiction. In fact, most of the economic innovations of the last few decades have not substantially aided those for whom poverty is a desperate and constant condition. Social security payments, for example, mostly benefit working-class persons, and not all of them at that.

The regularly unemployed poor have not, to cite another example, gotten unemployment compensation, for one must have been employed to become eligible. Although this measure may protect a good many working-class people from the worst consequences of unemployment (at least temporarily), it is no great boon to the unemployable or the chronically unemployed. In retrospect, it seems fair to say that the chief function of this benefit is to enable the temporarily unemployed person to avoid the "means" or "poverty" test required of the chronically poor, who struggle daily to establish and maintain eligibility for the dole. Unlike the applicant for public assistance, who is obliged to divest himself of many assets while on relief, the working-class person can obtain economic benefits without having his insurance, savings and automobile attached. Working-class groups have not only increased their share in the fruits of the institution of private property through union organization; they have also understood the necessity of finding ways to secure themselves against such tides of economic misfortune as might thrust them back. The programs of the welfare state are one among many mechanisms by which these groups insure the continuity of their status.

Legislation for the poor, by contrast, makes benefits available to as few as possible, and then only under the most trying and degrading conditions. The New Deal established a huge public-welfare program under federal-state-local auspices, but great numbers of our poorest citizens are even now systematically excluded. Every state in the Union has passed laws withholding public-welfare benefits from persons not residents in the state for some specified period of time. In Michigan, for example, some public benefits are available only to people who have lived in the state for five of the nine years preceding application. For decades, residency provisions have penalized the poorest elements in the society, especially rural migrants within our borders and those crossing from Puerto Rico. Efforts to repeal these laws

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have been stubbornly resisted. New York—perhaps the most liberal state and certainly one of the wealthiest—has barely resisted the temptation to promulgate a more stringent residence law: such legislation has actually reached the governor during the past decade but was vetoed.

Residence laws probably violate the constitutional right to cross state boundaries without penalty. They are not the only examples of legislation governing "poor agencies" which are of questionable constitutionality. Issues of "equal protection" are constantly posed in the welfare structure. One is the requirement that self-supporting relatives (who already pay income taxes to support social-welfare programs) be taxed again to support their indigent kin. "Relative-responsibility" laws have been successfully reversed in some state courts, under the "equal-protection" clause of the Constitution, but no cases have yet reached the federal courts where more binding precedents could be established.

Efforts to secure liberalizing legislation founder much of the time, for powerful groups across the country are working to make the social-welfare apparatus even worse. At various times, it has been proposed that desertion be declared a federal offense if a family is receiving public assistance, that sterilization of welfare recipients who continue to bear illegitimate children be made mandatory, and that conviction for a felony be made grounds to deny any form of assistance. Even at a time when many wonder whether automation will not throw huge numbers into enforced idleness, programs of work relief which verge on peonage are continually being put forth. Although many of these proposals never pass into law, a good many do. A number of states, for example, have ceilings on public-welfare grants to penalize large families, ostensibly to depress the birth rate among the poor. In two states, Nebraska and Iowa, courts have declared these laws to be violations of "equal protection" on the ground that the child in a large family needs to eat as much as the child in a small family.

That the legislative framework of our social-welfare system is becoming more humane is, therefore, open to debate. Gains can be pointed to, but there are setbacks; and it must be recognized that some of the most regressive legislation has been passed in recent years. In the late fifties and early sixties, for example, a number of states passed "suitable-home laws" in response to public outrage over disclosures of high rates of illegitimacy on public-welfare case loads. Louisiana passed a law that any woman who had had illegitimate children while on welfare could be denied further aid, and more than 20,000 mothers and children were immediately struck from the rolls. Other legislatures, as in Florida, gave mothers a choice: surrender your illegitimate children for placement (i.e., institutionalization) or be dropped from the rolls. Thousands of mothers elected to give up assistance rather than their children, and the Florida Department of Welfare, calculating to the second decimal place the millions saved, put itself before the public in subsequent annual reports as a model of administrative efficiency and moral virtue. But in Michigan, where a similar law was passed, mothers who chose to leave the rolls found that the state was determined to get their children anyway: after living for a few months in absolute poverty, they were brought into court on charges of physical neglect, and the children were forcibly removed from their homes.

A characteristic of our welfare state is that administrative practice is almost always worse than statute. Broad grants of discretion in doling out benefits are given to administrators because there is no consensus at the legislative level concerning concepts of social welfare. Some measure of discretion is inevitable, for no set of statutes can provide firm guidelines for all the varied circumstances that will be presented for decision. Legislators assume that those who carry out the laws will be reasonable and prudent men, possessed of common sense if not of the uncommon sense to divine the intent of vague and ambiguous statutes. But in areas as controversial as social welfare, the language of statutes may be purposely vague, since greater specificity would reveal more sharply the differences among contending political groups and would thereby foreclose the possibility of any legislation at all. The task of explicating the statutes then falls upon the welfare bureaucracies, so that the political struggle shifts from the legislature to the arenas of administration.

The struggle to control the discretion of the administrator is, for the low-income person, an unequal one. Those he confronts are organized and powerful, whether taxpayers' associations, newspapers, civic groups, professional societies or political actors. They have the resources to maintain constant watch over agency practices, the knowledge to frame issues and put forward policies, and the power to influence and activate sectors of the populace in behalf of these policies. Lacking comparable weapons, the low-income person is merely a refugee from a battle that alternately rages and dies down, shifting from one area of his existence to another. Whether the field of battle is his morals (if in public housing), or his willingness to work (if on public welfare), he is its victim.

Housing for the poor is an instructive case in the operation of administrative discretion. Faced with far more applicants than can be accommodated, housing officials have had to make choices. In the process they have come to be only incidentally concerned about the need of applicants. They have established elaborate screening techniques to rebuff the unworthy, whatever their need, thereby erecting defenses against the continual charge that public moneys are being used to subsidize immorality. Applicants can thus be rejected (and quite regularly are) if they have illegitimate or retarded children, have been separated from a spouse two or more times, are alcoholic, or display what is defined as obnoxious behavior at the application interview. Families on welfare with illegitimate children are shunned—a curious policy by which eligibility for one meager public benefit disqualifies a family for another. And so it is that agencies established to dispense money and other material benefits become guardians of public morality.

But the chief characteristic of public agencies serving the poor is not the punitive use of lawful discretion: it is the exercise of unlawful discretion—the promulgation of administrative rules and procedures which undoubtedly violate either constitutional provisions or the immediate statutes governing departments. No more vivid evidence can be cited of the enormous impact of political pressures upon these agencies. The most flagrant example in a history of flagrant abuses is the "after-midnight raid" on ADC mothers—an unannounced visit, without benefit of warrant, in which a home is searched for male attire that might be taken as evidence that a man (whether husband or not) is available and presumably capable of providing support, or for some suggestion of immoral activities or child neglect, any of which might justify terminating benefits. (During the past summer, candidates for office in Nassau County—both the Democrat and the Republican-Liberal — asserted the right of the district attorney's office to make such raids; the Conservative candidate denounced the practice.) These actions surely violate constitutional prohibitions against illegal search and seizure. They are, nevertheless, conducted by virtually every welfare department in the country. When an Oakland, Calif., welfare worker refused to take part in a raid in January, 1962, he was dismissed for insubordination, and is now suing for reinstatement through the appeals courts of that state. At one stage of the proceedings, the state argued that people taking public assistance waive certain rights, not the least being the right to privacy.

Another instance of lawless discretion is revealed in the way relative-responsibility statutes are applied (assuming for the moment that they are constitutional). Laws in each state designate the categories of relatives who are to be considered responsible, but administrators expand on legislative intent by instructing staff to seek out additional categories of relatives (and even friends) as potential "financial resources." When such sources of support are located, the applicant may be denied assistance, or his grant may be arbitrarily reduced by an amount presumed to be available elsewhere.

Or consider the administration of New York's "welfare-abuses law," passage of which followed hard on the Newburgh controversy. This statute, a residency law, provides that a person may be denied benefits *only* if it can be shown that he came into the state for the express purpose of securing them. It stipulates that the burden of proof is on the local welfare department, and that emergency relief must be granted pending a factual determination on the issue of motive. As a practical matter, however, the mere fact that an applicant is from out of state is often taken as prima facie evidence of intent to collect welfare. Many thousands of families have been illegally disqualified since passage of the law in 1962.

But administrative lawlessness is not limited to matters of initial eligibility for benefits. Once on the welfare rolls, recipients in need of special grants of many kinds—for winter clothing, furniture, apartment security, for example—frequently fail to secure them. There are at least three reasons. The law states that requests for all grants must be investigated, frequently by a home visit, and overburdened departments cannot always spare the manpower. In addition, under pressure to conserve funds, departments often ignore requests for special grants. Finally, because of high turnover, public-welfare employees frequently do not themselves know what benefits the applicants are entitled to and how these can be obtained for them. For instance, welfare recipients in New York who live in rat-infested buildings can receive a so-called "rat allowance" to cover the cost of keeping their lights burning all night long; few welfare workers seem to know about special grants of this kind and few clients are told of them. By such practices, welfare clients are routinely deprived of substantial cash entitlements.

The American poor may not be able to protect themselves from injustice, but affluent groups can. As governmental powers proliferate, middle-class people are also becoming objects of abuses. Accustomed to having their rights respected, they are calling for restraints against government.

Traditionally, representative democracies have relied upon the legislator to mediate between the citizen and the public agency. With the growth of government, however, this arrangement—never very effective—has become mired down in complaints. To cope with the situation, a European legislative innovation, called the Ombudsman, has been proposed for America. Developed in Sweden more than 150 years ago, this innovation has evolved and spread to all other Scandinavian countries and to a number of nations in the British

Commonwealth. Last October, the cause of the Ombudsman got a special boost when the British Labour government decided to establish such an office, even preserving the Scandinavian title.* On January 1 of this year, a somewhat modified version of the Ombudsman was established in Laval, Canada (a suburb of Quebec City); it is the first in North America.

The Ombudsman is a "justice officer," or "citizen's defender." He is usually a highly respected senior member of the judiciary or a renowned professor in law, and is assisted by a small staff of lawyers. Appointed by and responsible to a legislative body—in most countries where the Ombudsman exists, to a parliament—he is charged to investigate all complaints from citizens. In Denmark, for example, the Ombudsman is obliged by statute "to keep himself informed as to whether any person under his jurisdiction [i.e., any civil servant] pursues unlawful ends, makes arbitrary or unreasonable decisions, or otherwise commits mistakes or acts of negligence in the discharge of his duties." If complaints from citizens are declared valid, the offending functionary is asked to provide redress; if invalid, no reprisals can be taken against the complainant.

Typical complaints involve the right of a postman to have in writing the grounds for a disciplinary action against him (the Ombudsman agreed, saying that governmental agencies should routinely inform citizens of the reasons for official decisions); the denial of unemployment benefits to a plumber on what he alleged was inaccurate evidence (the Ombudsman agreed, castigating officialdom for not procuring complete and reliable evidence); a businessman's charge that a national bank required him to conduct all his business with them in writing because he had been abusive to bank employees (the Ombudsman referred the complaining businessman to the ordinary courts which he said had jurisdiction); a charge that the grounds for federal grants for road construction, made selectively to municipalities each year, had not been explained (the Ombudsman ruled for the complaining municipality, saying that criteria of selection should be published).

VOTE FOR
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Judging from a newly published volume of essays about Ombudsmanship around the world,* bureaucratic excesses have been effectively curbed by this legislative officer. The success of the Ombudsman is all the more remarkable because his powers are usually limited to investigation and recommendation. The Ombudsman typically publishes recommendations and can thus embarrass the bureaucracies. Representatives of the press are frequently permitted to comb through his correspondence, and his activities ordinarily make news. He is also empowered to make broad recommendations for new legislation intended to remedy sources of injustice by governmental agencies. And because of the esteem in which he is typically held, his recommendations are nearly always heeded. The Ombudsman's chief strength thus derives from intangibles: his personality, his public prestige, the support he cultivates in the press. He cannot, in short, move much beyond public opinion.

Within recent months, a spate of articles have appeared proposing that a parallel complaints office be developed at all levels of American government. Sweden's present Ombudsman, Alfred Bexelius, was interviewed in *The New Yorker.* An article in *Harper's* by Marion K. Sanders suggested that the creation of an Ombudsman might appease Negro demands for citizen review boards to take up complaints of police brutality. In the *New York Times Magazine*, Rep. Henry Reuss of Wisconsin explained his proposal to establish a nonpartisan "Office of Congressional Counsel." Similar bills have been proposed in state legislatures and municipal councils across the country. The general idea has been endorsed by civil liberties groups for both national and local government.

Proponents of American Ombudsmanship would endow the office with an immense purview. "If there are no avenues for correcting maladministration," Congressman Reuss has pointed out in the *Christian Century*, "programs for the general welfare, such as Social Security, public housing, and veterans' benefits, are full of possibilities for human injustice." Ralph Nader has listed the following abuses with which an Ombudsman proposed for Connecticut might wish to deal:

> . . . *preferential treatment and influence peddling, inadequate or unpublished regulations, wrongful detention, state police over-zealousness or laxity, unjust procedures in agency hearings, arbitrary censorship or secrecy, agency reluctance or refusal to give explicit reasons for decisions, patronage excesses, inefficiencies and delays by state personnel, undesirable conditions in prisons and mental institutions, payoffs and kickbacks in state contracts, and discriminatory enforcement or flagrant non-enforcement of state laws.*

Given the growing concern here about governmental abuses, it is possible that various adaptations of this mechanism will presently emerge in the United States. The likelihood that they will protect the rights of the poor therefore deserves careful scrutiny.

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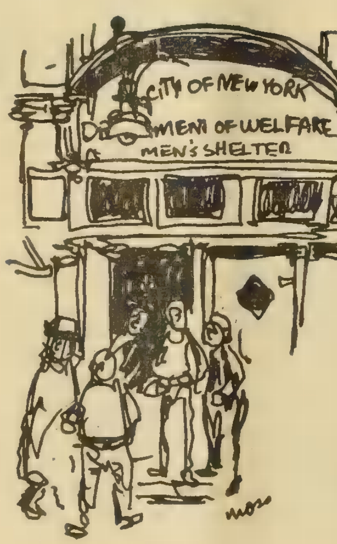
*The British action followed the notorious Crichel Down affair, in which the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries tried to rid itself of a particularly irksome farmer by ordering his lands to be confiscated, an action which led to a Question before Parliament.

*Donald C. Rowat, *The Ombudsman: Citizen's Defender* (with 29 contributors, including Ombudsmen from thirteen countries), Toronto, Canada: University of Toronto Press, 1965, 361 pp. All quotations, unless otherwise noted, are taken from this volume.

Debate about an American Ombudsman has thus far focused on questions of governmental organization: would an American complaints officer weaken rather than strengthen the traditional role of legislators as Ombudsmen en masse; could an institution nurtured in parliamentary systems be successfully adapted to governments marked by separation of powers; would the use of this device not give American courts further grounds for avoiding politically controversial issues in favor of narrowly technical ones? It has been assumed, and not debated, that the Ombudsman's services would be found equally effective by all American citizens. But the poor of our nation still confront special problems of injustice that have been resolved in most other welfare states, and discussions about the Ombudsman have not even approached a full appreciation of this fact.

In the United States, procedures to review the decisions of public departments have been successful when they found support in public opinion. The Loyalty Review Board, to cite one instance, compiled an extraordinary record, only one of its many recommendations having been spurned by a public department. Years after its abolition, the courts held that it had exceeded its legal authority; but its actions were hardly held to be excessive in the court of public opinion. An Ombudsman for the poor will fail for precisely the reason that the Loyalty Review Board succeeded: his recommendations would run counter to public attitudes toward the rights of the poor.

In countries where the Ombudsman has succeeded, social-welfare principles are generally accepted, even by conservatives. Compared with America, the poor in these countries have a tradition of political organization, often radical in ideology. Through political organizations—such as the British Labour Party—the poor have decisively influenced the shape of social-welfare legislation in their interests. By contrast, pressures to reform the welfare apparatus in this country have originated primarily in very limited sectors of the middle-class community, unaided by organized demands from the poor themselves. Deprived of this allied base of power, middle-class reformers have had to compromise the interests of the poor. Knowing of the injustice of social-welfare practices, but fearing that disclosures of any kind might arouse a dormant and hostile public opinion, reformers have worked "behind the scenes" and have not attacked the system forthrightly and publicly. They have found it necessary, in effect, to conspire with administrators (tacitly, at least) to conceal the full facts from the public. This accounts in part for the widespread ignorance that most Americans exhibit about the welfare apparatus and its abuses.



In America, then, all faces are turned against the welfare apparatus. Everyone seeks to secure the release of the poor from what is defined as the bondage of "welfare colonialism" or from the psychological entrapment allegedly induced by prolonged dependence on the dole. Only the strategies differ: conservatives would make welfare practices more punitive than they are to deter men from dependency; liberals would lift the poor from dependency by equipping them to become economically competitive. Even the crusade against poverty is a crusade against public welfare; Mr. Shriver has repeatedly stressed that the Office of Economic Opportunity does not sanction "handouts."

Concepts of economic individualism also permeate the civil rights movement. The movement calls upon Americans to strike down historic barriers to individual achievement such that the poor may rise, one by one, into higher economic strata. The Negro is said to want to share in America's wealth on the same idealized terms and by the same idealized means as other groups. Thus consumer boycotts have been organized primarily to enlarge opportunities for the employment of individual Negroes, especially in white-collar positions. Out of deference to this ideology, "compensatory programs" in education and "quotas" in employment have not been pressed hard, for they seem antithetical to a social order based on the theory of open competition and individual merit. This same way of thinking accounts in no small part for the fervor with which so many now embrace the philosophy of the Office of Economic Opportunity—especially as it is symbolized in skills-investment programs like preschool education and youth-employment training. The great mass of poor whose daily lives are controlled by the "poor agencies" thus have neither defenders nor have they organized to defend themselves.

Given these compelling political facts, one derives no reassurance from the observation that Ombudsmen throughout the world cultivate success by carefully selecting cases "of a decidedly nonpolitical nature." Such judicious screening would, in the United States, eliminate from purview most administrative injustices perpetrated upon the poor. It is important to understand, then, that Ombudsmanship is not a substitute for basic reform, and that only reform will produce justice for the poor. The Ombudsman cannot overturn whole systems of law and administrative practice that are rooted in the culture and politics of a nation. He is not a legislature, or a chief executive, or a court of law. He merely polices functionaries in public agencies according to prevailing values: Ombudsmanship, one observer has noted, "cannot cure all administrative ills. It will work successfully only in a country, province or state that is already reasonably well administered. When an administration is riddled with political patronage or corruption . . . a reform of the whole system is required."

And, one might add, when a social-welfare system is rooted in contempt for its beneficiaries, it is also the system that must be reformed, for the injustices spawned are countless. Taking up these individual cases of injustice, there being literally hundreds of thousands to contemplate, is a task that would shortly overwhelm an American citizen-defender of any kind. It would require, if nothing else, an investigatory apparatus as large as the system being surveyed and policed.

Advocates of an American Ombudsman have not been altogether unmindful of the pressures of public opinion to which the office would be exposed, although it is not opinion about poverty that they have in mind. Rather, they point generally to our loose federalism and diversity of national opinion. The Ombudsman has grown up in countries that are relatively homogeneous, especially in the factor of race. Economically and racially, the United States is among the most heterogeneous countries for which the mechanism has as yet been proposed. Consequently, it has been suggested that early experiments with the office might better be undertaken locally than nationally. There, presumably, one would encounter less diverse population grouping, and the task of cultivating public opinion would be easier.

But group conflicts, along both class and racial lines, are deeper the closer one gets to the local community. In recent years, disputes about integration in education, employment and housing have evoked bitter antagonism at the local level, and local officials have been virtually immobilized because of apparently irreconcilable differences among their constituents. By and large, federal perspectives on social welfare have been more liberal; most local practices would be much more punitive were it not for pressures from federal agencies. At a time when the Congress has been passing historic civil rights legislation, state bodies have been passing residence laws and suitable-home laws, not to speak of regressive laws in other categories, which partly reflect growing racial tensions. In New York, mounting pressure for an unqualified residence law stems from the in-migration of both Negroes and Puerto Ricans, for the high proportion of these groups on welfare rolls makes them vulnerable to attack by conservative political interests. As the Negro continues to strike at the roots of historic patterns of class and racial dominance, tensions will undoubtedly mount, and further punitive social-welfare legislation and practices at the local level may result.

Countries where the Ombudsman has been effective also tend to have high standards of public service. The success of the Ombudsman partly depends upon responsible and responsive government functionaries. America's social-welfare agencies have slowly been professionalizing, and one might see in these improved standards of personnel training an omen favorable to an Ombudsman for the poor. There is reason to doubt that this is so. Professional ideology is rooted in political ideology. Reflecting the values of their culture, American professional groups have not argued for the rights of the poor or for the legitimacy of dependency. Rather they have said that introducing better-trained personnel into the welfare apparatus will eliminate moralistic punitive practices and supplant them by scientific, rehabilitative ones. But whether strategies are puritanical or professional, the poor are still to be lifted from dependency in spite of themselves. Rehabilitative services should, of course, be extended to those who can use them, but submitting to such technical services should not be made a condition for access to economic and other material benefits; and that is how professionals have always seen it. Public housing, for example, now employs many kinds of professionals. If management finds the behavior of a tenant objectionable, he may be required to accept some form of therapy upon pain of eviction. Professionals have thus become new agents in an enveloping fabric of bureaucratic control of the poor and are, if only unwittingly, part of the problem that needs correcting. When an unwed mother makes application for public housing in New York City for herself and her children, to cite a further example, she is routinely referred to what the Housing Authority calls its "social consultation unit." There professionals employ their higher skills to make a determination of her "suitability"—not her need—for residence in a public project. Thus the rights of the poor are jeopardized as much by those who find legitimacy for their practices in the sciences as by those who find it in the scriptures.

Before an Ombudsman (or any other policing mechanism) can be of much aid to the poor, basic reforms of governmental poor agencies are required. How pressure for reform might be developed will be discussed next week.

World Trade Center

Manhattan's Tower of Babel . . .

Desmond Smith

This month, in a section of New York that calls itself the "home electronics capital of America," several hundred merchants find themselves in the meanest fight of their lives. At stake is "their" 16-acre chunk of lower Manhattan. At issue is whether the Port Authority will take it from them. If it does then "Radio Row" will be bulldozed into the Hudson River; in its place will rise two supercolossal office buildings, each 110 stories high, known as the World Trade Center. Such being the working methods of the public relations tribe these days, it is perhaps worth mentioning that the chief tenant of the so-called World Trade Center will be the state of New York. More than a quarter of the vast complex will be occupied by civil servants. As they gaze down at the declining port of New York they may well wonder what their problems of sewage in Syracuse, snow clearance in Oswego, or child care in Ossining have to do with world trade.

However, the methods used by central cities, suburban governments, public authorities and all who are in any way involved in bond-financed urban redevelopment (which nowadays includes such debatable "public benefits" as parking lots, hotels and office buildings) are notoriously susceptible to a credibility gap of ever-widening proportions. Unless we grasp the true nature of what is happening in our cities, urban dwellers some fifteen years from now may well have no city to walk in. When the little stores are bulldozed away, the neighborhood inevitably falls along with them. To understand how such changes come about it is worth taking a closer look at the New York Port Authority's battle for 16 acres of downtown New York.

The story begins in 1946, when the New York State legislature created a World Trade Corporation to examine the feasibility of a World Trade Center in New York City. After months of study the corporation urged that the World Trade Center idea be dropped. They recommended instead that New York concentrate on modernizing its deteriorating water front. But the idea of a World Trade Center (for reasons that will subsequently become clear) was too good to be abandoned. And, in 1958, it picked up a formidable sponsor—the Rockefellers.

With their vast wealth gushing forth daily from Standard Oil, the Rockefellers are to New York what the Medicis were to ancient Florence. From banking to real estate, from politics to corporate investments, the Rockefeller position is the one that closes any deal. So when David Rockefeller became interested in the World Trade Center in the late 1950s it was only a question of time before something happened. The first maneuver was to obviate any resistance from the city of New York. To do this, Rockefeller—who heads the Downtown Lower Manhattan Association—deftly suggested that the Port Authority restudy the question of a World Trade Center. It was a good move since the Port Authority, a bi-state agency, has become over the years powerful enough to make its own rules about what it will do in New York City. The outraged cries of the neighborhood retailers were, of course, ignored.

Five years ago, the Port Authority endorsed the project a good one. At a press conference it distributed photographs of a 76-story building which would be known as the World Trade Center. It all seemed reasonable enough unless you happened to be a merchant in the area. Later that same year the New York legislature passed a law authorizing the Port Authority to go ahead. Unfortunately for the sponsors, the New Jersey legislature refused to pass matching legislation. Once more it looked as though the World Trade Center was a dead issue. At this point the story details get a little murky but the outline is fairly clear. A political deal was apparently made between New Jersey and New York. In the middle, playing the role of broker, was none other than David Rockefeller's brother, Governor Nelson. To encourage New Jersey to go along with the Port Authority's plans, the Port Authority agreed to take over New Jersey's near-bankrupt Hudson tubes. Four years ago both states passed matching legislation making the two projects—the World Trade Center and the take-over of the Hudson tubes—"inseparable parts of one unified project."

Meanwhile the financial community's powerful pressure group, the Downtown Lower Manhattan Association, was not idle. Through the "old boy network" it persuaded the Ford Foundation-subsidized Channel 13, an educational television station, to run the propaganda film, *Another Day Downtown*. It was a shameful piece of public relations and brought a sharp rebuke from the FCC. But the real battle was taking place in the courts. The first action was a suit brought by the retailers who operate stores in the area proposed as the site for the World Trade Center. They charged that condemnation proceedings would be a deprivation of property without due process of law. The suit also sought to force the Port Authority into dropping the 76-story-building project altogether. The ground was that this was a taking of private property for other than a public use or purpose. The merchants won in the lower courts. But in the higher courts the Port Authority chose to argue on the grounds of "*public benefit*" rather than "*public use*." In recent years more and more court decisions have turned on the "public-benefit" test. In essence, the courts have said that public — and in some instances, private—money may be spent and private property acquired not only when the property is to be used by the public (a park, a playground) but whenever it benefits the public. This can lead to legal arguments of impregnable circularity. Thus the Port Authority contends the World Trade Center is a "public benefit" since world trade so clearly benefits the citizens of New York.

Two years ago, in a sensational reversal of the lower courts, the New York Court of Appeals ruled in favor of the Port Authority's arguments. One month later, in January, 1964, there came another interesting turn in the Port Authority-Rockefeller strategy. With the court battle won largely on the world trade question, the Authority now revealed new plans. The 76-story World Trade Center was a thing of the past. In its place the press was shown the model of a 16-acre-building complex comprising hotels, restaurants, shops and a 2,000-car parking garage. Towering 110 stories above street level were two gigantic office buildings. The sponsor announced that it would be the world's biggest real estate development—more than 10 million square feet of rentable space.

It will be recalled that the Port Authority argued before the courts the need for a New York World Trade Center "planned to house export-import trade activities of all kinds." Governor Rockefeller, within a week of the announcement of the giant complex, announced that the state offices in New York would all shift into the Port Authority development. There was a broad hint that one of the two buildings would be renamed the New York State Office Building. Perhaps New York City real estate interests should have anticipated that move. The evidence, however, is that Rockefeller caught them completely by surprise. In a second lawsuit begun in September, 1964, the realtors argued that even if the statutes under which the Port Authority acts are constitutional, the intent is not. They assert that the proposed World Trade Center is really a cover for a gigantic real estate venture. Moreover, since the Port Authority enjoys tax-exempt status, the realtors claim that the Authority will be given an additional opportunity

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Desmond Smith, a writer on economic subjects, is a Canadian now living on Long Island. From that point of residence he travels frequently on Port Authority trains, across Port Authority bridges and through Port Authority tunnels. Longer journeys he makes via a Port Authority airport.

to increase its revenues at the expense of private enterprise.

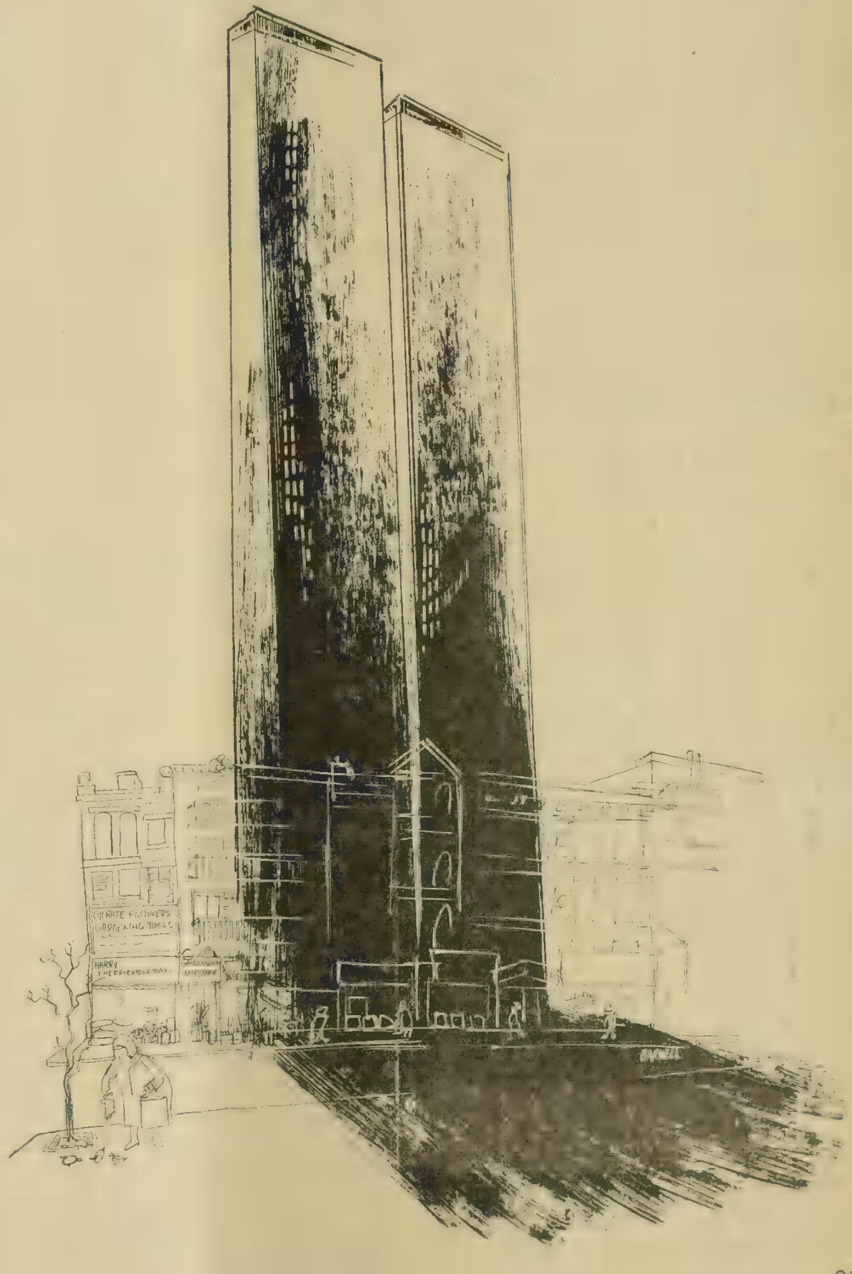
Since world trade is the Port Authority's sole justification for moving this fantastic project into New York City, it is worth noting that as of January, 1965, less than 300,000 of the more than 10 million available square feet had actually been leased to private business. Of this total the major share was taken by five banks, all of which do considerable business with the Port Authority. In spite of numerous junkets abroad, and a hard-sell campaign at home, the Port Authority has so far been unable to interest any *new* businesses involved in foreign trade in moving their operations to New York City and locating in the World Trade Center. WCBS Radio, which has run any number of hard-hitting editorials on this issue says:

> *The Port Authority maintains it will rent all of the Trade Center space to firms and agencies in the export-import field. . . it was on the basis of what is called a public purpose that the Legislatures of New York and New Jersey empowered the Port Authority to condemn private land for the Trade Center. If, however, the complex of export-import industries cannot be attracted to the project, then no trade center is possible, and plainly no public purpose is involved. The taking of private property in that case would amount to willful government destruction. . . .*

How could a public agency, originally created to take charge of terminal and transportation facilities in the Port of New York, run into such trouble by getting involved in a massive real estate development? The reason is complex and it begins with make-work. During its middle age the Port Authority's management has concerned itself less and less with bi-state transportation problems, more and more with floating successful bond issues. Beginning in the early 1920s with a few bridges and tunnels, the Port Authority today is a $1.5 billion empire, controlling air, truck and bus terminals, bridges, tunnels, a railway system, a hotel, several apartment houses, a horse-training track, and much else besides. From the Far Rockaways to Staten Island the Port Authority operates a bewildering variety of what it likes to call "facilities." All of this serves as excellent collateral for its super-inflated debt structure. The bulk of this vast property empire is in New York City. But, under the terms of its bi-state compact, the Port Authority pays no taxes.

In moving in on Manhattan—the richest stretch of real estate in the U.S.—the Authority has offered to pay the city, in lieu of taxes on the Trade Center, the sum of $1.25 million a year. To put this in perspective, a private developer owning the same property would be required to pay approximately $40 million a year! Over the past decade the Port Authority and the Triborough Authority have paid the city in lieu of taxes the minuscule sum of $15 million. Had this prodigious property empire been fully taxed during the ten-year period, financially hard-pressed New York would have received more than $282 million. Not surprisingly, since it is the bond market rather than the public interest that decides matters, all of the appointed officials of the Port Authority come from the financial community.

Where does the Port Authority's enormous income go? Take a look at its 1964 (latest available) financial report. With net revenues of some $78 million, the Authority paid off more than $56 million in debt. In addition it paid interest to the tune of a staggering $20 million on other debt. No wonder bankers love the Port Authority! Of the huge investment in its enterprises, nearly 60 per cent is represented by debt outstanding. This debt, pur-



chased for the most part by banks, insurance companies, foundations and similar institutions, is the Port Authority's IOU to the real owners of these public facilities. Since the Authority's tax-free bonds are considered a very attractive investment, banks and financial syndicates are always eager to get a piece of the action. Among the half dozen successful bidders for entire bond issues (ranging in value from $3 million to $50 million) David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank is most consistently in the winner's circle.

It may well happen that the Port Authority will win this fight against the merchants and tenants of Radio Row. Practically speaking, getting the sleepy legislators of New Jersey and New York to revoke the enacting legislation would take some doing. But there is a growing dissatisfaction with the Port Authority's business methods among serious-minded citizens in both states. A major factor in this deplorable situation has been the ability of a small band of wealthy business leaders—led by David Rockefeller — to override the city of New York. This was made possible by the existence of a public authority that has grown arrogant and powerful with the years. Many of these "independent" authorities came into being when state tax revenues were small and when authorities seemed like a neat legal device to get around state debt limits. Nowadays there is something anachronistic in a system that allows a public agency—without benefit of public hearings—to appropriate a man's home or business to make way for another man's business. As the law stands presently the Port Authority's power is absolute:

> *. . . such determination shall not be affected by the fact that such property has theretofore been taken for and is then devoted to a public use: but the public use in the hands or under the control of the Port Authority shall be deemed superior to the public use in the hands of any other person, association, or corporation.*

When a New York City official was shown this particular section of the enabling act he gasped: "Why, with this power, they could even take city hall!"

I'd be inclined to say that to a very large extent the Port Authority has already taken over city hall. This has come about because New York is underrepresented in the state capital. The city, with 55 per cent of the population of the state, contributes nearly 75 per cent of all state taxes. Yet it gets back less than 60 per cent in state aid. For nearly forty-five years the Port Authority has made up much of the difference. Holders of Authority bonds have put up much of the capital for basic New York services, while New York's tax dollars have gone upstate never to return. As a result the Port Authority has become more responsive to its bondholders than to New York City taxpayers. Mayor Lindsay is credited with wanting to change these unsatisfactory arrangements. It will be interesting to see what happens to the sweet scheme to take over 16 tax-free acres of Manhattan if Mayor Lindsay and public opinion move against the Rockefellers and the vulnerable Port Authority.

LIBERALISM: OPPORTUNITY from IMPASSE

Frank A. Warren III

Liberalism today is under attack from a rising younger generation of radicals. What this means for the future of the Left is hard to say. It may be that the country has become so bureaucratized and anaesthetized that, with clever political handling, Johnson (or whatever "liberal" succeeds him) may smother this new radical impulse. The Schlesinger-Lerner position may yet prevail. But, then, as such disparate figures as John Dewey or Oswald Garrison Villard might remind us: liberalism has had a conscience. It is entirely possible that we are in for significant changes and convolutions; if so, we can say that contemporary liberalism has reached an impasse. This belongs to the future, however. And it is not the purpose of this article to prophesy, but to suggest that a historical perspective might at least help those liberals eager for a breakthrough to define where they are and how they got here. For this will not be the first nor, I believe, even the second impasse that liberalism has faced in the last thirty years; it will be the third.

Liberal intellectuals faced their first impasse in 1935. That was the year when many liberals joined hands with the Communists in the popular front. Historians have rightly noted the external factors—the rise of fascism in Europe and the threat of fascism at home—that pushed liberals into this move. But they have tended to neglect the problems that had developed within liberal thought itself since the beginning of the depression. The liberal position had come under the influence of Marx without developing a Marxist ideology. It had become aware of the dangers from the Right and the disastrous divisions on the Left without arriving at a maneuver for ending sectarianism. It had sensed the burgeoning social forces and new ideologies in Europe without altering its world view. It had moved swiftly past the moral absolutes of the progressive intellect without solving the problems of relativism. Finally, in the concept of national economic planning, it had gone beyond capitalist reformism without embracing either socialism or communism. It is this impasse in development, essentially an arrest of ideology, that accounts for the success of the popular front.

To many liberals it seemed that the popular front satisfied the need for ideology. To be sure, the ideology was rudimentary: it posited a basic conflict in history between "forward-looking," "progressive" forces and "retrogressive," "backward-looking" forces. That this ideology was often no more than crude sloganeering did not lessen its impact: here was a cluster of ideas that went beyond the *status quo*, but did not

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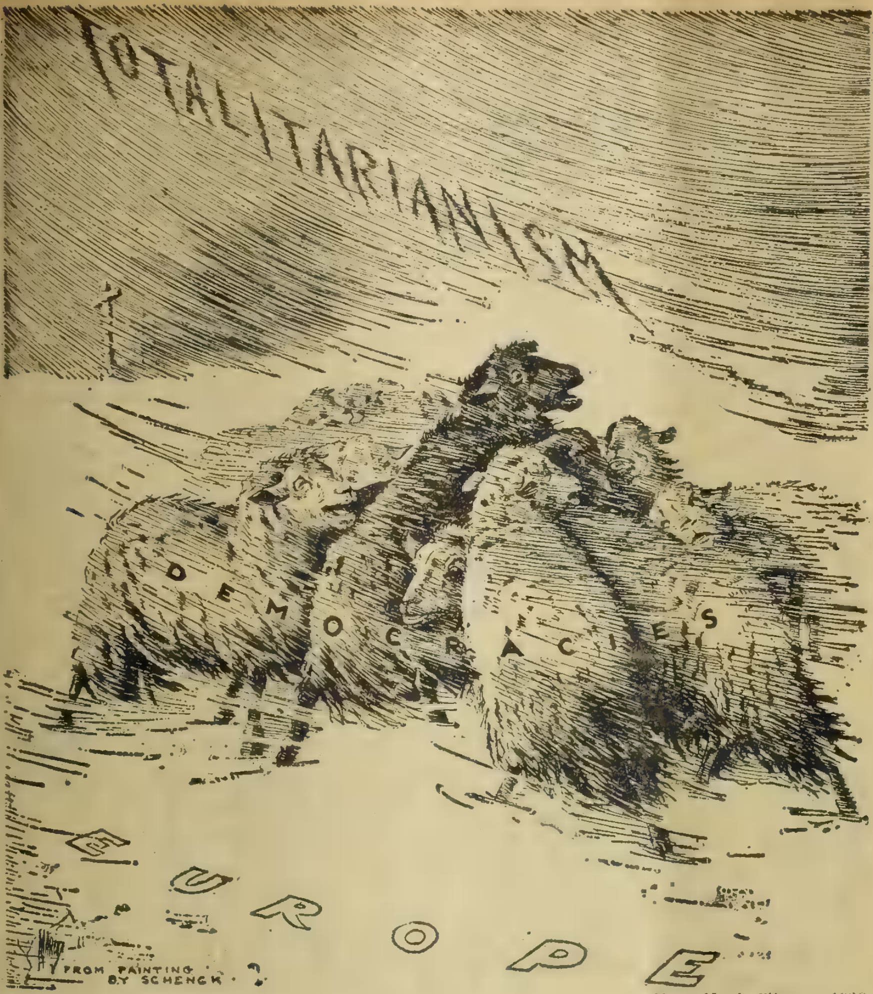


New York Times, 1938

present itself in strict Marxist terminology. Since the early thirties, liberalism had been trying to move in the advance guard of history without committing itself to Marxist dogma. The popular front answered that need.

At the same time, the character of popular-front ideology was superficially nonsectarian. The impatience with internal division, the demand for unity that went far beyond any Communist manipulation (and which included liberals who refused to cooperate in the popular front), could be satisfied by the majestic opposition of progressive and backward social forces. In January, 1936, *The New Republic* argued that fascism had been growing in the United States by leaps and bounds, while radical groups had been making "faces at one another." Whatever the issues dividing the Left might have been, they said, the situation had changed so that now there was only "one test" for participation in a united front: "Are you for fascism (under that or some other name) or against it? If you are against it . . . that is enough." It was better to risk cooperation with people one did not like or with whom one might not agree on every point than to run the risk of Fascist dictatorship: "against a common enemy you need a common army." [*During this period* The Nation *was setting forth a similar position.* The Editors]

This aspect of popular-front thinking neatly jibed with a dualistic view of the world that predated the thirties, and which had remained stationary, paralyzed by the sudden onrush of fascism. Democracy was being threatened and anyone who did not adhere to this simplistic world view was aiding fascism. Any questioning of the motives or sincerity of the Communists, now leading the Fascist opposition, was dismissed as divisive—sectarianism in the aid of fascism. Moreover, the "progressive" view of Russia's world role made it that much easier for liberalism to embrace a relativistic attitude toward civil liberties. In answer to criticism of their double standard, the editors of *The New Republic* frankly replied that civil liberties were not the only standard, or "even the major premise," for judging countries. In addition, they said, Russian violations differed from the German because of Russia's goal—a classless society. And, unlike the United States Government, the Russian leaders had the excuse of operating in a revolutionary era. During the Moscow trials, the relativity of civil liberties became grounds for "suspending judgment."

Finally, the popular front replaced national economic planning when that attempt at ideology was proving inadequate to cope with the new social forces. The popular front, with its demand for anti-Fascist unity, and its replacement of revolutionary phraseology with "progressive" verbiage, bridged the gap between reform and revolution. The liberal had always been frightened of revolution. For example, George Soule in *The Coming American Revolution*, had tempered the whole process by turning it into a slow evolutionary development. The idea of starting to plan even under the existing system — popular with liberals in the early thirties—had kept one foot securely in the door of reform. The popular-front ideology of anti-Fascist unity diverted attention from drastic planning. It reinforced the tendency of liberals to embrace reform; at the same time, it allowed them to seem radical enough to criticize mere "reformers." Heywood Broun epitomized "advance reform" when he declared in August, 1938: "I am an ardent New Dealer but with the reservation that in my opinion Mr. Roosevelt and his policies are by far too conservative."

Thus the popular-front ideology, replete with slogans, furnished an impetus to liberalism that had seemed lost in early 1935. It replaced sectarianism with the unity that liberals had always demanded; it made evident to all the simplistic view of the world the liberals had insisted on; it skirted Marxist ideology and narrow reformism with a new "forward-looking, progressive" appeal; it re-emphasized and seemed to make valid a double standard of civil liberties; it replaced reliance on an apparently unworkable concept of planning with new anti-Fascist phrases that met the new world forces. Most of all, it mobilized liberal action into a series of "cooperative" activities for various social causes.

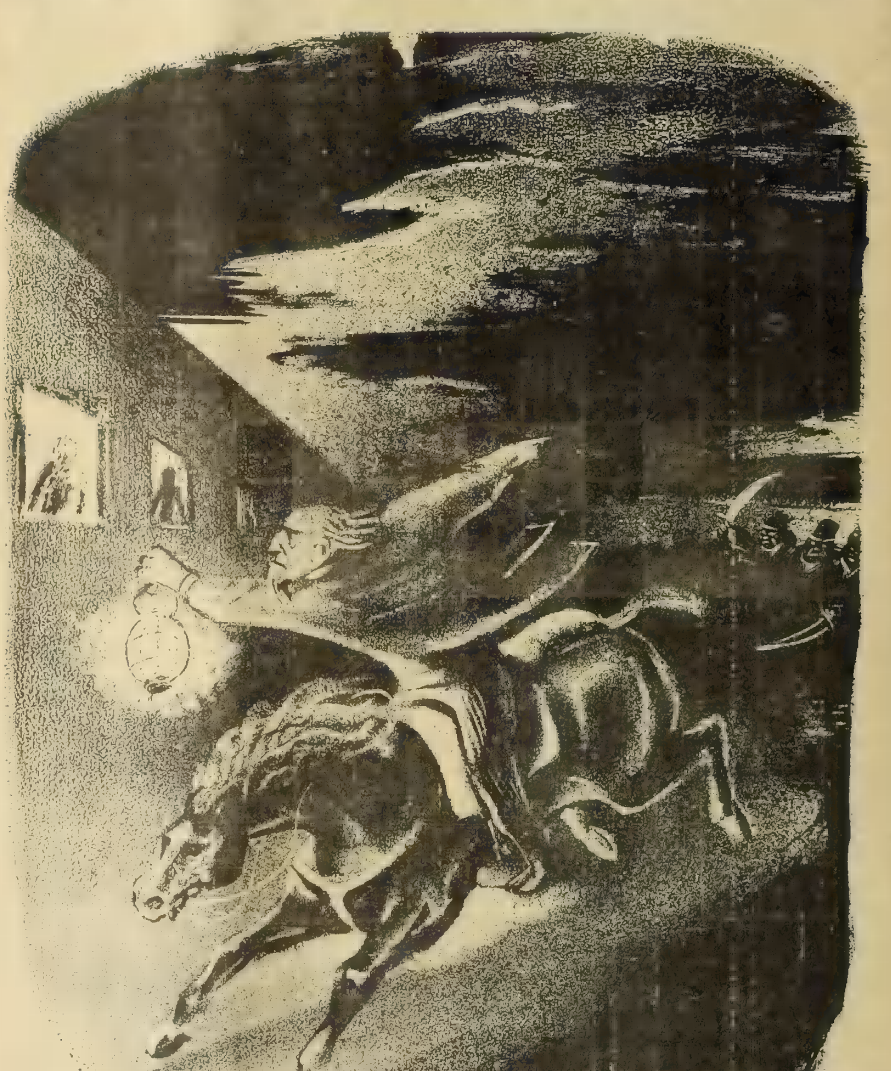
This "cooperation" became the ethos of the popular front. The concept of cooperation among diverse groups was not new; the novelty consisted in the inclusion of totalitarian communism in the "democratic" unity. It is this attempt that has led later commentators to marvel at the naïveté of liberals caught up in the popular front, to emphasize how little *true* cooperation there was and how much manipulation, and to express dismay at what the liberals often rationalized and submerged under the rhetoric of unity. This retrospective judgment would seem to indicate that liberalism has now advanced beyond the popular-front concepts. In many ways it has. Except for a few unreconstructed mourners at the tomb of unity, the mode of thought that prevailed in that period is not typical of contemporary liberals. Is there, then, no significance to the popular front other than its having been an interlude in liberal history that taught liberals the dangers of cooperation with the Communists? There is good reason to believe that an understanding of the popular front bears directly on an understanding of contemporary liberalism: in many ways, contemporary liberalism can be defined as a reaction to the popular-front mind.

Following the collapse of World War II relations between the United States and Russia (which may, in historical perspective, be seen as a kind of popular front between nations), liberals found themselves at a second impasse, analogous to the one that they had faced in 1935. The popular-front ideology was no longer adequate for liberalism, but a new ideology had not arisen to take its place. Social forces could no longer be contained within a black-white world view and a redefinition was in order. At home, the old labor-liberal alliance of the New Deal was under severe attack, and either stringent reformation of the alliance or a broader definition of liberalism was urgent. The conservatives were about to move against civil liberties—in fact, they had already started with the Smith Act—and it was necessary to look again at the rights of individuals in a democratic society. The optimism that many liberals associated with the popular-front mind now seemed inadequate to comprehend the horrors of either Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia.

Thus there came a revolt against the popular front that eschewed ideology on one hand, and moved toward a more complex view on the other hand. The old Left-Right division of the world was displaced by a view in which totalitarianism of any sort was seen as a new third force, neither Left nor Right. But since ideology was no longer thought a proper weapon, liberalism had to deal with totalitarianism on an *ad hoc*, "pragmatic," "realistic" basis. The result has been a liberalism committed to defensive action and narrowly conceived containment.

In domestic reaction against what was taken to be a dogmatic alliance with labor, liberalism has tried to broaden its base. Liberal intellectuals now seek to portray the Democratic Party as a multi-interest party—a clear contrast to their forerunners of the thirties, who wished to turn it into a popular-front party. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has compared the New Frontier of John F. Kennedy with the New Nationalism of Theodore Roosevelt, an association that is meant to indicate that both men placed "national interest" and "public good" above the interests of any single social or economic class.

The broad movement toward "consensus" liberalism, culminating in the election of Lyndon Johnson, can be seen in historical perspective as a reaction to the popular-front idea of a liberal-labor alliance. At the same time, the double standard on civil liberties as formulated



William Gropper: New Masses, 1939

"The Reactionaries Are Coming!"

in the popular-front period has been subjected to re-examination, a re-examination that in some cases—particularly with Sidney Hook—has ended up with very similar philosophical premises: freedom is not an absolute, and therefore restrictions on civil liberties are permissible under certain circumstances. What was used to excuse Russia's abuse of civil liberties in the thirties has come to be used to restrict the civil liberties of Communists. Finally, in reaction against the optimism of the popular front, the pessimistic theology of Reinhold Niebuhr has become influential among secular liberals. The fallibility of man, his proneness to evil, have become liberal as well as conservative clichés since the war, just as man's cooperative propensities and good will were the liberal clichés of the popular front. This shift in the view of human nature has served to justify the "end of ideology" and the narrowly conceived pragmatic politics of contemporary liberalism. It has re-emphasized the impossibility of man's total reconstruction of society around ideological concepts.

Postwar "pragmatic" liberalism carried liberal intellectuals out of their impasse, as the popular-front ideology had carried liberal intellectuals out of their earlier impasse. But it seems fair to ask: has this change been progress? The lessons of Communist subterfuge have been learned by most liberals (J. Edgar Hoover to the contrary) and the sentimental view of unity that masked the horrors of Stalinism has been rejected. But while necessary, these developments hardly constitute the birth of creative liberal political thought. The popular-front ideology was accepted because it provided a rudimentary ideology; today liberals scorn ideology. But they have placed themselves again in the predicament of liberals in the pre-popular-front period: how to comprehend world developments without at least the rudiments of an embracing concept? The end of ideology plus the knowledge of Communist totalitarianism equals Vietnam. It is not an optimistic picture as far as liberalism is concerned. Nor has the new tough-minded, pessimistically based pragmatism helped domestically: too often it has been an excuse for backing off before conservative opposition.

Unmindful of this lack of creativity, contemporary liberals have missed the deeper lessons of the popular front, lessons that revolve around power, the role of the intellectual and the moral callousness of modern man. The liberals of the popular front, believing that it set the pattern of the future, chose to side with history and, therefore, ultimately, with power. It would seem at first glance that the contemporary liberal has transcended this, that he is well aware of the snares and traps that the winning side of history offers in terms of the corruption of power. But what actually has happened is not a lessening of the allure of power but a shifting of terms: the winning side of history has become the winning side of the Democratic Administration in power.

The allure of the sources of influence and power is directly related to the role of the intellectual. The liberal intellectuals of the popular front and the war years revealed an atrophy of the critical functions. Only fascism received its deserved condemnation. In all other areas — or rather, in all "Left" phases—too little was said not simply about Russia but about the New Deal as well. During the Eisenhower years, there was, of course, much discontent and criticism among liberal intellectuals. But one suspects now that their objections were more to the superficial style than to the substance. Under Kennedy, basically the same conservative foreign policy, with all too few brief flashes of hope; the somewhat modified, but essentially similar, conservative economic philosophy; the improved, but far too often ambiguous attitude toward civil rights, were hailed by liberals as a rebirth of liberalism—in, of course, the new "multi-interest," "national-interest" style.

These remarks are admittedly one-sided: there were liberals who objected to the Bay of Pigs; there has been some liberal criticism of Vietnam; this or that domestic program has been found inadequate. But I would suggest that the liberal intellectuals of the popular front, in their desire to be on the winning side of history, all too often became uncritical cheer leaders for the "progressive forces." And today, in their desire to be on the winning side with the present administrators of power, liberal intellectuals are again too often abdicating their role of critics, to become equally unthinking backslappers.

In the end, this liberal greediness to be "in" would be no worse—perhaps even better—than other forms of sycophancy if it had not so often revealed the moral callousness of modern man. The popular-front liberals, with their simplistic ideology and sentimental attachment to the unity of "progressives," betrayed a moral callousness when it came to those who suffered under Stalin's crimes. The contemporary liberal, with his new-found knowledge of totalitarianism, his hard-headed, realistic, tough-minded pragmatism, has temporized with social ills, avoided conflicts with conservatives in the name of consensus, and justified outrageous actions in the name of the "free world." Whether the country is to undertake some new departures in liberalism or whether it will continue to pursue the same path, at least let liberals take stock of where they have arrived. The old shibboleths of the popular front have vanished. But the popular front is relevant today not because, in rejecting it, liberals have progressed so far. As the liberal intellectuals capitulate to power, the popular front serves as a bench mark, reminding us that in coming so far liberals have learned so little.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

poor. . . . That the strategy of the convention did not include a "frontal attack upon the 'American way of public welfare' " appears to me to be a mark of wisdom rather than an evidence of weakness as the authors seem to imply. . . .

One of the most noteworthy things that happened at the convention—nowhere mentioned in the article—was a strong feeling expressed by the fund-raising work group to the delegates that if the poor were ever to really control anti-poverty programs they would have to contribute to the support of the programs themselves.

In the political arena, it was proposed that poor people's organizations run their own candidates for office and that there be "total mobilization for political action." Whatever initial organizing tactics are employed, community-based, anti-poverty and equal rights groups, welded together and coordinated nationally, represent a potential force to be reckoned with on the American political scene.

John L. Erlich

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Book of Poverty

JEWS WITHOUT MONEY. By Michael Gold. Afterword by Michael Harrington. Avon Books. 240 pp. 75c paper.

Michael Brewster Folsom

No literary achievement of the 1930s has suffered more from the obscurity and calumny which a frightened generation has heaped on that decade than Michael Gold's *Jews Without Money*. It was not "forgotten," like Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep*, nor was it "rediscovered" by Establishment literati. The book was greatly popular: it went through perhaps twenty-five printings between 1930 and 1950. Its author remained a Communist (and a public figure) long after that ceased to be chic. *Jews Without Money* was writ large, and it was erased.

In perverse tribute, Gold's was the first of the "proletarian" works to reappear post-McCarthy, but battle-scarred. Some five years ago the proprietor of the rights to *Jews Without Money* arranged for its publication by a paperback house which otherwise specializes in "Bold, Lusty, Virile Fiction"—without informing Gold of that house's name or repute, and without preventing that house from expurgating the book. The version published did not include Gold's final paragraphs:

> *A man on an East Side soap-box, one night, proclaimed that out of the despair, melancholy and helpless rage of millions, a world movement had been born to abolish poverty.*
>
> *I listened to him.*
>
> *O Workers' Revolution, you brought hope to me, a lonely, suicidal boy. You are the true Messiah. You will destroy the East Side when you come, and build there a garden for the human spirit.*
>
> *O Revolution, that forced me to think, to struggle and to live.*
>
> *O great Beginning!*

That awakening (autobiographical fact) makes logic and triumph out of the tortured young life Gold retells: in one sense it is the whole point of the book. The bowdlerization was as silly as it was meretricious.

One looked forward to the subsequent Avon reprint of *Jews Without Money* with added anticipation and gratitude because of the previous grotesquerie. In an Afterword to the Avon edition, Michael Harrington speaks of the "sudden conversion of the narrator on the final page of this volume." But *this* volume, too, omitted those paragraphs.

We smile when a misordering of Henry James's chapters is handed down from edition to edition, for the invisibility of the mistake is appropriately suggestive of James's literary foibles. The persistent "invisible" corruption of the text of *Jews Without Money* is also suggestive and appropriate, if not so droll. In such manner the acquiescence to the expurgation of radical opinion from American intellectual and political life makes monsters and fools of us (even in spite of ourselves) and perverts art.

The expurgation here exactly duplicated that in the previous edition. Avon followed a copy of that corrupt text (including a garbled chapter title and other typographical errors). In fairness, it must be affirmed that Avon worked woefully in ignorance, and would much have preferred to print the book impeccably. Still, there is some sin of slovenliness. A responsible publisher should not accept, prima facie, a cheap reprint as a true text, even if that text was supplied, as Avon claims, by the publisher, and copyright controller of the hard-cover book.

Apprised of its error, Avon has provided reviewers and distributors with an explanation and an apology, and intends to bring out a second, corrected printing. One is recommended to forestall purchase until that printing is available. Though, frankly, it would be better still to start from scratch. Avon took precious little care in the physical production and appearance of the book—nothing comparable to its slick treatment of *Call It Sleep*. Deleted also are Howard Simon's series of dark, trenchant woodcuts which illustrate the original edition. Michael Harrington's Afterword is of no great merit—superficial, patronizing, mainly sociological, and not always reliable in fact. Gold was born in 1893, not 1894; *The Liberator* ceased publication in 1924, not 1926. An unfortunate error in punctuation foists upon Harrington the odd notion that Morris Hillquit was a "Tammany leader"—which, of course, Harrington knows he was not.

At present, an accurate version of Gold's text will suffice. For a durable, handsome, full record and appreciation of *Jews Without Money* as it was known and meant, we shall have to await yet another edition, more conscientiously conceived.

Jews Without Money is a simple work, and an artless one—if literary art consist in the self-conscious achievement of "style" and in the strenuous formal reordering of experience by the imagination. The book is *not* a novel, though commentators (including Harrington) persist in the misnomer. Gold did start out to write the book as a novel. In 1917 he published in *The Masses* a brief "Prologue to a Tentative East Side Novel"—a snatch of first-person narrative about a family named Gottlieb. In the early 1920s, Gold completed a novel, narrated in the third person, based on his ghetto childhood; but it didn't work, and he laid it aside (and the manuscript is now lost).

A novel requires a special stamina of the imagination to form, and stamina is not Gold's forte; he is rather a man of erratic brilliance. His lean, staccato prose suggests the impatience which forbids to him the sustained effort of the novelist. No sentence begins without its end securely in sight. (In this and every way Gold is Henry James's exemplary opposite: the two make the furthest

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Michael Brewster Folsom is a graduate student at the University of California (Berkeley) doing research into the cultural history of the American Left.

February

From a raw land
The wind came, lusting
After long denial
To grip some live thing.

The ignorant sun
Shone, shone in winter,
Despite the winter
And the starved wind,

The sun burnishing
The wind, the wind
Clenching the sun —
Such the contention

Between these two.
We who walk there,
Numbed in the bright blast,
Crunch toward summer's blue.

Daniel Hoffman

bounds beyond which men will not suffer narrative art to reach.)

The book Gold published in 1930 represented a fresh attempt to make form and sense out of his experience. In the late 1920s, an editor of *The New Masses* pressed for copy, he returned to his novel, recast a chapter in the first person, and printed it: "A Gang of Little Yids." That piece, which became Chapter 3 of *Jews Without Money*, was nothing more pretentious than a collection of related sketches of childhood. Gold found the form easy; response was good. He reworked some other parts of his novel and published them severally in *The New Masses* and elsewhere. Gold had learned to accommodate himself to his talents, and *Jews Without Money* just grew.

The book we have is a miscellany of vignettes, anecdotes, reflections, sketches. Gold often catches in words the same spirit and sense of ghetto life that the Ash Can artists—Sloan, Becker, Bellows—got on stone and canvas. What overall structure the book has is thematic, not narrative. Gold groups his matter more or less by subject—Jews and Christians, Sex, Economics—though there is no sense of the structure of sociological analysis either. Within his chapters, however, and their numerous subdivisions, Gold works with a firm hand developing a theme or a short narrative, forming it full, and bringing it to satisfying resolution. The book doesn't seem miscellaneous.

Jews Without Money is, by Gold's guess, about 85 per cent autobiography, though "autobiography" is scarcely more appropriate than "novel" as its designation. Nor is it really "fictionalized autobiography." That other 15 per cent, more or less, is enough to make the book slide away from autobiography—to blur a date, change a name, compress several characters into one—but it is not enough to make the book real fiction. (The procedures of Gold and the Joyce of *A Portrait* in some ways abut and mark each side of that illusive boundary beyond which the materials of autobiography begin to gather up and make something qualitatively different in the imagination of a novelist.)

"Michael Gold" is, of course, a pseudonym. It was adopted by Irwin Granich, during the Palmer raids, to hide the employee from the radical writer, and was copied from that of an old man he admired, a soldier in the Grand Army of the Republic. But by 1930, Michael Gold was the name of a public man, employed now by the revolution. The man became his pseudonym. *Jews Without Money* is mostly autobiography, but *pseudonymous* autobiography. It's as though Samuel Clemens had written of his parents as Mr. and Mrs. Twain. Or as though Joyce had become known to the world as Daedalus while *Stephen Hero* was distilling into *A Portrait*. (One wants to hold onto critical discrimination in these comparisons to greater men and greater works, but there is, in addition, something suggestive in the common false starts and long struggles of Gold and Joyce to find right possible ways of turning lives into letters.)

The unique nature of Gold's public identity gave him a freedom he needed and exploited. Retelling the experience he knew, he could stick comfortably close to the contours of fact and could speak in the first person with passionate sincerity. (It's a bit archly lit-critical to speak of a "narrator" in Gold's book; every word of it is spoken in his own voice, as in his own adopted name.) Just as Gold was thus able to avoid the necessities of a full-blown work of the imagination, just so could he avoid the responsibilities of the autobiographer, which were not his concern.

Jews Without Money is not about Michael Gold. We cannot turn to the book for the facts and dates of the man's life with any certainty; he did not intend that we should. The book comes to a telling penultimate period, just before those errant last paragraphs, thus:

> *At times I seriously thought of cutting my throat. At other times I dreamed of running away to the far west. Sex began to torture me. I developed a crazy religious streak. I prayed on the tenement roof in moonlight to the Jewish Messiah who would redeem the world. I took up with Nigger again. I spent my nights in a tough poolroom. I needed desperate stimulants; I was ready for anything. At the age of fifteen I began drinking and whoring with Nigger's crowd.*
>
> *And I worked. And my father and mother grew sadder and older. It went on for years. I don't want to remember it all; the years of my adolescence. Yet I was only one among a million others.*

There is frenzy here, emotional and syntactical; there is the felt experience of one man's anguish, which approaches and escapes (as Gold so often approaches and deftly escapes) mere sentiment and self-pity. But the latter paragraph grows calm, and changes everything. Gold anchors his personal

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW
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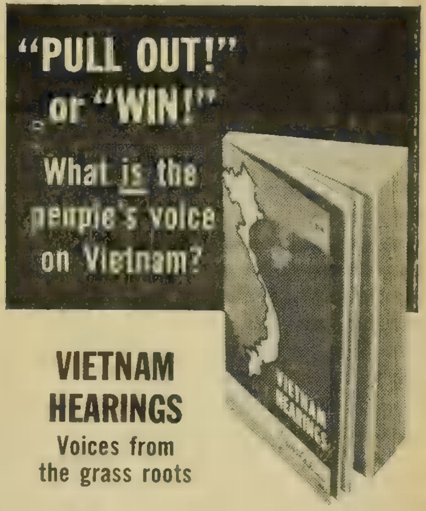
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experience in the condition of his people, the poor, and makes his experience meaningful, here and throughout the book, because it is ushered thus and only. (Those next, missing paragraphs are all the more crucial because a book *might* end without them; there is a sense here of periodic fullness and melancholy, perfect resignation which, uncontradicted, achieve precisely the opposite of Gold's intention.)

What kind of book, then, is *Jews Without Money*? It is just what Gold says it is:

> *There are enough pleasant superficial liars writing in America. I will write a truthful book of poverty; I will mention bedbugs.*

(Characteristically, that seeming-prefatory manifesto is buried between parentheses about a quarter way through the book.) "A truthful book of poverty" is a genus for which there is no accounting in the phylogeny of polite letters. Yet the book is no extraliterary document in the same sense as, say, Joseph Freeman's autobiographical *American Testament*, or Michael Harrington's own true book about poverty, *The Other America*. Unlike those works, *Jews Without Money* belongs in an undergraduate course in 20th-century American literature, for it *is* a work of literary art, with an imagination and a style of its own.

The imagination is that of a man who can tell a good story briefly, sketch a face or character or neighborhood or mood with few strokes, control the sympathies of his reader, or form the rhythm of a chapter out of helter-skelter recollections. The quality of ghetto life and the full forms and logic of the storyteller's art are felt. We live through Gold's experience, and we put down the book a little changed in ourselves: The gentile is turned Jew; the comfortable suffer.

To talk of Gold's style is problematic, for he is notorious on the subject: "There is no 'style' — there is only clarity, force, truth in writing." A narrow and unexamined opinion, surely, and one which is of little use to guide others in the forging of their art; but an opinion which was of no hindrance to himself, a writer who speaks with ease only in his own proper voice. Gold's style is undeniable, tough, singular. It is simply unselfconscious. The workings of the two paragraphs quoted above are one evidence of Gold's special tones and rhythms. Or take this:

> *This was summer. An old melancholy Jew limped by, with six derby hats stacked one over the other on his head, and a burlap sack on his shoulder.*
>
> *"I Cash Clothes!" he wailed, gazing with weary eyes up and down the tenement walls. "I Cash Clothes!" and it made one's heart ache strangely, like the synagogue prayers at Yom Kippur.*
>
> *In my ears still ring the lamentations of the lonely old Jews without money:*
>
> *"I cash clothes, I cash clothes, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"*

Or this:

> *Flies, bedbugs, sick cats, sunstruck horses, men and women, and busy saloon, and street circus — Summer.*

Or this:

> *But Teacher! O Teacher for little slaves, O ruptured American virgin of fifty-five, you should not have called me "*Little Kike.*"*
>
> *Nigger banged you on the nose for that. I should have been so brave. It was Justice.*

Or this:

> *This thing, this Fyfka the Miser, this yellow somnambulist, this nightmare bred of poverty; this maggot-yellow dark ape with twisted arm and bright, peering, melancholy eyes; human garbage can of horror; fevered Rothschild in a filthy shirt; madman in an old derby hat:*
>
> *This perfection had a flaw; this monster needed women.*

One could quote fruitfully on. Gold speaks no gaiety, some murky emotion, little wit, and no humor; but, within a certain defined range, he has many strong voices.

Necessarily, it seems, in the dialectics of literary opinion, when the works of a previous age begin to appeal again, one must argue that this work or that is worthy precisely because it violates the canons of bad taste which prejudice has assigned to that age. Some satisfaction can be wrung from the "ironic" contrast between Gold's "fidelity to life" in his book and his supposed fidelity to some notion of party-line literary theory. There is a real point to such swipes. In every age prevailing literary theory has given mediocre men excuse to write mediocre works "to taste"; in every age talented men have done better than the theorist's dicta (even their own) would seem to permit. The literary stupidities of the Red decade are patent and bear conscientious study. But it is easy to carp and snigger. We must talk of accomplishments, too, and their relevance to our own situation.

The specific culture and its version of poverty which Gold describes in *Jews Without Money* is all but gone: the Southern mountains and Lenox Avenue today face peculiar, knotty problems undreamt on Rivington Street at the turn of the century. (Though it is supercilious of Michael Harrington to say that the poverty of white Appalachians and Negroes today is the more desperate because they lack the "internal resources" of the "adventurous poor" of Gold's youth. And what about the adventurous Puerto Ricans who have inherited Rivington Street — pushcarts and all?) But *Jews Without Money* is not a period piece, nor is it culturally limited. Gold's knowledge of dignity in deprivation (and of degradation), of warmth and will to live (and of defeat) grow from a time and a culture, but are not limited to that time and culture. Gold's commitment is to the poor (not the Jewish poor); that commitment is felt and exemplary. One need not share Gold's ideological views to understand and appreciate his work, but one cannot forget that *he* understood it in the light of his Marxism, and that the overwhelming love and anguish the man shows in his book informed also his commitment to the Communist movement.

To contend, as Harrington does, that, minus "a few passages," the book could have been written by "a conservative or an a political" is to dem-

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onstrate a radical failure of the imagination. Sympathy without action is sentimentality; root deprivation without organization (whatever is most fruitful at the moment) is despair. That is the point of the missing five paragraphs.

The essential pattern of Michael Gold's bewildered ghetto childhood and wretched adolescence, and of his response to the conditions of his life, is true of every time and culture in which poverty is felt and resisted. Gold's experience is really unique only in what he made of it: a simple book, rich in clarity, force, truth and art.

A Mass of Floating Anxiety

THE UNCOMMITTED: Alienated Youth in American Society. By Kenneth Keniston. Harcourt, Brace & World. 500 pp. $8.50.

Ferdynand Zweig

Kenneth Keniston has embraced two major themes in his book: one about alienated youth in American society, based on a three-years' research study of the undergraduates of Harvard College; second, about the alienation of American society from its deeper self (in the Hegelian sense), based on analysis and a searching inquiry into the ills and failures of a technological society. The two themes are presented separately and could form two different books; but they are brought together at the end in the assertion that "the stresses and losses and demands of our technological society are an integral part of the lives of alienated students."

The method, the treatment and presentation in each part are quite different; the first, richer and fuller, is specific and concrete, presented in more vivid terms and based on first-hand material; the second, though it abounds in generalities which can be found in sociological literature of the last fifty years, is a very able summary of the ills, the strains and stresses of our technological civilization: fragmented, mechanized, soulless, destroying the fabric of community life, producing "anomie" (in the two Durkheimian senses), aimless, deprived of its deeper meaning and positive values.

In the first section, a large group of Harvard undergraduates were subjected to tests based on indices of what was defined as alienation: namely, distrust, pessimism, resentment, anxiety, egocentricity, the sense of being an outsider, the rejection of conventional values, rejection of happiness as a goal, and a feeling of distance from others.

Those who scored high on the indices were classed as alienated, and from those a group of twelve was selected, identified as "extremely alienated"; those whose score was low were classed as conformists and another group of twelve was selected and identified as "extremely non-alienated." Those whose score was average were identified as "not extreme either way" and they formed the third "control" group. The students were interviewed and reinterviewed, subjected to the Thematic Apperception Tests (making up a story on the basis of twelve cards showing an ambiguous theme); they wrote a lengthy autobiography and a statement of their basic values and "philosophy of life" and also took part in a variety of psychological experiments.

An interesting portrait gallery of alienated youth emerged from this study, presented in a sketch of the personality of one supremely alienated student called Inburn, and in a collective profile of alienated youth, in which the specific traits are laid bare, analyzed and dissected. They are described as men bent on intellectual and aesthetic pursuits with an "intellectual passion," fond of verbal dispute ("arguing is their avocation"), agnostics, not believing in anything, with a global distrust of human nature and with an ideological distrust of any ideology. They are critical about everything and about themselves, described as fragmented in themselves. They are inclined toward existential pessimism, toward self-analysis and continuous dissection of themselves. They are apolitical, uncommitted in any way, but with a philosophy of "implicit conservatism" and the "doctrine of lesser evil." They scored on the IQ test a little higher than the other groups; there were also more honor students among them than among others. They were taking part in activities where their humanistic or dramatic interests could be expressed. They did not differ in behavior or achievement from others; they "differed not in *what* they do, but in *how* they do it." (It is strange that their ideas did not spill over into their behavior.) They were not Beatniks, they regarded the Beat as a silly and insignificant movement. But many of them seemed to be "troubled and upset by sexual problems" and they seemed to "reject the adult sexuality," especially of the aggressive type. "It would be wrong," asserts Mr. Keniston, "to give causal primacy to this sexual problem," but personally, having made a study of students at Oxford and Manchester Universities, who are also troubled and upset by sexual problems (*The Student in the Age of Anxiety*), I am not sure

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Ferdynand Zweig, the Polish-English sociologist, is presently visiting professor at Tel Aviv University in Israel. He is the author of The Student in the Age of Anxiety *(Free Press),* The Worker in an Affluent Society *(Free Press) and, most recently,* Quest for Fellowship *(Heinemann).*

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whether the author's assertion is as valid as he claims.

A number of findings about the alienated students were implicit in the indices of the tests, which served as a basis for their selection. The distrust of ideology was implicit in the bent toward general distrust; and the global distrust of human nature was implicit in their bent toward pessimism. The ideological rejection of American culture was implicit in their rejection of conventional values, in their resentment and feeling of being outsiders. Their "intense privatism," their rejection of social concerns, was implicit in their egocentricity, etc. This means that, in part, results were already built in by the very nature of the tests on the basis of which the so-called alienated were selected.

The inquiry would have been more convincing if we were given a portrait gallery of the two other control groups, and more satisfactory if five major problems, lumped together in the inquiry, had been kept apart and carefully disentangled. These are: Alienation of youth, a perennial problem, aggravated by the swift pace of social change; alienation of intellectuals, also a perennial problem, at present only aggravated by the triviality of modern mass communication; alienation against the human condition, at present focused on the Great Anxiety, a mass of floating anxiety based on experiences of the extermination camps, Hiroshima and the prospect of nuclear annihilation; the alienation based on marginal psychological characteristics and traumas; finally, the more specific alienation from American culture, per se.

The second theme of the book, the alienating society or the American culture, is presented in a challenging and thought-provoking section which analyzes and dissects the seedy side of the technological society with its supremacy of technological, instrumental values: barren, soulless and soul destroying. But when all is said and done, we are bound to realize that the critical dissection of society as described so eloquently by the author is not that of American society as such, but of a pure model of a "technological society." The author himself declares his book to be "directly and indirectly concerned with the human toll of our technological society." The model, or to use Max Weber's term, "the ideal type" of the technological society is, of course, one-sided, as all models are bound to be. It covers Communist Russia, Japan, England and West Germany, among others. It is in fact the model of an industrial society at its height. The supremacy of technical values may be stronger in the United States than in other countries because the United States is technologically and industrially more advanced. But the point is what to do about it? That is the crucial issue which is faced not alone by the West, in spite of the basic assumption of the book that "the dominance of technology springs ultimately from the failure of positive values in our society and from a collective failure of imagination in the West as a whole."

Using his own imagination, Mr. Keniston presents a very worthy plea for "a more generous tolerance for synthetic and constructive ideas," and for encouragement of the Greek ideal of "full human wholeness," the full development of human potentials, and the attainment of the greatest possible fulfillment of human personality. The author admits that those goals are rather vague but, all the same, they can point to a different set of values than those prevailing in a technological society. He sees three alternatives before us: Regression and reaction to a romanticized past, which he rejects; the continuation of the present road, but with some finishing touches here and there, which he also rejects; or to go beyond the technological society, overcoming its values in a new, more human society.

In his vision, this future society will be "one in which whole men and women can play with zest and spontaneity, can work with skill and dedication, can love with passion and care —a society that enjoys diversity and supports human fulfillment."

It is a pity that the author is not endowed with the imagination of a Karl Marx, Charles Fourier or Saint-Simon; he might have shown us the beautiful landscape which lies beyond the horizon of this "prosperous, ugly and sprawling society."

Even so, it is a book worth reading and pondering, as it presents a challenge to the ominous question: "*Quo vadis, domine?*"

The Shoe in the Shark

Michael Goldman

During the past decade, American poets have been engaged in an unprecedented testing of styles, a search for new sources of eloquence that has been remarkable in its variety. The search clearly has much to do with the idea of an "American" poetry itself: it is an attempt to find an expression suitable to our language and our national life. This is a vague enough notion, and in some respects a puzzling one. For although we are accustomed to speak as if a simple connection existed between a poet's work and his native land ("English poetry is moribund," "Williams sensed the possibilities of an American metric"), the nature of the connection remains obscure and even problematical. How can poetry—which must inevitably be made up of a number of personal, intimate and apparently competing visions of experience—be national in any significant sense? To answer, we must consider some of the ways in which poetry works in the mind of its audience and how it may meet there with the objects and difficulties of American life.

Quasimodo has defined eloquence in poetry as "discourse with a world gathered up in a narrow landscape"; and it is in this sense of the word that we may say the prevailing problem of American poetry today is one of eloquence. Every new poem of any quality has lately seemed to have a double function: it is first of all simply a poem, but it is also, and always uneasily, a polemic in a continuing argument as to the true or new or proper cadence and diction of our poetry. The question appears to be one of speech. But as Quasimodo's definition suggests, the heart of the problem lies in the landscape. Poetry seeks a condensed world, what William Empson has called "the pastoral," a landscape apparently small enough to be familiar and yet somehow containing the world. If eloquence fails us, it is probably not because our world has grown so difficult to contain but because so little in it has remained familiar; or, to put the case more accurately, so little of the familiar in our world has remained human.

It is as if Rilke was right forty years ago when he announced that the world of familiar objects was at an end:

> *To our grandparents a "house," a "well," a tower familiar to them, even their own dress, their cloak, was still infinitely more, infinitely more intimate: almost each thing a*

> *vessel in which they found something human and into which they set aside something human. Now, from America, empty indifferent things are crowding over to us, sham things,* life-decoys. . . . *Animated things, things experienced by us,* and that know us, *are on the decline and cannot be replaced any more.* We are perhaps the last still to have known such things.

There are at least two ways in which this disturbing prophecy bears on us. First, if it is *American* objects that have vanquished the world, perhaps it is in some way up to our poetry to vanquish the objects, to assume the imperial task, to surprise the life-decoys back into life. Second, the date of the passage is 1925; at that time all the figures we recognize as outstanding in "modern" American poetry were flourishing—Eliot, Pound, Frost and Stevens had all found their voices. So that if we take Rilke's remarks as defining the difference between the old poetic landscape and the new, we find that the great recent figures in our own tradition, the ones on whom we tend to rely when we speak of "American poetry," and whom we are still laboring to understand, are inevitably remote from us as being largely unaffected by our major problem, the assimilation of "American things."

It is perhaps because of this difference that we find our own poets insisting on the assimilation of ordinary objects—especially manufactured ones—in a way that seems unsophisticated when compared, for example, with Eliot's comments on the relation of modern poetry to modern life. Eliot tells us we should try to get the rhythm of the motorcar into our poetry, and not the motorcar itself, but it is Louis Simpson who strikes a note more characteristic of poetry as it is being written today when he says in a poem entitled "American Poetry":

Whatever it is, it must have
A stomach that can digest
Rubber, coal, uranium, moons,
poems

Like the shark, it contains a shoe.

The emphasis on digestion is important, and I think the process here is different from what Eliot has in mind. The image of the shoe in the shark suggests the continuing recognizable presence of the lifeless object, but transformed by (and transforming) certain strong natural juices. The swallowing of the shoe by the shark is thus Simpson's figure for eloquence; this, too, is the gathering up of the world into a landscape.

Simpson's poetry—*At the End of the Open Road* (Wesleyan University Press) and the twelve new poems included in his *Selected Poems* (Harcourt, Brace & World)—is distinguished by its insistence on *life*. It is the "unlived life" that concerns him, "serious life," "my life that I hold in secret." He is working now to touch the great source of feeling that we all allude to, however vaguely, when we use the phrase "real life." It is one of his phrases too:

And so my real life, my feelings
Are left on the cutting-room floor
And swept away with a broom.

For the poet, the discovery of his real life poses a technical as well as an emotional problem, and to solve it he must learn to assimilate the terrible, banal objects that surround him, the life-decoys. In "The Laurel Tree" Simpson describes how tree roots have broken through his cellar wall:

As though there were something in
my rubbish
That life would have at last.

I must be patient with shapes
Of automobiles and ketchup bottles
These things are the beginning

Of things not visible to the naked
eye.

. . . It is so that spiritual messengers
Deliver their meaning.

In this patient, attentive gathering of objects into a spiritual landscape, we may discover the poetics behind Simpson's recent work. It is a response to Rilke's challenge, a poetics for a post-modern age.

The idea of making a poetry out of "American objects" suggests an "American poetry"; a common search for a landscape implies a common land. Simpson's development—and the *Selected Poems* gives us an admirable opportunity to see this—has been toward an increasingly national tone in cadence, in diction, and even in setting. He tends more and more to write about the West Coast, the "end of the open road," all the junk-ridden splendor of the American scene. We sense that at its best, his is an appropriately national poetry, and that, as is the case with so many of our poets who are moving in a similar direction, the personal solution to the problem of eloquence is also an American one. Quasimodo is being figurative when he talks of landscape, but he is also being literal; the idea of a real if transfigured locale is in his mind (and in his poetry), and we realize that his definition of eloquence may be turned around: the poet's eloquence creates the landscape of a nation.

But what do we mean by this? In what sense is poetry national, and how does a poet's personal landscape become a national eloquence? We may begin by noting a characteristic of any landscape: there is room in it for more than one man. Though there may be a moat or barbed wire surrounding it and pitfalls or bogs within, it can be entered. The reader of a poem is not, finally, asked to peer through the hedges at a man in his garden; he is invited to share the scene. And the scene has duration. Places attract us by the relations they suggest, and one set of relations develops from the possible presence on the scene of people who have come before us or after us or at the same time but through different entrances. A landscape invites us to imagine some sort of community, and so does a poem.

This community may seem a far cry from anything we ordinarily associate with nationalism. In literature, as in politics, nationalism usually strikes us as a taking away of humanity, an aggressive substitution of one kind of relation for all others. A man is asked to reduce himself so as to identify more closely with his countrymen and to impose his new identity on outsiders. Under these conditions, the national landscape resembles a staging area policed by draftees, a place not to live in but to attack from. In a sense, all personal relationships entail something of this familiar standardization. Like the life-decoys, they threaten the sense of our own vitality by imposing a manufactured presence upon it. Even at the most intimate moments, the presence of another person seems to involve us in some kind of libretto. The more public the occasion, the more manufactured our responses become. For this reason, we tend to think of poetry as the opposite of nationalism—a kind of antidote to it—and to resist any attempt to make poetry serve national purposes. But there is another kind of nationalism in which all possible relations take their place, whose landscape retains its quality, enriched by the people who explore its contours. It is an offering rather than a taking away, and it is this nationalism to which poetry contributes.

If the landscape of a poem is an inviting community, clearly our relation to the community is built up out of a number of different relations, each of which corresponds to some way in which poetry engages our minds. Broadly speaking, I think of three kinds of engagement which combine to produce the overall effect of a poem, and which, taken together, help to define its nationalism. To illustrate, we may imagine a painted landscape: we see a castle, a town, fields; they carry the light, which finally comes to rest on the face of a young girl. The artist, in the most romantic and least modest phase of his personality, instructs us as to the way the light moves in his blood, but he also uses the light to reveal a relation to the girl, the girl's connection with other men and women. In a third phase, however, he is the chronicler of the light on stones and wheat, a student of the sun in both its historical and astronomical aspects. The effect of these three phases of expression is, of course, simultaneous and interrelated. The viewer (or reader) is touched by the artist in his singleness and isolation; he is drawn into the town; his own sun changes; it becomes a common source; he shares his life with the girl.

The three phases have their counterparts in our common experience of poetry. The first phase represents the poet's individual deformation of the world by language and rhythm. The poem's texture stands for the inexpressible language of the self. (We think of Rimbaud's *"J'ai seul la clef de cette parade sauvage."*) Here we encounter the poet as narcissus, the poem as description. In the second phase we find the world of recognizable human relationships—the world of Yeats's fiction of Maud Gonne, or the wonderful moments in Quasimodo's poetry when he begins to address a second person and the apparently "descriptive" poetry that has gone before is suddenly transformed. Here is the poet as personal dramatist, the poem as story. The third phase relates to all that we mean when we use the terms "history" or "myth" to get at a presence of something that is not simply personal but that invests the objects in a poem with an enduring past. It is that sense of "reference" that Robert Lowell seems to hammer and pack so furiously into his earlier poems. It has a lot to do with the weight that simple objects bear in Rilke's poetry; here is the poet as lawgiver or racial memory, the poem as myth. We could say that the three phases correspond to the voice of the infant, the adult and the god (or priest); to the I, the you and the it; to lyric, dramatic and epic; to the lunatic, the lover and the poet.

This interaction among phases of the self would seem to be of value to the ideal community, to nationalism in the better sense. A nation is composed of distinctive individuals, each with his "real life" and proper madness, but it is also composed of men in their individual relations and in their relations to history. This is perhaps to say no more than that a nation is both a relation of people and a collection of people—but the analogy takes on significance if we add that the people must be fully alive; in Simpson's phrase, they must find and have their "real life." But the pressure of any relationship is to limit and conventionalize the individual. Though each of us is the reader of an inexpressible language, he is also an actor who tends to use the stock language and gesture of melodrama (or the newspapers) under the pressure of personal crisis or a social or political occasion. Poetry, by bringing each man's inexpressible language a little into the light, brings real life into his relations and his history. The "life-decoys" of which Rilke speaks and with which Simpson and the rest of us struggle are the signs of an incoherent nation, where the impulse toward fullness of life is thwarted and diminished. The attempt to establish a cadence (and it is of course not only a cadence but all the formal movements of poetry I have in mind) in which the objects of American life can take their place with eloquence is, then, an attempt to gather America into its own landscape, to establish, both for the poet and his audience, a community in which their real life may be lived.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

SWEET CHARITY

There is something singularly fitting about the placement of the new musical, *Sweet Charity*, at the Palace Theatre. I do not refer to the Broadway Baroque of the redecorated old vaudeville house but to its location on our "Main Street" at 47th.

Nearby is the "Latin Quarter"—loud, lavish, tough. Less than half a block away there is a poor man's round-the-clock "night club" (formerly a restaurant serving beer and oysters in old-fashioned plainness), a hangout where, accompanied by raucous sound, sparsely clad girls twitch their torsos close to the glass storefront, in full view of the idlers who crowd the sidewalk, bemused for hours by the free display. Also close by is one of those immense drugstores where the sleazy tired of the town appear listlessly to patch their more trifling wounds with plasters and palliatives.

Sweet Charity (Book by Neil Simon, Music by Cy Coleman, Lyrics by Dorothy Fields) is based on Fellini's touching film, *The Nights of Cabiria*, about a perpetually deceived and always hopeful Roman whore. In the musical she has become a taxi dancer in a New York hot spot. She has a heart of gold, aspires to marriage, and yearns for a better life. She wants to be loved and is always dumped.

I can tell you little about the quality of the "book," the score, the lyrics. Yet the show made an impression on me—a strong, rather discomfiting impression. It reflects its immediate environment; that I think is a merit. Willy-nilly, what is expressed is disjointedness—a broken-boned dislocation masquerading as gay energy.

Talented Bob Fosse who "conceived, staged and choreographed" the entertainment has created dizzying patterns of movement out of ugliness. The result is a kind of brilliant and ingenious hideousness which *is* a style—a style wrought from the streets and manners we observe as we enter and leave the theatre. The audience is at home in both. The show, despite quibbles and quarrels as to its various elements—discussion of which seems to me to miss the mark—is a success: it achieves what it sets out to do. It has unity.

The scenery by Robert Randolph is appropriately angular, brittle, luridly "glamorous," clever, like one of those window exhibits where modern ornamentation is employed after a fashion that hovers between a come-hither attractiveness and the nauseating. It works and moves the proceedings with admirable efficiency.

The gem or star at the center of all this is Gwen Verdon — our all-American Toulouse-Lautrec. Miss Verdon is phenomenal. No longer young, she has enormous vitality, a glorious figure, a delightful nature, theatrical radiance, and a mode of dancing altogether suited to the show's salient features. She transforms the inelegant into elegance. Sometimes she appears haggard and then again she becomes beautiful—a light that shines in darkness. She is human enthusiasm emerging triumphant amid the hard and tawdry.

Sweet Charity is Pop art.

FILMS

Howard Junker

THE ART OF ANIMATION

"Museums do a Macy's-Gimbels" said *Variety* recently, over a story that implied the Gallery of Modern Art and the Museum of the same name were engaged in a movie-festival feud—so much so that secrecy about up-coming programs was necessary.

The gallery, which includes the Huntington Hartford Collection, moved into contention as a museum movie palace with its current Busby Berkeley retrospective. In the fall it had presented a Hal Roach program and selections from the *March of Time*. Director Raymond Rohauer, who celebrates his first anniversary at the gallery next month, is an archive in himself. He holds the rights to Mack Sennett, Buster Keaton, Jean Cocteau, among others. He leads the fight against "stolen" prints, that is, dupes taken by museums without authorization, a practice pioneered by Henri Langlois of the Cinématheque in Paris. Rohauer is currently upset because the Museum of Modern Art loaned a print of Keaton's *The General* to Channel 13 in total disregard, says Rohauer, of the fact that he owns this classic. A similar fuss arose when the Modern decided to put on a Cocteau program which a distributor, Brandon Films, said it could deliver. Rohauer, apparently, thought otherwise, and as a result the Modern showed "The Art of Animation," a program selected by the West Coast chapter of the International Association of Animated Film-Makers in conjunction with the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

Ordinarily, the Museum of Modern Art never takes outside shows, using its own staff to mount all exhibitions. Its new film curator, documentary maker Willard Van Dyke, made this "his" show by cutting about a third of the Los Angeles selections and splicing in a couple of New York films. The show then totaled thirty-five pieces from eleven countries.

Next year the program will be shared by County, the Modern Museum, the Annenberg School and perhaps a Midwest museum yet to be named. Annecy, France, has had an animation festival since 1960; Mamnia, Rumania, starts one in June—this American festival will give animators a much needed chance to show their work.

The first year's selection was not as good as theoretically it could have been. A number of the leading practitioners were represented but not always with examples of their best work. The East European animators, who apparently enjoy much greater freedom of expression than their live-action colleagues, have built up a fantastic reputation in the past few years. They were not adequately represented in the program.

Czech master Jiri Trnka presented a puppet film, *The Hand*. A museum seminar featuring New York frame-by-framers John Hubley, Leonard Glasser and Fred Mogubgub, and art directors Louis Dorfman of C.B.S. and Jerome Snyder of *Scientific American*, found Trnka's film heavy-handed. It tells of a little potter who is visited by a huge, gloved (human) hand, which demands that the puppet make a symbolic hand-in-salute. The potter refuses, is tormented by the hand, and finally forced to sculpture what the hand dictates. The potter is then awarded medals, given a laurel wreath and, upon his death, a state funeral. The Czech Government was reluctant to export this film.

Jan Lenica's *"A,"* from Poland, shows a man, alone in a room, harassed by a huge letter A. Using the "variations-on-a-theme" structure, Lenica plays out the possibilities of A-ttack: A's kick the man, strangle him and so on. Too many animators take off on their gimmick before it has become an idea, and after much painstaking, are reluctant to throw out the excess. Lenica has a sense of timing and form, and the oppressive *"A"* wraps up nicely with the disappearance of A and the onslaught of B.

Lenica's *Labirynt* is a slightly less brutal, they-are-after-me fable. Here a little man visits Weird City and attempts to rescue a maiden from a monster. She sticks by the monster, however, and the little man is himself caught by a "hand" and given a computerized brainwash. Upon release he takes flight, only to be destroyed by a flock of harpies.

In the free world, black visions seem to rise out of Freudian, rather than political, despair. Most horrific of all was a string of Bosch-like, black-line vignettes, *AOS*, by Yogi Kuri of Japan. Kuri's machine-and-box nightmares sprouted arms and eyes and mouths, devoured various parts and parcels, spawned little men and so on.

For *Le Nez*, French animator Alex-

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Howard Junker is a free-lance writer.

ander Alexeieff employed a pointillist technique using black-, white- and gray-headed pins, which are displaced frame by frame to give an eerie, wavy image. *Le Nez* tells the Gogol story of a man who wakes up without a nose and searches for it in a government building where a bespectacled Nose asserts that he, the Nose, is not the missing one. The next day the man wakes up with a nose, but he goes to the barbershop for a shave, is lathered up, hears the barber stropping the razor and—ATTENTION! ATTENTION! *Fin.*

While the best foreign entries tended to be morbid, anguished and pretentious—as if only serious films deserve to be exported—the American entries had a lighter touch. In part this can be explained by the government sponsorship which abroad gives animators time and facilities for metaphysics. Here, animators must do their own work between commercial chores, and since their only hope to get back their investment is through theatrical release, they keep their efforts humorous and non-esoteric.

Such American Big Statements as there were tended to be issue-oriented and rather impersonal. *The Hangman* by Les Goldman and Paul Julian dunned the viewer about the need for individual responsibility with regard to capital punishment. *The Hat* by John and Faith Hubley uses improvised dialogue by Dizzy Gillespie and Dudley Moore to voice the need for brotherhood, disarmament, etc. Message films, if they don't pretend to be something else, can be wonderful, as in John Korty's puff for the American Cancer Society which nicely separates moral from fable, saving the "don't-smoke" pitch until after a funny interchange between two guys who would like to quit, but can't.

The down-beat, UPA, Bert and Harry style may, after all, be the Great American gift to contemporary animation. Leonard Glasser's *Howard* is in the quick-paced, side-of-the-mouth, situation tradition which benefits from "limited" techniques, bold graphics, wry characterizations and lack of sentiment. Tall, eloquent Howard is dogged by fat, deaf Howard and short, ugly, stupid Howard. The Howards pursue Howard, and their bathetic tandem exit into infinity came closer to stirring "brotherhood" feelings in me than all the coy sermons on the bomb, the lines that divide us, etc., that serious animators seem to love.

In the days of the Disney factory, animation was unquestionably a craft, not an art. The animator was fitted in somewhere along the assembly line, and it was the rare Norman McLaren who devoted himself to abstract research and development. Now, with television's demand for gimmick, with the possibility of doing piece work for the commercial market, animators are beginning to sense themselves as individual artists.

The Sentence

The door is open inside is
the pictures
I might as quickly as not
cry about — as

a letter there, "Al"
I never knew
as that hand, blue, almost
backwards — to

intention, whatever energy
locked
in its mark, absurd as
it is — not

of whatever was
but harder to know
it as — as
the door open
to it
and/or the pictures
of nothing.

Aram Saroyan

Thus, Fred Mogubgub says it was *he* who devised the style of *Enter Hamlet:* Maurice Evans' "To be or not . . ." is illustrated word by word in quick, funny, single takes of comic-Pop situations. And since Stephen Verona, who has just set up on his own, tried this idea out on the Beatle song, *She Loves Me*, also included on the museum's bill, Mogubgub became upset. After all, in an art where what you say is so much determined by how you say it, technique is identity.

Fortunately, computers can do animation, too. An IBM demonstration showed how a sketch of a suspension bridge can be rotated, in perspective, by a computer. Bell Labs is working on computerized 3-D cartoons.

In view of the coming obsolescence of live animators, it was good to see a film student at the University of Southern California, David Hanson, return to Eadweard Muybridge and "flip through" that pre-cinemaster's still photo studies of a woman hopping, sitting, throwing, stooping. As long as there are elegant, nonlive-action ideas like that to be discovered, animation will continue. "The Art of Animation" made this point, and the Modern is to be congratulated for sponsoring the festival.

ART

Max Kozloff

SAO PAULO IN WASHINGTON

The American section of the Eighth São Paulo Biennial, rather indifferently received in Brazil, condescended to or vilified here, will close at its only United States installation, the National Collection of Fine Arts, Washington D.C., on March 6. Organized by Walter Hopps, of the Pasadena Art Museum, it is a remarkable, not to say splendid, show. In a sense, this exhibition stands as a counterpart to our offering at Venice two years ago, since it represents provocative recent abstractionists, where the other exposed a better-known mixture of Rauschenberg and some of the Pop artists. Even more, Mr. Hopps has chosen to be risky, that is to say, thematic, about his enterprise. There is an implied ideological perspective in the position granted Barnett Newman,* the radical color-field painter and revolutionary of the forties, who bestrides a group of *avant-garde* "legatees," neatly divided, three and three, between New York and Los Angeles. Aside from the intrinsic interest of this confrontation, the rhetorical insistence of his choices promotes the questioning without which a show cannot pretend to raise valid issues.

Historically, then, the thesis would be that the large, virtually vacant color façades of Newman legitimize the minute formal discriminations of current-generation abstraction. Although Hopps himself is extremely diplomatic on this score, Newman's gesture, emphasizing grandiose formats at the same time as minimal structural change, is seen as the exemplar of the extremely reductionist aesthetic today. Post-Cubist, this development can also theoretically be seen as post-humanist, because its goals are stated invariably in terms of its own physical mechanics, alien to the idea of "content" in any guise. All this is familiar enough, if not the poker-faced tones in which the artists habitually discuss it. For them, the creative act consists only of so many decisions and measurements and calculations that dryly round upon themselves. The artifacts that result are not associated with a *vision*.

---

*I plan to discuss Barnett Newman's work more fully at the time of his forthcoming exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum.

But psychologically, the problem is much more interesting. To all the exaggerated stylishness and self-indulgence, the flippant wallowing in *Kitsch* and coarse-grained hedonism with which American society now embroiders itself, this exhibition retorts with a seemingly chilling no. It questions the liberal assumptions under which we have, or would conceivably like to, come to terms with our decadence. After every license has been broached, every inhibition shushed, an old-time puritanism that now looks a little engineered, a little computerized, sheers away our campy baubles. These artists are not afraid to look rigid, dogmatic, even uninventive. They would perhaps reacquaint us with the axiom that the senses must sometimes be chastened, and the spirit rectified—and above all, with the fact that art can be silent, uneloquent. Such an image of American art abroad, and at home, is the more pungent because unexpected.

But upon close scrutiny of the works themselves, these theses are fortunately very hard to maintain. I say fortunately because to accept them at face value would be to simplify the challenges and ambiguities in our culture, of which art is the most sensitive reflection. For one thing, the cult of enthusiasm and bad taste is just as dehumanized in its implications as the most abstruse geometricizing. Both now embrace the anonymous technology and the vicarious packaging of sensations which shrivel escape to an ever more elusive directness of response, or even visceral reaction. In that sense, the psychological, if not the stylistic, opposition to Venice is false. One's capacity to respond to new works of art is increasingly conditioned by the conceptual and often ironic processes to which they restrict themselves. But within the boundaries of mechanized surfaces and nonallusive material, the possibilities of expanding a new kind of sensation, a phenomenal industrial dazzle, open up an extraordinary realm to be explored. The spectator can depart from these glimmerings as if they defined a new kind of nature (which, in fact, they do) to untouched areas of fancy. Pop art sublimates this dynamic; abstract art, subtly but emphatically retools it.

In the present show, the Los Angeles artists concentrate on light, immateriality, and only insofar as these qualities fuse into some texture, color. Whereas the New Yorkers concern themselves with solidity, shape, color contrast, and only to the extent that such things carry textural resonance, luminosity. It is an important distinction because the syntactical elements of flat plane, shaped canvas and rectangular volumes, are shared by the two groups without many or decisive variations.

Of the first trio, for instance, Larry Bell's chrome-framed glass boxes, despite the circles or ovals etched, or chemicals annealed, to their surfaces, are involved with radiant atmosphere —so much so that an agency seems to have breathed chromatic fragrances from within, equivocally clouding the apertures surrounded by façade mirrors. Though they are literal vacuums, these objects resemble hothouse conservatories of metallic gases reifying by spectrum glints into the transparency of that which contains them. Like Duchamp's bottled air, they are revealed only by the nothingness which they isolate; but like early Josef Albers, they also confuse perspectival projections of a cube through, or upon, flat surfaces. And through this maze of contradictions, blending immobility and transience, optical refinement with geometric schemata, there hovers the most touching optimism. It is at once nostalgically *moderne*, with all the finesse of the 1930s' *haute monde*, and prophetic too, of the electrical arcadia which the lunar age is bringing into view.

Bell's colleague, Billy Al Bengston, he of the motorcycle clubs and the sergeant's chevrons, sprays a plummy lacquer on masonite panels to form images that look like a cross between theatrical dressing tables and effeminate altars to the Holy Ghost. There is wild-eyed but studied flatulence about all this, which has misled his innumerable detractors into thinking they are dealing with cream-puff art. But his galactic, bicycle-reflector "Buster," for instance, distills enough tartness for the eye to hold on to the most offbeat color filters in American abstract art.

By far the most delicate and radical of the Los Angeles artists is Robert Irwin. At a distance of about 12 feet, and after several minutes of viewing, one's doubt about his two canvases — what kinds of colors compose them, what amount of space they depict— seems actually to increase. These questions reveal the incredulity of the eye rather than of the mind, for the latter does not really enter the experience at this point. What does one see? A large white rectangular expanse, immaculate at the edges, but ever so curiously and ineffably blushing toward the featureless center. This alone might sum it up. (That the rectangle is not a square, although it would be hard to say which two of its sides were the longer, and that its surface is not flat, but diffidently convex, are factors that do not immediately make themselves felt.) Contrary to expectations, the faint haze which blurs vision does not settle, but alters and redeposits its transparent, vagrant molecules in patterns the eye is powerless to control.

But even a haze would appear to have more body, and mobile power, than this dotted, dessicated mesh. It is the faintest of tissues because its porosity cancels out as a fluid matrix. Reflective white, with all the luminous atmosphere it implies, envelops the fragile matter from both front and back. Color, or more accurately, disembodied texture, loses itself in a microstructure, dusky in one instance, champagne tinged in the other. Actually, these canvases are *printed* by the rubber tines from cashiers' change mats—after which each of their thousands of dots is shaved to convey a special density. A clinical, almost raving pedantry results in pointillist hallucination.

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ship, and fantasy of space, the New York artists cannot touch those of California. The East Coast section of the show is represented by Larry Poons, Donald Judd and Frank Stella. They are logical-minded artists, interested in solidity and concreteness, and if they cannot whisper in nuances, they can at least make pictorial declarations with clarity and authority. Poons's "Han-San Cadence," for example, is a 12-foot frieze of almost day-glo ochre, upon which small turquoise and lavender ovals, oriented by a now unperceivable penciled grid, spangle the Newmanesque field. As Hopps justly says: "Poons has made one of the more radical and significant moves away from art forms which rely on connected line drawing, or on the contour edge formed by two joined areas. . . . By linking and interlocking reactions between points, by allowing interconnected foci to form in the viewer's eye, Poons has released a whole new order of ambiguity."

It is an IBM Impressionism, lurid in its hot, dry energy, with extremely close or far-flung color contrasts, and tense in its widely scattered, undifferentiated pick-ups which challenge a flagging eye. In the end, its buoyant after-images evoke a hectic, synthesized light that musically fades and starts as a counterpoint to the actual imagery.

Viewed simply as sculpture, Judd's boxes, orange-painted wood, or galvanized iron and colored-lacquer aluminum, the latter hung as post-lintel wall reliefs, in quadripartite modules, are spaced so evenly that they have units rather than relationships. As a result, they stay ostentatiously where they are, making of the visual experience a blank temporal entity, stretching without incident into past and future. Hypnotized by the virtues of repetition, and the clashes of unassimilated materials, Judd has produced some rather bold negations. As no doubt intended, they are also truly boring.

Conceivably the strongest and most lucid artist in the exhibition, Frank Stella has exerted an enormous influence upon the most lively young abstractionists in America. Parallel bands, executed in dulled metallic paints, and separated by pin-stripe channels of unprimed canvas, are the standardized components which he puts into mimetic accord with his notched, trapezoidal, or x-shaped perimeters. Each picture strikes one as a weird profile of a volume that ought to, but does not, get through and into the wall. Moreover, thanks to their unitary coloration (which does not suggest pictorial hue), his works are remarkably unpicturelike. They are gigantic extendable fragments, severely designed and undecorative, made up of modules that somehow minimize their own symmetry. Often, at the junctures where the bands change their path, his brush reverses its direction, so that there are almost imperceptible obstacles to the overall lateral flow — obstacles which yet seem to fold out segments of the canvases into illusory staggered planes (e.g., the nickel-colored "De La Nada Vida a La Nada Muerte"). With these extremely simplistic devices, Stella dramatically reshapes the whole abstract tradition, while bringing to attention some of the somatic contradictions characterizing visual experience of the sixties.

After acknowledging the beauty of Mr. Hopps's selections, I must quarrel a little with his ideological bracketing. If he would not claim the young men as exclusively Newman's progeny, I would deflate even their general obligation to him. In any event, their excitement brands his tame but willful heroics as of a bygone era. Rather, it is to Jasper Johns's art which these artists owe a debt that should not have been ignored. Without his frozen systems and emblems, it would be hard to imagine Stella and Bengston, the ruled chance of Poons, and even the monotony of Judd. They have retained some of the opaque, unsettling presence of his works, and blended it with the grandiosity of Newman. The resulting mixture of object and metaphor, stripped down to an anatomical vitality in New York, and polished to a ravishing glow in Los Angeles, marks this as one of the decisive exhibitions of American post-Abstract Expressionist art.

Adultery

We have all been in rooms
We cannot die in, and they are odd places, and sad.
Often Indians are standing eagle-armed on hills

In the sunrise   open wide to the Great Spirit
Or gliding in canoes   or cattle are browsing on the walls
Far away   gazing down with the eyes of our children

Not far away   or there are men driving
The last railspike, which has turned
Gold in their hands. Gigantic forepleasure lives

Among such scenes, and we are alone with it
At last. There is always some weeping
Between us   and someone is always checking

A wrist-watch by the bed to see how much
Longer we have left. Nothing can come
Of this   nothing can come

Of us: of me with my grim techniques
Or you who have sealed your womb
With a ring of convulsive rubber:

Although we come together,
Nothing will come of us. But we would not give
It up, for death is beaten

By praying Indians   by distant cows   historical
Hammers   by hazardous meetings that bridge
A continent. One could never die here

Never die   never die
While crying. My lover, my dear one
I will see you next week

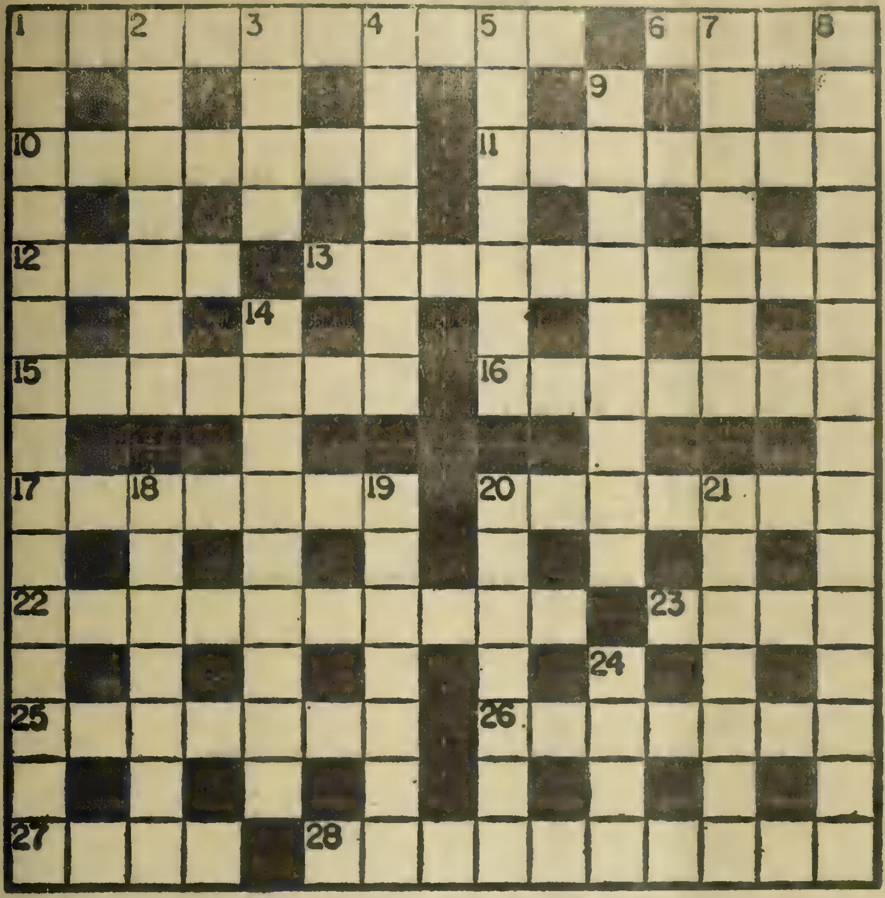
When I'm in town. I will call you
If I can. Please get hold of   please don't
Oh, God, Please don't any more I can't bear . . . Listen:

We have done it again   we are
Still living. Sit up and smile,
God bless you. Guilt is magical.

James Dickey

Crossword Puzzle No. 1142

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Setting right an outbreak of India's bugs. (10)
6 Patri would first make the auricular more fond of the country. (4)
10 Swell? No—though it describes the result of a swell effect. (7)
11 Does one have a staff function in High Church circles? (7)
12 Without the A.M.A. would the country be likely to go Red? (4)
13 In an overhanging manner? (10)
15 Is father serious? That's the beastly part! (7)
16 Gone all to pieces, but it used to float. (7)
17, 3 down and 2 down Not necessarily animal fables. (4, 3, 4, 7)
20 Some old cars are, now. (7)
22 A tree on which to look back, coming to the point, as a way to get out of trouble. (4, 6)
23 A woman of money, possibly—but not very much. (4)
25 In a few words, make the Watts environment take shape. (7)
26 A form of meditating should be delighting the fancy. (7)
27 School lock-out possible with this type. (4)
28 Those who forgot to fill in certain vital statistics might have to, with subordinates. (10)

DOWN:

1 Without regard for how to make the secret lids fly up? (15)
2 and 3 See 17 across
4 One might find his work soporific.
5 Scoring, but not very much. (7)
7 One might stick the wrong list inside. (7)
8 Cartridges should be added to the long-term account, perhaps. (8, 7)
9 Confess! You might prefer your children's party guests to, no matter how they leave! (4, 5)
14 Can't cease to make order, in two ways! (9)
18 Curls flatter, in comparison with astrakhan. (7)
19 Box-cars might be rolled out of one. (4, 3)
20 Some dancers might win the first, though some used to try for the last, as a matter of course in a small way. (7)
21 and 24 Set up to cover U-boat expenses? (7, 4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1141

ACROSS: 1 Contemporary; 10 Headman; 11 Emanate; 12 Drier; 13 Reef knots; 14 Kentuckian; 16 Stoa; 18 Opts; 20 Asymmetric; 23 and 7 Year in and year out; 25 Refer; 26 Refutes; 27 License; 28 Comptrollers. DOWN: 2 Ovation; 3 Timorous; 4 Mandrakes; 5 Obese; 6 Alaska; 8 The Duke of York; 9 Persian carpet; 15 Armadillo; 17 Metrical; 19 Traffic; 21 Refiner; 22 Dictum; 24 Asset

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them to have nothing to say about the conditions under which genuine free elections might be held; much less can we expect them to knuckle under to Ky in the interim period. So we had better descend from the cloudland of fantasy and self-deception and face facts.

Ironically, our policy makers are the captives of fictions they themselves have propagated. The realities elude them because they feel compelled to talk as though South Vietnam were a real national entity, with a government chosen by the South Vietnamese. They cannot afford to concede that the NLF exists as a political force which actually controls and administers much of South Vietnam. Senator Kennedy has shaken the consensus which has permitted these fictions to dominate our thinking. Now, perhaps, the Administration will find it easier to acknowledge publicly that some sort of accommodation must be accepted, and raise their bid to a level that reflects the true situation.

Rising Pressures

Outwardly the Fulbright hearings may appear to have had little impact on Administration policy; there are even those who say that the hearings actually strengthened the President's hand. It must be conceded that the probing was limited and inept and that no clear alternatives were developed. There will be little immediate impact in Congress; the military and aid appropriations will be voted. But here Congress really has no alternative. It must provide "the boys at the front" with whatever the Pentagon says they need.

All the same, the Fulbright hearings have transformed the political situation. A large public was made vividly aware, through television, of the nature of the misgivings that critics of the Administration policy in the Senate have about what is being done in Vietnam. At the same time, the hearings, because they were viewed by a large audience, forced Administration spokesmen to be a bit more precise than they have been and, at the same time to sound a little less warlike. More important, the hearings set the stage for Senator Kennedy's statement which confronted—and may yet confront—the Administration with what has heretofore been lacking in the opposition: a clear political threat. The statement was a bid for leadership of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party; it challenged the Vice President even more directly than it challenged the President.

Both the Fulbright hearings and the Kennedy statement will stimulate the mounting popular opposition which, in turn, will feed back to the Congress. There is bound to be an interaction between Congressional opposition and popular opposition. If the Republicans can curb their fanatics and manage to appear to be no more aggressive than the President, they stand to benefit from whatever reaction develops to Administration policies between now and November. This consideration, in turn, will bring added pressure on the Administration. If it responds to this pressure by widening the war and by further escalation, popular opposition will mount as the casualties increase. On the other hand, if it gets a conference under way, the popular opposition would tend to abate and the Republicans would probably be forced to muffle their criticism during negotiations, which might be protracted, and a cease-fire in itself would be popular.

Other factors are developing. For example, pressure will be exerted by independent candidacies, such as Ronnie Dugger's announced candidacy for the Senate in Texas. At the same time that the CDC bowed to the tactical necessity of removing Si Casady to aid Governor Brown's bid for re-election, it adopted a strong resolution against the war and will call a convention of like-minded groups to mobilize still further pressure for a settlement. The Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, through a committee headed by Norman Thomas and Rev. William S. Coffin, has initiated a "voter's pledge" campaign that has a fine potential. The campaign will culminate in a conference in Washington on April 30 at which delegates will be briefed on how to work for peace in Vietnam in this year's election. At this conference, the number of signed pledges will be announced. The pledge is a simple one but the intention is clear; it should win broad acceptance. The pledge reads:

> *I pledge to support and vote for candidates in 1966 who agree to work vigorously: (1) for U.S. steps to scale down the fighting and achieve a cease-fire; for U.S. initiatives to encourage negotiations with all concerned parties including the Vietcong (NLF); and for a settlement which permits the Vietnamese people freely to work out their own future; (2) for the use of international agencies to settle disputes among nations; and for avoidance of military intervention in the affairs of other nations; (3) for the increasing use of our resources in constructive economic and social programs at home and abroad.*

Hoover's Successor

Rex Stout's *The Doorbell Rang*, which no doubt J. Edgar Hoover regards as a vicious lampoon, actually tells the sober truth about an institution that has become more powerful than the executive department to which it belongs. Successive Attorneys General have stepped warily whenever duty led them near the sacred precincts of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, for they have been keenly aware that Attorneys General come and go but J. Edgar Hoover goes on forever. Well, not quite forever—he is a year or more past retirement age and is rumored to have handpicked his successor. If one is to judge by a recent speech, his protégé will carry on, if appointed, in the Hoover tradition of covering the faults of the FBI with periodic ululations about the menace of communism which, despite the valiant efforts of Mr. Hoover and his 14,300 employees and a budget of almost $150 million, apparently keeps mounting.

Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen is surely not one to ignore whatever residual peril still lurks in that quarter, but he may have a sneaking suspicion that J. Edgar has been pulling the wool over the eyes of credulous citizens during most of his forty years of service, and has thereby managed to create an imbalance in the Justice Department which should be redressed at the first opportunity. That will be when J. Edgar finally decides that, though the country can ill spare his services, the day has come when it must try. Anticipating the inevitable, Senator Dirksen on January 7, 1965, introduced S. 313, relating to the appointment of a new FBI director. The bill was reported out favorably from the Committee on the Judiciary and passed the Senate on May 24, 1965; it was then referred to the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives. This same bill also passed the Senate in June, 1963, but died in the House during the 88th Congress.

This legislation should be a matter of first priority in the present session. The bill itself can be read in twenty seconds. The malarkey in the covering report, lauding Mr. Hoover's achievements, may be profitably skipped, but here is the text: "*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled*, That, effective as of the day following the date on which the present incumbent in the office of Director ceases to serve as such, the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and shall receive compensation at the rate prescribed for Level II of the Federal Executive Salary Schedule."

That is to say, J. Edgar Hoover is not to be permitted to perpetuate himself in office by nominating his successor for the President to appoint; rather, the appropriate Senate committee is to scrutinize whoever shall be nominated, hear objections to him, if any, and recommend his confirmation only if it finds him fit. The director of the FBI occupies an office as important as that of any federal judge, even Justices of the Supreme Court. The appointment, when it comes, should receive the most critical attention of the Senate, and preparation for it should be made now.

A Clerical Trade Union

We live in strange times. Most Americans think of the Catholic clergy as a hierarchical, rigidly disciplined group, comfortably supported by the Church and no more prone to rebellion than officers of the armed services. How bizarre, then, that a member of a body so consecrated and so inured to obedience should propose the organization of a trade union for priests and, by extension, for the clergy of other denominations. Yet the Rev. William H. DuBay has done so, and when one reads his arguments they do not sound as fantastic as one would expect.

Born in Long Beach, Calif., and ordained in that neighborhood in 1960, Father DuBay is a priest much transferred. His first parish was in Northridge, an upper-middle-class section of the Southland, where he promptly got into trouble over his pronounced anti-racist views. Transferred to La Canada nearby, he asked for a transfer to Kenya, where his services had been requested. The aged James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, archbishop of Los Angeles, told him that if he wished to work with "those people" he would transfer him to a parish in Compton, one of the less glamorous suburbs of the area, and this was done. There the celebrated incident occurred, again over racial issues, which resulted in Father DuBay's writing a letter to the Pope asking for the Cardinal's replacement as archbishop. The Cardinal was not removed, and Father DuBay went to another parish, this one in Anaheim. From there he wrote a letter to the *National Catholic Reporter* saying, in effect: If you think we don't do right by Negroes you should see how we treat Mexican-Americans, 90 per cent of whom are Catholics! That did it. He was suspended by the Cardinal, later reinstated on condition that he become chaplain of St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica. Presumably it was thought that, ministering to the sick, he would settle down and be quiet, but here he is advocating a trade union for the clergy. (On the day he released this proposal, he was removed from the hospital post and made assistant to the pastor of St. Monica's Church in Santa Monica. This is his fifth job since he was ordained five years ago.)

Aside from the novelty of it, there are some interesting political aspects to Father DuBay's proposal. One is that the Catholic Church has greater influence in organized labor than any other denomination. It was predictable that Catholic instructors would sooner or later organize, as they have done at St. John's University in New York—the first such union in a Catholic institution. Lay instructors are increasing at Catholic schools and will continue to increase, which in itself creates pressure for unionization. From this it is only a step, although a long one, to the unionization of the clergy in general.

According to Peter Bart, who interviewed Father DuBay for *The New York Times* (February 23), the objectives of a priestly union would be to bargain for the establishment of grievance machinery within the Church, a tenure policy to guarantee a hearing before a priest could be suspended, an end to "arbitrary and oppressive" transfers by chancery officials, a uniform leave policy, freedom of residence and establishment of "professional" salary for priests that would eliminate their "dependence on the wealthy," etc. Besides their food and lodging, priests—other than those who take vows of poverty—are said to receive salaries ranging from less than $100 to $150 a month.

Father DuBay insists that his union does not wish to unseat the hierarchy, any more than the UAW purposes to get rid of the management of General Motors. He concedes cheerfully that lots of priests are afraid of him—"they think I'm a nut." If he is again suspended, he says he will seek reinstatement under state and federal laws granting employees the right to organize. Whatever the outcome of Father DuBay's movement, he is forcing non-Catholics to revise their ideas about the internal structure of the Church.

China Conference

THE DRAGON: Myths and Realities

Stanley Spector & J. Hartwell Moore

If Washington seems finally to have bowed to the demand for a public debate on Vietnam, there is still no sign that responsible officials want to talk seriously about China. More than sixteen years have passed since the Communist armies entered Peking in triumph and the war-weary Chinese placed their fortunes in the hands of the veterans from the hills and caves of Yenan. During this interval the Chinese population has grown at an estimated rate of 12 to 15 million each year, or by a total not much less than the present population of the United States. China's forces have directly engaged those of the United States in Korea; China has exploded two nuclear devices and has intruded on the international scene as a major contender for power and status. Its position and attitudes are now an essential ingredient in any formulas for peace — or war — yet the Administration shows no disposition to encourage citizens to think about what our relationship should be with that country.

Last month civic, educational and religious organizations throughout the Midwest took it upon themselves to bring to public view the realities and myths of China. This educational campaign took place in two major phases: Phase I was the China Conference, conducted at the University of Chicago's Center for Continuing Education (February 8-11). One hundred and forty laymen and China specialists convened in closed sessions to compare, evaluate and exchange information on Communist China today. Phase II consisted of a series of public meetings which were held immediately following the conference, in Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Madison and Minneapolis. At each of these local meetings several experts who had served as panelists in Chicago joined local delegates to the conference in presenting and discussing the problems raised and views expressed at the earlier closed sessions.

Relations between the U. S. and the People's Republic of China have made it impossible for Americans to enter China, and although a great amount of information is available through Hong Kong, in scholarly journals and in the foreign press, the average citizen has little opportunity or inclination to do the information gathering job for himself. So the mountain came to Mohammed as some twenty-five experts from abroad, with recent experience in Mainland China, joined representatives of the American academic and business communities, the press and government agencies to present their observations and conclusions.

Among these were the British economists, Audrey Donnithorne and Joan Robinson; Jack Gray, professor of Modern Chinese Studies at the University of Glasgow; Michael Freeberne and Roderick Macfarquhar (editor, *China Quarterly*) and Dick Wilson (formerly, *Far Eastern Review*) from London; Professors C. P. Fitzgerald, the noted Sinologist and historian, and Myra Roper, both from Australia; James S. Duncan, C. M. G., former Deputy Minister of Defense for Air Ottawa; G. Leslie Willox, a Canadian surgeon who visited China in 1964; the Canadian journalists Mark Gayn and Charles Taylor; C. H. B. Oldham, a British member of the staff of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, Paris; Jan Myrdal, the Swedish author of *Report from a Chinese Village;* P. C. Mahalanobis, editor of the *Indian Journal of Statistics;* Josef Kolmas of the Oriental Institute, Prague; and (just back from three months in China), the novelist, Han Suyin of Hong Kong. The American panelists, names well known in the field of China scholarship were: Professors Norton Ginsburg, Peter Schran, Francis L. K. Hsu, Theodore E. Ch'en, Morton Halperin, John Lewis, Donald Klein, Ezra F. Vogel and William Gleysteen. Other participants were Edwin Jones (RAND Corporation), Leo Orleans (National Science Foundation), A. M. Halpern (Council on Foreign Relations, New York), and Paul Kriesberg (State Department).

When one adds to this list the hundred additional names of educators, foundation observers, State Department and Congressional committee staff members, editors, reporters, clergymen, civic leaders and plain citizens who comprised an "outer ring" of participants, it is clear that no consensus was to be expected. In fact, the ground rules of the meeting made clear that it was *not* to be a debate on American foreign policy, and that sweeping conclusions were not anticipated. Later, in the cities around the country, the issues of foreign policy could be debated, and the implications of the Chicago papers placed in the developing context.

At the conclusion of the first conference session ("China and the World Crisis") one visitor remarked that the participants seemed divided into two groups, "those who are objective and those who are subjective." The next morning a U. S. Government man made the same observation, but applied these tags to the opposite groups. In any case, this division seemed less striking than the contrast between those who had visited China recently and those who had not. Or to put it another way, between the Americans and all the rest. This is not to say that the Americans were invariably of one mind, or that visitors to China always agreed on what they had seen. At certain moments one could well wonder whether the speakers had, in fact, been to the same China (it is a valid enough doubt, considering the size and complexity of China and the pace of its change). Deep under, however, one glimpsed again a gulf that is familiar to our age: a stubborn adherence to a line (faith, myth) on the one side, and a naive acceptance of appearance on the other. The Americans, remote from China, tended to construct

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tortuous theories and models, to repeat banal incantations; and the returned visitors glowed with the discovery that the Chinese are very, very human. In a sense this may be termed the real "Two-China" problem. Both Chinas are on the mainland and both Red, but there the similarity seems to end. Depending upon viewpoint, national background, political identification and depth of knowledge, the observer will see China either as a vigorous, progressive and progressing state, moving toward a better living standard for its people, toward social justice (eventually) and toward a rightful place on the Asiatic and world scenes; or as a modern version of the traditional Oriental despotism, practicing mass public slavery, starving its population through dogmatic adherence to outmoded Marxist doctrine, inhumane, intolerant and insatiably aggressive. Between these two extremes all kinds of variations and permutations of interpretation are found in the dialogue on China. Which version is the myth, and which the reality?

The opening session of the conference brought on these opposing views to confrontation. The introductory address by a distinguished American student of Communist affairs (direct attribution from the closed sessions is not permitted) presented a convincing demonstration that myth and reality are equally contending elements in the Chinese perception of America. We were warned that our notion of reality did not conform to that of the Chinese leadership and masses, and that the "objective world," as seen by Western eyes, was very different from what the leaders in Peking look out upon. The issue was joined when a panelist, one who lives part of each year in China and the West, pointed out that if Peking deals with a "seeming world," so does America; and that it is in this conflict of "seeming worlds" that the irrational and tragic drift toward war takes place. Each of the "seeming worlds" can be objectively substantiated: China *has* been the object of colonial adventures, China *is* now encircled by the largest mass of military firepower ever assembled. On the other hand, Peking does expound revolution and wars of liberation, does lend support and give aid and comfort to America's "adversaries," and does accept the notion that peaceful coexistence of the two worlds is a revisionist dream.

If the conference had an aim, it was to penetrate the veil of rhetoric and make visible the real face of China. To this end, six panels were established: (I) The Economics of China; (II) Manpower and Population; (III) The Reshaping of Chinese Society; (IV) Science and Education in China; (V) Chinese Foreign Policy; (VI) Politics and Government. Each panel was chaired by an appropriate member of the University of Chicago faculty. Several papers were prepared for each panel and presented in précis form, following which there was general discussion, first among the inner group of "experts," and then with the entire conference membership (which also included a number of experts).

In terms of economics, then, what is the real China that the assembled experts see? It is a land which, having faced a series of economic crises following the break with Russia (and the withdrawal of massive Russian support), the Great Leap Forward and the natural disasters of 1959-61, now shows returning confidence with the inception of its third five-year plan in late January, 1966. China hopes to swing back into a pattern of steady economic growth on the basis of self-reliance. Having been sobered by the catastrophic effects of the Great Leap, the leaders at Peking are willing to permit the survival of a private sector of agriculture, and are avoiding major policy changes which would cause rich peasants to reduce production. The industrial production targets are modest, with emphasis on refurbishing mines and transportation systems. There is evidence that priority is being given to defense industries. Where formerly heavy industry was the key to development goals, the focus now is more on agriculture and the development of industry for agricultural purposes.

Certain prevalent myths were exploded. The communes are very much alive, despite reports that they had been disbanded. Their functions are more limited, however, and greater emphasis is placed on the production team and brigade tiers. It was also asserted, with general agreement by the economists present, that China's economy is far more decentralized than is usually supposed.

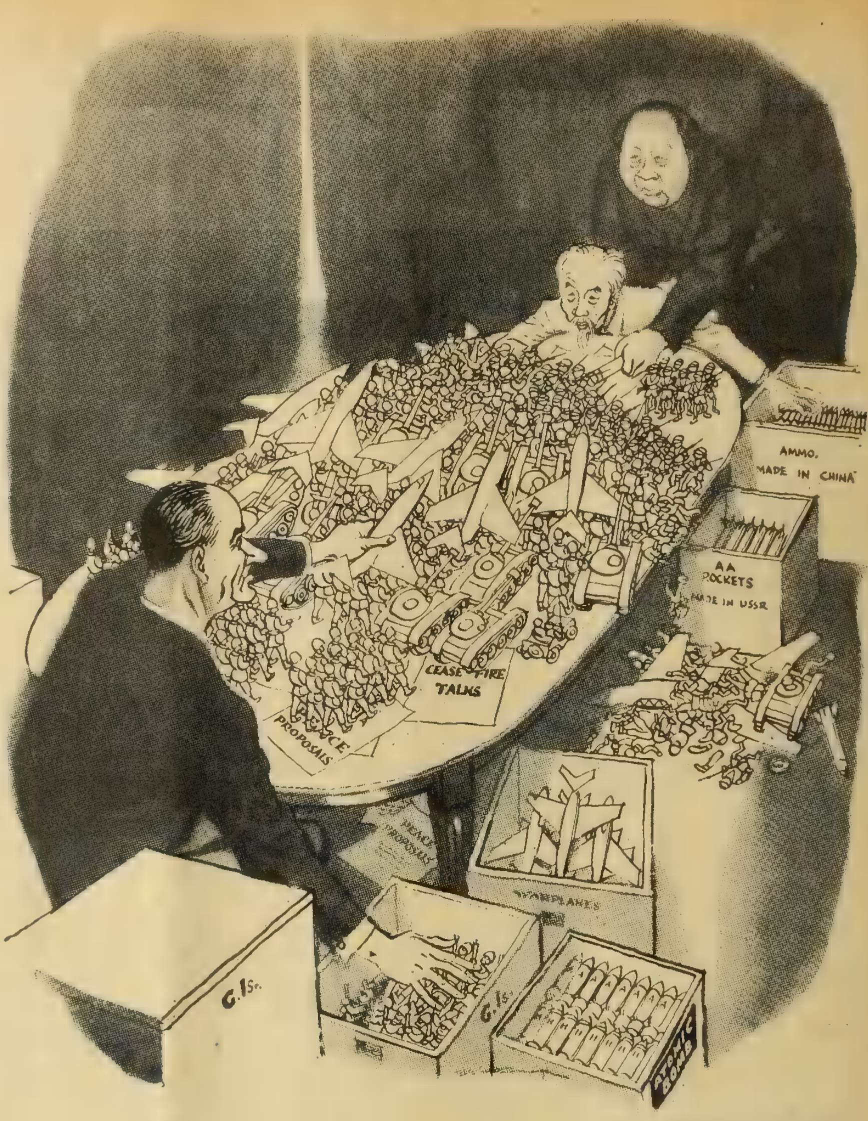
Communist Party provincial committees seem to have become identified largely with provincial administrations; hence the party representatives cannot necessarily be relied on to enforce central policies against local interests. The economy was described as cellular, with each unit guaranteeing performance in a certain sphere to the authorities of the level immediately above it; in return for which it is allowed very wide latitude in the conduct of its internal affairs. With modernization, however, this cellular structure was judged likely to transform itself slowly into a complex system of relationships.

Across the conference table economists disagreed on the importance and necessity of collectivization. To many it seemed that the drastic measures undertaken since 1949 were China's only answer to the pressure of its growing population and the only road open to a self-reliant industrial base. But a few visitors asked whether such objectives might not have been attained more readily through private farming and its accompanying incentives. If any conclusions could be drawn, they were (1) that China's leaders are highly pragmatic and unlikely to lead the country into new Leaps Forward, and (2) that while China's industrial and agricultural goals must for a while remain far more modest than proclaimed in the late 1950s, real and perceptible progress can be noted. Thanks in part to the wheat import program and to the recent good crop years,

food now seems plentiful and the population healthy. To date, although its planners may have grown more cautious, Peking has little reason to regret the economic path it has chosen. The notion that China, after the passing of the present leadership, will move toward democracy and "capitalism" must be seen as another of the "seeming" worlds into which harried American policy makers escape.

There is no escape, however, from the facts, whatever they may be in statistical detail, of China's population growth. The panel on Manpower and Population brought in estimates of from 700 million to 750 million for the year 1966, with a probability of as many as 2 billion by the turn of the century. We still have no firm figures on the size or growth rate of China's population; nor could the panel determine whether the Chinese Government itself does not know them or is suppressing the data. At any rate, Peking has been vigilant in dealing with problems of youth welfare, birth control and useful employment, although policies fluctuate.

Present emphases are on intensifying rural employment and on control of fertility through contraception and the encouragement of late marriage. There is reason to believe that the Communists may yet achieve a measurable drop in the birth rate. However, even this would not by any means prevent China from having the world's fastest rate of increase for decades and perhaps centuries to come.



Punch: Ben Roth

The Conference Table

On-the-spot accounts sketched the real China in greater detail for those attending the conference. The population was judged to be healthy and adequately fed; slums had been cleaned and improved; medical standards had risen sharply; the Han (Chinese as contrasted with minority groups of China) were moving into the Northwest territories, thus firming up China's boundary areas. There was no evidence of sexual segregation in the communes; more education was available to more people than ever before in China's history. This education aimed not only at establishing a new social, economic and political order, but also at producing new men, new ideas, new attitudes and new loyalties. The Communists prefer education, indoctrination and propaganda to coercion or force. The leadership has tried to avoid class separatism by combining education with labor service. A present emphasis in education is intended to rekindle the fire of revolutionary struggle and keep it aglow. Yet the veteran leaders show signs of disappointment with the generation born and reared in the comparative stability and comfort of the post-1949 period. Although there seems to be a much better civic attitude among the youth of today than prevailed formerly among their parents and grandparents, one observer felt that this sprang from national pride in a resurgent China rather than from ideological motivation.

A report on the development of science came to the conclusion that, although Chinese scientists today are cut off from most scientific intercourse, they have excellent library facilities and seem well aware of scientific developments abroad. The Chinese scientists seemed to be laying solid foundations for the growth of basic science, and the impression gained by many Western scientific visitors was that China could catch up with advanced world science in about twenty years.

Although most of the conferees were scholars, writers and scientists—men who in their own professions and way of life would choose maximum freedom — they seemed in large measure to agree that the present stringency of the regime in China was almost unavoidable. Those who have criticized the Communist leaders for exercising tight control have for the most part been people who live in countries where integration and a national consensus already exist. But, as one specialist suggested, Peking's obsession with organization, however harsh, may have been well founded. The political unification of China, with administration on a new and expanded scale, may prove to be the greatest achievement of the first generation of Communist leaders.

During the early stages of the conference, several of those attending expressed impatience at sitting through so many panels on the internal affairs of China before coming to Chinese Foreign Policy, which they felt was the crux of the discussion. Yet the planners did well to establish a solid foundation, that is to say a picture of a real (not "seeming") China as it faces problems of the most immediate concern to its people. Even in this area, though there was a general tone of agreement, few points were accepted in full by all. Facts varied and interpretations clashed frequently enough to assure the listeners that a true dialogue was in progress. It surprised us, therefore, as the discussion on Chinese Foreign Policy got under way, that we could detect an area of agreement broad enough to be called a general line (excluding, of course, views expressed by representatives of the State Department). The goals and strategy of Chinese foreign policy were summarized as follows:

According to one speaker, the Communists consider conflict to be an inherent structural feature of world politics, not a temporary abnormality. The basic Chinese strategy of "active defense" is applicable to external (as well as internal) military affairs. The enemy is credited with having the initiative, and the strategy of "protracted war" is still regarded as valid. Finally, the Chinese, in contrast with the Russians, still think of themselves as "encircled." In their post-1949 policy they have been unpredictable, sometimes involving themselves where stakes have been of vital importance, sometimes where the stakes were minor. Some of the situations involved considerable risks and costs; others were undertaken with close control over both risk and cost. The Chinese continue to think of the Korean War as a Chinese victory of considerable proportion. They believe anti-colonial revolutions are to their advantage, and probably do not regret investing in them, even though some of their investments (as in Africa) have brought about adverse reaction. This speaker believed that Vietnam has come to have an extraordinary importance to the Chinese: it is at the center of their policy of struggling with the United States, close to the center of their differences with the Soviet Union on strategy and tactics of revolutionary war, necessary for the maintenance of Asian Communist parties, directly connected with China's drive for power in Asia, and a very important factor in the effort to swing the Third World in the direction China wants. For all these reasons, he concluded, the Chinese cannot afford a defeat for communism in Vietnam, and may even find it necessary to obtain a real victory.

A second view stressed the specter of Munich as a powerful ingredient not only of the American attitude but of the Chinese as well. It was believed that China does not want a nuclear war, but that an American invasion following a nuclear attack could be repulsed. China does not seriously count on Russia's help and would consider a defeat of the Vietcong, although undesirable, as only a temporary setback.

A third panelist took the position that (1) Chinese leaders are rational and responsible; (2) they are committed to violence; (3) the three great powers are struggling for dominance of Asia; (4) China does not wish to become directly involved in wars of revolution, and (5) China will fight to defend its borders, as in Korea.

One long-time observer of Chinese foreign affairs listed six objectives: (1) banish the United States (with humiliation) from Asia; (2) discredit the theory of peaceful coexistence; (3) regain the lost territories (Taiwan, Central Asia, Hong Kong, Macao, Indian border areas and Outer Mongolia); (4) establish domination over border areas; (5) foster world revolution, and (6) reassert status as a world power. These objectives were seen, however, as being basically as much *Chinese* as they are Communist. The speaker did not see China as noticeably aggressive or expansionist, and thought that its ideology was frequently subordinated to its conception of national interest. He felt, moreover, that China's foreign policy would not change appreciably with any change of leadership.

The panelists and auditors were left to draw their own conclusions from the above observations. Minor and even major differences seemed to resolve themselves within the larger picture of Chinese policy that evolved in the conference hall. China was rationally involved in the defense of real national interests; its behavior was responsive to historical experience; it would not avoid violence, but neither did it seek expansion. It was difficult to reconcile this summary with the positions expressed by Administration spokesmen over the past decade.

The St. Louis regional conference, which was the one we attended, got under way on Friday, February 11, within six hours of the adjournment of the Phase I conference in Chicago. Phase I had been sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee, the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, the League of Women Voters and the Chicago Council of Foreign Relations, together with Northwestern University and the University of Chicago. Its extraordinary costs were met by the Johnson Foundation of Racine, Wis., and the Christopher Reynolds Foundation, Inc., New York, with additional assistance from other foundations. In spite of this support, invited delegates were required to pay a substantial registration fee. The St. Louis conference was open, public and free. It was supported by almost all of the civic, religious and educational institutions of the city. It was publicized widely as an attempt to examine in public, with the help of experts both local and from abroad, the issues confronting contemporary China. Unlike the Chicago Phase I session, there were no "off-the-record" and "not-for-attribution" ground rules. Give and take was encouraged between visiting experts, panelists and the public. Audiences were almost evenly divided among students, members of civic and international organizations, academics and community leaders. As one coed put it, "What impressed me most about the meeting was that there were so many gray-headed ladies in the audience. But, y'know, I guess they were probably just as surprised to see kids like me there."

The Friday night meeting opened with an address on China's foreign policy by Prof. C. P. FitzGerald (Australian National University). Any attempt to paraphrase FitzGerald's address does violence to his wit, elegance and balanced grace. The burden of his argument was that China's views of what constitutes security for the state, and of what circumstances menace that security, must be seen as a product of

Chinese understanding of their own history. All Chinese agree that they have lived and still live in an age of peril, and that the present threat is represented by the United States. For the Chinese, communism is now the "way of life," the sole road to China's national security and the best hope of the world.

As a historian, FitzGerald holds that the general objectives of Chinese foreign policy will not change, and that instead of trying to change them, the rest of the world should be concerned with the way in which these objectives are sought and the steps taken to implement them. He sees as an immediate goal an attempt to win recognition of Western European states and, to a lesser extent (owing to remoteness), Latin America. China does not expect to convert Russia or to communize America. However, it will attempt to cover actions based on national security by a smoke screen of ideological propaganda. Above all, the Chinese are determined to wipe out traces of past weakness, to recover strength, reclaim lost territory and regain their due place in the world.

It is the failure of Westerners to recognize this aspect of China's policy that FitzGerald found to be the weakness of current Western thinking. Great powers have at all times followed their own interests, and China is no exception. With possible realignments of the great powers, and with mutual reassessment of their true national interests by China and the United States, in the light of improved knowledge and an overdue acceptance of a new situation, profound changes in the framework, though not the aims, of Chinese foreign policy may occur in the next decade.

Not unexpectedly, the majority of professors who questioned FitzGerald in an open panel clearly supported his views. The basic issue for the intellectuals was—and is—*is there an underlying continuity in Chinese policy*, based on relatively stable national interests; *or has the revolution brought new objectives* which imply no limits short of total domination? What seemed to surprise and must have pleased the speaker was the warm accord of the general public in the audience. Indeed, speakers in the Midwest never cease to be amazed by the intelligence, understanding and *patience* of audiences, once the realities are brought before them and the "seeming worlds" are left behind. This is particularly the case in St. Louis, which possesses a Center for East Asian Studies, programs on Asia at three or four colleges, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and 200 high school students engaged in the study of Oriental languages.

On Saturday morning, February 12, Josef Kolmas of the Oriental Institute, Prague, spoke at Washington University. His thesis was that while Tibet seemed inseparably wedded to China (in autonomous status), other areas with large minorities may eventually tend to split away. Of greater interest to the audience than the complexities of Chinese minority affairs was Kolmas' account of daily life as he had seen it in China. The final session of the St. Louis conference was devoted to summation. In setting up a politically "balanced" panel, the seeds of debate were sown. The issue was drawn on this occasion largely between those who had attended the Chicago conference and those who had not—a smaller parallel to the schism between those who have seen China, and those who have not.

Thousands of Americans have just now had an opportunity to learn at first and second hand about the myths and realities of China. The conference papers, when and if released, will make a useful publication. The question then remains: out of the millions of words and hundreds of hours, what conclusions can be drawn? Or, as one elderly St. Louis matron said, with an edge of frustration in her voice: "We've listened to you all, but what are we supposed to do?" It is high time that this became an issue of public hearing and discussion.

What became clear last month in the Midwest was that there is urgent need for closer examination of China. We must avail ourselves of every possibility to bring Americans to China and Chinese to America, to penetrate the curtain of "seeming worlds." Meanwhile, public discussion must be sustained and public officials must be forced to deal with the China question in terms other than platitudes and diatribes. A world is at stake.

THE BIG SHOOT . . . . Robert G. Sherrill

Washington, D.C.

Seeing a parked motorist discard a crumpled cigarette package on his front lawn, a disturbed man picked up the rifle he always kept handy at the front door and shot him dead. A 14-year-old boy, cleaning a high-powered rifle as nonchalantly as he had been cleaning it since he was 8 years old, fired it accidentally and the bullet went through the house and killed a National Institutes of Health official driving by.

This sort of thing had been happening every day in Washington—as it happens in every major city in the country—but local alarm became national when addled Raul Torres stepped off a Greyhound bus, just in from Yonkers, N.Y., and started walking up New York Avenue toward the White House. He was within a block of his destination when he pulled his newly purchased 30.06 Enfield rifle from its sheath; that brought the cops, and within minutes Torres—an escapee from a mental hospital and a fugitive from a warrant for his arrest for threatening the President by letter—was being packed off to another mental hospital. Before police bulled him to the ground, he had time to load the rifle with one armor-piercing bullet and fire it into the air.

The sound of that shot should have been enough, one might suppose, to frighten this Congress into passing some of the gun-restricting legislation that has been written and awaiting its approval for several years—specifically since President Kennedy was shot in Dallas. But at the same time that Torres was lurching along the street, dizzy with the grudges he had spelled out in a protest note: "Illegal court-martials, illegal prison terms, illegal mental hospitals," a cocktail party was getting started less than a mile away in the plush headquarters of the National Rifle Association. Congressmen were, of course, the honored recipients of the tall drinks, good food and hearty good humor that marks the gun fraternity. This was the opening move by one of the most powerful lobbies in America, to keep this session of Congress from reducing the awesome traffic in guns.

The Rifle Association's objective is to continue raising such a tempestuously pious defense of what it vaguely calls "the constitutional right to bear arms" (a right whose inalienability was wiped out by the noted Cruikshank case of 1876), that Congress will not have time or courage to look about the country and see just what is going on in the way of gun control—which is almost nothing. Only one state, New York, requires a license to possess a handgun, a fact of which New York was inclined to brag, until a special state investigating commission recently pointed out that the law is absurdly administered: permits are issued to 16-year-old boys, 70-year-old women, ex-mental patients and known criminals; of the thirty-five New York state residents attending the notorious Apalachin crime convention, twelve held New York State pistol licenses. Only one state, Hawaii, requires the registration of all firearms. In forty-one states there is no mandatory waiting period between purchase and delivery of a handgun; in other words, a man in a murderous passion can whip down to the pistol shop and get what he wants without a moment's delay. In nearly half the states you are legally entitled to walk about carrying all the *concealed* weapons you want; no permit is required, although of the 9,000 murders committed in this country each year, more than half are done with guns, and of these 70 per cent are done with handguns.

Federal jurisdiction is both scanty and indifferent. A recent check of firearms dealers in the District of Columbia disclosed shocking violations of the Federal Firearms Act's requirements that dealers keep permanent records of all guns imported and sold, including the serial number and the name of the purchaser. Of twenty individual dealers, eleven admitted they keep no records. Of forty business dealers, nine did not even possess a federal license, and six were keeping records judged to be "poor."

Control of interstate shipments is practically nonexistent. A 15-year-old Baltimore boy recently slaughtered his family with a .38-caliber revolver bought by mail from Martin Retting, the dealer who supplied Lee Harvey Oswald with the well-known telescopic sight; California mail-order guns were traced recently to thirteen customers in Chicago who had been previously arrested for murder; a University of Mississippi student bought a "souvenir" mail-order submachine gun that could, with a few simple adjustments, be made operable in two minutes. One mail-order gun dealer sends out a catalogue advertising .20 mm. Lahtis as "Ideal for long range shots at deer and bear or at *cars and trucks* and even a tank if you happen to see one."

Such is the influence of the National Rifle Association and its allies that, although scores of corrective gun-control bills have been introduced since President Kennedy's death, not one has passed either the national Congress or any state legislature. During 1964 alone, 210 bills were introduced in state legislatures but, as an NRA bulletin states complacently, "members reacted promptly, firmly, and in force. As a result, no severe legislation was enacted."

For the most part the NRA depends upon letter campaigns. Its officials claim to be able to hit Congress with half a million letters on seventy-two hours' notice, and this is probably not a cheap boast. On the state level, the effect is equally overwhelming and, frequently, abusive.

When Angelo F. Palmisano, a Maryland assemblyman, introduced gun-control legislation, he began receiving telephone threats on his life, and NRA-member letters came pouring in with tidings such as:

> *You dirty wop. You should go back to your Italy and Mafia. How did you get in this country anyway? . . . I bet you are the type who has no gun in his house to protect himself and would let any housebreaker come in and help himself to anything, even your wife, and then you would pray for a humble spirit to bear it. God help America with such as you. Were your parents ever married?*

NRA officials insist that when they stir up letter-writing campaigns they beg their membership not to be abusive; but somehow the hot blood of what the NRA calls "a shooter" just keeps breaking through. Congress got a taste of the NRA's technique last session (and it will undoubtedly get a repeat dose this session) because Sen. Thomas Dodd of Connecticut was pushing legislation to prohibit the interstate shipment of guns except between the manufacturer and the dealer, or between licensed dealers.

Dodd has had a peculiarly unpleasant experience with the gun buffs. After meeting for three years with the NRA and gun manufacturers, he finally came up with a bill in 1963 which was so weak that these officials said they would support it. He had no sooner introduced it than, whoosh!, thousands of angry NRA letters fell upon Congress. The bill died. That is a favorite NRA technique: cozy up to a reform politician and get him to cripple his own legislation; then when the malformed bill is introduced, crush it the rest of the way. The same device has been used in a number of state legislatures.

But Dodd decided to fight back. He was sickened by what he saw happening around the country: mail-order guns circumventing the Sullivan Act in New York; 4,000 mail-order guns pouring into Chicago over a three-year period, a fourth of them going to men with criminal records; 25 per cent of the mail-order guns received in the District of Columbia going to persons with criminal records; mail-order guns going to juveniles and ex-prisoners in Pennsylvania in contravention of the Uniform Firearms Act of that state.

He decided to push a modest bill of his own composition. It wouldn't be aimed at the friendly neighborhood gun dealer who supplied Torres; that sort of over-the-counter transaction between dealer and madman would not be interfered with. Nor would his bill prevent interstate shipments to federally licensed gun dealers like Louis Di Salvo, the Klansman who did indeed import guns into Mississippi and distribute them to his friends. Di Salvo, in his weird way, would still be considered legitimate under the Dodd bill. But at least Dodd's legislation would cut out the *interstate* shipments to just anyone—boys, ex-cons, perverts, crazy people.

That, to many, seemed reasonable enough. But not to the NRA. Frank Daniel, secretary of the NRA, smiled warmly as he recalled recently: "We sent letters to our 730,-

000 members and told them to let their opinions be known. Well, we really got results. There was probably no other response like it to anything happening in Congress. Changed a lot of opinions on Capitol Hill, too. After that, Dodd couldn't even get a quorum of his subcommittee."

Does this make the NRA a lobbying organization? It does not register as a lobby, and ordinarily its officials look sad if anyone suggests that they are lobbyists. When Franklin L. Orth, executive vice president, appeared to testify against Dodd's bill, the Connecticut Senator told him, "It seems to me that your organization is doing what I would call lobbying against this measure."

Goodness no! cried Orth. The NRA is not a lobby, it is a "great patriotic organization" like, well, like "the American Legion."

When Dodd asked Orth if he thought a patriotic nonlobbying organization should put quite so many lies in its brochures about the pending legislation, the rifleman replied demurely, ". . . sometimes in the heat of battle there are regrettable excesses which are not deliberate, or are born in misunderstanding."

This "heat-of-battle" excuse is strange for an organization that pretends to bend its desires to the gentle winds of public welfare. Disavowing any taint of commercialism—no, no, it is not interested in the multibillion-dollar arms industry or the multimillion-dollar sporting magazine industry — the NRA gets its tax-exempt status *not* under the usual Internal Revenue Code subsection that forbids "carrying on propaganda or otherwise attempting to influence legislation" but rather under the subsection that exempts "civic leagues or organizations not organized for profit but operated exclusively for the promotion of social welfare . . . and the net earnings of which are devoted exclusively to charitable, educational or recreational purposes."

Since this puts the riflemen in the same "nice" group with the League of Women Voters, lobbying is not actually forbidden to them, and sometimes, in their more candid moments, NRA officials talk more plainly than Orth did to the committee. When I asked Daniel if the NRA is a lobby, he said, "I guess it depends which side of the fence you are on."

From this side of the fence, one notices items such as these:

- *The American Rifleman*, about 9 million copies of which were printed by the NRA last year, has cut down its space for shooting and hunting articles in the last three years while increasing by one-third the space given to warning about firearms legislation.
- Between 1962, the year before Kennedy was killed, and the end of 1964 (the last period when an accumulated expense report is available from the Rifle Association), the organization's total expenses rose by about one-third, from an annual output of $3 million up to $4 million.

During the same period, however, the expenditure for "legislative and public affairs" work (read "lobbying") went up *more than 100 per cent!* That money was spent fighting off what E. B. Mann, editor of *Guns Magazine*, called the "hysterical" legislation shaped by Kennedy's end. In its private discussions, the NRA is quite candid about its objectives and successes in this fight. The next-to-last annual report put out by the NRA notes with satisfaction:

> *Before and after the assassination . . . a total of 20 bills were introduced* [in Congress] *to restrict the interstate shipment of firearms obtained through mail-order channels. . . .* [Among these was a Dodd bill.] *Through the efforts of the National Rifle Association, many restrictive features of this bill were removed. . . .*

The report pointed with special pride to a provision written into the Arms Control and Disarmament Act amendment by Sen. Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa and Rep. Robert

Sikes of Florida, which completely gutted the control features.

(Sikes's heroism was momentarily tarnished a few weeks later when he was arrested, in company with multimillionaire Ed Ball, retired General Nathan Twining, and Aluminum Corporation of America's vice president, R. A. Leanard, for hunting turkey over a baited field —a trick that, among most sportsmen, is viewed as being at about the same level as spearing fish in the bathtub.)

Sikes is a director of the NRA. A reserve general, he is also a very influential member of the House Appropriations Committee, which each year approves increasingly generous budgets for the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice — a quasi-army organization, most of whose directors are also members of the NRA.

The National Board gives away free ammunition and lends government-owned weapons to gun clubs affiliated with the NRA. In the last six years, it has given $12 million in subsidies to these gun clubs.

Largely because of speeches by Texas Rep. Henry Gonzalez, the National Board has had great trouble in recent years convincing anyone that it is not actually subsidizing hate groups. Ever since Robert B. de. Pugh, leader of the Minutemen, advised his eager extremists to join the NRA so that they could get free ammunition, the question has hung darkly over the whole program: Is the U.S. Government, through the NRA, arming kooks?

An Army spokesman told the Washington *Star* several months ago that reports of extremists joining clubs "really worries us. We don't know enough to say with assurance that we don't have any extremists in the gun clubs, but there's nothing to indicate that any member of a gun club has ever been involved in inappropriate things."

Nevertheless, the jittery secrecy with which the National Board and the NRA surround their membership rolls is not likely to give the public confidence. When Stanley Mosk, then attorney general of California, wanted to run a check to see if nuts were getting U.S. ammunition, the National Board said its membership lists were not "available." Daniel told me that Mosk did not ask for the NRA rolls, "but if he had, we would have refused to show them to him."

Two things have happened since then. First, the Defense Department "leaked" the news that it was cutting off its free-ammunition program. Gonzalez, checking around, found that this simply was not true, and he took the floor to needle the generals: "Obviously I would be delighted to learn that the rumors, attributed by the newspapers to anonymous officials, were true. But there stands the new budget, in complete contradiction to the rumors of cutbacks. How does one curb a free-ammunition subsidy by giving away $362,000 worth of free ammunition more in 1966 than in 1964?"

Daniel conceded to me that Gonzalez is quite accurate. "The Secretary of Defense reacted to all those charges" Gonzalez has made, he said, and panicked into saying there would be a cutback but . . . well . . . yes, "the appropriations remain the same."

To pretty up its position, the Defense Department did what any federal department in trouble is likely to do: it hired an outside consultant to see if the criticisms had merit. The consulting firm of Arthur D. Little got the job at a price of $100,000 (a figure Gonzalez spent three months prying out of the Defense Department, first getting the figure $7,500) and Daniel said that the report will be released this month. If you are cynically thinking that the report will show "there has been no infiltration of the gun clubs by extremists and no misuse of the government aid program," you are correct—that, says Daniel, is exactly what the report will say. Although the report is supposed to be still in the confidential stage, Daniel confides that he has learned of its contents from "a good authority."

So hurrah, the Big Shoot is in the clear again. Or it would be if it were not for the fact that still gnawing around the edges are the concessions to truth officials of the NRA make. Daniel admits that the job of checking the character of new members is too big for his outfit, so they turn it over to the adjutant generals of the various states. "Some states' adjutants make a very thorough check," he said, "and others don't." Some adjutant generals turn the check over to the state police. This is done, for example, in Mississippi.

The availability of free government ammunition may account for the fact that the NRA's membership has more than doubled in Mississippi since 1962—the fastest growth rate in the country—and we must take the word of the Mississippi state police that those 3,700 shooters are sterling fellows who will use their free bullets exclusively for target practice.

As the opposing sides begin to line up once more over the Dodd bill—which Daniel believes is dead and which, short of Presidential support that was once promised but has not yet been seen, very likely is dead in its present form—some odd alliances and enmities emerge. For instance, the right wing, which takes such pleasure in advising the world to Support Your Local Police, is opposed by none other than the International Association of Chiefs of Police, which likes Dodd's bill very much.

Atlanta Chief of Police Herbert I. Jenkins says his department confiscates about 2,000 pistols and 200 shotguns and rifles every year. "Almost every person who wants a firearm now," Jenkins complained, "has one or more, regardless of his moral or mental capacity."

Carl K. Miller, a commander in the Chicago Police Department, says about 6,000 firearms are confiscated in that city each year. He tells a story about the bus rider who missed getting off at his usual stop:

> *This passenger became enraged and stated, "I am going to get off this bus if I have to blast my way off." With that, he fired four shots, wounding several riders. Another of the passengers, incensed at the audacity of the blasting rider, took out a gun and fired back, wounding several more riders. This happened in a supposedly civilized city on a bus carrying citizens to and from their work. I merely mention this because it is almost hard to believe that on a bus carrying people to and from work, out of the sixty or eighty passengers on the bus, two of them would have firearms.*

It does seem strange until one recalls that Americans spend about $2 billion a year on guns, and that the government, in addition, sells about 100,000 cut-rate guns through the National Board each year.

To loyal members of the NRA, however, the odd—and discouraging—feature of Miller's anecdote is that so few occupants of that bus were armed. The NRA's ideal, as often stated, is *the armed citizen*, and although in a recent editorial *The American Rifleman* granted that "the expression 'armed citizen' has different meanings to different people," it went on to say that to the NRA faithful it meant, fundamentally, the ability to shoot back and the gun to do it with:

> *The taking of a human life is a matter of deepest concern. Nonetheless . . . in many instances, the citizen has no choice but to defend himself or his home. If he elects to use a gun, that is his privilege. The important thing is that the individual must have the opportunity to make his own decision, and obviously his decision lacks meaning in such instances if he does not have the right and the opportunity to have a gun to enforce that decision.*

POVERTY, INJUSTICE and the WELFARE STATE . .

Part 2: How Rights Can Be Secured

Richard A. Cloward & Richard M. Elman

Because the American poor, unlike the poor in most other democratic social-welfare states, have never developed continuing instruments of political power, the American welfare state defrauds them as it aids them. As noted in these pages last week, benefits are treated as charity rather than statutory entitlements; grant levels are abysmally low; constitutional rights are regularly violated by investigatory procedures; millions of the most impoverished are denied benefits by arbitrary statutes and policies (i.e., residency laws). Since the poor themselves are not likely to mount organized political pressure for reform, other strategies must be considered which would have the same impact. Three ways of attacking the injustices of the social-welfare state are discussed in the article below.

One form of attack upon the social-welfare apparatus should be mounted in the courts. Undue emphasis has been placed upon securing reforms through legislative action, and insufficient attention paid to legal remedies. Two types of legal action are required: one designed to achieve basic changes in the structure of social-welfare law, and the other to insure that laws are faithfully implemented at the administrative level. Much of the current discussion about extending legal services to the poor is intended to yield the latter objective. The Office of Economic Opportunity, for example, plans to finance legal resources for the poor in urban and rural slums. This program, to be discussed below, will bring lawyers into contact with the poor, where they will be quickly inundated by pressing problems demanding immediate action. Lawyers practicing under these circumstances will doubtless succeed in remedying injustice in one case after another through negotiation and administrative appeal or in the lower courts; they may even on occasion create a major legal precedent to which the welfare apparatus must accommodate. But crucial precedents are usually more efficiently pursued by organizations which do not offer mass services but specialize in finding "test" cases. Such organizations can develop specialized legal expertise in a given field, and can find the resources to pursue issues doggedly and tenaciously through the labyrinth of appeals, at the end of which a binding precedent may finally be established. We need, in short, an "association for the advancement of social-welfare rights," comparable in purpose and function to the NAACP and the ACLU in their respective fields of interest.

The issues of law that require intensive action are both substantive and procedural. As to the first, no aspect of substantive law in the field of social welfare is so murky as that pertaining to the question of whether various classes of entitlements are matters of legal right or public charity. Ambiguity especially surrounds benefits for the poor; most of the benefits directed toward the regularly employed classes having been less plagued. Here again, "social security" is a case in point. It is virtually unheard of that recipients require legal assistance in order to obtain this benefit. The clarity with which entitlements are framed and implemented thus reflects the relative political power of the groups which are their object. In the field of public housing, by contrast, ambiguity is striking. Legislation is written in such a way as to deny tenants any of the rights commonly associated with tenancy in private housing. Apartments can be inspected at will by management; leases are month to month; eviction can occur without recourse to the courts. Charles Reich, a professor in law, has suggested that social-welfare benefits constitute "new property rights" and should be vigorously pursued in the courts until they are so defined under law.

If benefits can be established as rights, to whom then do these rights pertain, and under what conditions? Here again, a variety of substantive issues are posed. Residence laws provide one notorious case in point, for, as we have noted, they appear to violate the historic right to cross state boundaries without penalty. Issues of illegal search and seizure arise from widespread investigatory practices now prescribed by existing legislation or administrative fiat—such as the "post-midnight raids" discussed earlier. It is customarily regarded as within the province of welfare departments to force unwed mothers to be examined regarding putative fathers as a condition for public assistance. Invasions of privacy are taken for granted in a system where no one has rights.

Eligibility for public-welfare benefits has sometimes been made contingent upon one's willingness to

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perform work for a governmental jurisdiction. One such case, involving male welfare recipients who were jailed for refusing to cut brush in hip-deep snow, was recently struck down in the lower courts as a form of peonage.

Ambiguity about "rights" versus "charity" is also reflected in the absence of adequate procedural safeguards. Under the guise of discharging an ethical responsibility to "protect the confidentiality" of information disclosed by clients, welfare departments have resisted the right of clients to be represented by counsel during interviews, investigations and many types of semi-judicial proceedings. But perhaps most striking is the fact that it is not clear, with respect to many benefits, whether an aggrieved person has the right to do anything more than complain. Appeals procedures, administrative or otherwise, are not often defined in legislation, and administrators do not usually choose to establish them. If a person has a grievance, it is often not known to whom he should turn or whether he must be heard. Until test cases resolve matters of this kind, rights cannot be effectively asserted.

The second form of attack should be a vigorous campaign of communication. Tyranny is not so likely to take root when men have access to information. The authoritarianism of social-welfare agencies is partly made possible by the pervasive ignorance they engender in their clientele. Where ignorance prevails, myths arise to explain what otherwise seems arbitrary and capricious. It is believed by some on the dole in New York City that welfare workers get $50 for each case they can close, for how else is one to understand the hundreds of instances in which recipients are discharged from the rolls for no apparent reason (e.g., "failed to comply with departmental regulations")? Myths serve to order the reality, but they also reinforce ignorance of it. And because recipients do not understand administrative decisions, officials can dismiss complaints out of hand. By converting issues of justice into instances of ignorance, attacks upon the rules are thus deflected and the system remains intact.

One can grant the low education of recipients without supposing that this goes far toward explaining their failure to grasp the workings of the apparatus upon which they depend for survival. Ignorance is a product of the system itself. Our social-welfare state is enormously complex—not because it needs to be, but because it serves our ambivalence toward the poor to make it so. Because, as we have pointed out, statutes are vague and ambiguous as to who can get benefits and strikingly clear as to who cannot, fantastic administrative energy is required to define criteria of eligibility. The resulting proliferation of regulations is incomprehensible even to those who create them. People who need a variety of services (money, housing, health care) must negotiate with an array of autonomous departments, each jealous of its prerogatives, each a complex rules system, each caught up in its own trappings of petty tyranny.

A public department can make itself surveyable to its constituents or can place them under surveillance. Our "social security" agencies assiduously explain themselves, advertising on radio and in newspapers to inform a broad audience of entitlements. They deplore unclaimed benefits and pursue those unschooled in their rights. But the claimants of social security are the once employed and the propertied; they are, in time, the majority of us, and agencies catering to a majority are not unmindful of its influence. Who advertises for clients for public welfare, for public housing, or for any of the "poor agencies"? For every person on the public-welfare rolls, at least one more is eligible but does not apply. Let them find their own way to appropriate agencies and through the maze of procedures that will stand between them and relief. Let them submit without challenge to investigation, for ours is a system obsessed with the fear that benefits will be obtained fraudulently, or by persons of questionable eligibility. No one may certify to his pauperism; it must be proved—repeatedly—and even then the evidence of home visits, interviews, forms and affidavits is not to be trusted. Elaborate patterns of illegal surveillance multiply. It is not thought that clients require information about the system; rather, the system must know about them.

A massive and aggressive program of public information could go far toward eliminating an ignorance that is both produced by and reinforces these barbaric practices. Such programs are by no means novel or untried. Some three decades ago, Britain's National Council of Social Service, a private organization, established a number of "citizen's advice bureaus" which have been operated with public funds since 1949, and are located in churches, settlements, family agencies, unions and elsewhere, close to those who need them most. The central office generates a constant flow of information to the local bureaus: it summarizes entitlements under new legislation, digests changes in administrative rulings, reports the outcome of appeals on one issue or another, and otherwise provides judicious advice and guidance to the users of public services. Is has been, from all accounts, a remarkably successful program.

American private social-welfare agencies — despite large subsidies from government — resist making functions of this kind central to their operations. Consonant with America's attitudes toward the poor, private agencies have devoted themselves unceasingly to various forms of moral, cultural and psychiatric uplift. Prior to the depression, they carried on cash-relief programs, using such funds as could be extracted from the well to do. Pressed by heavy demands from their clients, and with relatively little money to disburse, they became experts in making judicious grants, evolving criteria and techniques to distinguish the worthy from the unworthy. They instituted a system of "social-service exchanges" which compiled information on their clientele to insure against the possibility that a few recipients might be pyramiding meager benefits by migrating from agency to agency. When government acted during the depression, many voluntary agencies argued that the new poverty agencies—such as public welfare—should be staffed by experienced social workers who understood how to administer benefits without inducing dependency, that tragic flaw of America's poor.

The mental hygiene movement also penetrated the field of social work during the depression years, and it was not long before private agencies began to draw from Freudianism their images of man, his needs and his susceptibility to intervention. And so the private field progressively turned away from environmental assistance and embraced the new personality manipulations. But the economically dispossessed remained stubbornly oblivious to the subtleties of a psychology that stressed man's participation in the creation of his own problems, preferring to believe instead that they were the victims of arbitrary and capricious outer forces beyond human control. With their traditional clientele thus alienated, a good many private agencies announced that they would welcome opportunities to serve people "in need of counseling and guidance, whether financially dependent or not." By the mid-fifties, many agencies had succeeded in uplifting themselves by attracting a high proportion of middle-class constituents.

The "war against poverty" has again focused attention on the poor, and a new period of uplift has begun. The National Urban League, the Family Service Association of America and the Child Study Association recently joined to establish, with poverty funds, a program called "Project Enable." With the League's access to the Negro ghetto and the technological expertise of the Associations, a vast program of counseling and guidance of parents will be undertaken to improve child-rearing practices so that their children can become upwardly mobile.

It is now being said, curiously, that people are poor because they have no money—but no one has thought to give them any. "Welfarism" has become discredited; all forms of the dole are in particular disrepute. The new uplift stresses a cherished American value—economic advance by individual achievement. But the poor are mostly young or very old. For the old it is too late to advance; and the poverty of the young is so crippling that they are incapacitated for mobility once they come of age. The question of poverty, in short, is being confused with the question of economic mobility. Once again, America finds itself unable to deal just with poverty; it has always had to "save" the poor as well—exhorting them to abandon the immoral ways which cause their condition, or diagnosing and treating them, or launching into the next economic stratum those who could respond to the countdown. Merely to provide money so that all may start from a minimum standard of living affronts our belief in individualism and our faith in the efficacy of professional interventions to which all social problems can finally be made to yield.

Reflecting the culture of which they are instruments, private agencies have by and large failed to act as guardians and proponents of the welfare apparatus. Standards of financial assistance are still very low (even in industrial states, "minimum cost-of-living indexes" are computed, and grant formulas are fixed at two-thirds or less of the indexes); millions of families needing assistance are not being recruited to the rolls; and those who obtain assistance are still not getting all to which they are entitled. Specializing in "information services" may not lay the best basis from which to assert professional status, but it must be said that the poor need allies against the welfare apparatus a good deal more than they require the therapeutic and other skilled services which are the stuff of professional legitimacy.

Power finally belongs to those who are able to define for others their station in life. If men have been led to believe that they have no rights, being told that they do may matter little, for the belief can overwhelm the telling. In New York State, public-welfare agencies distribute a brochure to every recipient describing, briefly and abstractly, the rights of clients, including the right to take appeals from decisions considered unjust. And, as we have shown, the grounds for appeal are abundant.

The third attack, then, must be through the apparatus of appeals. In New York City, which contains more than 500,000 welfare clients, and almost half again as many rejected applicants, how many come to challenge the tens of millions of decisions regarding their various entitlements made in any year? For the whole of the city, in most years, there are about fifteen. Granted that the poor have little education and even less money for legal assistance, this is still unimaginably few.

To what interpretation will such a statistic yield? Only, it would seem, to one showing how the welfare system leads the poor to participate in their own victimization. Many welfare recipients endure that status for long periods of time, sometimes handing it down from generation to generation. Eventually, some come to believe that they know a great deal about the workings of the system, as indeed they often do, including ways to circumvent its rules. Those most familiar with the system often end by accepting its premises and thus ascribe legitimacy to its practices.

Doubtless, reluctance to appeal also arises from the fear that petty evasions of the rules will be uncovered during hearings. Nor is this the only instance one could point to in which men have given allegiance to the rules by which they are degraded, to the rules which they covertly violate. The lawless and authoritarian practices of the welfare apparatus thus produce correlative adaptations among clients. For when rights are ignored, men come to live by their wits, meeting caprice with chicanery; or they live witlessly, meeting the arbitrary with acquiescence.

Under such conditions, it will take more than information about rights to make them believable or to lead men to act upon them. If old patterns of accommodation are to be disrupted, there must be a demonstration that rights can be successfully asserted. And that will require advocates willing to pit themselves against an entrenched system. Where, then, are the poor to find these advocates?

One answer comes from the Office of Economic Opportunity, which has been promoting programs of legal services for the poor. Bar associations have rather vigorously opposed this intrusion by government into their part of the free-enterprise preserve, but that resistance may be overcome, for it is difficult to find any but the most obviously self-serving arguments to support it. The plans for "neighborhood law offices" and other legal programs under various auspices are, to be sure, a distinct advance over the present condition. Until now we have preferred to avoid the matter by ostentatiously praising the charity and idealism of those few lawyers in Legal Aid Societies and elsewhere who have resigned themselves to relative poverty by choosing to serve the poor. If, through OEO's largess, the number of lawyers entering the lists against the welfare state can be multiplied five- or tenfold or more, it is certainly all to the good.

The plan to expand legal services, however, has several defects. First, it equates the need for advocacy with the need for lawyers. But the great bulk of problems that arise in the day-to-day transactions between recipients and public agencies can be resolved by persons possessing only a rudimentary knowledge of the social-welfare establishment, provided that they are willing to be aggressive and tough-minded negotiators. Such pressure is all the more likely to be effective if backstopped by the threat of legal action, should redress not be obtained. The existence of legal power is thus more important than its exercise. Mobilization for Youth, on New York's Lower East Side, has conducted large-scale advocacy programs through a series of "neighborhood service centers" located in store fronts and staffed by professional social workers and case aides. Lawyers train staff members in the basic laws and rule systems governing public departments. The vast majority of problems brought to the centers are then effectively resolved by these nonlegal advocates, the more difficult cases being referred to MFY's legal unit of five full-time lawyers. With poverty funds, neighborhood service centers patterned after those on the Lower East Side are being established in other cities, although it remains to be seen whether the vigor of advocacy which distinguished MFY's program will be matched elsewhere, for such programs are not popular with the governmental officials who control poverty funds. Aside from this question, the point is that advocacy resources could be greatly expanded if scarce legal resources were conserved for in-service training, appeal procedures, court actions and other matters requiring depth of legal knowledge and experience.

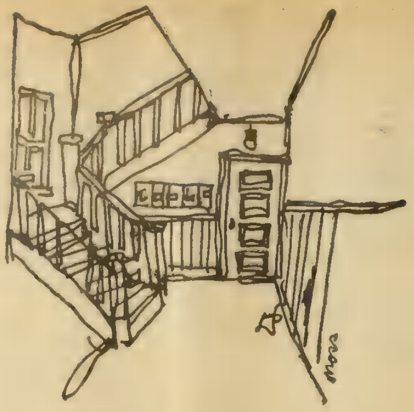
The plan for "neighborhood law offices" also suffers the defect of being an altogether *ad hoc* mechanism. It will thus be dependent for funding on the vagaries of the political process. If the programs generate a great many problems for city government (as they surely will when the job is properly done), pressure may mount to shut off funds. Legal services can also be initiated in stable institutional settings — unions, settlement houses, family service agencies, inner-city churches—and this is slowly happening. Even if such institutions apply for governmental funds to initiate advocacy services, they would be able to carry on with private resources, should public sources dry up. Bar associations, it should be noted, resist the practice of law by organizations, the stated fear being that organizational interests will be "interposed" between client and lawyer. The danger is real, to be sure, for once organizations experience political backlash from the activities of their lawyers, internal pressures for more moderate advocacy may be felt. On the other hand, it is equally real that the reluctance to see nonprofit organizations hire lawyers has had the long-standing consequence of denying counsel to the poor.

In the end, we shall require arrangements that do not make access to advocates dependent upon the vagaries of poverty funding or the

interests of private organizations. Once again we may need to look to European countries, where legislative measures—such as Britain's Legal Aid and Advice Act of 1949—guarantee the availability of lawyers and provide payment for services for the very poor. Clearly, the country is not yet ready to entertain such measures. But some form of socialized law seems inevitable if men's rights are to be secured.

We have stressed reform strategies which take account of the lack of organized low-income political influence in this country. If, however, welfare recipients in large urban centers could be organized to press their grievances through dramatic, well-publicized actions, these strategies would be greatly enhanced. The notion that the poor should participate in the decisions affecting their dependency is not novel. In the depression years, the Workers' Alliance—a union of relief clients and relief workers—performed this important function in New York City. The Alliance staged sit-ins at welfare offices, mass demonstrations and letter-writing campaigns, and succeeded in securing improved benefits for its members.

Recently, groups under diverse sponsorships and in scattered localities have begun to organize around welfare issues. In some cases, as in Syracuse or Washington, they have been organized by professional social workers, using OEO funds. In Newark, Cleveland, Detroit, some parts of the South and elsewhere, they have been organized by newly emergent radical groups, principally SNCC and SDS. One would be hard put to describe these sporadic efforts as a movement, or even a potential movement. They have been isolated efforts to adjust individual grievances through protest.



In some instances, efforts have been made to establish procedures comparable to collective bargaining. If this process is to succeed, it must attract expert allies. A short time ago, for example, a group of Lower East Side Negro and Puerto Rican ADC mothers, represented by an attorney and a social worker, held a meeting with the Commissioner of Welfare to negotiate grievances. The immediate aim of this Committee of Welfare Families, organized through Mobilization for Youth, was to force the Welfare Department to supply its members with winter clothing. The Committee first notified the Commissioner that it had unsuccessfully made formal requests to the appropriate welfare investigators for the necessary cash grants. It threatened to picket if the Commissioner refused a hearing. The Commissioner agreed to a meeting with the Committee, and subsequently negotiated a formal grievance procedure with them. But, throughout the negotiations, the Commissioner continued to insist upon the traditional prerogative to investigate assertions of individual need, rather than to accept the validity of the Committee's assertions. While acceding to the principle of collective bargaining, he reaffirmed the right of the Department to conduct confidential interviews with clients, unimpeded by the presence of other Committee members, lawyers, social workers or translators. "Why should a discussion on why our members are not receiving the winter clothing which is due them contain so much 'confidential' information?," the Committee wrote to the Commissioner recently. And they went on: "If Mrs. John Doe is told by her investigator that her coat received in 1959 or 1960 should last '5 to 8 years,' or if a Mrs. Rodriguez is told that her investigator is too busy with 'more important things, and I don't know when I can get around to see you,' is all this 'confidential'?" Despite bureaucratic tactics of resistance, these efforts at reform—however faltering and few—are needed in a society whose social-welfare apparatus has always had its way with the poor.

And, finally, it should be said that new legislation—such as the proposed plan for a federally sponsored "guaranteed minimum income"—would solve most of the problems cited in these two articles, for it would eliminate their source. Nor should anyone mourn the passing of the local public-assistance agency, if that ever comes to pass. One reason for developing vigorous programs to protect individual rights—whether by information dissemination, advocacy, legal testing or collective action—is to dramatize the need for a new way to distribute income by revealing just how bad is the way that now prevails.

Deserts In The Sea . . . . . .

Richard G. Lillard

Los Angeles

Big questions are raised by the end of the sardine fishery off the coast of California and the possible beginning of the end for the anchovies and the larger fishes that eat them. Who "owns" the resources of the sea? How much longer can society allow the fishing interests to behave as all lumbermen once did (and as some still do when they are given a chance)? How long can coastal industry be permitted to use the fishing ground as a free and convenient dump? What is the economic place of recreation and sports in a world of short working hours, early retirement and stress on healthful outdoor living—of the sort that California is famous for? Private corporations and government bureaus have done much to obliterate the natural scene and the wildlife of the continent. Are short-term economic expedients to annihilate the creatures of the sea making the ocean emptier and less lively than ever before since Creation?

Last fall, in the face of much protest, the California State Fish and Game Commission began an experimental program that would give manufacturers access to the anchovy, one of the key forage fish in the natural life cycle of the sea. The commission authorized commercial fishing boats going beyond the 3-mile limit to catch 75,000 tons of anchovies during the 1965-66 season, for purposes of reduction—i.e., to be ground up into meal. Caught by the holdful, mature anchovies (5 to 9 inches long) would thus become food for cats, feed for fry and fingerlings in inland fish hatcheries, meal for chickens and minks, oil for paint factories, and fertilizer for field crops and subtropical gardens.

Until now, anchovies have been caught, anywhere offshore, to supply a small canning business for export to the Philippines and elsewhere for human consumption. While anchovies from California went to Oriental tables, anchovies from Portugal came to California for pizza parlors and cocktail parties. But mainly the California anchovies were netted by the tankful, to be used as live bait by local commercial albacore fishermen and by sports fishermen in skiffs and party boats and on barges and piers. Even on weekdays the piers and party boats and barges between Malibu and San Diego alone provide recreation for 3,000 or 4,000 fishermen, a great many of whom use wriggling fresh anchovies as bait. The president of Ocean Fish Protective Association says: "The anchovy must be viewed as the fish that has permitted Southern California to become the world's leading area for live-bait ocean sports fishing."

Ostensibly the commission's decision was to set up the experimental anchovy-reduction fishery in order to work toward scientific management of the entire anchovy resource. Already official studies had measured the growth rates of the fish, worked out their life cycle, estimated their numbers, and mapped some of their migrations. Counting the catches, tagging individuals, trying to watch total population—these would continue. Meanwhile, the presumption was that the granting of permits to catch, under certain conditions in specified waters, would add a new base to the state's fishing industry and general economic well-being. Immediate, sure profits would go to Star-Kist Foods, Van Camp Sea Food, Del Monte Fishing, Santa Cruz Canning, Ocean Beauty Packing and other firms.

The commission's action regarding the public resource of the anchovy schools came only after routines of bureaucratic drama. In 1955, the commission refused to grant reduction permits, and regularly during the early 1960s it denied such requests. In 1965, the canners and their allies turned to the legislature, which passed a bill ordering the commission to grant permits to take 115,000 tons of anchovies for reduction. While the bill lay on his desk, Governor Edmund Brown received sixteen letters favoring it and 214 opposing it, including an official letter from the city of Long Beach. The Governor vetoed the bill, saying that it was perhaps unconstitutional and that management of the anchovy would best be done by the commission, under existing laws, working on a long-range scientific basis. He added that he thought the legislative act was a mandate to grant reduction permits.

Homer

The commission then drew up proposed regulation for the "pilot program" and announced a public hearing in Los Angeles. Again a heavy mail came in, largely against the whole proposal. The *Los Angeles Times*, which seems more and more to become a quasi-public institution, editorialized in support of live-bait fishing and recreation.

The hearing on October 1 drew a talkative crowd of several hundred who heard thirty-three persons oppose the plan for reduction and three speak for it. Individual sports fishermen, owners of live-bait boats, and spokesmen for California Wildlife Federation, Ocean Fish Protective Association and Southern California Sports Council stressed the importance of anchovies as a major food supply for sports fish, the growing scarcity already of anchovies off the coast, the incomplete official knowledge of anchovy migrations and populations, and the threat to the recreation of thousands of persons, and to the jobs and incomes of live-bait suppliers and the makers and retailers of fishing tackle and equipment. Sea and seaside recreations are more characteristic of Southern California than commercial fishing.

There was testimony that live-bait boats were having to range

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farther and farther offshore to catch anchovies, that Mexico was starting to catch 40 tons a day off Ensenada for human food, and that anchovies were becoming scarce off the coasts of Peru and Chile. One bait-boat operator said that for California to allow about 1,000 tons a day for about 106 fishing days was not a pilot program. "It is big stuff." An individual fisherman brought on thumping applause and a severe call for order from the chairman when he shouted blame at "fast-buck men" who want dollars now with no regard for fish or other men. "We wrote letters and Brown vetoed. Now we have to do the whole thing all over again. It is just another grab and you men on the commission know it."

The fluent spokesman for the California Grain and Feed Association, representing 500 members who use fish meal for the big poultry and egg industry, pointed out that the cost of local fish meal (at $180 a ton) compared with the rising cost of Peruvian or Chilean meal (at $200) was clearly a factor in the chicken industry, as in the general cost of living. His figures drew no applause.

The commission members, caught between the poles of their task—regulating commerce and protecting recreation — adjourned to ponder and weigh the pressures. It was not a simple matter of "the people" versus business, because there were business interests on both sides. After a few weeks, the commissioners authorized the 75,000-ton program. Politically, the canners had won the round, though economic gains were slow to appear. (By the end of January, 1966, the new anchovy reduction business had landed only around 1,800 tons, owing to problems of prices and of redesigning fishing gear.) The recreational interests have continued to mutter and agitate. Feelings are strong, and the match is not over. Will the anchovy go the way of the sea-faring Chumash Indians, the sea otter, the sperm whale herds, the abalone, the Pismo clam and the Pacific sardine?

A speaker at the October hearing remembered with allowable hyperbole how "in 1937 the sardines were so thick at sea that you could get out and walk on them." Now they were gone. One of the fourteen different mimeographed handouts at the same meeting proposed a moratorium on the catching of sardines in California—which remains a proposal only. During the period 1934-45 the California commercial catch of sardines exceeded 500,000 tons each year, but a steady decline since 1951 has led to fewer than 7,000 tons in 1964-65 and under 1,000 tons—the lowest ever—in 1965-66. No "inexhaustible" natural resource better illustrates the speed-up of technological skill and the power of multiplying mankind to use things up. None better justifies the bill for Ecological Research and Surveys that Senator Nelson of Wisconsin gave the Senate last year. Sportsmen and conservationists are well aware of what happened to the sardine. They are determined that the anchovy shall escape the same fate.

When the sardines started to disappear, the fleets turned to four species of tuna, especially yellowfin, and began to fish them out. Now in 1966, tuna, too, are proving hard to find. Though California ranks ahead even of Alaska to lead all the states in the value of its annual catch of fish (and the value goes up with the years), the annual tonnage has been declining for exactly three decades.

So far there have been no loud alarms as to the fate of local fresh fish such as sole or the halibut that is caught in the Santa Barbara Channel, or for the white sea bass or the cigar-shaped yellowtail barracuda. But more and more the fish caught are juveniles rather than adults. And shellfish, helplessly sedentary as adults, are in serious trouble. An example is the smooth chione or mud cockle, very tasty, much sought at low tide in what sloughs are not yet filled in for subdivisions or dredged out for marinas. Abalones are so overharvested that low tide Channel Islands divers have been going down 100 feet.

Depredation on the continental shelf is accompanied by pollution on a massive scale. The sewage lines that coastal cities send to the sea from San Diego Bay to Santa Monica Bay are the largest perennial streams in the known history of the region. These richly organic rivers, some with raw, untreated sewage, all of them loaded with chemical products of a prosperous and heavy-eating civilization, spread out in "sewage fields" which fertilize increased numbers of photoplankton that in turn engender reddish and amber-colored seascapes, the "red tides" of photoplankton "bloom" that worry boosters and appall sensitive swimmers. The submarine mesas of solid sewage, together with loads of industrial waste dumped from barges, deplete the oxygen content of the water so that the fish depart and the giant seaweeds, natural lurking areas for game fish, die out. Man's wastes also supply acids that attack the shells of abalones and clams, opening them to infections, and further kill back the canopies of kelp. Sea urchins best survive, though in stunted form.

Below sea level and ordinary eye view, man is creating almost fishless deserts, and even these he is littering. For one fish-and-game solution to the problem of attracting the fish back to depleted and corrupted waters is to provide shelters, artificial caves and reefs or mounds of junked automobiles, scrapped refrigerators and obsolete streetcars.

Man's "improvements" of the shore line — breakwaters, jetties, harbors, marinas, steam plants, industrial and military installations—have all in one way or another adversely affected the biology of the sea. The anchovy again serves as an example. After 1929, the new breakwater at Santa Barbara, meant to promote yachting and boating, began to accumulate sand, building up many acres of unneeded beach and turning the harbor into a lethal cul-de-sac for anchovies. Each summer, preying fish crowded them into the warmish dead water where they died by the thousands.

And every summer for more than a decade millions of anchovies have died uselessly in Los Angeles harbor, where they have supported a $2 million live-bait business that in turn supported half of California's sports fishing. The cause is the legal wastes from major oil refineries, chemical plants and soap companies—part of the potent industrial complex that makes the Los Angeles-Long Beach harbor area a top American port. In the rainless summer months, industrial wastes give Dominquez Channel its only flow, 30,000 gallons a minute (more than any natural Southern California stream now gives to the sea in summer), turning it into an open, somewhat colorful, industrial sewer. Reacting with harbor water, the chemicals absorb its oxygen. The anchovies then suffocate and turn belly up to the beaks of birds. A blue-gray sludge of H_2S remains to stain the hulls of the world's commerce.

At the Top of the Voice

MAYAKOVSKY. Translated and edited by Herbert Marshall. Introduction by Sir Maurice Bowra. Hill and Wang. 432 pp. $10.

THE POETRY OF YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO: 1953 to 1965. Translated, with an introduction by George Reavey. October House. Bilingual edition. 215 pp. $6.50. $2.95 paper.

Margaret Dalton

"The new young Mayakovsky of today," says Herbert Marshall of Yevgeny Yevtushenko. And there is indeed some parallel between the personalities and works of these two poets. If Mayakovsky was *the* poet of the Revolution, Yevtushenko occupies a similar position in the post-Stalin thaw. Something of Mayakovsky's personal dynamism and public appeal is present, though to a weaker degree, in Yevtushenko. In tone, language and form, Yevtushenko is at times very close to Mayakovsky. This is especially the case in his rhetorical poetry, declaimed "at the top of the voice" and addressed to the masses rather than to the "chosen few." These lines by Yevtushenko could easily be mistaken for Mayakovsky's:

The music of revolution
gives
cold shivers
to many.
Somewhere, beyond the sea,
chandeliers
nervously
shake
in halls . . .
("The Mozarts of Revolution")

Like Mayakovsky, Yevtushenko is primarily a "civic" poet (though not to the exclusion of personal, lyric poetry), involved in contemporary issues and committed to the ideology of the Communist regime. Yet the dissimilarities which become apparent at closer scrutiny — caused by different political and intellectual climates and by differing poetical personalities — may possibly be more fundamental and decisive than are the points of contact. The revolutionary and post-revolutionary periods in which Mayakovsky was active were characterized by material deprivation and cruelty, but also by creative freedom and enthusiasm. Mayakovsky and his "co-Futurists" fervently believed that they were creating new art for a new and better society. Disappointment set in only later. Mayakovsky himself, one of the loudest, most grandiose and egocentric personalities in Russian literature, was eminently fit to represent this period in all its glory and excesses. None of this ebullient optimism was present in the fifties, the starting point for Yevtushenko's poetry. Despite the thaw, the memories of the terror of the thirties and the privations of one of the most devastating wars in Russian history were still vivid. Yevtushenko is representative of those young poets who were slowly groping their way toward more individual and less prescribed art; but they were hardly daring innovators: they looked back to poets like Mayakovsky, just as they looked back to the Revolution as a distant ideal which had been darkened and corrupted.

Compared to Mayakovsky, Yevtushenko is more restrained, more narrow in his emotional scale and, possibly, more lyrical. Although he will avoid the "lapses" and vulgarity of Mayakovsky, his tendency at overt moralizing strikes at times an unpleasantly pedantic note as compared to Mayakovsky's expansiveness. Despite the fact that Yevtushenko is still developing, it seems fairly certain that he will never approach the linguistic genius and emotional *élan* of Mayakovsky—just as the present cannot bear comparison to the tempestuous days of the twenties.

Mr. Marshall's large book on Mayakovsky presents an interesting collection of varied materials. The preface by Sir Maurice Bowra is followed by an introductory article on Mayakovsky and his poetry by Mr. Marshall, as well as a detailed chronology of Mayakovsky's life. The main part of the volume is devoted to Mayakovsky's poetry, supplied with commentaries by Mr. Marshall. Two appendixes present memoirs of Mayakovsky by contemporaries and poetic references to him by other poets (Pasternak, Aseyev, Akhmatova and Yevtushenko). The text is interspersed with photographs of Mayakovsky, reproductions of his paintings and caricatures, photomontages, and copies of some of the modernistic covers used for his poems. The visual impact of the book is impressive indeed.

In his selection of Mayakovsky's poetry, Mr. Marshall is, however, somewhat less successful. He seems to favor the post-revolutionary work of Mayakovsky, which was approved by Stalin, over his pre-revolutionary poems, which interested Pasternak. Only four short poems and the long poem, "A Cloud in Trousers," representative of the early Mayakovsky, are included in the volume. In his choice of post-revolutionary poetry Mr. Marshall presents some of the most unimaginative and dull political pieces Mayakovsky wrote, such as "Vladimir Ilyich Lenin," "The Fifth International" and anti-religious "agit-poems." One of the few exceptions to the monotony of the selection is the long poem "About This" — translated for the first time into English and championed with justifiable enthusiasm by Mr. Marshall — a sophisticated and interesting work of the early twenties.

Mayakovsky is, admittedly, a very difficult poet because of the complex metaphors which are central to his poetry, the neologisms and the rhymes (the latter often built on word play). It is impossible to reproduce all these features in a translation without sacrifice. The least objectionable sacrifice in the case of Mayakovsky is rhyme, since his use of rhyme is highly irregular and without the importance that it has in more conventional poetry. Mr. Marshall, however, with admirable audacity, attempts to reproduce all of Mayakovsky's poetic intricacies, including his rhyme. The result is neither accurate nor felicitous.

It is impossible to present in a short review the innumerable inaccuracies of Mr. Marshall's translation. They range from "poetic license" to outright mistakes. Mr. Marshall mercilessly inverts and distorts Mayakovsky's word and syntactic order (and thereby very often Mayakovsky's metaphors — to a point where they become completely unintelligible in English); he changes gender, number, omits or adds pronouns and adjectives, and even adds expressions that cannot be found in the original. A simple line such as "How did your Olga say it?" (in the poem "Jubilee" where Mayakovsky makes reference to Push-

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kin's *Yevgeny Onegin*) comes out in Mr. Marshall's translation as: "Now who was it said — your Olga, I think?" It may be added that Mr. Marshall's verbosity here is not conditioned by Mayakovsky's metrical pattern, since he does not follow it. It is utterly unclear to the present reviewer why, for example, Mayakovsky's line "a horse fell" (in the poem "A Human Attitude to Horses") is rendered by Mr. Marshall as "a horse is on its arse," just as the comparison of a lighted advertisement to the "biblical Nebuchadnezzar" (in the poem "Jubilee") has Mr. Marshall's embellishment "Nebuchadnezzar on all four eats"?

Among other obvious mistakes are the translation of a corn merchant (*labaznik*) as a "parasite," of the slang word for face (*murlo*) as the verb "purred," of the phrase, "burning beyond the mountains" as "burning beyond sorrow" (confusion of the words *gora* (mountain) and *gore* (sorrow), of the poet "calloused from tramping" as "calloused from fermentation," etc. Some of the most crucial lines in the poem "To Yesenin" are rendered beyond recognition.

Apparently, Mr. Marshall's admiration for Mayakovsky ("the greatest poet of the Socialist epoch") makes him incapable of injecting any criticism into his commentaries (and certainly Mayakovsky has weaknesses); Mr. Marshall's remarks are in the vein of the uniformly laudatory tone found in most standard Soviet editions of Mayakovsky.

Despite the popularity and interest which Yevtushenko has aroused in the West in recent years, translations of his poems have appeared sporadically and in small numbers. George Reavey's collection and translation of fifty-four of Yevtushenko's poems must therefore be regarded as a valuable contribution to the study of this young Soviet poet who has aroused considerable controversy at home and abroad. Mr. Reavey prefaces his book with a perceptive commentary on the political atmosphere that has shaped and continues to influence the poet, as well as a general outline of Yevtushenko's background and eventful life.

The poetry is divided into three major chronological groups, with the majority of poems belonging to the earlier period, before the official reprimand issued to Yevtushenko in 1963. Despite the inclusion of such famous political poems as "Babii Yar" and "The Heirs of Stalin," the overall tone of the volume is that of personal, and intimate poetry ("You Are Big in Love," "A Scent of Brine," "To My Dog"). It is no doubt because of this emphasis on Yevtushenko's "lyrical" side that Mr. Reavey excluded from the collection Yevtushenko's Cuban poems published in the second part of "Tenderness."

Reavey's selection is interesting, and shows the various aspects of Yevtushenko; poems of questioning self-examination alternate with "civic," moralizing poetry, travel impressions of the West, and semi-philosophical reflections, illustrating Yevtushenko's turn toward richer poetic forms, deeper and more complex thought, and less glib self-assertion. It will be most interesting to watch his further development.

The setting of the original text of the poems opposite the English translation is very welcome to Russian and non-Russian readers. The translations aim at a maximum of precision and are, in general, extremely good. There are only a few mistakes, for example, *svet chopornyi* should read "pompous society," and *pust' dni prevratnosti tajat* should be translated as "what if the days conceal inconstancy." However, these are completely outweighed by the general excellence and sensitivity with which Mr. Reavey has mastered his difficult task.

Before the Great Barbecue

CARPETBAGGER'S CRUSADE: *The Life of Albion Winegar Tourgée.* By Otto H. Olsen. The Johns Hopkins Press. 395 pp. $7.95.

Allen Guttmann

Albion Tourgée, to a greater degree than his more famous contemporary, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, failed mawkishly when he attempted to delineate the 19th century's idea of the Good and succeeded grimly when he dramatized what he knew of Evil. In the starkest episode of Tourgée's novel, *A Fool's Errand* (1879), the carpetbagger hero finds the lynched body of his most loyal Negro ally. Unconcerned whites attend a nearby church:

> *The wind turned* [the body] *slowly to and fro. The snowy hair and beard contrasted strangely with the dusky pallor of the peaceful face, which seemed even in death to proffer a benison to the people of God who passed . . . from the house of prayer, unmindful both of the peace which lighted the dead face, and of the rifled temple of the Holy Ghost which appealed to them for sepulture. Over all pulsed the sacred echo of the sabbath bells. The sun shone brightly. The wind rustled the autumn leaves. A few idlers sat upon the steps of the court-house, and gazed carelessly at the ghastly burden on the oak. The brightly-dressed church-goers enlivened the streets. Not a colored man was to be seen.*

The scene, irony and all, seems as authentic as the horseback dashes of the hero's love-struck daughter do not. The scene is based on the murder of a Negro leader, a friend of Tourgée, whom the Ku Klux Klan had hanged from the branch of an oak less than 100 feet from the Alamance County Courthouse. Similarly, the grotesque death of John Walters, in the novel, is a fictive parallel to the murder, in Caswell County, of a Republican state Senator who was strangled and stabbed to death in the courthouse itself—by the most prominent citizens of the county. Comfort Servosse, the fool whose errand it was to contest injustice in "reconstructed" North Carolina, is clearly drawn from Tourgée himself. The novel is its author's testimonial to fourteen years of vain struggle against control of the defeated South by the very men who led the South to defeat.

A new edition of *A Fool's Errand* appeared in 1961, with an introduction by John Hope Franklin. Otto H. Olsen's full-length biography of Tourgée, dedicated, informed and wholly praiseworthy, recovers for us the embattled man — quarrelsome, tactless, conceited, obdurate, courageous, and absolutely right "to battle a monstrous evil that almost an entire civilization either endorsed or did not care or dare to defy."

Assured by Provisional Governor William H. Holden that Yankees who moved to North Carolina could expect "every favor" from the people and from the laws of the state, Tourgée, an injured veteran of the 105th Ohio Infantry, established himself in the fall of 1865 on the outskirts of Greensboro. Naively hoping to recover his health and to prosper materially, he quickly

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learned that the uppity Negro was not fully accepted in Guilford County. Neither was the white man, Yankee or native born, who thought the Emancipation Proclamation meant an end to servitude.

Governor Holden, a moderate, was defeated in the fall of 1865 by white-supremacy Conservatives. In 1866, the Conservative legislature rejected the 14th Amendment and brought down upon itself, as Tourgée had warned, the Reconstruction Acts of 1867, enforced by federal troops. Elections were held for a constitutional convention. Republicans dominated, largely because Negro voters were "unwilling to believe that those who opposed emancipation, denounced the Freedmen's Bureau, and resented equality were their best friends." Conservatives jeered at the "Gorilla Convention," "Nigger Convention," "Bones and Banjo Convention." (Seventy-four of the 107 Republicans were white Southerners, only fifteen were Negroes.) Tourgée, a leader in the convention and a major influence on the new constitution, was singled out in the newspapers for special abuse: the educated elite referred to the convention of "Baboons, Monkeys, Mules, Tourgée and other Jackasses." Undaunted, Tourgée served on a three-man committee to revise the legal code and went on to win a seat on the Superior Court for the 7th Judicial District.

Judge Tourgée found his troubles increased. The K.K.K. terrorized the district with the approval of the Conservatives. "Police officials belonged to the Klan, its members sat on juries to obstruct indictment or conviction, and mysterious altered words nullified indictments." The dilemma seems depressingly familiar. Negroes suffered heavy penalties for petty offenses and Judge Tourgée was assailed as the creator of disorder. Governor Holden, who had recovered office in 1868, was impeached and found guilty by a Conservative legislature that insured a conviction by ejecting Republicans from the hall. Unionists were slandered, threatened with death, driven from their homes, murdered and further vilified in their graves. These events Southern historians of fifty years ago glorified as "Redemption." The election of 1875, stolen by the Conservatives (who now resumed the title "Democrats"), was a prologue to the national election of 1876, when the North ended Reconstruction to glut itself undisturbed at the "great barbecue" of industrial capitalism.

Tourgée lost his judgeship in 1876, remained in the South three more years as pension agent in Raleigh, and left for good in 1879, the year he published *A Fool's Errand*. Seventeen years later, after a career in literature and in reform journalism, Tourgée contributed importantly to the last-ditch legal fight against complete segregation. He wrote one of the plaintiff's briefs in *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*, a brief whose forceful demonstration of the inherent inequality of racial discrimination was accepted after fifty-eight years, in the anti-segregationist decision of *Brown* v. *Board of Education*.

But Tourgée would have been among the first gloomily to insist, in 1954, that the Supreme Court's decision was not enough. At the end of *A Fool's Errand*, Comfort Servosse argues that North and South represent "two distinct, hostile, and irreconcilable ideas." Only Northern power can destroy the "demon" of racism. "If done at all, it must be done by the North—by the Nation, moved, integrated, and controlled by the North, I mean—in its own self-defense. It must be an act of sovereignty, an exercise of power." Tourgée was right, but perhaps *too* pessimistic. A new generation of "fools" and the exercise of federal power have brought us a little closer to the point Tourgée thought we had reached when he wrote Governor Holden about prospects in the South.

In the Non-Establishment Manner

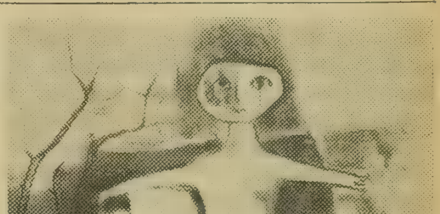
MY ESCAPE FROM THE CIA (and Other Improbable Events). By Hughes Rudd. E. P. Dutton & Co. 253 pp. $4.95.

James P. Degnan

Technically, the best story in Hughes Rudd's first book of short stories is "The Fishers: 1932." Dramatizing the financial and moral problems of a family of Texas poor whites during the depression, the story is the kind of serious comedy that Faulkner and Flannery O'Connor did so brilliantly. When we finish reading "The Fishers: 1932," we not only know the comic-pathetic Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, small-town people one generation removed from the farm, Southern Baptists who've lost their religion, chronic sufferers from constipation whose only luxury is that they consume "surprising amounts of mineral oil from Sears Roebuck"; their ne'er-do-well son, Homer, a sinister type who looks like a "weasel in a tight, twelve dollar suit," who combs his hair with Crisco which "in the summer time started to run before he got to the car line," who works at the pool hall, dates unsavory girls, and who hates and is hated by his father; Homer's brother, Weldon, who because of the Fishers' "starchy 1932 diet," breaks wind at inopportune moments; and the townspeople who surround the Fishers; but we know a stratum of American society, and we know what it meant to be alive in the depression year of 1932. Mr. Rudd's story has the integrity and effect of visual art, of a Grant Wood painting or a Dorothea Lange photograph.

More interesting even than "The

James P. Degnan, who teaches fiction writing at the University of Santa Clara, has written for The Atlantic Monthly, Commonweal, Ramparts *and other publications. He is currently working on a novel,* Memoirs of an Academic Tramp, *a section of which will appear in an early issue of the* Virginia Quarterly Review.



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Fishers: 1932" are works like: "My Escape From the CIA"; "Mavis at the Beach"; "Nightwatch at Vernal Equinox"; and a nonfictive piece treated fictively, "The Death of William Faulkner." What's interesting about these works—especially the first two—is that they are genuine originals both in subject and in treatment. "The Fishers: 1932," despite its technical brilliance, falls into a category: it is Southern Gothic; one thinks of Faulkner, of Flannery O'Connor, of Carson McCullers; of academic criticism and academic quarterlies; of university creative-writing classes and the well-made story; of Percy Lubbock and the old New Critics, and the artistic strictures of Henry James and Ford Madox Ford. It is, briefly, a story of the Establishment; that it first appeared in *The Paris Review* is appropriate.

Definitely non-Establishment, however, are the other works I've mentioned. They are utterly unpretentious and show the hand of a sensitive and intelligent reporter (Mr. Rudd is C.B.S. correspondent in Moscow). But more than an apparent indifference toward conventional fictive strictures and techniques, what makes these stories interesting and original is that they introduce a new voice, a new attitude toward experience, into contemporary American fiction. It is a voice which is anathema to the Establishment of the Right—the academic quarterlies and *The New Yorker*—and to the Left—the *Evergreen* people, the Beats and the Black Humorists. It is, in many ways a voice nearer to the early Kingsley Amis, the Amis of *Lucky Jim*, than to any recent American writer of talent. It is a resolutely middle-class voice, a deeply personal, healthy, decent, common-sensical, unmistakably masculine voice; a gentle and tolerant voice, yet a voice driven to comic, exasperated rage in the presence of phoniness. It is a voice that prefers the present to the past, democracy to monarchy, the rational to the mystical, the normal to the eccentric, the middle class to the aristocracy. It is a voice much more in tune with George Orwell or Bernard Shaw or the logical positivists than with Henry James or Virginia Woolf or the existentialists. It is, briefly, the voice of America's Angry Young Man, a character who has been around a long time but who has made no significant appearance in American fiction.

Like England's Angry Young Man, like Amis' Lucky Jim Dixon, whose dilemma is that he is unclassed, wandering between two worlds (he can't return to his working-class origins nor can he honestly adopt the attitudes and manners of the upper-middle class to which his government-sponsored education has admitted him), so also, America's Angry Young Man, Mr. Rudd's hero in such stories as "My Escape from the CIA" and "Mavis at the Beach," faces an analogous dilemma that presents itself in the question: How do I find a home between IBM and Berkeley—the beat as well as the academic worlds of Berkeley? How do I avoid becoming either the Organization Man or the Beat and/or Academic Man? How do I avoid living a life of no protest or a life of constant, meaningless protest? How, in short, do I preserve my identity against suffocating conformity on the one hand, and insane individualism on the other? Unable to answer these questions, Mr. Rudd's hero solves his problem momentarily by going to graduate school. Graduate school, particularly for the unemployable humanities student, is a limbo, a world of non-choice, a last psychic rest stop before the awful choice must be made. And Mr. Rudd does a fine job of describing this experience.

In "Mavis at the Beach," Mr. Rudd satirizes academic eccentrics and the Beats who inhabit Perry Lane back of Stanford University. But the story also subtly raises the question of whether the world of the eccentrics and the Beats isn't really morally preferable to that of the Squares. The story is very funny and very fast, considering the ground it covers. "My Escape from the CIA," told from the point of view of a Stanford graduate student who has somehow managed to steal Allen Tate's tweed cap, is equally so.

Perhaps the least satisfying of Mr. Rudd's collection are his war stories. At their worst, "Motto for a Wall," for instance, they are bad Hemingway; at their best, such as "The Man on the Trestle" and "The Lower Room," they are full of the clichés of military fiction—clichés of thought and attitude rather than of writing. "The Lower Room" is full of the predictable cynicism and surrealistic horror humor that make Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* such an awful bore. "The Lower Room" may have won a *Paris Review* award and it may be, in the New Critical cliché, "crafted"; John Crowe Ransom might even like it. But it lacks that original and interesting voice, that unique comic voice which is Hughes Rudd's real and formidable talent.

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Troublesome Comfort

G. B. SHAW: A Collection of Critical Essays. Edited by R. J. Kaufmann. Prentice-Hall. 182 pp. $3.95. Paper $1.95.

Laurence Goldstein

Time has treated George Bernard Shaw—rebel, prophet and gadfly—with the humiliating deference to which fame is subjected once the artist and his art are blurred into respectable harmony. Shaw still commands attention; but it is from a world very different from the one he debated, beguiled, taunted and lectured during his garrulous lifetime. There have been at least five books about Shaw published last year, in addition to the widely publicized first volume of his collected letters. In a New York off-Broadway theatre, the playwright as Presence was recently re-created nightly. And, of course, there are the countless university and community theatre productions of his plays.

Thus it comes as no surprise that Prof. Maynard Mack's scholarly "Twentieth Century Views" series finally addresses itself to a study of Shaw. In this short but remarkably diversified collection of fourteen essays, edited by R. J. Kaufmann, an attempt is made "to set Shaw free from the bonds of misunderstanding" by employing a wide critical prism with

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Laurence Goldstein is assignment editor for U.P.I. Newsfilm and a free-lance film writer. He produced Calderon's Life Is A Dream in New York.

which to isolate, refract and illuminate the Shavian art. Beginning with a panegyric from a young Bertolt Brecht, it ranges through such diverse approaches as psychiatrist Erik Erikson's analysis of the familial environment on the Shavian talent and through Richard Ohmann's use of linguistic analysis to define the roots of Shaw's style. We are exposed to an astonishingly wide variety of critical skills. Theatre critics Eric Bentley and Robert Brustein share space with 19th-century scholar Louis Crompton, Elizabethan scholar G. Wilson Knight, and Shavian scholar Irving Fiske. Close textual analyses of Shaw's plays are set against studies of the themes, images and conceptions which thread the entire canon of his work.

Norbert O'Donnell describes Shaw's genius as a tragicomedian in terms of the struggle of wills among Shaw's characters when opposed to the social problems which transcend the individual will. G. Wilson Knight illustrates the theme of bisexuality in Shaw's plays to illuminate Shaw's concern for man's wholeness of being. Bruce R. Park writes a detailed criticism of the critics of Shaw.

Each of the essays is written with an intelligent individuality which heightens both one's appreciation of Shaw as an artist and the critics' keenly fashioned analytical tools. Taken together they do as much to dramatize the techniques of modern criticism as to yield new insights into the Shavian talent. Yet the essays as a group fail to generate excitement. For all the scholarship, perception and critical imagination employed by the writers in this collection, Shaw is curiously deprived of the very strength which welded him to the early 20th-century imagination. Shaw, who dramatized the world as his personal opponent and then engaged it in vigorous debate, is relegated to the musty apotheosis of genius and judged from within the awesome shadow of his work.

With the exception of Robert Brustein's excellent essay, "George Bernard Shaw: The Face Behind the Mask," no notice is taken of the relevance Shaw's revolt holds for a world in which the Victorian tradition he attacked has vanished, and the majority of his social reforms have been assimilated into the vulgarities of everyday existence. Brustein perceptively points out that while "Shaw's messianic philosophy has alienated him from us; the myths of Shavianism neither console nor convince; . . . and his own illusions seem just as pronounced as the ones he sets out to expose . . . his works written to 'influence public opinion' are usually too complicated to evoke a simple response, for like the plays of all the better rebel dramatists, they involve the author's revolt in a shifting dialectic of attitudes."

While Shaw's genius rendered art out of protest, his strength is derived from his commitment to that protest. When the assumptions of his society are stretched upon his stage and house the world of his characters, the action draws its meaning from the total involvement of the characters with the fabric of that world. His men and women collide constantly with the overstuffed social and moral furniture with which they must contend. And if their falls amuse us, we are never allowed to forget for long that the props have been set by hands similar to the ones that have upholstered the seats from which we watch.

Shavian characters need a world of public conventions to sharpen the thrust of their individuality. They are skillfully placed within a fixed universe, and define that universe by moving in ways contrary to its laws. The more retrograde their actions, the brighter they shine and the more light they cast upon the world that spawned them. Saint Joan puts the torch to the practical pieties of her world and the limits of that world are exposed in the conflagration. Jack Tanner ro-

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mantically assaults his world under the joyous banner of the Life Force, Idealism exuberantly challenging Convention, and the limits of both (and the possibilities of each) are exposed in the gentle, mocking humor. Major Barbara wars against the barbarities of Capitalism and is defeated, not because her cause is unjust, but because her response is inadequate to the complexities of her world. In each of the plays the assumptions of a world are being challenged and the possibilities for action within that world explored. It is the drama of that exploration, that determined need to cut across the grain in order to know the depth, that keeps the Shavian world continually relevant to our own.

At a time in which many of our writers have been moved to express their disenchantment with our society, most have sought a forum beyond the scope of their art. The inability to reconcile the vigor of their polemics with the vitality of their art has made petitioners of our writers. The psyche and the society in which its troubled presence exists are alien to each other. Satire becomes increasingly difficult as the values of our society become increasingly irrelevant to its aspirations. Too many Americans want to remain fully attached to our society and still maintain their integrity with a little social protest. No one challenges the system any longer. It is difficult to do so when public rhetoric has pre-empted the language of social reform. Universal welfare, suffrage and equality are the shibboleths under which we are ruled. To feel alien to a society that offers so much and demands so little makes malcontents of us all and reduces protest to cranky discontent.

Not long ago, finding a cause in our time seemed to take as much energy as pursuing it in any other. Now, when one is found, it becomes so fashionable so quickly that it requires more courage to oppose than to pursue it. Scorn has become a terribly old-fashioned emotion, and the words left to express our discontent have become increasingly strident. As the notion of consensus becomes less appealing, its democratic vocabulary becomes more inclusive. The more we resist, the less relevant language we have with which to resist.

In this world in which the writer's light is refined into a surgical beam while his cries are heard in the darkness beyond, it becomes an increasingly desperate pleasure to see the enemy and to be able to name him. George Bernard Shaw is still a comfort to trouble us.

THEATRE

Lloyd Zimpel

SURPRISE IN THE WINGS

In the seven years since it was formed, the San Francisco Mime Troupe waged "guerrilla theatre" against "the common enemy—cultural stupefaction" with little headway. Then last summer it brought forth *A Minstrel Show, or Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel*, and scored a definite victory. A few months later, however, adherents to the cause of stupefaction celebrated a coup of their own when the Troupe's founder and director, R. G. Davis, was convicted for defiantly staging a show in a public park after his permit to do so had been revoked. Or so read the charge. According to the American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California, which is appealing Davis' thirty-day suspended jail sentence and one-year probation, the issue really goes to such matters as violation of the First Amendment and the exercise of "prior censorship," since the permit was lifted only because park commission officials deemed the play (*Il Candelaio*, by the 16th-century Italian philosopher, Giordano Bruno) "indecent, obscene and offensive."

This kind of hassle — along with such accompanying distractions as having the police tape performances, vague offical warnings to prospective Troupe sponsors, and the amused mocking of the newspapers—seeks out the Mime Troupe as certainly as foundation grants find their way to other companies. To be sure, the Troupe has not tried to avoid it. Davis insists on a "radical, independent, chaotic, anarchic" theatre, one approached by its creators, as he wrote recently in *Studies on the Left*, "sans pre-conceived notions about the result." After the creation is completed "we see who we are and what we have done." That nervy principle gives the Troupe's audiences a frequent sense of surprise waiting in the wings, an expectation further justified by the director's admission that his selection in actors runs to "the emotionally disturbed, the violent ones, the fallen away Catholics, the non-Jewish Jews, the deviates," rather than those of organization-theatre training. Part of Davis' own training came from the Actor's Workshop under Herbert Blau and Jules Irving.

However anarchic the Troupe's intention, some sound accomplishments have resulted, from the classical mime which occupied the company in its first years, to happenings or "events," to *Commedia dell' Arte* performed free in the city parks: *Tartuffe*, *The Dowry*, *Il Candelaio*, which last the Troupe persisted in putting on, with no further official harassment, even after Davis' arrest.

In the three years since it began indoor theatre with Jarry's *Ubu Roi*, the Troupe has ventured to couple Brecht's *The Exception and the Rule*, first with an anti-Administration talk on Vietnam by writer Robert Scheer, and then with Beckett's *Act Without Words II;* and to join Ghelderode's *Chronicles of Hell* with a poetry reading by Lawrence Ferlinghetti. The plays have properly been admired, with praise for the imaginative, disciplined direction.

In those same three years the

Lloyd Zimpel has contributed to The Chicago Review, The Massachusetts Review, The Carleton Miscellany *and other periodicals.*

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Their lamps gone out like sleeping birds,
The mattress springs sighing like leaves
Under the wind of their meat;

Now the night has moored in the street
And yaws against the houses and
The dogs sniff about its freight,
Paw the ground without end,
As if its wake were a spoor, the night;

Now that lovers in their cars
Have followed darkness to the bitter
End of the street and into squares
Where their flesh has become another matter,
Like empty department stores;

Now that witches and the cauldron too
Have burned off with their fire
And left a homey stew
That sputters on, they sighing
Like mothers, wives, sirens of the flue

And Circes of the hearth;
Now that my son turned all
Upon himself has become a star
Merrily burning with vegetable
Serenity like a good cigar;

Now let my insomnias arise and litter
Down white blizzards on the tenement blocks,
Softly storm the cracker-box silhouettes,
Whirl on till the street's lone walker stops
And laughs, surprised by dancing letters.

Irving Feldman

Troupe achieved tentative official endorsement via a $1,000 annual stipend from the city's "hotel tax" (a bountiful resource once promised for support of cultural enterprises—the San Francisco Opera still gets $110,000—but much of which now finances the setting of the bait for conventions and tourists). Davis' beef with the park commission, and some public grumbling over *A Minstrel Show*, make it doubtful that the city's benevolence will long continue.

The current *Minstrel Show*, coauthored by Davis and Saul Landau and headed this spring for off-Broadway production in New York, is doubtless the Troupe's most popular undertaking and probably its most successful all around. It has a seven-man cast—a minstrel line of six yuk-yuk-king, tambourine-banging white and Negro actors, all uniformly got up in blackface, baby-blue satin tails, white gloves and kinky-hair fright wigs; and a pompadoured, stuffed-shirt interlocutor, grandly played by Robert Slattery. Willie Hart, Jr., Malachi Spicer and Jason Marc-Alexander bring a zesty impudence to the line.

The show nods toward the traditional minstrelry of J. D. Rice, with a few broad darky jokes: "How long were you in Canada, Hokus?" "Same's here, Mr. Interlocutor—6 foot 3 inches." But such gags and one or two "beloved Stef-fan Foster melodies," outrageously burlesqued, are largely a means to get things energetically under way. The show quickly shifts into a series of sketches on concerns of the contemporary American Negro: the comparative merits of white and Negro policemen; "the Rev. Brother Luther Doctor Martin Junior King"; the Negro stud ("I'm all *Africa!*") and the white woman; lower-class vs. middle-class Negroes; Watts; some of the platitudes of Negro history (Crispus Attucks here is revealed as a terrified janitor shoved outside to protect the white folks when the redcoats started shooting).

The myths, fears and distortions—from both Negro and white viewpoints—surrounding such subjects are stripped away with varying degrees of satirical cleverness, insight and brash humor. And with frequent earthiness as well. The number of jests in one way or another involving male genitalia (suggesting the sexual background to the Negro-white condition, just as the repeated reference to janitors alludes to another, but less painfully examined, aspect of the problem) have stirred up considerable reaction. The Hearst *Examiner* editorialized on "smut . . . filth . . . bad theater and bad taste" and raised the possibility of "taxpayers" applying pressure to put the Troupe out of the theatre it borrows. And in his column in the same paper, Kenneth Rexroth warned of the dangers of "moral frivolity," and questioned how the course of history might have gone had Lenin ever shouted "Kerensky is a - - - - - !"

Included in the show—indeed, a high point of it—is a short film by Robert Nelson, *O Dem Watermelons!* In perfect thematic harmony to the live show, it reaches hilarious heights of irony when it persuades the audience to join the minstrels in singing a piece of Stepin Fetchit dialect as prelude to a ten-minute history of the oppression of the watermelon. The sad vegetable is kicked, stabbed, exploded, dropped, sawed, launched in a rocket, disemboweled, shot, and used to excite a young woman; but in the end, like a watermelon Keystone Kop, it pulls itself together and chases its tormentors into the distance.

Ultimately, *A Minstrel Show* allows the audience to celebrate its own

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sophisticated racial attitudes, but at the cost of being drawn up short by uneasiness from time to time. And despite a Brotherhood Week pitch in the final moments when the minstrels elaborately remove their gloves to reveal the color of their skin (three are Negro, three white), the audience is not let off the hook entirely. At best it is left to ponder whether an institutionalized civil rights industry, relentlessly homogenizing, does right by the race issue when it obliterates from public consciousness whatever is vaguely grotesque or stereotyped in the style and spirit of any one race.

Even before the park-permit fight and the première of *A Minstrel Show*, the Mime Troupe was in the middle of the what's-*really*-happening-in-S. F. scene. Now a lot more people know it exists; some of them even attend performances. It is safe to say their mettle will again be tested by the Troupe's forthcoming production, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

A Farewell Picture

My eyes look their twinned corridor far,
focus for a while, then lose again that
year it snowed the picture of the world
and radio clocks learned war by heart all night.

My father nailed only game with his rifle.
People, no; only the game — until
that year mistakes came up his arm and
shattered our snowflake faith's integrity.

Steady as ever was, but never again
so clear, so eager to be blind —
I see again and again that great snowflake
smash on my father's face like a valentine.

William Stafford

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

For all our self-conscious concern with the American past of contemporary American music, and with the heroism and originality of our lonely forerunners, our actual awareness of the musical identities of the composers and works that constitute this past was for a long time quite minimal. The central tradition of our own new music has been pre-eminently European; and Schoenberg, Stravinsky and Webern obviously have an immediate musical presence for us that Ives, Ruggles, Ornstein, Gruenberg, Weiss, Crawford, et al.—however nostalgically we invoke their names—simply do not. Traditionally, this phenomenon is explained as the inescapable result of the very environmental conditions that generated our prewar composers' loneliness, if not their originality: unquestionably, their total isolation within their own society and (for the most part) from other musical cultures was responsible for the almost complete absence of opportunities to encounter their works in performance. Yet their ideas had powerful consequences for postwar American music, and—perhaps even more important—their example and effort ultimately resulted in the radically transformed professional environment within which our composers can now live and function.

Thus it has remained a persistent American musical dream—especially among composers — to realize these early "advanced" works in performance, in the hope of discovering in them an interest and relevance as musical literature equivalent to their suggestive power as compositional approaches. And the new contemporary-music performance groups that composers have been establishing in American universities and elsewhere are beginning increasingly to address themselves to this literature. In fact, one result of this development has been the almost instantaneous re-recognition of Varèse as a major 20th-century master whose long unheard qualities had a remarkable revelatory force for music composed almost forty years ago. And Ives, whose "revival" had already been proceeding fitfully in the orchestral and recital domains, has suddenly emerged, against the contemporary background, as much less a solitary Paul Bunyan than a curiously ephemeral figure whose compositional and imaginative powers were simply overwhelmed by the complexities he had innocently unleashed with his transcendental whimsies; but who nevertheless did invent some remarkable local ingenuities of surface sound and rhythm. Ornstein, Gruenberg, Weiss and Crawford (except for her astonishingly prophetic string quartet) on the other hand are still generally unknown.

Of all these composers, however, the one whose name always had the greatest invocational cachet was undoubtedly Carl Ruggles. His appeal, sound unheard, to our contemporary consciousness was, from several points of view, irresistible: not only was his personal and professional obscurity most total of all, but his output was extremely limited, consisting of only a few works lasting a few minutes each, and each of which, moreover, had taken many years to compose. One could read in Charles Seeger's article on Ruggles in the old Henry Cowell collection of articles by American composers about their colleagues that: "At the present time [March, 1932] any critical study of Carl Ruggles and his work must proceed under this handicap—that the *Sun-Treader, magnum opus* of his mature period, which received its première in Paris on February 25, 1932, has not yet been performed in New York and cannot be considered except in so far as a pencil score, rather difficult to read, has been shown to friends." One realized incredulously that, aside from the publication of the score, exactly the same situation pertained thirty years later (and as far as a New York performance is concerned, pertains today).

Finally, a few years ago, a Ruggles record did appear, in Columbia's Modern American Music series; even this, however, was not free of its ironies: there is so little music on the record that (whether inadvertently or not) the last two bands contain the same piece *(Evocations)*. Still, one could learn at last that Ruggles' reticence appeared to be related to a compositional responsibility and concern that compared attractively with Ives's careless prodigality; for instead of the wildly divergent masses of disparate sounds and textures poured out in Ives's music, Ruggles' effort in the recorded works appeared to be entirely directed toward the creation of a unitary coherence of texture and continuity. Thus each piece has a single textural curve—almost invariably from a quiet, thin-textured, middle-register beginning to a midpoint of maximal density, volume and registral dispersion, and then back again—created wholly out of the contrapuntal interrelation of continuously flowing "voices." Within the texture, as well as from one point to another in the textural succession, the coherence of this curve is sustained by a complete equalization of elements: each voice traverses a similar "melodic" span that consists entirely of successive permutations of the same set of intervals, and the combinations of voices at every point produce an almost constant sonority of simultaneity—the achievement of which might alone have accounted for all the composition time involved.

This homogeneity extends to tone color as well: in the recorded works, all the "lines" are projected by maximally similar timbres; strings in *Lilacs* and *Portals*, and piano in the four *Evocations* (an earlier work, *Angels*, was scored in a version for muted brass, as well as one for strings). One had, throughout, the impression of an uncompromising concern for textural clarity; indeed, the "composing with intervals" becomes so manifest that there seems to be a one-to-one relation between the underlying structure and the presented surface, to the degree that "surface," in the sense of a multiplicity of perceptual levels, cannot be said to exist at all. Even the rhythmic profiles of the parts seem entirely determined for the clear acoustic projection of each attack. And in the *Evocations*, where the nonsustaining articulation of the piano generates a subtler, more "open" texture, the foreground pitch successions invariably seem only arpeggiations of the background sonority.

The very fact that this music demands observations of this nature suggests a degree of relation to our own music far beyond that of Ives. But further, one could hear in the *Evocations* of 1943 a subtle play of intervallic transformation that seemed to traverse—however belatedly—some of the concerns of Schoenberg's Op. 11 piano pieces: and not only did the expository "plainness" of the presentational surfaces evoke an "American" quality that links such disparate composers as Aaron Copland (of the 1930 Piano Variations) and Jim Randall (of the 1965 *Mudgett* for computer synthesis) but the relation in the concept of rhythm and line of the opening of *Portals* to the opening cello recitative of Elliott Carter's First String Quartet was strikingly evident.

Surely, then, one was confronted by an extraordinary artistic phenomenon. But, equally, the overconstraint through which Ruggles' qualities of coherence had been accomplished (by an obviously laborious empirical process) appeared to limit seriously the structural scope of his language to what amounted to a single relational event in each piece. In the end, all the pieces seemed fundamentally identical, and each in itself seemed equivalent only to a single event in a larger work. Neither Gunther Schuller's performance at Tanglewood last summer of *Men and Mountains* (which did add the timbral dimension of horns and strings, but again in such an invariant conjunction that the result was a single horn-string timbre throughout), nor most of the works performed on the Bowdoin College Ruggles Institute last January (including all those on the Columbia record plus *Angels* and the naive early song, *Toys*) significantly modified this view.

But the last concert of the Bowdoin festival, given in Portland, Me., by the Boston Symphony, included the first American performance of the *Sun-Treader*, a few days after the release, probably not entirely fortuitous, by Columbia of its first recorded performance. And indeed, Ruggles' first effort to extend his language into a longer-range continuity generates a differentiated continuity of an interesting kind. For in this work, textural curves of the *Portals-Lilacs* kind actually do function as single events in the total succession, and the construction in terms of alternations (for the most part) of recurring invariant blocks of texture produces a continuity remarkably like Varèse's. But where Varèse's events are single impulses, or complexes sharply isolated in time or register, Ruggles' continuously expand in line and register, generating a curious counterpoint to the underlying stasis. The most impressive aspect of *Sun-Treader* is the structure of instrumentation, which begins with all choirs doubling the same lines, then paralleling the increasing density of texture with increasing independence, and finally breaking into side-by-side passages for the individual sections alone before the final recurrence of the opening sonorities. And again, the associations with later American music are vivid: the measured tympani accelerando of the opening and the unison string writing that recall the Carter *Variations for Orchestra*, and the full-sonoritied opening followed by a "dissolve" into harp-wind chamber texture that remind one of Sessions—especially the Second Symphony—are particularly arresting.

In the end, however, the circumstances of this first performance were perhaps more interesting even than the work itself. *Sun-Treader* is hardly a fully realized work; in many respects, it seems the first important step toward a compositional integration that never took place. One wonders what the consequences might have been thirty years ago for Ruggles of the kind of university involvement in music that can now produce a Boston Symphony performance of a "new" work, engender the release of its recording, and make available regular performances of "advanced" contemporary music in places like Portland and Brunswick. The consequences of its absence, in all the uncomposed and incompletely achieved works by

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our principal musical progenitors, are all too abundantly clear.

RUGGLES: *Evocations.* John Kirkpatrick, piano. *Lilacs; Portals;* Juilliard String Orchestra; Frederick Prausnitz, cond. Columbia ML 4986.
Sun-Treader (with Robert Helps: Symphony No. 1). Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Zoltan Rosznyai, cond. Columbia ML 6201/MS 6801.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

Advance reports have extolled Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Gospel According to St. Matthew* for the reverence and simple piety with which it enacts the story of Christ's life and teachings. Cast with Sicilian village folk, it was, we were told, a work of creative imagination to supplant the succession of Biblical circuses that have been shown to us since the earliest days of moving pictures.

To be sure, the film is made in the bleakest style of Italian realism, with leaden skies, arid sets and a unifying pall of dust over man and nature; and this may signify sincerity, not to say religious fervor. But the effect is to diminish the great myth. The performers were chosen, I would guess, for the rough earthiness of their features, with no inquiry being made as to what use they could make of them. The result is a prevailing woodenness of countenance that induces a melancholy boredom. The Christ was selected, obviously, for his long oval face and thin-boned physique, but otherwise he is a disaster. He conveys petulance, short temper and vanity—a man less capable of attracting disciples or inspiring faith would be hard to find, and the fact that he bears a debased resemblance to medieval representations of Christ only induces a feeling of embarrassment.

The Gospels are prodigies of compression, and their poetic strength derives in large part from the economy of the telling. The film — and every New Testament film I have ever seen—thins and blurs the impression by spreading it across time and scenery. The recurring episode of the little band of Disciples scurrying along chalky roads to ill-defined destinations is dramatically flaccid. The experience of having the body of Christ's teachings flung at you in one continuous monologue, much of it delivered over the shoulder on the march, is unnerving. Matthew set down the words of the Lord years after the event; the attempt to render his selected recollections in a sustained flow of the world's most familiar quotations is grotesque. The miracles are transparent flimflam and inevitably give the impression that Christ was the first modern public relations expert. I had never seen the walk on the water attempted on film before; it turned out to be wading on a flat beach at low tide and I would have preferred to keep my sense of awe.

These flaws, though blatant in the present film, are generic to all New Testament pictures. The Bible is metaphor, allegory, poetry; it is not a movie script. It requires distance, imagery, tableau, if it is to be made visually persuasive and moving. *The Play of Herod*, as reconstructed by the late Noah Greenberg, still works superbly today.

One can argue, of course, that Christianity came out of just such scenes and just such people as the movie men have imagined. In that case, the surpassing miracle is the grandeur that the spirit and art of man has made of these meager resources. And in that case, further, the effect of such films as this is to unwork the miracle. There is no profit in it.

There's a pretty good socio-entertainment idea buried in *The Chase.* You take an old-style Western sheriff and set him the job of keeping peace in a new-style, oil-rich Texas town. Instead of rustlers and horse thieves, drifting gamblers and the girls upstairs, his wayward charges are millionaire playboys, bully-boy bank clerks and young married women with a craft, and a lust, for turning their men into swine. By extrapolating the old symbol of public decency into the rancid present you make vivid the point that even our vices have turned nasty. And of course a useful amount of violent incident can be worked into the moral tale.

It might not have been great art, but it could have been a great picture; with Lillian Hellman writing the screenplay, Arthur Penn directing, and Marlon Brando and E. G. Marshall in leading roles, it should at least have been memorable. Alas, the sets, the style of action, the characterization, motivation and dialogue, the sick relish for blood, are routine television criteria for high ratings. Only the sex is a little overt and seamy for the home screen; in this Texas milieu adultery appears to be a form of status display, and it is remarkable what a naughty girl can do with the word "pistol" in a town where all the men in the hangover set go about armed. But the picture will have to be cut to fit the one-hour, eight-commercial formula, and such titillations can readily be excised.

Responsibility for the sadly unenterprising goals of *The Chase* rests with Sam Spiegel, the producer, and Mr. Penn, the director. What Mr. Spiegel thinks of it I don't know (it is doing good business, so I have a guess), but Mr. Penn was interviewed not long ago by *The New York Times* and still more recently wrote a letter to that paper in which he denied statements and attitudes attributed to him by the interviewer. His feelings about the picture are thus not clear, but one cannot escape the impression that forces beyond his control—those summed up by the word "Hollywood"— are still operating in the post-Hollywood era.

The person one would really like to hear from is Brando. The public wastes its money when it pays admission to see the equivalent of what is available from the networks. But Brando wastes his talent when he appears in work that lacks originality of relationships or subtlety of expression, and that is a more grievous loss. He is good in *The Chase*, as he is almost always good—you cannot take your eyes from him; he never makes a meaningless gesture and he gets the results he needs with an economy of means that is theatre poetry. But once again the results are not worth his achievement of them, and Brando remains our most underexploited actor.

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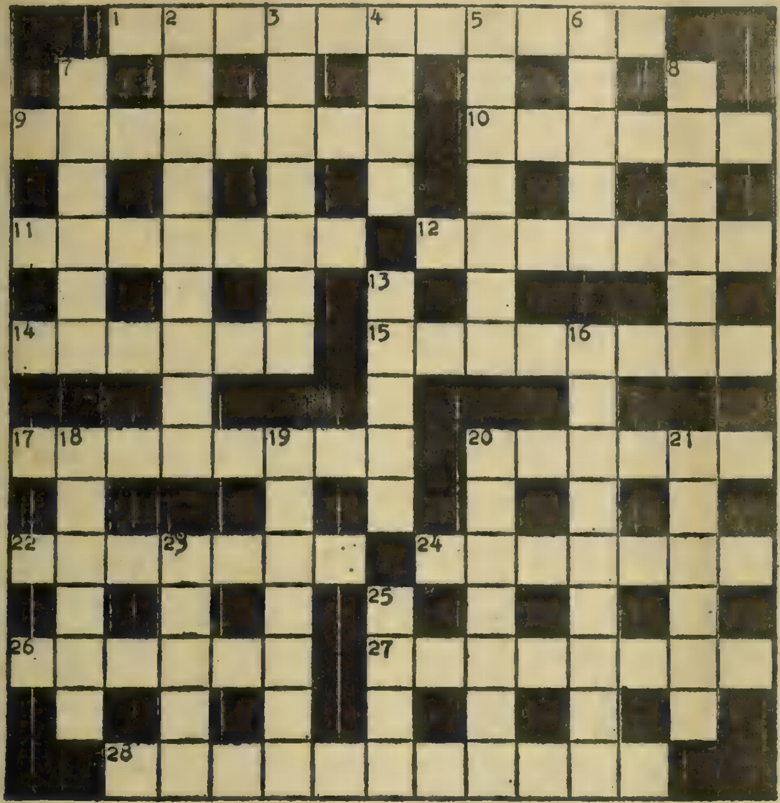
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 16 down In the government, would the cabinet contain flag rank? (3, 6, 2, 9)
9 Hurried back and made the boat go? Came to the point, at least! (8)
10 Speed loses it, but it should be crunchy. (6)
11 These could really fix one's enemies! (6)
12 A band of mink, perhaps, might make things even. (7)
14 Mars might show them, but certainly 7 has one. (6)
15 Is shared unevenly in the same course as 10? (8)
20 Sounds like the respiratory trouble I have came from the night air, as they thought. (6)
22 Certainly not go to pot inside—though one might find it as a last course. (7)
24 The sort of soup that might make a mess, accidentally. (3-4)
26 By the sound of it, they could scratch part of the document. (6)
27 A pillow over the phone might—as haze might be. (8)
28 The quarterback's masterpiece is not a pleasant thing to come to. (1, 6, 4)

DOWN:

2 Their game might be a home one for Jackson. (9)
3 How these blanks should be filled might be proverbial. (7)
4 Hamlet's forefathers were, according to Gray. (4)
5 and 17 across Suggests a rather vulgar curiosity might be credited to you. (7, 8)
6 One who displays 5 and 17, by the sound of it? (5)
7 Hat father put on—a fellow on the rise! (6)
8 The lunatic type might not have such benefits. (6)
13 So-called assassin? Inhuman! (5)
18 Paste? It's alimentary! (6)
19 Do radicals go to more than one?
20 Gum up one of the directions to the arbiter on the fence. (7)
21 Making a low sound? (6)
23 Putting on weight in the fall? (5)
24 A helper might place one on the right track! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1142

ACROSS: 1 Disabusing; 6 Otic; 10 Swollen; 11 Crozier; 12 Eric; 13 Imminently; 15 Pastern; 16 Galleon; 17, 3 down and 2 down Cock and bull stories; 20 Classic; 22 Fire escape; 23 Anna; 25 Laconic; 26 Amusing; 27 Yale; 28 Appendages. DOWN: 1 Disrespectfully; 4 Sandman; 5 Nicking; 7 Thistle; 8 Carrying charges; 9 Come clean; 14 Cetaceans; 18 Caracul; 19 Dice cup; 20 Cupcake; 21 and 24 Sinking fund.

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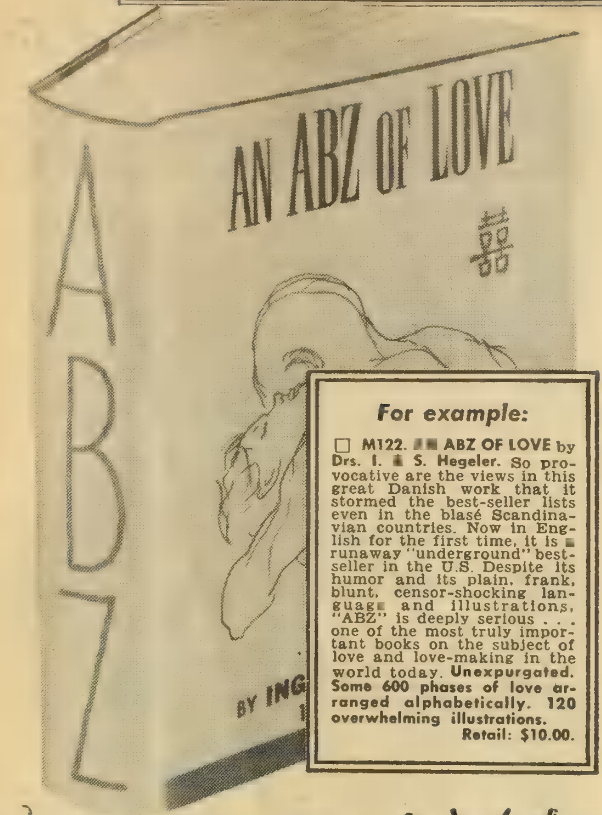

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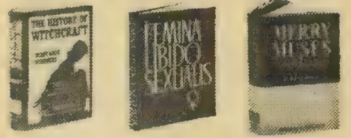

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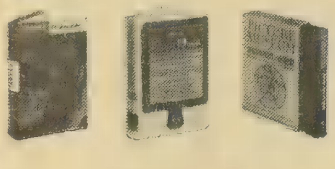

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LETTERS

abuse of authority

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I am a very close friend of Lieut. Henry H. Howe whose plight was described recently by John Rechy ["'Conduct Unbecoming . . .' The Lieutenant on the Peace Line," *The Nation*, Feb. 21]. The article omitted some pertinent facts about Lieut. Howe's case which I feel should have the attention of you and fellow *Nation* readers.

In addition to those aspects of Lieut. Howe's treatment in the stockade described in the article, he was kept under constant twenty-four-hour guard, the light in his cell was kept on at night, and no one was allowed to speak to him. These practices along with solitary confinement seem extremely harsh for a prisoner convicted of nonviolent offenses. . . .

I recently wrote to Lieut. Howe at Fort Leavenworth and had the letter returned as undeliverable because I was not on Lieut. Howe's authorized list of correspondents. If the letter was undeliverable, why did the censors still open the letter and read it? Their censoring my letter, evidenced by official stamps on the letter itself is, in my opinion, abuse of authority.

John M. Cys

first casualty

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dear Sirs: If the immoral and genocidal war the U.S. Government is imposing upon the people of Vietnam were legal, as the American Bar Association is reported to have claimed, then the United States Constitution would have to be illegal, for it specifically provides that only the Congress can declare war. . . . This most unfortunate declaration by the A.B.A. merely proves again that some lawyers can be found who will declare murder legal and the will of God. It is further proof, however unfortunate, that truth is the first casualty of war, hot or cold.

Hugh B. Hester
Brig. Gen. U. S. Army (Ret.)

dubious choice

Providence, R. I.

Dear Sirs: I would like vigorously to second the doubts expressed by B. C. Bingham on the desirability of having Barnaby C. Keeney, president of Brown University, as chairman of the National Humanities Council (letter, *The Nation*, Feb. 14). For the past five years I have been a graduate student at Brown University and, as a result, I have attained a good deal of familiarity with Dr. Keeney's questionable record on such matters as academic freedom, student protest groups and censorship of student publications. In May, 1960, Brown University suspended and prevented the graduation of the two editors of the senior yearbook because it allegedly contained "objectionable material." This performance was repeated again in May, 1961, this time with regard to the student literary magazine *Hubris*. From November, 1961, to April, 1963, the university banned the sale of the book *Tropic of Cancer* in its bookstore. . . . On Nov. 17 of this academic year, Dr. Keeney vigorously attacked the Students for a Democratic Society for being a "frankly revolutionary movement." The *Brown Daily Herald* of Nov. 18, however, expressed its disappointment that Keeney's comments were based on "distorted facts and twisted inferences." The *Pembroke Record* went even further, calling Keeney's remarks "a McCarthy-like guilt-by-association chain of inferences."

Paul K. Hoch

EDITORIALS

the consensus that isn't

Being the skillful politician that he is, President Johnson prefers to govern by consensus, and for a time after his election in 1964 he could plausibly claim that he was doing so. The consensus then began to show cracks, but these were superficial enough so that the President could paper them over. Now the cracks are so deep, and widening so rapidly, that the paper tears as fast as it is applied, and all can see that the consensus is in disarray.

More than any other factor, Vietnam did it. Politics is a rough-and-tumble affair, but in this case justice was done. Mr. Johnson broke faith with the people who voted for him on the issue of moderation in foreign affairs; no sooner was he elected than he leaped into the shoes of Barry Goldwater. Nor can it be said that he got into trouble over something immaterial. Vietnam is a complex of issues of vast importance, not only to Americans but to all the peoples of the world, and good policies in other areas could never compensate for the evil to which Mr. Johnson committed the United States in Southeast Asia.

The methods which worked before will not work again. As things were, the President could invite critics to the White House, slap backs and twist arms a bit, and restore order. Now all he can do is to deny that irreconcilable differences exist. Neither his opponents nor the facts of the situation will permit that for very long. The polls are already beginning to show the futility of it. According to the Harris poll, in January, 63 per cent of those questioned thought Mr. Johnson's handling of the Vietnamese war was "excellent or pretty good." In February, the percentage had fallen to 49. The drop was not due to any one cause —it was about equally divided between those who wanted the military effort to be increased and those who wanted to see the President do more to bring about negotiations—but the division bears precisely on the underlying difficulty. Mr. Johnson has tried to placate both the militarists and the moderates (those who were for getting out of Vietnam without conditions have never been more than about 15 per cent of the population) and this policy of tergiversation has satisfied neither faction.

The hawks, of course, have had much the best of it, but by their nature force is never applied on a scale large enough to satisfy them. The hawks, or at least the most hawklike among them, will not rest until the Chinese Reds are goaded into action and the bombs can be unleashed on their nuclear installations. The moderates, on the other hand, will be further antagonized by the increase in American forces from the present 200,000 in South Vietnam to 400,000 by next January—an increase which has already been decided on and which is in the Pentagon works. And many voters, who feel rather than think (but feelings are not a bad guide in some political situations) are turning against the President in large numbers. Eric Sevareid notes a "steady congealing of opinion among the women of this country," and predicts that the President and the Democratic Party will, within the next few months, "be in serious difficulties with the American voting public."

DEC 27

The one development which could save Mr. Johnson's political hide at this juncture is a concerted bid by the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese to negotiate. Both must agree; neither one alone will suffice. Such a *deus ex machina* is improbable. And if it did occur, Mr. Johnson would be in further trouble. His Vice President has just recruited another division of South Korean troops, and General Park laid down a condition: the Communists must be exterminated. That is also the view of General Ky. No doubt Mr. Johnson would like to have foreign arms to twist, but he is not apt to get the opportunity.

el desastre

Everyone knows by now that on January 17 a Strategic Air Command B-52 bomber and a KC-135 tanker collided while refueling over the village of Palomares in Spain, killing eight American airmen and dropping four "nuclear devices," of which three have been located and the fourth is still missing. But for forty-four days, Washington kept the incident wrapped in a blanket of impenetrable secrecy during which Department of Defense officials engaged in colloquies with newsmen such as one quoted by Tad Szulc in *The New York Times* (February 4): *Reporter*: "Can you tell me whether you've located the missing bomb?" *Briefing Officer:* "I don't know of any missing bomb, but we have not positively identified what I think you think we are looking for."

Such morbid preoccupation with secrecy, if it involved a civilian in some sphere of activity other than military nucleonics, might get him committed to a mental institution, but in the services it is the norm. It is not the norm for the unsophisticated peasants of Palomares, who still are only dimly aware of what hit them. They call it "the disaster" because it has disrupted their lives, subjected some of them to possible radiation or chemical poisoning, and transformed their village into an operational base for the U.S. Navy and Air Force. The missing bomb must be located, and so far an expenditure of $28 million has not located it.

Among the many bizarre features of the incident is the disposal of some 1,500 tons of Palomares topsoil contaminated by spilled plutonium, which is both radioactive and highly poisonous. Szulc reports from Madrid that it is to be shipped back to the United States "for laboratory tests." A sample of a few pounds or, since we Americans do everything on a big scale, a ton or two, would suffice for the most thorough testing; but the Spaniards certainly want none of it, so Uncle Sam is taking back the whole load. The services have built a jetty some 200 yards into the Mediterranean to facilitate the loading of the surplus topsoil aboard ocean-going barges. What will be done with it in the United States is no doubt another military secret.

The crucial question which this unhappy incident raises is: why did it have to occur? The bomber was flying from Seymour Johnson Air Force Base in North Carolina on a flight toward an "Eastern country." The Strategic Air Command, that is to say, is still carrying the air war to the Soviet Union and its satellites, although tensions in that part of the world have subsided considerably, and numerous nuclear-tipped missiles are targeted on every military base and city in the affected area. Are the Russians carrying on

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similar flights toward American cities, and refueling en route over the territory of other countries? Aerial refueling involves very large aircraft flying only yards apart; in these and other operations, something like twenty accidents have occurred over the years. Does it make sense? If so, would the Administration deign to tell us how?

Republicans and the draft

The article by Robert G. Sherrill (p. 285) anticipates the demand by approximately thirty House Republicans for an investigation of the draft. Their statement alleges gross inefficiency and inequity. A typical charge is that out of 546,000 men between 19 and 26 now classified 1-A, about 118,000 have not yet been examined and the papers of another 280,000 are stalled in the "bureaucratic pipeline" between local draft boards and Army induction centers. Another criticism deals with the vague specifications on age and mental and physical capacity and the priorities in which various manpower groups are called for service. The Representatives also call attention to a recent report of the Comptroller General which concludes that 9,000 enlisted personnel of the Army, Navy and Air Force are working in nonmilitary activities, such as officers' and noncommissioned officers' clubs, hobby shops, bowling alleys, golf courses, and commissary sales stores.

This by no means exhausts the long bill of particulars that has been drawn up against the draft by those who have studied it. Yet nothing happens. Commissions are appointed, but their reports are shelved. Here, then, is an issue the Republicans could push to advantage between now and November. But why is it that whenever a group of Republicans manages to lay hands on an issue of great popular appeal, the top leadership can be relied upon to veto it? Are the leaders haunted by some deep-seated death wish? Sen. Everett Dirksen is doing his best to squelch the proposal to investigate the draft. But the thirty Republican sponsors should not be put off by Old Ev's disapproval; they have a good issue if they will only press it. There is great unrest and dissatisfaction with the operation of Selective Service, and it is greatest in those areas — campus communities being merely one example — where the GOP must find new adherents.

official information: how good is it?

"In the White House," Theodore C. Sorensen remarked the other day, "I felt sorry for those who had to make judgments on the basis of daily newspapers." Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., concurred, saying that after participating in governmental decision-making he felt that in such matters the relation of journalism to reality was often less than that of the shadows in Plato's cave. As Sorensen realized, these views go to the heart of the modern problem of democracy, for he added that if he thought the "information gap" was insuperable he would not have much faith in democracy.

Members of Congress, as well as ordinary citizens, do in fact often excuse their inaction and nonthinking with the plea that the President is fully informed, while they know only what they see in the papers or on TV. If the interests of the government and those of the people were identical—if the President and his assistants were wholly patriotic, wholly selfless and wholly logical, and if diplomatic and intelligence reports were wholly accurate—there would indeed be no need for participation by the people in the affairs of government.

But all these assumptions fly in the face of reality. Perhaps oftener than not, the interests of the people are opposed to those of the government, especially in the realm of foreign affairs. *Every* government must be watched, and the principal virtue of democracy, and its cardinal advantage over totalitarianism, is that under democracy the government is subject to the surveillance of those who mistrust it.

And what about the validity of the inside dope reaching the Administration? It is regarded as reliable when it fits within the framework of a preconceived policy, which may itself be disastrous. Last December, in *Newsweek*, Emmet John Hughes (who, like Sorenson and Schlesinger, is a former servant of a President) began a column with this statement: "The moment is sobering, even chilling, for critics of U.S. policy in Vietnam. Almost devastatingly, they have been proven right—not largely, but overwhelmingly." How come? Was Robert McNamara getting false information and, himself gullible, passing it on to a gullible public? Or was he getting valid information and telling lies? Or was he the victim of his own wishful thinking? Give him the benefit of every doubt, and the fact remains that with all the secret information at his disposal, McNamara has been misleading the public for more than six years.

Then there is the question of ethics. Governments do not have principles; they have only interests. In the furtherance of these interests, and to the extent of their assumed ability, they threaten or make war, and this is what they call patriotism. The crucial diplomatic and intelligence reports that a government receives have to do with its own military capacity in relation to that of actual or potential enemies. With few exceptions (of which the United States in its present phase is not one) governments operate under the law of the jungle. That they becloud their actions with a pretense of idealism does not alter the facts of brute force.

The true patriots are those who, as individuals and through religious and other organizations, strive to restrain their government in its pursuit of nefarious ends by force of arms. Sometimes they are in office, but more often their only power is that of criticism and conscience. The greatest imaginable blessing for mankind would be if the President could hear their voices amid the din of official information that supports his plans to expand the war.

research and responsibility

Despite the eminence and respectability of two New York physicians accused of experimenting upon twenty-two gravely ill patients without their informed consent, the state's Board of Regents has declined to avert its eyes from either the ugly facts or the unpleasant implications of the case. Acting on the recommendations of a special subcommittee composed of two lawyers and an investment banker, the board found Drs. Chester Southam and Emanuel Mandel guilty of unprofessional conduct and of "fraud and deceit in the practice of medicine."

An internationally renowned cancer researcher at Sloan-Kettering Institute, Dr. Southam sought and obtained Dr. Mandel's cooperation, arranging for the conduct, in July, 1963, of the experimental series. The patients were at the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital in Brooklyn, of which Dr. Mandel was, and remains, the medical director. Dr. Southam wanted to measure the speed with which patients who were very sick, but cancer-free, would reject tissue-cultured human cancer cells. Previous experiments had established that healthy individuals rejected the implanted cells far more rapidly than patients already in the advanced stages of cancer. If persons in advanced, noncancerous illness rejected the foreign cells as rapidly as healthy subjects, certain theories of cancer immunology would thereby be confirmed. Dr. Southam's approach to research in the field is widely regarded by those who should know as one of the more significant lines of investigation. There was never, everyone agrees, the remotest chance that the patients would get cancer from the injections.

Most of the medical profession apparently also agrees that there was no need to tell them that the cells were cancer cells. Drs. I. S. Ravdin, vice president for medical affairs of the University of Pennsylvania, and George E. Moore, director of Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, N.Y., another cancer research center, testified in defense of Dr. Southam's admitted failure to tell the subjects that the material to be injected was cancer. Practically every researcher follows similar practices, they told the subcommittee. Dr. Southam testified that he saw no reason to mention the fact, since no harm would ensue, and therefore "it is not pertinent to the phenomenon which is going to follow," namely rejection of the implanted nodule. He was positively unwilling to use the word "cancer" for a further reason: it would needlessly frighten the patients. As a physician, he said in effect, he had a duty to withhold such irrelevant but scary information. Instead, the patients were told that the injection was a test of their resistance or immunity to disease, that a lump would form which would go away, and that was all. Nothing was said about cancer or research.

In a decision to which all doctors could well give heed, the board brushed this reasoning aside. It noted that some of the patients were probably in no physical or mental condition to understand the nature of the experiment, even if they had been informed of it. "One of these same patients was operated on two days after the injections," it dryly observed, "and . . . prior to making the operation . . . the hospital obtained two separate written consents each signed by both the patient and a relative." The "alleged oral consents" obtained for the experiments, it concluded, "were not informed consents and were . . . fraudulently obtained."

The fraud lay in depriving the subject of an experiment of *any* information that might have resulted in his refusing to cooperate. It is not, the Regents held, for the physician to decide what is relevant or irrelevant, but for the volunteer; and no fact may be concealed from him, even if his decision not to cooperate as a result of disclosure of such a fact is considered by the profession to be completely irrational.

The Regents took an exceedingly dim view of some professional attitudes toward laymen whose cooperation is sought in such situations: The record, they declared, indicates that some physicians feel "that they can go ahead and do anything which they conclude is good for the patient, or which is of benefit experimentally or educationally and is not harmful to the patient, and that the patient's consent is an empty formality. With this we cannot agree."

Publisher's Note

With this issue, *The Nation* has undergone a face lifting. The typography and design have, as you can see, been revamped; the cover has been adorned with a modest bit of color, and the magazine is now printed by offset on paper with a superior printing surface (and a longer life expectancy). Thanks are owed to Gertrude Snyder for her help in effecting the design modifications.

These changes emphatically do not denote any change in the purpose, focus or character of the magazine. Nor are they to be taken as steps in the direction of slickness. Their sole aim is to improve the appearance of *The Nation*, and the readability of what we have to say.

REPUBLICAN TURKS

THE DRAFT UNDER FIRE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

Quietly reorganizing in the House of Representatives is a covey of members—eventually perhaps as many as thirty, says their ringleader, Thomas B. Curtis of Missouri—who are determined to force Congressional participation in shaping the future of the draft. This little pocket of insurrection against a heavy-handed Presidency—like "The Fifteen" in the Senate—is one of the few exciting, even noble, attributes of this Congress.

No more executive hocus-pocus from Mr. Johnson, they insist, no more million-dollar "phantom committees" that tuck the draft problem solemnly under arm and disappear forever into the labyrinth of the Pentagon: no, say Curtis and his boys, if they have their way, this most unjust of all civilian burdens must be brought back to Congress for its solution.

It takes courage to make this move as the passions of Vietnam debate grow intense, but the present structure and administration of the draft have become intolerable to these Congressmen. The problem goes far beyond the "Why me?" question that arises in the minds of the small fraction of eligible men who are tapped for uniform. That question could be put down with a black-bean lottery, upon which the answer would be easy enough: You lost. If chance were substituted for a pretended logic, there would be no grounds for argument about fair play.

But in addition to the justice of the selection technique, there is first of all the question of whether a peacetime (this is still officially peacetime) draft should exist at all. To be sure, it is a question we may expect future Presidential candidates to be leery of answering negatively, remembering that Adlai's offhand suggestion that the draft be ended was effectively twisted by Eisenhower into a sign of left-wing softness; and that Goldwater's opening assurance at Prescott that "Republicans will end the draft altogether, and as soon as possible. That I promise you" was twisted by Johnson into just another sign of Barry's kookiness.

The question persists, nevertheless, and is acknowledged to be sensible even by some generals whose sole interest in the matter is maintaining a sturdy and efficient army. Just a little more than a year ago, Brig. Gen. Lynn D. Smith, head of the Army's enlisted personnel directorate, stated in *Military Review* that with only 4.6 per cent of the 10 million young men between 17 and 26 years of age actually going into the army in 1963, and the "universality" of selective service destined to become even more of a farce as the population of the country swells, the present draft is satisfactory neither from an emotional nor a practical standpoint.

Even if the draft were truly universal, he wrote, it wouldn't do because "Requiring 10 million young men to take military training might improve the physical and moral stature of the nation's youth [a ploy much used in discussion by Selective Service director Lieut. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey], but it would not materially help the army. . . . One of the problems facing the army today is that a significant portion of its strength is continually in training and not available in units. . . . If the army had to train three million men per year, manning the training base would magnify rather than decrease turbulence in the operating unit."

What the Army needs, he argued, is not the present system wherein 95 per cent of the men joyfully quit the service as soon as they can, but a body made up of men who will stay on the average for ten years. In short, a professional army.

"Cost of such a program? It would be a money-maker. The dollars saved by training 50,000 to 75,000 new men for the Army each year, instead of the present 200,000 or 250,000 would more than compensate for the cost of qualifying the 10-year veteran for a place in the civilian economy. . . . *The current strength could actually be reduced if the annual turnover of men was reduced.*"

Another question still to be tracked down is the suspicion on the part of some critics that the draft is—or may be—used by the government, not wholly as a method for providing bodies but as a method for brainwashing young men on the one hand and "keeping them quiet" on the other. The late Robert Taft, Sr., was not the last to express fears that "by handing boys over to the arbitrary and complete domination of the government, we put it in the power of the government to indoctrinate them with the political doctrines then popular with the government." (The recent court-martial conviction in El Paso of a young lieutenant for participating—though in civilian clothes and off duty—in a protest march against our Vietnamese policy may be to the point. See " 'Conduct Unbecoming . . .' Lieutenant on the Peace Line" by John Rechy, *The Nation*, February 21.)

The nearest thing to an admission that this kind of groupthink is being employed came when General Hershey told the House Armed Services Committee that selective service, either directly or by threat, manipulates the entire lives of the nation's youth, not just that shadowy period when they are in uniform. "For the past twenty years the selective service system has been what we call a channeler," he said. "That is, we have channeled people into training for professions and occupations that were said to be very necessary for national life, and once they had finished it, we have continued to defer them if they are engaged with contractors and other people who are producing things for the armed forces. . .

"The deferment is the carrot that we have used to get individuals into occupations and professions that are said by those in charge of government to be the necessary ones."

In response to this description of Americans as rabbits, John Lindsay, then Congressman, accurately summed up: "Thus, in the name of national security and government interest, the future course of emphasis in our society may be changed by the state, indeed by the military apparatus."

An analogous issue is the suspected use of the Army as a kind of quarantine ward for young men with "dangerous" ideas that might spread. On the college level, the use of the draft for putting them out of circulation has been notably demonstrated at the University of Michigan where some sitters-in were immediately shifted into 1-A (see "Punishment by Conscription: General Hershey's Big Stick" by Carl Cohen, *The Nation*, December 27, 1965); but so much bad publicity followed that action that hereafter the Hershey Raiders will at least have to disguise their disciplinary drafting under the banner of necessity. That this may already have started is suggested by Hershey's statement that he has run out of eligibles in other brackets and must now turn to the students.

Since the Selective Service juggles its census with such blinding deftness, it will be difficult to disprove the "necessity" argument, but it is worth noting that only a few days ago Bruce Chapman in the New York *Herald Tribune* quoted no less an expert than Frank Mott of the Labor Department's Office of Manpower, Automation and Training—which keeps a close eye on the shiftings of the bigger hunks of our population—to the effect that the desperate search for new 1-As leaves him puzzled. "So far as we can judge," Mott is quoted as saying, "there should be no problem meeting draft needs even with the increased call."

One close student of the Selective Service System pointed out recently that Hershey's office and the Army have a slick routine for keeping the draft going: to maintain the pretense of universality, he pointed out, Hershey cuts down the "eligible" pool with haphazard and whimsical exemptions, and then sucks all the remaining eligibles into service and cries, see, voluntary enlistments couldn't do the job! The Army, for its part, is periodically reluctant to recruit all it could, lest it destroy the pretense that the draft is necessary.

Too insidious to believe? Well, on this point, Congressman Curtis charged on the floor of the House that "it has been candidly admitted by Army recruiting sergeants, in private conversations, that beyond a certain point they are quietly advised 'from above' that they are not to recruit any more young men even if more young men are eager to enlist." He challenged the Department of Defense to allow twenty recruit sergeants to be called and put under oath about this—the challenge was never accepted.

Another well-known device for creating a "shortage" in the fighting forces is the wasting of trained fighters and technicians in the wrong jobs—something for which the militarists have a curious talent. Two years ago, the General Accounting Office revealed that the Army had put 35,000 soldiers in the wrong jobs—helicopter mechanics being used as life guards and dog handlers, et al. But this small public disclosure changed nothing. In January, after a new inspection, the General Accounting Office found the military still employing its manpower as follows: A ground communications repairman was working in the Keesler Air Force Base hobby shop; a tank mechanic was serving as a game warden at the Fort Hood rod and gun club; a Navy man knew no skills, since he had been a pin setter at the officers' bowling alley at a San Diego air station since his enlistment.

The need for the draft appears to have no relation to the "reserves," a happy group whom Defense Secretary Robert McNamara—apparently viewing it as a kind of Concord militia, not to be used until the Yellow Peril's flotilla rides through the San Pedro breakwater—has said he does not intend to call up "at this time." Some manpower shortage!

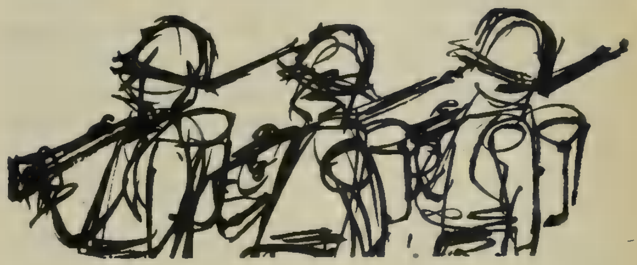
At the other end, with boys too poor or too ignorant to go to college, the government is suspected of using the Army as a dampening influence on social unrest. As Charles Bartlett expressed it in the Washington *Star*: "The manpower needs of the military are combining with *apprehension over the plight of the uneducated to foment new ideas for redirecting the nation's unutilized youth.*"

Hershey's plan to induct 30,000 uneducated boys and school them up to the minimum level was turned down by the Senate. But there is more than one way to make sure that the front lines are filled with potential troublemakers, and there is some reason to think that the Job Corps may be one of them. Of the first 200 graduates of the Job Corps, three went to college and eighty joined the armed forces, having been physically and mentally tooled up for their new service by time in the Job Corps.

Hershey often makes remarks that indicate he looks upon the Army as an excellent finishing school for clods, but there is plenty of evidence that this is just recruit-poster talk. Testifying before a Veterans Affairs subcommittee last year, Arthur W. Farmer, deputy chief benefits officer of the Veterans Administration, said that the Army is brimming over with educational opportunities for the underprivileged. Sen. Robert Kennedy pinned him on that one.

> *Kennedy:* "You said a boy going into the military services advances his education while he is in the military service. What percentage do that? How many have moved on a year in high school? Or how many received a high school education in the services?"
>
> *Farmer:* "Without being able to give you specifics, I would have to say that it is not inconsiderable."
>
> *Kennedy:* "You don't know?"
>
> *Farmer:* "That is right."
>
> *Kennedy:* "Why don't you say you don't know. That is what the answer is."

What are our reasons in terms of both dollars and humanity for maintaining the present Selective Service System? Why is it impossible to have open hearings to consider the merits and demerits of a voluntary, professional army, similar to Canada's? Is the draft being used to abuse and subdue? Is the recruit program purposely held down?



The Johnson Administration offers neither answers nor the mechanics for getting answers, and it has actively connived to prevent anyone else from getting some answers.

In March and April of 1964, a great wave of enthusiasm was building up in Congress to really dig into the draft question and make some sense of it with a bipartisan Congressional committee. Both Curtis and former Sen. Kenneth Keating had bills that looked promising.

But only four days after Keating—joined by Allott of Colorado, Bennett of Utah, Miller of Iowa, Morton of Kentucky and Prouty of Vermont—introduced his draft review bill, President Johnson called a press conference and announced a "comprehensive" review of the draft—to be conducted by the Department of Defense. He thus killed any chance Keating and Curtis might have had.

The President's move involved a strange about-face. Back in 1959, when Eisenhower had attempted the very thing Johnson was now proposing, he was thoroughly denounced by leaders in the Senate for trying to pre-empt Congressional duties. Said Sen. Richard Russell:

> Congress has the responsibility. It will not escape it by giving to the executive department the power to appoint a commission to review the matter. Is the President likely to appoint a commission which will support the view of Congress and will be somewhat critical of his position? Or will it not be more likely to sustain the views of the President? It is about time that we got away from attempting to meet every problem by the appointment of a commission. . . . Usually we end by getting the same recommendations from the commissions that we have had from the Department of Defense on the same subject. It is really a new way of asking for the views of the Department of Defense.

Precisely the same complaints could have been addressed to Johnson, and yet when he does not even bother with the front of a "commission" but puts the study directly into the hands of the Pentagon, one does not hear a peep out of this Administration's Congressional henchmen. It did not puzzle them, apparently, that a study initiated by Kennedy had been going for seven months. What had happened to it? Why a new Presidential study on top of one that was already in progress?

All such quibbling was set aside when, with a great flourish and a $1 million budget, the Department of Defense assigned thirty-five men full time to complete the new study, the deadline being *last* April. Although the report is now almost a year overdue, nothing has been heard from the study group, except for a few preparatory leaks to favorite newsmen that the draft will have to be continued as is, indefinitely.

John McClaughry, an aide to Prouty, nicely summarizes the strategy:

> Johnson may not be the inventor of the phantom committee, but he is rapidly becoming a master of its use.
>
> Several Congressmen or Senators—it doesn't matter of which party—get interested in what they believe to be a serious problem. They agitate for a serious study effort, by a select committee of Congress or by a special Presidential commission. Bills are introduced, speeches delivered, letters sent to the President stating the urgency of the matter and pleading for its support.
>
> But for reasons of his own the President does not want the issue aired. The solution: with much fanfare the President establishes a phantom committee. On paper, the committee makes a frontal assault on the problem it faces. In practice, the committee does little or nothing. Its main purpose is to quiet the demands of Congress by assuring the public that something is being done.

Curtis and the others knew what Johnson was up to, but for a while they had to pretend that he was sincere. Now they have waited long enough to show that the President has no intention of attempting to cope with the draft problem, and they are ready once more to ask that the Congress take control. There must be quite a few young men who wish them luck.

FREEDOM'S CRISIS

THE LAST STEEP ASCENT

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

At the beginning of each year, Martin Luther King, Jr., presents in The Nation *an annual report on the progress of civil rights. The essay here following is the sixth of these reviews, the earlier ones being: "Equality Now," February 4, 1961; "Fumbling on the New Frontier," March 3, 1962; "Bold Decision for a New South," March 30, 1963; "Hammer of Civil Rights," March 9, 1964, and "Let Justice Roll Down," March 15, 1965.*

At the end of 1965 the civil rights movement was widely depicted as bewildered and uncertain, groping desperately for new directions. The substantial legislative accomplishments of the past several years, it was argued, dealt so extensively with civil rights problems that the movement had become stagnated in an embarrassment of riches. Negro leaders, we were told, did not know how to maintain their assembled armies nor what goals they should seek.

The dominant white leadership of the nation, in perceiving the civil rights movement as uncertain and confused, is engaged in political projection. The Negro freedom movement has a policy and a program; it is the white power structure that gropes in indecision. White America, caught between the Negro upsurge and its own conscience, evolved a limited policy toward Negro freedom. It could not live with the intolerable brutality and bruising humiliation imposed upon the Negro by the society it cherished as democratic. A wholesome national consensus developed against *extremist* conduct toward nonwhite Americans. That feeling found expression in laws, court decisions, and in the alteration of long-entrenched custom. But the prohibition of barbaric behavior, while beneficial to the victim, does not constitute the attainment of equality or freedom. A man may cease beating his wife without thereby creating a wholesome marital relationship.

The quality and quantity of discrimination and deprivation in our nation are so pervasive that all the changes of a decade have merely initiated preliminary alterations in an edifice of injustice and misery. But the evils in our society oppressing the Negro are not now so heavy a social and moral burden that white America cannot still live with them. That is the dilemma of 1966, for which the white leadership has no clear and effective policy. The logic of growth means that the civil rights odyssey must move to new levels in which the content of freedom is security, opportunity, culture and equal participation in the political process. Negro goals are clearly defined, their tactics are tested, suitable and viable. The lag is appearing in the white community which now inclines toward a *détente*, hoping to rest upon past laurels. The changes it must accept in the new circumstances, however logical, have not been faced nor accepted as compelling.

The period which has been completed, though attended by turmoil and spectacular events, was relatively easy to accomplish. Negroes not only furnished the drive but by disciplined adherence to nonviolence swiftly educated and won millions to the righteousness of their demands. For the white majority there were few hardships, and the lifting of some burden of guilt adequately compensated for any limited inconvenience.

The future is more complex. Slums with hundreds of thousands of living units are not eradicated as easily as lunch counters or buses are integrated. Jobs are harder to create than voting rolls. Harmonizing of peoples of vastly different cultural levels is complicated and frequently abrasive. It is easy to conceive of a plan to raise the minimum wage and thus in a single stroke extract millions of people from poverty. But between the conception and the realization there lies a formidable wall. Someone has been profiting from the low wages of Negroes. Depressed living standards for Negroes are a structural part of the economy. Certain industries are based upon the supply of low-wage, underskilled and immobile nonwhite labor. Hand assembly factories, hospitals, service industries, housework, agriculture operations using itinerant labor, would all suffer shock, if not disaster, if the minimum wage were significantly raised. A hardening of opposition to the satisfaction of Negro needs must be anticipated as the movement presses against financial privilege.

Beyond this, long-established cultural privileges are threatened in the next phase. We have seen in the effort to integrate schools, even in the more tolerant Northern urban centers, that many reasonably unbigoted persons assume a new posture with the introduction of unfamiliar problems into school systems where they have a personal interest. In the quest for genuinely integrated housing, the intensity of opposition from many who considered themselves free of prejudice has made it clear that this struggle will be attended by tenacious difficulties.

It is against this reality that the new period must be analyzed. Negroes have benefited from a limited change that was emotionally satisfying but materially deficient. As they move forward for fundamental alteration of their lives, a more bitter opposition grows even within groups that were hospitable to earlier superficial amelioration. Conflicts are unavoidable because a stage has been reached in which the reality of equality will require extensive adjustments in the way of life of some of the white majority.

There is no discernible will on the part of white leadership to prepare the people for changes on the new level. This is the program that is absent. No one has been told what slum elimination actually entails or what the transition from equality to opportunity really involves. One is forced to believe that the answers have not been forthcoming because there is no genuine conviction that such fundamental changes need be on any early agenda.

All profound social movements reach a plateau of this sort, short of the summit, and the presence of new opposition should not dismay us. Because we have accumulated substantial successes we have been able to reach the inner walls of resistance. That was our goal. The new obstacles should not be deplored but welcomed because their presence proves we are closer to the ultimate decision. These walls will yield to the same pressures that left the outer battlements in fragments behind us.

Government policy with respect to recent legislation reveals the contradictions that cloud the forward movement of civil rights. At the beginning of 1965, it was clear that the Administration was satisfied to rest on the legislation of the previous year. It felt the digestion of so heavy a feast of victories would occupy the civil rights movement for years. But our first step in February to employ these rights released the whirlwind. The attempt at Selma to brutalize Negroes once again stimulated decent Americans to a glorious moral moment of flaming indignation. President Johnson's passionate reaction made political history and his Administration moved with commendable dispatch to enact the Voting Rights Act of 1965. It was aided very significantly by the Goldwater debacle. The elections of 1964 broke the decades-old Congressional alliance of Dixiecrats and Northern conservatives, and sent to the Congress some fifty new Representatives who were receptive to fresh thinking.

With the passage of the memorable Voting Rights Act, the Administration once more proclaimed that the door to freedom had been flung open. Not since the promulgation of the Emancipation Proclamation had the hopes of Negroes been so high. But the year that came in like a lion went out like a lamb. There were increases in voting registration, there were some accretions to the list of token desegregated schools; but sweeping implementation nowhere appeared. Restraint and caution became public policy. The 1965 voting law applied to more than 500 Southern counties, but more than six months after its enactment only thirty-seven counties had received federal registrars. In the most important county of the South, where the city of Birmingham is located, every form of sophisticated evasion

was employed. We had to organize daily demonstrations, to face again police brutality, and to arrive almost at the brink of another holocaust, before the Department of Justice finally acceded and appointed federal registrars. The open door to freedom turned out in practice to be but slightly ajar, and even after mass action only a sliver of freedom was sliced off and served to a desperately hungry people.

Title Six of the same act had armed the government with substantial power finally to force school desegregation. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare wrote militant letters to school boards explicitly declaring that federal muscle would be used to break the resistance of a decade. Yet when the sound and fury abated, school desegregation continued merely to crawl forward.

The poverty program, which in concept elated the Negro poor, became so embroiled in political turmoil that its insufficiencies were magnified by paralyzing manipulations. Big-city machines felt threatened by it and small towns, particularly in the South, directed it away from Negroes. Its good intentions and limited objectives were frustrated by the skillful maneuvers of experienced politicians. The worst aspect of these negative experiences was the doubt cast upon the program as a whole and the discredit sustained by those Negroes involved directly in its administration. To launch a program with high-minded goals and to fail to safeguard it from opportunists and enemies amounted to sabotage, whether deliberate or undeliberate. It should have been obvious that Negroes, who alone were under pressure for results, would encounter difficulties in administration. They were ill prepared to handle the complexities that attended any novel and wide-ranging program. Yet they would have been successful even with their limitations if their efforts had not been impeded in so many instances by hostile municipal officials. At almost every turn malevolent press reports and irresponsible charges denigrated the projects that Negroes headed. Rumors and suspicions of corruption and waste proliferated until it became a hazard to assume responsibility.

Only a few weeks ago the President presented a plan to Congress for rebuilding entire slum neighborhoods. With other elements of the program it would, in his words, make the decaying cities of the present into "the masterpieces of our civilization." This plan is imaginative; it embodies social vision and properly defines racial discrimination as a central evil. However, the ordinary Negro, though no social or political analyst, will be skeptical. He knows how many laws exist in Northern states and cities that prohibit discrimination in housing, in education and in employment; he knows how many overlapping commissions exist to enforce the terms of these laws—and he knows how he lives. The ubiquitous discrimination in his daily life tells him that more laws on paper, no matter how breath-taking their terminology, will not guarantee that he will live in a "masterpiece of civilization." Laws affirming Negro rights have in every case been circumvented by ingenious evasions which render them void in practice. Laws that affect the whole population—draft laws, income-tax laws, traffic laws—do work, even though they are unpopular; but laws passed for the Negro's benefit are so widely unenforced that it is a mockery to call them laws. The missing ingredient is no longer the will of governments to enact legislation; what is absent is the will to make it operative. There is a double standard in the enforcement of law, and a double standard in the respect for particular laws.

The Negro in 1966 now challenges society to make law real on the neighborhood level, down in the ghetto streets where he lives, works and seeks opportunity. Equal protection of the law is still substantially a national myth and a national disgrace in the reality of Negro life. In 1966, the Negro response is no longer a passive skepticism, nor is it expressed in the cynicism of inaction. A decade of sporadic and sometimes coordinated nonviolent action has educated him in the methodology of social change. He has learned how to compel the enactment of law, how to utilize to a degree some laws and how to expose spurious laws. He has learned that his adversaries are cunning, skillful and resourceful in obstruction and evasion. He has learned that governments do equivocate and retreat, no matter how exultant they are when they seek credit for legislation. Finally he has learned something about himself: *Negroes are not now merely a subject of change but an active organ of change*. This is the new political equation in contemporary society.

The regression of government after momentum has developed, the omission of the necessary planning and implementation to give reality to the law, are not accidental phenomena. The defaults merge into a pattern reminiscent of the period following the Civil War. Chattel slavery was abolished, but a program to transform slaves into citizens was omitted. Negroes left the plantations in hundreds of thousands expecting that the government that freed them would pursue the logic of its own act and create a structure into which they could fit. When this was not done, Negroes themselves improvised, sacrificed and struggled to gain a foothold on secure shores. However, the omissions inexorably caught up with them, and their enemies, only partially defeated, gained the breathing spell to reassemble and renew their power. The era of hope ended with the return of Negroes to a more sophisticated form of slavery that was to last nearly a century.

The danger of this period is not that Negroes will lose their gains. History will not repeat itself in a simple cycle. It can, however, fail to move forward and can become stalled on a higher plateau without prospect of reaching the summit.

The white power structure had to remake the South and Negroes seized the moment of change to fit the fabric to their needs. Evolving modern industrialism is being forced to reshape urban centers into which 70 per cent of the population is already absorbed. Once again Negroes will not allow change to flow around them, but will insistently demand to be elevated with the majority. The key question now confronting the nation is whether a swiftly transforming society is to be permitted to give tokens to the Negro, while the white population ascends to new levels of social development.

Historic decisions have yet to be made which will determine the context of the future. The dominant white majority appears to lack policy and sincere purpose, but the

Negroes, contrary to common belief, have a policy and a program. Having driven a sharp wedge into the once solid wall of resistance, they plan to hammer it in with increased force and vigor. Already they have shaken the political foundations of the South. Where once Atlanta was a singular example of Negro political emergence, today tremors are shaking state-wide areas of segregation. Utilizing the 1965 Voting Act where it was implemented, and acting without it where it was nullified by inaction, Negroes have patiently built significant voting power. They are a major factor in the forthcoming gubernatorial race in Alabama, that symbol of implacable resistance. In six counties of the state Negro registration exceeded white by the end of 1965. The hallowed state capitol, from which the Confederate flag still flies, will be host to black legislators, estimated at not less than eight members in the House and one member in the Senate.

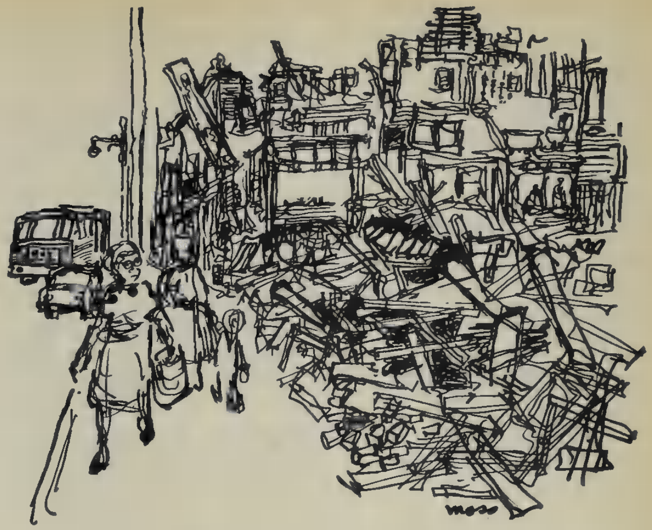
More important than this, however, is the transformation of the old segregationist official from a single-minded racist into something approximating a Northern style politician. In January, in Alabama, as the lines of black people stretched before registration offices day and night, the state Democratic Party removed the slogan of white supremacy from the party symbol. It may still live on in many hearts, but it is disappearing from tongues. Two years ago, I wrote in *The Nation* that the solid South was already fissuring along a seam that divided the industrializing regions from the old plantation South. Today the entire Old South is in dissolution. The momentum of change will not abate. Negroes are signing themselves into citizenship at the rate of thousands each day.

In the North, a new, more complex front is emerging. Neglected during the entire period of change, the slums are smoldering and seething. It would have been wiser for white America to have seen for itself that the slums were intolerable and dispersed them. But many white people of even reasonably good will simply know too little of the agony of ghetto existence to make slums as dispensable as segregated lunch counters. People of ill will still stubbornly cling to the determination to maintain a double standard of social and economic justice.

The experience of SCLC in Chicago already indicates that Negroes of the North are prepared to move and that token concessions will not blunt their drive. When 168 organizations representing all levels of the community are able to unite around a militant program to end slums, ghettos are on the way out even though for the moment they maintain their bleak existence.

When SCLC went into Birmingham in 1963, we said that if this capital of segregation suffered even a single defeat the effects would radiate across the South. Birmingham has met a succession of defeats and is influencing not only the South but the North as well. Chicago is the capital of segregation in the North; transformations of its slums will leave no Northern city secure with its own.

Mass nonviolent action continues to be *the* effective tactic of the movement. Many, especially in the North, argue that the maximum use of legislation, welfare and anti-poverty programs now replaces demonstrations, and that overt and visible protest should now be abandoned. Nothing could prove more erroneous than to demobilize at this point. It was the mass-action movement that engendered the changes of the decade, but the needs which created it are not yet satisfied. Without the will to unity and struggle Negroes would have no strength, and reversal of their successes could be easily effected. The use of creative tensions that broke the barriers of the South will be as indispensable in the North to obtain and extend necessary objectives.



These are partial elements of the Negro's program for freedom. Beyond these is one of singular importance which will be featured in the North—economic security. This is usually referred to as the need for jobs. The distinction made here between economic security and jobs is not semantic. A job in our industrial society is not necessarily equivalent to security. It is too often undercut by layoffs. No element of the working people suffers so acutely from layoffs as Negroes, traditionally the first fired and the last hired. They lack the seniority other workers accumulate because discrimination thwarts long-term employment. Negroes need the kind of employment that lasts the year through. They need the opportunity to advance on the job; they need the type of employment that feeds, clothes, educates and stabilizes a family. Statistics that picture declining rates of unemployment veil the reality that Negro jobs are still substandard and evanescent. The instability of employment reflects itself in the fragile character of Negro ambitions and economic foundations.

Whether the solution be in a guaranteed annual wage, negative income tax or any other economic device, the direction of Negro demands has to be toward substantive security. This alone will revolutionize Negro life, including family relations and that part of the Negro psyche that has lately become conspicuous—the Negro male ego.

Our nation is now so rich, so productive, that the continuation of persistent poverty is incendiary because the poor cannot rationalize their deprivation. We have yet to confront and solve the international problems created by our wealth in a world still largely hungry and miserable. But more immediate and pressing is the domestic existence of poverty. It is an anachronism in the second half of the

20th century. Only the neglect to plan intelligently and adequately and the unwillingness genuinely to embrace economic justice enable it to persist.

Social conflict is not the product of skilled agitation. The apathy from which Negroes suffered for so long was derived from their powerlessness and their acceptance of the myth that abundance was not available. They are now accumulating power; they are taught by every media of communication that we are so opulent we can enjoy both butter and guns. That is why they confront the white power structure with their program and challenge it to produce one of its own. The creative combining of both programs would unite social and economic justice into a single package of freedom.

The Negro in 1966 does not issue his challenge in isolation. Selma in 1965 made clear that there are white Americans who cherish decency and democracy; who will physically come to the scene of danger; who will fight for their nation not only on foreign battlefields but where its integrity is threatened within its borders. When 50,000 Americans, white and Negro, Protestant, Catholic, Jew and nonbeliever, assembled in haste from all corners of the land at Montgomery, there lived again in a luminous moment the spirit of the Minute Men who at Lexington and Concord electrified the world.

Negroes expect their freedom, not as subjects of benevolence but as Americans who were at Bunker Hill, who toiled to clear the forests, drain the swamps, build the roads—who fought the wars and dreamed the dreams the founders of the nation considered to be an American birthright.

CONGRESS & FOREIGN POLICY

THE TIMID POLITICAL WILL

EDWARD A. KOLODZIEJ

Assistant professor of government, University of Virginia, Mr. Kolodziej will publish this spring The Uncommon Defense and Congress, 1945-1963 *(Ohio State University Press).*

The most critical questions raised by last month's Fulbright hearings did not concern the present situation in South Vietnam. Why, one is compelled to ask, did the Congressional probe come so late, long after it might have had a salutory impact on United States policies in that area, and why has there not been a continuing Congressional debate, not only on Vietnam but on all aspects of American global strategy and foreign policy?

A study of these puzzling questions reveals fundamental weaknesses in popular and Congressional attitudes toward foreign policy and in the institutional response of Congress in defining that policy. Since its inception during the Eisenhower administration, the Vietnamese commitment has been shrouded in secrecy. The demand for secrecy and, concomitantly, for limiting public and Congressional debate, grew progressively as American involvement became deeper in the 1960s. The underlying justification for these constraints was, and still is, that the nation lives in a hostile world and domestic dissent must be suppressed lest the enemy gain from internal disagreement. The logical corollary is that only through such restraint can sufficient national will, including human and material resources, be harnessed to defeat the enemy on the battlefield or at the conference table.

It is in this frame of mind that the Congress has repeatedly been asked to make solemn pronouncements in support of contemplated Presidential actions abroad, whether in South Vietnam, the Middle East, the Formosa Straits or Greece. These resolutions, framed in the broadest possible language, inevitably give the President the broadest freedom of action and discretion. He is handed a blank check on which to write the amount of American commitment to a variety of often dubious foreign projects, without continued and close Congressional review and consent. In effect, Congress mortgages its moral and political right to influence and criticize the application of Administration policy. It cannot very easily criticize the President's actions when it has so generously defined his mandate. The evolution of Vietnamese policy exemplifies the unhappy consequences of Congress' abdication of its governmental responsibilities, now only belatedly and imperfectly discharged by the Fulbright hearings.

The periodic and almost ritual affirmations of Congressional resolve to support the President have the added pernicious effect of creating the misleading impression that fundamental decisions on foreign policy have been taken after careful Congressional scrutiny. A considerable part of the ideal of democratic government—that government policies rest on a majority consensus forged in heated debate and discussion—is thus sacrificed to the claims of strategic necessity.

But need the sacrifice continue? While it is foolish, if not a little dangerous, to doubt that the nation lives in a turbulent and perilous world, it is equally simplistic to think that this condition of life is temporary or atypical. The mass of the American people and even the Congress may not realize it, but the United States has lived in precarious circumstances throughout most of this century. The traditional principle that the President and the government should be unreservedly and uncritically supported for the duration of a current crisis is therefore of doubtful applicability. The crises facing the nation have mounted, multiplied, and been almost continuous since World War II, and there is little likelihood that the future will bring relief.

In this context, urgent and sustained calls for unity in foreign affairs lose their force. However valid any particular appeal may be, there is now the serious danger that a consistent pattern of suppressing differences will become ha-

bitual and that the nation will become accustomed to a radical and ominous transformation in its system of government.

And for what purpose? The frenetic search for security through secrecy, deception and managed news can lead ultimately only to the loss of the security so avidly sought. In a democracy, enduring and effective security and foreign policies imply broad popular consensus based on full knowledge of objectives and their implications. An ignorant or coerced Congress and public are not dependable elements in constructing and executing an effective foreign policy, particularly as they become increasingly aware that they have been misled or duped. What is more, policies are likely to be sounder if they are adopted after sharp and exacting debate over the alternatives available, and to be more responsive to new conditions if subjected to periodic and systematic review. By such means the nation avoids, for example, the ossification of policy positions so characteristic of totalitarian regimes.

Debate may give a superficial impression of internal rupture and rift, but its proper functions are to inform and, equally important, to help the nation and Congress choose from among alternative proposals. Strong, not weak, policies are its aim: a united, not divided, nation its principal objective. If debate on foreign and security policy takes place only episodically, erratically, and then only haphazardly, rather than on a systematic and predictable basis, especially when the vital interests of the nation are at stake, how can those abroad avoid the supposition that deep fissures exist in public opinion when debate does suddenly and unexpectedly erupt? How can the nation convince others that debate and decision are intrinsic parts of its governing process, that they are sources of strength, not weakness, if it has not convinced itself?

A point generally overlooked is the formidable obstacle that the existing organization of Congress, with its fragmentation of power and responsibility among a bewildering number of committees, places in the way of greater and more probing foreign policy debate. Devising a coherent foreign policy implies an overall knowledge of the nation's goals abroad, the threats, military and nonmilitary, to their realization and—most critical of all, since national resources are inherently limited—hard choices as to which objectives will be supported, for how long and to what extent. Congress, however, does not operate that way. Strategic and foreign policy problems, encompassing a variety of military and nonmilitary factors, are broken down and parceled out among a host of independent and often conflicting committees in the areas of foreign relations, armed services, government operations and atomic energy—to name only a few. Further refinements are made in the appropriations subcommittees that parallel in number and complexity the standing and special committees.

Foreign policy issues, having been meticulously divided among the committees in terms of narrow jurisdictional prerogatives, are not subsequently pieced together to form a synthetic view and comprehensive evaluation of the nation's foreign and security policies. Instead, each committee concentrates on gathering disparate and not necessarily related scraps of information that fall within its area of interest. The task of systematically coordinating the information and insight of the various committees, a precondition to constructive Congressional debate of Administration proposals, is neglected, indeed consciously shunned. Yet it is only by posing alternatives that Congress can exert a beneficial effect on foreign policy.

As a result of existing Congressional arrangements in the legislature, the pattern of Congressional understanding of the foreign and security imperatives facing the nation is as coherent as a blind man's attempt to make a crazy-quilt rug. Some legislators stress economy, others the threat of Red Chinese expansion, still others Soviet penetration of Latin America or an alleged internal Communist threat. Lacking guidelines to select among the foreign policy problems that come before it in terms of their relative importance and mutual implications, and having little incentive to develop them, Congress is poorly equipped to enlighten itself or the public, even less the executive branch, by discussion and debate.

The dispersal of power in Congress produces not only a shriveled political intelligence but also a timid political will. Expediency breeds in an atmosphere of decentralized power where policy is the product of shifting, unstable coalitions from problem to problem. Each Congressman and committee, operating willy-nilly from a position of weakness, is induced to press for only marginal alterations in existing policies, or to avoid raising profound questions at any point in a pattern of marginal shifts in Administration proposals, although the accumulation of changes over time, as in Vietnam, may fundamentally transform the nation's position abroad. Unable through their own efforts to change policies in any significant degree, each legislator and committee commits his piece of power to limited purposes. The rule of thumb is simple enough: the broader the issues raised the larger the number of interests and viewpoints that are challenged, and, accordingly, the more powerful the potential opposition that may be galvanized. Legislators are conditioned to believe that it is better to seek changes in those policies that can be revised by the small amount of power at their respective disposal, than to attempt to move mountains by one's intellect and rhetoric and still remain ineffective.

While many thus brawl and battle over marginal adjustments of policy, others adopt less taxing courses of action. They either oppose most Administration initiatives, especially those requiring the expenditure of funds for economic aid abroad (as in the cases of Reps. John Rooney and Otto Passman), or they shirk foreign policy programs and wager their meager chips of power solely for personal ends. If a stand on a foreign policy issue cannot be avoided, there are compelling incentives to ally with the President. The legislator thus gains a powerful friend where otherwise he might create a formidable enemy. Thus Congressional styles differ, but in the end they all share the defect that none prompts the legislator, individually or working through committee, to search for major alternatives to Administration proposals that might improve the nation's position and image abroad.

Given the debilitating effect of decentralized power and responsibilities in Congress, it is surprising that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings have been held at all. Their tardiness conforms to a general pattern that has emerged from World War II. Only when outside shocks have been administered, as in the case of the Korean War in 1950, the flight of Sputnik in 1957, and the prospect of general war in Asia in 1966, does the Congressional policy process respond—temporarily and traumatically—to meet a clear and present danger to the nation's interests and objectives. Once the emergency has passed, it returns to its curious organization and procedural habits. The policy process thus falls further and further behind the accelerating rate of revolutionary developments abroad that it is supposed to influence and shape.

While no ready cure exists to make Congress more adaptive to foreign policy problems, it would be useful to seize upon the annual passage of the federal budget as an occasion to review and debate the entire range of the government's policies on a timely and predictable basis. A change of this nature would require the reintroduction of a general appropriations bill into Congress in place of the present practice of passing twelve to fifteen disparate and seemingly unrelated appropriations measures during each Congressional session. The budget, which is the President's plan for the distribution of the government's resources, outlines the cost and presumed benefits of both foreign and domestic programs. The human and material resources needed to achieve stated goals are revealed at that time, and comparisons can be made as to the utility and wisdom of each. The relation of foreign and domestic policies can be more clearly grasped if they are viewed as integral parts of a larger allocation process. Since the budgetary cycle is annual, a comprehensive review and debate of federal policies can easily be regularized and institutionalized. Deviations from existing policies from year to year can be more quickly and sharply identified for special examination and debate. Debate on the federal budget can become the core of the legislative process and the basis for a more informed public and a more influential and effective Congress. But it is important to recognize that improvement in this context, though it might be significant, would be only a start. It would much resemble the first incision of a major operation to save a dying patient who is not at all sure that he is suffering from an implacable ailment, and objects, violently, to each necessary step in the operation.

TWO GI'S IN LIMBO

HARRY W. ERNST

Mr. Ernst is Washington correspondent for The Charleston *(W. Va.)* Gazette.

"I have little doubt they will be spending Christmas with their families," the Associated Press quoted an unidentified U.S. official in Bangkok. "They left Korat Monday afternoon (Dec. 6) aboard an Air Force plane bound for the U.S.," *The New York Times* reported.

But three months later Sgt. George E. Smith of Chester, W. Va., and SP/5 Claude E. McClure of Chattanooga, Tenn., who criticized the Vietnamese war after they were freed by the Vietcong in November, still haven't arrived in the United States. They may be lucky if they spend Christmas, 1966, with their families.

The enlistments of Smith and McClure expired while they were prisoners, but the Army says that their status as enlisted men continues until they are discharged, which won't be until the charges against them are cleared up. The Army has told inquiring Congressmen that it intends to keep the two young soldiers on Okinawa until it disposes of their case. "The Army never said they would be flown home for Christmas," a Pentagon spokesman said.

After getting as far as Okinawa, Smith and McClure were charged with aiding the enemy "in its efforts against the United States by preparing, furnishing and delivering to the Vietcong certain documents, statements and writings inimical to the interests of the United States."

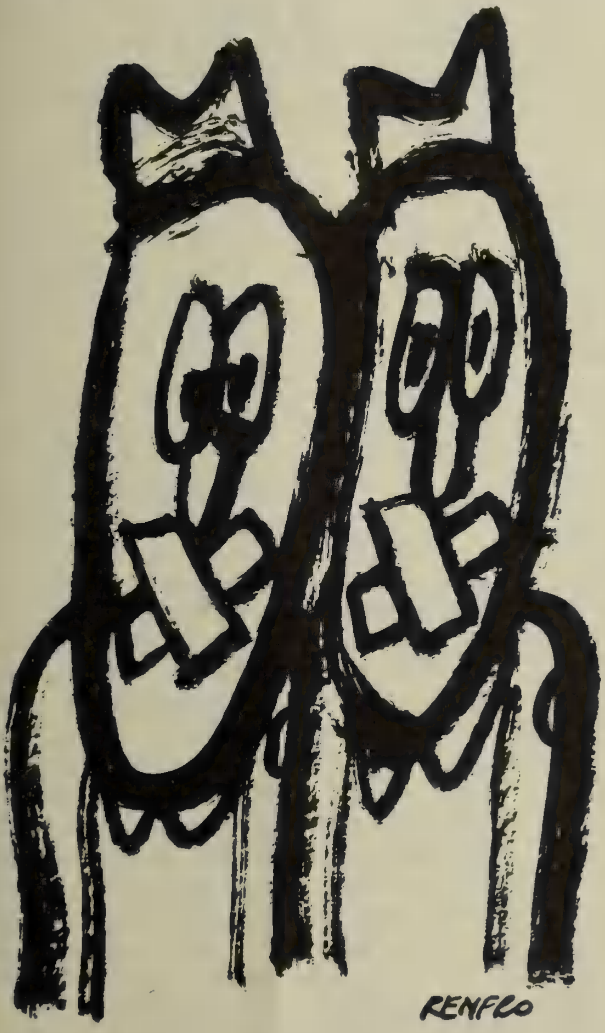
No such documents have been released by the Army, which says a preliminary investigation is still under way to determine whether the charges should be dismissed or the two soldiers should be brought to trial. The Army denies that they are being held incommunicado as several peace groups have charged. Newsmen have been unable to interview Smith and McClure, but the Army says that this is at their request, made through the "legally qualified military counsel" assigned to them. "Sergeants Smith and McClure are on a full-duty status at an Army installation and have not been under any form of restraint," the Army wrote several Congressmen. "They have been permitted to send and receive mail, make telephone calls, visit service clubs and libraries as they desire."

An ocean between them and their country obviously isn't considered a "form of restraint" by the Army. The curious way in which the Smith-McClure case has been handled, coupled with the Johnson Administration's low marks for credibility in matters concerning the Vietnamese war, challenges the Army's picture of the two soldiers sipping beer and browsing through magazines on a Pacific island while facing possible execution (the maximum penalty for aiding the enemy).

Why did the Army apparently switch signals on other U.S. officials and fly Smith and McClure to Okinawa instead of home for Christmas? After all, they had been prisoners of the Vietcong, which overran their Special Forces camp near Saigon in 1963, for two years. Wouldn't it have been only simple decency to reunite them with their families while the investigation proceeded?

Why have newsmen been unable to talk with them on Okinawa? If it is because of concern that pre-trial publicity might be detrimental to their case, why hasn't the Army said so? Its failure to use that argument, which would bolster its position, especially if the men were returned to the U.S., indicates that the Army isn't deeply concerned about such legal safeguards.

Peace groups suspect that the Army's real motive in keeping the two soldiers on the other side of the globe is to avoid stirring already troublesome anti-war sentiments at home. After they were released by the Vietcong, Smith and McClure said they wanted to see strong efforts made to end the war in Vietnam, which they doubted the U.S. could win.



"The inference is inescapable that these men are being held in Okinawa to penalize them for their views . . . and to prevent their return to the United States where they might be able to tell their story to the American people," Mrs. Margaret Russell wrote President Johnson. She is chairman of the Washington Area Committee on Vietnam.

The case of Smith and McClure also raises a basic constitutional issue that could become critical as more American soldiers are sent to Vietnam. Arthur John Keeffe, professor of law at Catholic University in Washington and an authority on military justice, says the Army possibly has no legal right to detain Smith and McClure.

Keeffe was chairman of a naval board that reviewed the court-martial sentences of 2,500 men in Navy prisons at the end of World War II. The board's report became the basis for the Uniform Code of Military Justice under which Smith and McClure have been charged. Keeffe argues that Smith and McClure are in effect accused of disloyalty or treason (aiding the enemy). He thinks it would be unconstitutional for the Army to court-martial them on such a charge because the Constitution requires the holding of treason trials in federal district courts before juries and the government must establish that an overt act of treason was committed.

"It looks like their case might be won with competent legal defense," Keeffe observed. "But a writ of *habeas corpus* [requiring the Army to bring them before a civilian court] should be filed against Secretary of Defense McNamara in a regular U.S. District Court."

However, no one supposes that the Army officers assigned to defend Smith and McClure will raise the constitutional issue by appealing to civilian courts. Such action would be interpreted by their superiors as an indictment of military justice.

Although the American Civil Liberties Union is investigating the case, it doesn't now have any clients to represent even if it decides to become involved. Smith and McClure are on faraway Okinawa where the Army says they aren't being held incommunicado but only want to be left alone. And thus far their families have shunned offers of free legal aid. Smith's mother, Mrs. Thomas M. Potts of Chester, W. Va., says she has been advised by a friend that it is "better to keep it quiet right now and not have anything in the papers."

The Smith-McClure case already resembles a tale by Kafka. No one but their accusers are able to talk with the two soldiers whose enlistments have expired, but who are charged with a serious if vaguely defined crime that supposedly rests on evidence which only their accusers have seen. Pre-trial publicity may be the only hope of assuring justice for Smith and McClure. If the President really cares about the credibility of his Administration, he should return the two soldiers to the United States, make certain that they are provided with competent civilian legal counsel, and permit newsmen to question them in the presence of their attorneys.

AN AMERICAN IN CUBA: PART I

SEEING ORIENTE IN A JEEP

ERWIN ROY JOHN

Some months ago, Dr. John was in Havana, attending an International Conference on Cortical-Subcortical Relationships in Sensory Perception, at the invitation of the Cuban Academy of Sciences. At the close of the conference, which had been preceded by a formal tour of the countryside, he made the proposal which resulted in the experiences detailed below and in a second installment to be published next week. Dr. John is research professor and director of the Brain Research Laboratories, New York Medical College.

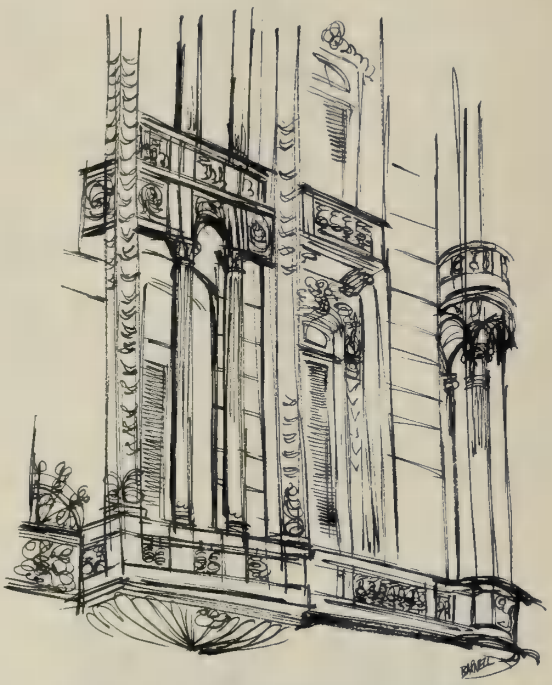
The day before the International Conference ended, my American colleague and I went to a reception with President Dorticos. Since American participation had been an unprecedented relaxation of our ostracism of Cuba, he found the time to chat with us and said, in passing, that it was a shame we had not more opportunity to form our own impressions of Cuba. I responded politely, but stored his comment away in my memory. The next day, Capitán Nuñez-Jiménez, president of the Cuban Academy of Sciences, spoke at the closing session of the symposium. Afterwards, the participants were all invited to take a formal tour of Oriente province, including the Sierra Maestra mountains where Castro began his bid for power.

Purely on impulse, I approached Capitán Nuñez-Jiménez, and told him that further formal exposure to Cuba, however pleasant, was too artificial and contrived for me to get any trustworthy impressions. Emboldened by his nod of agreement, I made what I thought was an outrageous suggestion. I offered to spend several days exploring Cuba if he arranged the following: I wanted to be flown to Santiago de Cuba in Oriente province, to be provided with a jeep, a good mountain driver, an interpreter and a document from the government authorizing me to go where I pleased and do whatever I might choose to do. In exchange, I would undertake on my return home to tell whoever might be interested exactly what I saw, whether good or bad. As I spoke, a spark of interest came to his eyes, and he replied: "That's an extremely interesting idea. I'll let you know."

The fact that I was willing to make the proposal is itself perhaps one striking indication of the impressions I received about Cuba. However, I expected to hear nothing further about it, or at most to receive a polite refusal. The next night was the beginning of Carnival, and I was standing with a group of scientists engrossed in studying clusters of semi-clothed young ladies perched on extravagantly decorated floats, when a slim young *miliciano* tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Come." Reluctantly, I followed him through the crowd to the corner, where I found Nuñez-Jiménez waiting. He handed me an envelope and said: "It has been arranged. You will leave tomorrow morning. Your interpreter will be at the hotel at 6 A.M. Have a good trip."

The envelope was inscribed: "To all civil and military authorities." The official document inside said in part: "The wishes of Dr. John are those of the Revolutionary Government. We thank you in advance for your cooperation with him in all possible ways." It bore the seal of the Academy and was signed by Capitán Nuñez-Jiménez.

At 6 the next morning, I met my interpreter in the hotel lobby. Efraim Trujillo left Cuba in the early 1950s and came to New York, where he started a successful decorating business. In 1959, he returned to Cuba because, as he put it, "I am a Cuban, and I wanted to build a new Cuba." He was a sportily dressed young man, habitually wearing sunglasses and a sweater. He spoke fluent English. My high school Spanish is halting, but adequate for slow speech and understanding slow conversation. The ground rules which we immediately laid down were that Trujillo would speak slowly and would translate all the conversations sentence by sentence, so that I could keep tabs on all that was said. He was an enthusiastic participant in my project, and insisted throughout our travels that everyone answer the sense of my questions.



We drove to the airport, where we boarded a flight for Santiago de Cuba. Upon our arrival, we found waiting a Russian Yak jeep and our driver, a young bearded ruffian named José Ismael Gendis. "El Morro," as he was called, was a native of the Sierra Maestra, and proved that he could drive a jeep where goats were hesitant to go. This 23-year-old was also extremely considerate, not only asking frequently whether he could be of service, but departing at a gallop to do whatever I might ask.

We ate a hasty lunch of cold crayfish, as a prelude to leaving civilization, and piled into the jeep. I had learned before leaving Havana that one of the major political prisons was at Boniato, a half hour's drive outside Santiago, and announced that we would visit it. Trujillo was dubious about our chances of getting in, but agreed that it was worth trying. As we pulled up at the main gate of the prison, I raised my camera to get a snapshot of the guards for the folks back home, and found myself staring down the barrel of a Russian submachine gun. The guard leveling the gun told me that one did not take pictures. After some haggling and study of my precious letter, Trujillo persuaded him to lower his gun and let me keep my camera.

The lieutenant in charge of the guard detail then appeared and took us to the office of the *comandante,* a brusque and stolid individual who wanted to know what business we had in his territory. We explained that I was an American interested in learning about the living conditions of political prisoners, and that I had permission to do so. The *comandante* was not very sympathetic to the idea, although he remained scrupulously polite throughout. When I said that I wanted to tour the prison, talk with the prisoners and photograph what was of interest, he reached for a book on his desk. "These are the regulations I am instructed to carry out, and they explicitly forbid anyone from talking with or photographing the prisoners. Unless my superior, the Minister of the Interior, arrives personally and so instructs me, I must adhere to these regulations. You may tour the prison, but no conversation and no pictures." I agreed to abide by the rules.

We left the office and walked through the prison grounds, which consisted of about twenty large barracks and mess halls surrounded by open land. I noticed several groups of prisoners lounging in the shade of the buildings. Two such groups included men with guitars, and occasionally bursts of song could be heard. A baseball game was in progress on a diamond behind the barracks, with both guards and prisoners participating. Guards were on first and second, with two strikes on the batter when we entered a nearby barracks. Each cell block was locked, and armed guards were in the entrance way. Inside, the men were taking showers, dozing on their bunks or watching television. A few were cooking their dinners on gas stoves which were in each cell. I was informed that families were permitted to send food to supplement the prison diet. Everyone looked adequately fed. The cells were unlocked. A prisoner and a guard were playing chess in the aisle. Laundered clothes were hanging in several cells. Each cell contained six to eight bunks arranged in tiers two or three high. Everything was scrupulously clean.

At the end of each cell block was a classroom, with about twenty desks and a blackboard. The first we entered contained a group of eight prisoners and a prisoner instructor. They were engaged in a class on long division. The prisoner at the blackboard was obviously embarrassed by his inability to handle the problem. On the wall were charts of the solar system, a world map and a slogan: "Education is the battlefield for our fight against the past."

Prisoners work six hours daily at various jobs. Many of them spend several hours a day in the classroom, on a voluntary basis. I was told that most, but not all, of the prisoners participate. With apparent pride, the *comandante* informed me that 95 per cent of the prisoners in his custody are now literate, compared to 40 per cent literacy when they were imprisoned. I was surprised by the implication that many of the prisoners were peasants and workers; I had supposed that they would come predominantly from the middle class. The rehabilitation program includes training in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, mechanics, carpentry, agricultural methods and politics.

Prisoners receive occasional passes to go home, can be released when they have learned a trade or when "political acceptance" seems to have been accomplished. I would estimate that there were about 5,000 prisoners at Boniato. I have been told that there are about 12,000 political prisoners altogether, and that from 300 to 400 are released each month. The most recent execution of which I heard was in April, 1964, of one man who supposedly betrayed a group of four who plotted the assassination of Batista.

My request to visit the sick bay was refused, for unstated reasons. It may well be that there are areas in the prison which I did not visit and where a different picture could be seen. In the portion that I did see, however, there was no evidence of brutality or mistreatment of prisoners. There is an obvious and intensive rehabilitation program, adequate food and housing. At the same time, discipline is strict. Barracks snap to attention when an officer enters, and the prisoners are most definitely in prison. Their conditions seemed at least as good as those of the German POWs whom I guarded for a brief period after World War II.

From Boniato, I swung around to the southwest and headed up into the Sierra Maestra foothills. The road was good and we climbed quickly. Our route took us through well-tended countryside, dotted with small houses surrounded by shrubs and kitchen gardens. Chickens, pigs and goats were abundantly evident. The farm workers whom we passed were using hand implements, and I saw no agricultural machinery, although occasionally a truck lumbered through a field. As the afternoon wore on, we passed groups of children playing baseball. The several small towns along our route were uniformly dreary but clean. Many houses had battered American cars parked nearby. Boys wore shirts and jeans or dungarees, and girls wore colorful print dresses. All children were wearing shoes. Adults were often clustered around open-air coffee stands, or in the corner bars which sell both beer and liquor. From time to time, we stopped for coffee or a snack. The coffee was strong and excellent. Sandwich stalls sold salami, cheese and ham sandwiches. I found the ham very good and the cheese, from the Soviet Union, tasted like sharp Cheddar. Bread was excellent. Sandwiches cost 20c to 35c; beer about 50c.

Adults were dressed casually, but were usually neat and clean. There was an air of camaraderie in the cafés, with frequent horseplay and laughter. We passed a number of store-front reading rooms and classrooms, in which groups of people were studying. Here, as in Havana and elsewhere, one got the impression that Cuba was a vast schoolroom. The "battle for the 6th," a program directed at raising the whole population to at least the 6th-grade level, is broadly publicized and appears to have enlisted genuine participation among vast numbers of workers.

At dusk, we reached Ciudad Camille Cienfuegos. Here, in the heart of the mountains, a huge school-city has recently been constructed. We arrived to find reading rooms, recreation halls and classrooms ablaze with light and full of children. We parked and walked over to a gym packed with boys and girls doing acrobatics, playing basketball and just milling around. The children ranged from 12 to 18 years old. They were uniformly dressed. The girls wore pink blouses and gray skirts, and the boys wore white shirts and gray pants. They were shining clean and bubbling with good spirits. Trujillo stuck his head in and watched for a while, turned to me and said: "What do I care what the *norteamericanos* think? This is what the revolution was for!"

We enlisted a friendly student to find a professor, who appeared shortly and amiably provided us with a guest bungalow for the night. This was a neat, sparsely furnished three-bedroom dwelling with a kitchen. We ate ham sandwiches and beer which El Morro organized from somewhere, and went out to watch the children for a while. Groups of girls and boys were marching to and fro, chanting in cadence and singing in unison. This militaristic activity was a jarring note in an otherwise pleasant picture, but the drill appeared to be voluntary, children falling into ranks or drifting away as their mood dictated. I struck up a conversation with a young man who had taught music in the school for two years. He had studied in private school and with the director of the Santa Clara symphony. He and a group of other teachers provided me with information about the curriculum and procedures of the school.

There are presently four working units in the city, and two more which I saw were to begin operation in a month. About 1,900 students are now in residence, and the two new units will accommodate 1,000 each. These students are brought together from the mountain schools, of which there are at present 638. Some of these schools are staffed by only one teacher, the largest have twelve. The total student enrollment in mountain schools is 35,000. According to the principal of one of them, there were only eighteen schools in this region before the revolution.

The organization of these schools varies. Some are day schools, with students receiving lunch at school. Some, in more sparsely settled areas, are weeklong boarding schools; students arrive each Monday morning and depart each Friday evening. At Ciudad Cienfuegos, students live from February to October. Families come to visit on Sunday. In November, half the students go home for a month's vacation, while the other half study agriculture by on-the-job training at school farms. In December, these groups switch. Regular schools have a three-month vacation.

The students at Ciudad Cienfuegos now come from the Sierra Maestra, and have been selected to become secondary schoolteachers. Next summer, the program will be changed to a technological and agricultural high school. Students from Oriente, and from the Escambria and Cordillera mountain regions in Piñar del Rio, will come here after they finish the 9th grade. Four thousand students from those areas are presently housed in student areas in Havana, receiving intensive training so that they can enter Ciudad Camille Cienfuegos next summer. We saw much evidence of these students while in Havana, since they occupy an area consisting of many blocks of luxurious mansions, converted to classrooms and dormitories. The 120 teachers for this new technical school are now completing their training at Havana University. They will teach such subjects as soil chemistry, agricultural techniques, veterinary medicine. The expansion rate planned for this facility is extremely demanding, with 20,000 students and a three-year program planned by 1970. Twelve other "agri-institutes" are already in operation, scattered through the provinces, with a total enrollment of 18,000 students.

As might be expected from the crash nature of this educational program, there are obvious and glaring inadequacies in the instruction. They became apparent in interviews which I conducted the next morning with students and teachers picked at random. Teachers, frequently volunteer workers from other Latin American countries, instruct classes that are perilously close to their own educational level. The students, although bright and enthusiastic, know consistently less than one would expect from an American child at the same grade level. Extemporaneous oral quizzes, which I improvised for the clusters of students surrounding me, revealed a qualitative familiarity with such subjects as physics or geometry, but a quantitative inadequacy. When I asked a group of geometry students how they would know if a proposed formula, say for the area of a triangle, were accurate, it became clear that the idea of a geometric proof was new to them. Rote learning rather than understanding was the educational goal. Looking at the colorful modern buildings and the eager faces, one could not fail to lament the waste of the educational opportunity. Cuba must make a generation of properly taught students to serve as the teachers for these intellectually hungry youngsters, yet it lacks the trained manpower for this bootstrap operation.

Given an opportunity the children bombarded me with questions: "Why did we oppose Cuba's revolution? Why did we mistreat Negroes? Why did we bomb Vietnam?" Their attitude, like that of so many Cuban adults I had

met, reflected inability to understand our actions rather than hostility.

We went next to the infirmary, which we found to be a modern one-story building, staffed by young University of Havana graduates, full of pride for their hospital. The hospital contained eighty-five beds, of which seventy-five were occupied. Patients included students at the school and some people from surrounding villages. Mountain folk clustered about the steps, waiting to see the doctor. The major causes of hospitalization were gastroenteritis and parasitic infection. Neither of the doctors whom I interviewed had completed a full internship. Both had graduated from the University of Havana Medical School last year; they felt able to take care of the bulk of the medical problems they faced, and sent difficult patients to Manzanilla, thirty-five minutes away, where there are two general hospitals. The hospital was clean and orderly. I saw Chinese, Czech, Hungarian and Soviet drugs and equipment, as well as some American instruments and drugs from the prisoner exchange. I asked the doctors if they listened to the *Voice of America*. They laughed and said they did. They enjoyed the music and thought the factual accounts broadcast about Cuba so absurdly untrue as to be ridiculous. This opinion corresponded with other comments I heard.

ARITMETICA II

I found an interesting set of questions and answers written on the blackboard in the hospital classroom, apparently part of the weekly lesson in politics:

> *(1)* What do we say when we are accused of exporting revolution? *Revolution cannot be exported, only ideas.*
>
> *(2)* What can Cuba offer to other people? *Ideas and examples of how to work and help the people.*
>
> *(3)* Where did our revolution come from? *Our workers, farmers and students.*
>
> *(4)* When is it necessary to make a revolution? *When conditions are like those in Venezuela, in Nicaragua, in Costa Rica.*

We left the hospital in late morning and headed up into the mountains. The concrete road gave way to a dirt track, which wound and climbed through rugged and wild mountains. About an hour later we passed the construction site of a large dam, where modern earth-moving machinery was abundant. Climbing higher, we picked up two workers who were returning home after some time spent cutting cane in the valley. They felt that the volunteer cane workers from the cities were extremely helpful. Although very inefficient at first, they were usually able after several days' experience to contribute a real day's work to the harvest.

Several hours later we arrived in San Lorenzo, an orange-growing mountain village, composed largely of mud huts with thatched roofs. I had taken off my shirt during the hot drive, and as I moved to get out of the jeep El Morro reminded me that there were girls in the village. Properly covered, I asked to talk with the local priest, and was told that there was no church and no priest in San Lorenzo, nor had there ever been. Members of Jehovah's Witnesses, who are fairly active in that area, make occasional visits. A fair-sized building on the edge of the town square proved to be a school containing 1,132 students from neighboring mountain areas. Students live in school dormitories. They ranged from 11 to 16 years old, and from the 2nd to the 6th grade. The school has forty teachers, headed by a principal trained at the Santiago School for Teachers. There are four other elementary schools of comparable size in the district, and a secondary school for 5,000 students in Mina del Prio. These schools are for brighter children, and use an accelerated program, the purpose being to provide a supply of students for teacher training schools. Four other schools in the district pursue a normal curriculum.

Walking around the village, I saw a woman drawing water in a bucket from a small stream, and asked her if we might chat for a moment. She had two small children, playing by the side of the stream. Her husband works in the grocery store as a clerk, for 75 pesos a month. I asked her how well she could manage for her family on that income. She said she worked in the drugstore as a clerk and also made 75 pesos a month. She said that she could feed her family adequately. They have meat every Saturday night, eggs several times a week and an occasional chicken. Enough money is left to buy clothes or cloth for sewing. I asked what she wanted most for her house, and she said she had everything she needed. Pointing to the small new medical clinic on the edge of the village, she indicated that the village people were well off.

The grocery store was across the square from the school, and I went over to check the stocks and prices of a mountain store. After drinking a lemon soda, we asked the proprietor if we might look at the storeroom behind the counter. Abundant supplies of the following were on the shelves:

Rice, 20c/lb.; white flour, 9c/lb.; peanut oil, 51c/lb.; condensed milk, 20c/can; fruit soda, 5c/bottle; soap 14c/bar, unrationed canned meats from various Eastern European countries, 34c to 48c/can; various canned fruits, averaging 30c/can; and huge metal tins of crackers $4 for 200 crackers. Fresh beef costs about 40c/lb., and is rationed to permit ½ lb. for each person per week. Bread costs 20c/lb. In addition to these foods, there were Chinese pencils for 5c, glasses for 9c and flashlights for 70c. Canvas shoes cost $2.90 per pair. The *campesinos* raise their own chickens, pigs and vegetables. Hanging from nails on the wall were seven Soviet submachine guns. I picked one up and found the drum fully loaded. The storekeeper smiled and said: "We must defend our revolution!" *(To be continued)*

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Cities of the Dreadful Night

AN AREA OF DARKNESS. *By V. S. Naipaul. The Macmillan Company. 281 pp. $5.95.*
THE ANGUISH OF INDIA. *By Ronald Segal. Stein and Day. 319 pp. $6.50.*

EDWARD R. F. SHEEHAN

A Bostonian, a journalist and novelist who has been in the American Foreign Service and has traveled widely in India, Mr. Sheehan is the author of Kingdom of Illusion *(Random House), a novel about power politics in the Middle East. He is now in Paris writing a novel about power politics in Massachusetts.*

A few years ago I had occasion to visit Calcutta and Las Vegas within the same fortnight. It would be difficult to say which of the two I found more terrifying. Nehru once called Calcutta "the city of nightmares," but it seemed to me that in its own way Las Vegas might merit a similar description. In Calcutta, strolling one afternoon by the banks of the River Hooghly, a tributary of the divine Ganges, I came upon a creature whose sex I could not at first identify, crouching in a garbage pit. He, or she, wore what seemed to be an undershirt on top and a batch of brown rags around the loins. A mop of filthy hair covered the creature's face but did not mute its cry for baksheesh, and then she lifted the brown rags to reveal the secrets of her body. Not only was she in the advanced stages of starvation, but apparently near the final phase of pregnancy as well. I stooped down, stuffed some rupees into her hands, and ran away.

A day or so later I visited the municipal crematorium down on the docks. The bodies to be burned, clad in white garments, were laid out on wooden cots and festooned with flowers. One body was not clothed as the others, and when I approached, it appeared familiar: here were the same brown rags about the loins, the same filthy undershirt, the same infested hair, brushed back now in death. In her arms she clutched a tiny, inanimate bag of skin and bones. Was this my beneficiary, I wondered, and had she borne this baby in the garbage pit by the banks of the holy Hooghly? Had some compassionate Hindu found my rupees clenched in the woman's hands and, in his reverence for the dead if not for the living, used them to pay for this modest immolation?

And then Las Vegas. What struck me most was not so much the meretricious opulence of the casinos, the vulgar vapidity of the comedians, nor even the decadence of those bronzed and pomaded patrons bunched about the slot machines. No, what I remember best is the ultraviolet lamp sterilizing the toilet seat in my motel ("*Sanitary*—For Your Protection," read the paper band around the toilet seat); the Sanitary Napkin Disposal Bag placed nearby ("For Personal Hygiene and Cleanliness—Preferred by Particular Women"); the sealed cellophane around my water tumbler ("*An Individual Service*—This glass has been made sanitary and carefully wrapped to Keep It Clean for your personal use"). All that, and the drive-in hamburger heaven, where they attached a pliable pipe to my car window and bathed me in refrigerated air while I, on that mild summer evening, munched on my Dagwood Bumsted Super-Burger.

The contrast between Calcutta and Las Vegas continued to haunt me as I read these two horrifying books on contemporary India. For if we are to accept the conclusions of V. S. Naipaul and Ronald Segal, India is in a hopeless condition, and not even a vast increase in aid could make any serious difference.

An Area of Darkness is dazzling—considerably more so than Segal's work (for Naipaul is an accomplished novelist), but for some reason the results are less impressive. One is repelled by the India that Naipaul conjures up: "The starved child defecated at the roadside while the mangy dog waited to eat the excrement." One is also slightly repelled by Naipaul. Himself an Indian, born and raised in Trinidad, educated in England, Naipaul undertook a year's journey in the land of his fathers in a tormented attempt to discover his own beginnings. But his discoveries are so inseparable from his own complexes that halfway through his pilgrimage we long to go the rest of the way without him. Nothing he sees in India seems to please him; compulsively, he ridicules practically everything he encounters. He even complains because the trains run *on time.* ("A service so complex and fine deserves a richer country"). Consequently, one wants to agree with the judgment of Raja Rao on this book: as a report on Indian conditions it is devastating; as a portrait of India it is devoid of understanding.

And yet, however much Naipaul may get on our nerves, we cannot shake off the suspicion that sometimes he understands all too well:

> They tell the story of the Sikh who, returning to India after many years, sat down among his suitcases on the Bombay docks and wept. He had forgotten what Indian poverty was like. It is an Indian story, in its arrangement of figure and properties, its pathos. It is Indian above all in its attitude to poverty as something which, thought about from time to time in the midst of other preoccupations, releases the sweetest of emotions. This is poverty, our especial poverty, and how sad it is! Poverty not as an urge to anger or improving action, but poverty as an inexhaustible source of tears, an exercise of the purest sensibility.

Pitilessly, he scrutinizes the superstition which still infests India (even cabinet ministers consult astrologists); the absurd mimicry by educated Indians of an England that never really existed (an army officer exclaims, "I say, by Jove! I feel rather bushed!"); the abandoned public defecation:

> Indians defecate everywhere. They defecate, mostly, beside the railway tracks. But they also defecate on the beaches; they defecate on the hills; they defecate on the river banks; they defecate on the streets; they never look for cover. . . . These squatting figures . . . are never spoken of; they are never written about. . . . The truth is that *Indians do not see these squatters* and might even, with complete sincerity, deny that they exist: a collective blindness arising out of the Indian fear of pollution and the resulting conviction that Indians are the cleanest people in the world.

Segal's book, much less subjective than Naipaul's, is in some respects even more discouraging. A liberal South African journalist, Segal was asked by his publishers to go to India on the theory that he would approach it without the preconceptions of someone accustomed only to the rich white societies of the West. But Segal is honest enough to spell out his preconceptions at the beginning of his book: "I can see why others may believe it more important to be holy than to be fed, but I cannot believe it. I am an unregenerate materialist and in my view no sense of mystery or grace of manner, no delicacy of movement and form, can compensate for the massive damage done by Indian hunger."

Segal and Naipaul each stresses the continuing and pervasive importance of caste in modern India. Indeed, to Segal, caste remains the fundamental rhythm of the subcontinent's life. Both authors find Hinduism, for all of its romantic and mystical associations, the most destructive of religions. Despite all of Gandhi and Nehru's pleadings to the contrary, it is the twin Hindu essentials of *karma* and *dharma* that continue to paralyze the great mass of India's millions: the Hindu is born into a particular caste because of his deeds in a previous life; he must accept his condition, no matter how degrading, without question. Indifference is the ultimate Hindu virtue. Under such a metaphysic, protest and reform become impossible; society remains static. Naipaul writes:

> Study these four men washing down the steps of this unpalatable Bombay hotel. The first pours water from a bucket, the second scratches the tiles with a twig broom, the third uses a rag to slop the dirty water down the steps into another bucket, which is held by a fourth. After they have passed, the steps are as dirty as before; but now above the blackened skirting-tiles the walls are freshly and dirtily splashed. The bathrooms and lavatories are foul; the slimy woodwork has rotted away as a result of this daily drenching; the concrete walls are green and black with slime. You cannot complain that the hotel is dirty. No Indian will agree with you. Four sweepers are in daily attendance, and it is enough in India that the sweepers attend. They are not required to *clean*. That is a subsidiary part of their function, which is to *be* sweepers, degraded beings, to go through the motions of degradation. . . . And to this they willingly submit. They are dirt; they wish to appear as dirt.

As for the rich, it is their caste function to be rich, which they accept with equal fatalism; to respond to the suffering of others is to be irreligious; it is their *dharma* to resist any attempt to make them share their abundance. Relatively few Indians dispute this, least of all the poor themselves—even the landless, many of whom find land reform morally repugnant.

It is Segal's thesis that under such conditions significant economic advance is out of the question—nor can it become possible until India gets a government that is truly willing and able to make a frontal assault on the immemorial character of Indian custom. He has collected an overwhelming body of evidence to prove his case. The real income of most of India's people has probably declined since independence in 1947, if for no other reason than because the population increase has simply canceled out most of the meager statistical progress that has been achieved. Human fertility in turn has contributed to the rapidly expanding specter of famine. Under the mounting pressures of population—India now has nearly 500 million people—the impoverished Indian of today is astonishingly less well fed than the one of a century ago. In 1878, the average per capita consumption of food was 25.7 oz. a day; now it is about two-thirds of that. If the population growth continues at its present rate, India will number 800 million by the late 1980s and a billion before the year 2000, when there may well be even greater starvation than there is now. In the light of all this, Segal finds India's series of Five-Year Plans "less a programme for disciplined development than an intricate exercise in wishful thinking." Indeed, by trying to compromise between the "spiritual" noncoercive reformism of Gandhi and the "secular" revolutionary theories of Nehru, the country's whole experiment in a mixed economy has fallen between the two stools. Furthermore, Nehru's failure as Prime Minister to follow through on his pre-independence Socialist ideals—his failure to pursue in any effective way his ideological conviction that India's political freedom would remain meaningless until Indian society itself had achieved economic justice—is one of the great contributing factors in the country's present predicament.

For though it is "Socialist" by doctrine and reputation, India's government in fact pampers the rich. The share of the public sector in the output of organized industry was less than 10 per cent five years ago and remains probably less than 20 per cent today. The callousness of the Indian rich is apparently without limit; they, too, are afflicted with the Indian inability to see, and to them the encompassing misery of their countrymen is simply invisible. Sixty per cent of the population earns less than $70 per capita per year, while the rich evade taxation with impunity; the top 10 per cent of the population enjoys more than a third of the national income and a quarter of the country's aggregate consumption. Moreover, it is the intimacy between government and business in India that is responsible more than any other factor for the incredible corruption which pervades the government in city and village alike. "The rulers remain remote from the ruled," Segal writes, "but the rulers are now merchants and manufacturers as well as administrators. Together they constitute a new kind of caste." The reigning Congress Party has become particularly enslaved to the entrepreneurs who, more and more, deserve to be called the ultimate rulers of India today.

Segal despairs of India until its nominal rulers begin to rule—and by that he means rule ruthlessly, restraining privilege and embracing anew Nehru's earlier exhortations to employ whatever coercion is necessary to attain the country's declared Socialist goals. "The alternative, an even further impoverishment of the poor who compose the vast majority of the Indian people, bears no real relation to democracy or freedom." One might add that Shastri, Nehru's successor, proved himself unequal to this task; he did not so much govern India as preside over its deterioration. Indeed, though India may not need a Mao, it seems to be in obvious need of an Atatürk. Whether Mrs. Indira Gandhi, Nehru's daughter and Shastri's successor, can attain to such a role remains to be seen; one tends to suspect that she cannot and will not.

Could more American aid help to turn the tide? Again, Segal appears convinced that, lacking that outright revolution in the Indian psyche itself, American aid will remain an irrelevant or at most a marginal force. Whether or not one agrees with Segal's skepticism about the future, it does seem safe to say that American aid to India since 1947 has not been very effective—nor even has it been quantitatively impressive in proportion to the population of the country and its ghastly problems. Nehru's foreign policy of nonalignment—a perfectly understandable policy under the circumstances, not the least being India's geographical propinquity to the Soviet and Chinese giants—deprived India of the immense American help it needed during the most crucial moments of economic planning. Under Dulles, the American Government was far less concerned with the destitution of the Indian people and their experiment in democracy than it was obsessed by the military threat of communism and the need for strategic alliances. Excluding arms, American aid to India in loans, grants and surplus food has exceeded $5 billion in value during the last twenty years, the preponderant part of that having been extended since 1960; moreover we have increased our food shipments following the latest drought. But even when combined with all other aid from all other countries, including the Soviet Union, the total foreign investment in India has averaged less than 81c a year per inhabitant. (In 1958-59 alone, foreign aid per capita to Israel was $46.80.) American assistance to India, even conceding all of the factors discouraging investment catalogued by Segal, has been culpably inadequate.

And so my memory of Las Vegas, juxtaposed with Calcutta, continued to form my frame of reference as I read these books. America's Gross National Product will probably exceed $720 billion in 1966. President Johnson's foreign aid budget—much of which will pay for nonproductive arms assistance and 80 per cent of which is actually to be spent within the United States—amounts to only $3.4 billion for the coming fiscal year. That represents only 3.5 per cent of the federal budget and less than one-half of 1 per cent of our GNP. Meanwhile, as India starves, we consecrate ourselves to the obliteration of every last microbe on our toilet seats, and to the building of bigger and better Dagwood Bumsted Super-Burgers. If the Indians suffer from the sin of indifference, then so do we. And if Indian poverty is degrading, then so—before the fact of that poverty—is American prosperity. The gulf between Calcutta and Las Vegas is as much a judgment on us as it is on Naipaul's defecating multitudes.

"But the Indians themselves don't really *want* to be helped," insist Naipaul and Segal. They may be right about that, and obviously Segal is right when he says that the fundamental resolution of India's problems can only come from within India itself. But certainly a nation that can afford to put a man on the moon can do more than it has done till now to assuage the squalor of terrestial India. A few years ago the American Congress refused to subsidize the construction of an Indian steel mill because it was "Socialist." Certainly we can begin to look beyond our own jingoism and recognize that, lacking as it does the preconditions essential to a capitalist system which is both viable and just, India needs not less socialism but a lot more. Certainly we can strive to encourage the more rapid evolution of a truly distributist (and non-Communist) regime in India. Certainly we can direct our aid, not to deflecting Indian socialism, but to helping it function effectively. The cost of such a venture might be very high. But if India badly needs to get a greater fraction of our abundance in order to go on living, then even in a worse way do we need to give it in order to go on living with ourselves.

Ho Chi Minh: Poet in Leg Irons

PRISON DIARY. *By Ho Chi Minh. Translated by Aileen Palmer. (Second Edition.) 101 pp. Hanoi: Foreign Languages Publishing House. $1 paper.*

JONATHAN MIRSKY

A teacher of Chinese at the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Mirsky has recently returned from a visit to Vietnam.

It is possible that Lyndon Johnson knows that Mao Tse-tung is a poet. Someone on the President's staff may have mentioned the importance of Mao's writing poems for his image as an Asian leader, and our leading political tactician will assume that Mao engages a poem writer. But poems from the wispy old Red in Hanoi! The Chief of State after whom our President has named one of his dogs! The poems are in Chinese. Clearly this new (translated) edition must be the final link in the Washington-perceived, Hanoi-Peking chain.

The collection does, indeed, shed a faint gleam on early Vietminh-Chinese relations. In 1942, when he was 52, Ho Chi Minh was arrested as a spy in south China. The circumstances are unclear, the few authorities disagree, and Ho himself says little about the affair. For fourteen months he was ceaselessly shifted from local jail to jail under what the poems describe as arduous conditions, complete with leg irons.

Shortly before his arrest Ho briefly re-entered Vietnam for the first time in thirty years after a round-the-world conspiratorial existence which puts veterans of the Long March to shame. Who else in the Communist world (or any other) can claim to have (a) baked for Escoffier at the London Ritz; (b) helped found the French Communist Party; (c) attended the University for the Toilers of the East in Moscow; (d) lectured at the Chinese Military Academy when Chiang Kai-shek was its superintendent; (e) been imprisoned by British Security in Hong Kong and successfully defended *(in absentia)* by Sir Stafford Cripps in London, and (f) worked as a signals specialist in the Chinese Communist Eighth Route Army — all before 1942? During this period, in 1930, he had founded the Vietnamese Communist Party while watching a soccer game in Hong Kong.

The two years before his imprisonment saw a marked acceleration in Ho's drive to organize the Vietnamese Nationalist underground; they coincided with Japan's seizure of Vietnam. Returning to China Ho was arrested in the territory of a Nationalist Chinese general who probably suspected him of being a Communist agent (the general has since denied everything). The same officer, upon Ho's release in 1943, is said to have installed him in a provisional Vietnamese government-in-exile, but none of this is possible to pin down; the introduction to the *Diary* is deliberately vague, claiming that in 1943 Ho "took the road back to the frontier."

The editor remarks that Ho Chi Minh's name "has long been known to the public in the West," and that: "We do not wish to expatiate on the political life of the author." Things might be easier for everyone had the publisher been less retiring, and the *Diary* is, in fact, a valuable small lens for peering into Ho's personality.

What kind of a poet is Ho Chi Minh? He writes in Chinese, and four of the originals are included here with the translations. I confess to having scorned them at first: individually they seem banal, obvious and lacking in fresh imagery. The English translation is dull but accurate (dealing creditably with an example of Ho's ability to pun with ideographs). A French translation of the same poems by Phan Nhuan, published in Paris by Pierre Seghers, is quite delightful. But one must read the whole *Diary*.

This is, after all, a running account of prison life. The spirits of the prisoner rise and fall. Ho's poems never achieve the sweep of Mao's, but should we expect anything else when the poet is enclosed and his view limited to glimpses? Compare two poems about journeys, the first by Mao:

Mountains!
Faster I spur
  my coursing horse,
  never leaving the saddle,
I start as I raise my head,
For the sky is three foot three above me!
    (Translated by Jerome Ch'en)

This, by Ho:

Along the way we travel, the guards
  are carrying pigs.
Pigs travel on guards' shoulders, while
  men are dragged in irons.
Once a man is forced to surrender his
  natural human freedom
The value of a man is less than a pig.

According to the preface, Ho wrote in Chinese because "his jailers would have suspected all material written in Vietnamese." No doubt true, but more to the point is that educated Vietnamese habitually used Chinese for serious literary expression. Such an explanation is less satisfying when extolling a great nationalist hero (and nowadays the poems are available in Vietnamese). The language is simple but generally in familiar Chinese forms, although the traditional heavy use of allusion is absent. Here again Ho differs from Mao, whose poems are so densely allusive as to sometimes require comment from the poet himself.

A paradox of modern Chinese poetry, however, is its use of ancient *forms* with an essentially modern *tone* (not to mention subject). There is about it an insistent public optimism which leaves one exhausted. (Mao's poems are lacking in this Rotarian quality; their particular assertive qualities find an echo in early poet-warriers.) From the thirties, leftist Chinese critics insisted that poetry must depict real life, inculcate certain values and, above all, be intelligible. Mao wrote: "What we demand is unity of politics and art, of content and form, and of revolutionary political content and the highest possible degree of effectiveness in artistic form." This has led to many tiresome poems about assembly lines and the toiling masses and, often, little art. (Mao is the exception.)

At the end of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century a group of Vietnamese patriot scholars, educated in the traditional Chinese classics, promoted a movement of reforms in Vietnamese literature. One of their main goals was the simplification of style, especially the elimination of Chinese classical allusions. Ho Chi Minh was influenced by this school, some of whose members had studied in Japan and France.

Ho Chi Minh's greatest traditional poetic power lies in his contemplative privacy. True to fashion the diction is simple, but the unfailing determined hopefulness of Chinese Communist poetry would sound especially false emanating from provincial jails. What we find instead is world weariness:

> Having climbed over steep mountains and high peaks,
> How should I on the plains expect to meet greater danger?
> In the mountains I met the tiger and came out unscathed:
> On the plains, I encountered men and was thrown into prison.

Wistful contemplation:

> For prisoners there is no alcohol nor flowers.
> But the night is so lovely how can we celebrate it?
> I go to the air-hole and stare up at the moon.
> And through the air-hole the moon smiles at the poet.

Fatalism:

> Each of us has a ration of half a basin of water
> For washing or brewing tea, according as each may choose:
> If you want to wash your face, then you must go without brewing tea:
> If you want a drink of tea, then you have to go without washing your face.

Miserable loneliness:

> In the cold autumn night without a mattress, without blankets,
> Lying with back curled round and legs folded up close,
> I try in vain to sleep. The moonlight on the plantains
> Increases the sense of cold, and through the window bars
> The Great Bear draws up alongside and looks in.

Dragged through thirty prisons, exasperation sets in:

> With transfer after transfer the journey stretches out.
> I have had enough of this.

Finally even the poet who wrote: "Instead of weeping I prefer to keep singing," begins to lose hope:

> The blue sky purposely shines out to tease me.
> Eight months now I have lost in the grip of the fetters.
> And a day seems worth a thousand taels of gold.
> When shall I ever again enjoy days of freedom?

Mao Tse-tung, too, had his moments of melancholy. Written in 1957 about the execution of his beloved second wife, there is a poem not a line of which can be understood without some literary detective work. The reason is simple: Mao was writing twenty-seven years after his tragedy. Ho was living in his.

An insight into Vietnamese independence is found in this poem:

> All over Asia flutter the anti-Japanese flags:
> Big flags or little flags—they are not all the same
> Of course, big flags we must have, but we need the little flags, too.

Less politically significant, but memorable from a man whose words are now studied on Vietnamese desks everywhere:

> To live without freedom is a truly wretched state.
> Even the calls of nature are governed by restrictions.
> When the door is opened, the belly is not ready to ease itself.
> When the call of nature is pressing, the door remains shut.

We must, finally, remember the audience. Ho Chi Minh is a great figure in Asia. Literally millions read his words (although his printed output, unlike Mao's, is meager). The charm noted by virtually all who have met him, his sympathy for his fellow prisoners, his occasional preoccupations with scabies, bowel movements and lost teeth can only enhance his stature as a humane revolutionary leader. The propaganda impact must be terrific. Ho Chi Minh's tribulations will not interest Lyndon Johnson, but his attention should be caught by these lines:

> Without the cold and desolation of winter
> There could not be the warmth and splendor of spring.
> Calamity has tempered and hardened me,
> And turned my mind into steel.

Tree of Many Branches

THE CRIPPLED TREE. *By Han Suyin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 461 pp. $5.95.*

EDGAR SNOW

Author most recently of The Other Side of the River *(Random House), Mr. Snow has for many years written extensively about China.*

Han Suyin is the daughter of a Chinese railway engineer and his Belgian wife, whom he met when a student in Brussels. Their marriage produced eight children; the quantity reflected a Catholic conscience rather than grandiose planning. By grace of this disorder, Han Suyin herself arrived rather late under the shade of a China which she describes, not without humor, as more hell than paradise. *The Crippled Tree* follows the years 1881 to 1928, and their inherited handicaps to free growth and natural fulfillment.

> I wanted to write a book about my father and mother and about China, and one day the idea took shape in action, and then it grew, as such seeds do, sprouting and then straightening into a distant shape, a tree of many branches; and as I too lived through years full of change and revolution, I too had to look back, look homeward, and write about that earth-changing time which took place in our generation.
>
> I was born because there had been, in China, a Boxer Rebellion (as Europeans called it) in 1900, and because of this event, which the Chinese call the Uprising of the Righteous Fists, my Chinese father, instead of becoming a classical scholar, married my Belgian mother.

Readers who know Han Suyin's romantic *A Many-Splendored Thing,* and works of fiction and international intrigue published since then, may be pleasantly surprised at the maturity and new analytical dimensions in *The Crippled Tree.* Subtitled, *China: Biography, History, Autobiography,* it is also Belgium, Eurasia, King Leopold's Congo adventurers in Kansu, growing up in Brussels, Szechwan and Peking, and two enraged strangers caught in East-West love and nonmeeting of minds, all enlivened by sketches of China's ordeal of emergence in the modern world, starting as far back as the opium wars of the 1840s.

The recipe sounds impossible, but an artist is at work. The result is clear, witty, fascinating and informative literature of some world importance. When the volume ends (1928), we are left eagerly waiting to learn more about an attractive-repulsive little girl, then aged 11, named Rosalie—as Han Suyin was known during her Catholic childhood in China.

Seeing Rosalie as an incident, an "effect" of history, Han Suyin searched for her discrete causes—parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, and societies that gave them their certainties and delusions, their capacities for love and misunderstanding. Obsessed by the same curiosity that made her a successful medical doctor, the author tirelessly pried testimony from all accessible witnesses clinging to the limbs of her intertwined family trees.

Her "history," to be sure, will not satisfy historiographers hot for absolute truth. History as she pursues it often is what Chinese around her believed to be true; much of it will enrage or astonish some Western readers. But much can be learned by reflecting on it. What Han Suyin's father's generation of Chinese believed to be history turned out to have as much to do with the making of *new* history as what Americans believed, and that may continue so in the future.

What we are given then is China and Eurasia to Han Suyin, the inside of it as seen by an exceptionally astute child and adult, and an explanation of herself and to herself, and of and to her disparate worlds. Her father and mother seen as principal characters—to each witness a different image—do finally emerge as distinct, if bewildered, more victims than victimizers, lost and lonely, contradictory, well intentioned, fully believable human beings. Rarely has a book so frankly told the pitiless truth about old China and its family life, and never has the same book with equal impartiality depicted its counterparts in European society as seen through Eurasian eyes.

Much has been written by theorists about the blending of Eastern and Western cultures. Here is a book about those who tried it by love, and failed. Or did they? If the end justifies the means, the many-splendored (if somewhat splintered) Han Suyin seems to prove the contrary.

On The Roof of the World

THE TIMELY RAIN: Travels in New Tibet. *By Stuart and Roma Gelder. Foreword by Edgar Snow. Monthly Review Press. 248 pp. $8.95.*

MARILYN YOUNG

Mrs Young is a student of American-Far Eastern relations.

A good deal of the excitement of the Gelders' book is, despite the subtitle, not with new but with old Tibet. As the first Western journalists to visit Tibet since the Communist take-over, the Gelders may be forgiven if the physical wonders and baroque theology of the country intrigue them as much as the hard facts of land reform, local government, taxation and agriculture. The authors inquire into these subjects, to be sure, but their account is anecdotal and distressingly vague. Their information rests, apparently, not on government reports or statistics but on a series of interviews with relevant people. These are consistently interesting but only partially informative. It would have been helpful had the Gelders managed to combine personal accounts with other sources, as Edgar Snow did so successfully in *The Other Side of the River*. As a full and complete account of the new Tibet, then, the Gelders' book is bound to disappoint.

As a travel book, which in fairness is all it claims to be, *The Timely Rain* is fascinating. Indeed it is doubtful if any book about Tibet could be otherwise. Very few Westerners have ever traveled in Tibet; even fewer have successfully reached its spiritual and political capital, Lhasa. The effect of the country on its visitors is apparent in the subtitle of a 1923 British book on the rivers of Tibet. Starting off tamely enough, *The Mystery Rivers of Tibet*, the author cannot restrain himself from adding: *A description of the little-known land where Asia's mightiest rivers gallop in harness through the narrow gateway of Tibet, its People, Fauna and Flora.* Only the remoter parts of Africa seem to exercise the same power on the imagination. On the "roof of the world," the confusion and exaltation engendered by lack of oxygen and overwhelming natural beauty are further enhanced by the intricate, all-consuming ritual of Tibetan Buddhism.

Until 1959, one out of every four Tibetan males were monks; 700,000 of the 1.25 million people living in Tibet proper were serfs; an aristocracy of 200 families shared power with the clergy and a "middle class" of perhaps 10,000 merchants; shopkeepers and artisans made up the rest of the population. Few countries anywhere in the world exhibited such extremes of wealth and poverty. Yet the dignity of the people, the resignation with which they bore their fate (buoyed by the belief that their next reincarnation might be a much richer one), the splendid opulence of the nobility, combined to rob most visitors of whatever sense of social justice they may have had. Tibet was usually described as a country of surpassing happiness where, as in the fine days of medieval Europe, each man knew his place and gladly occupied it.

The Gelders are, on the whole, entirely free of this attitude. Yet they too were sometimes seized by the beauties of Tibet as it was and, knowing that it will change, however slowly, out of recognition, they were able to empathize with earlier visitors. One excellent quotation from an English journalist who accompanied the Younghusband expedition of 1904, perfectly captures the ambivalent reactions of most Westerners:

> Lamaism may be an engine of oppression, but its victims do not protest; and there before one's eyes . . . is Lhasa. It may be a barrier to all human improvement; it may be a living type of all that we in the west have fought against and at last overcome . . . but under the fierce sun . . . and the white gauze of the almost unclouded sky of Lhasa, it was not easy to find fault with the creed, however narrow and merciless, which built the Potala palace. . . . To Lamaism alone we owe it that when at last the sight of the farthest goal of all travel burst upon our eyes, it was worthy, fully worthy, of all the rumour and glamour and romance with which in the imaginings of man it has been invested for so many years.

Reading a travel book is very nearly like traveling with the person who wrote it—of all relationships surely the most difficult. Generally the Gelders make excellent companions. Although they cannot boast the hardships which earlier travelers endured, their terrifying flight through the narrow passes from Sining to Lhasa assures one that Tibet is only slightly easier to reach than it ever was. There is also a new highway stretching from Chengtu in China to Lhasa. If, in China proper, the Communists have tremendously increased the volume of motorized transport, in Tibet their advance has been more modest. Until 1951, according to the Gelders, the only wheeled vehicles in all of Tibet were the rusting heaps of two cars owned by the 13th Dalai Lama. Now there are a variety of carts and roads on which to use them. The Gelders make no secret of the poverty, squalor, poor housing and low standard of living they found in Tibet.

The Gelders (who were not guests of the government during their trip) were able to interview anyone they pleased. One of their most fruitful talks was with the former mayor of Lhasa, now an official in the local government. This frankly critical man (who, depressingly, tried to mute his criticism in later meetings with the Gelders) noted that the Chinese had erred in not restraining overenthusiastic Tibetan cadres who, contrary to stated Chinese policy, were overtly hostile to religion and gave the impression that "when reforms were introduced, religion would be suppressed." The Chinese, too, had taken too many political prisoners after the rebellion and their policy of making the able-bodied monks work for their own sustenance was offensive to many Buddhists. The official's account of the 1959 rebellion, of the moderation generally shown by the Chinese, and of the necessity of the reforms they had introduced, supports the conclusions the Gelders had reached from their own observation and other interviews.

Using the 14th Dalai Lama's autobiography as a model of the accepted, if distorted, version of Chinese behavior in Tibet, the Gelders are at pains to demonstrate that:

(1) The Chinese did not suppress religion prior to 1959, nor do they do so now. The number of monks in the monasteries is radically lower than previously, but this is due to a variety of factors, including the practical decision on the part of some that the clergy was no longer an upwardly mobile profession. Religious ceremonies are permitted; the traditional art of butter sculpture is allowed (the Gelders saw and photographed one screen 6′x11′ which took one and a half tons of butter to construct), although the people are no longer subject to religious taxes but give as much or as little as they wish. Able-bodied monks must farm their own land, but the elderly receive a government pension. The practice of entering a young child into a monastery is allowed, though the boy may choose to leave when he is 18.

(2) The Chinese liberated the serfs and distributed the land only in 1959, after it was abundantly clear that the ruling elite would make no move on its own to reform the social system, or cooperate with Chinese reforms, however gradual.

(3) The Chinese claims to suzerainty over Tibet are well established historically, and the invasion of 1951 was no more than any strong Chinese government would have done. Indeed, the Communists kept the fighting to a minimum and, in stark contrast to the behavior of Chinese troops in 1910, neither occupied Lhasa (which was open to them) nor mistreated the populace.

(4) Working with limited resources and with an exquisite regard for the customs of the country, the Chinese have somewhat improved the standard of living for most of the people. Nobles who did not participate in the rebellion have

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been compensated for their land; religious riches, except for cash, have not been confiscated and, as in the rest of China, more people are better off though a few are a good deal less comfortable than formerly.

Curiously enough, the Gelders' conclusions are well supported by the aggressively anti-Chinese analysis of Tibetan events written by George Ginsburgs and Michael Mathos *(Communist China and Tibet: The First Dozen Years,* The Hague, 1964). Ginsburgs and Mathos, with a wealth of detail, describe the moderation of Chinese Tibetan policy. They admit that China scrupulously adhered to the agreement signed in 1951 which promised to respect Tibetan regional autonomy. To be sure, they explicitly attribute this to Chinese cunning. Ginsburgs and Mathos deplore the "large scale" programs of education and indoctrination introduced in 1956 when the pace of reform was increased. The Gelders' account of the very limited educational system the Chinese have been able to establish throws much doubt on their contention. Similarly, Ginsburgs and Mathos imply diabolical Chinese motives for establishing "discriminatory fiscal policies designed to increase the popularity of the Central Government among the laboring classes . . . while slowly undermining the economic position of the monasteries and the nobility." While grudgingly admitting that, "on the whole . . . the average Tibetan is now modestly ahead of where he formerly was . . ." they remain puzzled that only a fraction of the people, even in Lhasa where the rebellion was centered, joined forces with the monks, nobles and Kham tribesmen against the Chinese. "Why that is so," they write, "is not altogether clear." The Gelders' book makes it much easier to understand.

The Timely Rain is enriched by many spectacular photographs and by the compassion and intelligence of the authors. One of their more revealing conversations succinctly summarizes the strange and exciting transitional state of modern Tibet. Talking with the former personal physician of the Dalai Lama, now head of the traditional Tibetan hospital, the Gelders asked him if he were reconciled to the practice of surgery which was previously prohibited because evil spirits might thereby enter the body. "Yes," he said. "There is no denying that there is much good in science." Then he added wistfully, "But I am still sometimes worried about the evil spirits."

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As Much Fun As Simenon

SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION IN CHINA. Vol. 4, Part 2: Mechanical Engineering. *By Joseph Needham (with the collaboration of Wang Ling). Cambridge University Press. 759 pp. $35.*

KENNETH REXROTH

A frequent Nation *contributor, Mr. Rexroth is most recently the author of* An Autobiographical Novel *(Doubleday).*

Where and when is this great work going to end? As it grows it expands. If completed according to the present schedule, which it will probably overtake and surpass, it will be the largest work of its kind in any language, and undoubtedly the largest work on either Sinology or history of science taken separately.

I have read each volume with the greatest absorption as it came out. Needham is as much fun to read as ever was Toynbee in the early days of his *Study*. This is certainly the way the book should be read, but it raises the question: who is going to be able to afford to buy the whole shooting match once it is finished? I suppose there's no help; this will be a work for libraries and a limited number of specialists who have to own it. That's a pity. I find it quite as much fun as Simenon. I suppose there will be an abridgment, eventually out in paperback. But like Toynbee, Spengler, Thorndike, Heath, Needham's most enjoyable quality is his unbridled expansiveness.

Volume 4, once scheduled as one volume in fact, has now grown to three in the plan, and for all I know, the third may undergo fission or mitosis before it's out. It's quite maddening, because what everybody who knows the field is waiting for is the alchemy book and the ones on Chinese medicine, diet, acupuncture and moxa. Volume 4, Part 2 is on mechanical engineering. We still have civil engineering and nautical technology to go, and chemistry and medicine recede into the vastnesses and fastnesses of the reputed Oriental sense of time. I only hope both Needham and I live to see the end of the job. It will be a little like spending a summer reading the works of Balzac or Conrad straight through—what do we do then?

This book is about what the Chinese did, rather than about what they thought. (The first two volumes form a masterful and unequaled introduction to Chinese thought.) *Mechanical Engineering* is concerned with work, with how labor is applied to the environment. So many historians of science have been interested mainly in the evolution of the relationship between mathematics and the basic generalizations of science, especially physics and astronomy, that they have left the actual growth of science in our own civilization something of a mystery. Copernicus, Galileo, Newton burst on history like supernovas. The average layman has never heard of the long preparation for them throughout the Middle Ages, in technological evolution — windmills, water mills, stirrups. The law of the conservation of energy was prepared by centuries of improving conservation of energy in fact.

There is obviously not going to be any chance of such a misunderstanding for the reader of Needham's work. There is, on the other hand, going to result greatly sharpened and clarified understanding of Chinese thought, of that dangerous and baffling and often foolish concept, the mind of a race. Cultures *are* different. People *do* think differently. For 700 pages we can watch Chinese locksmiths, wheelwrights, harness makers, well drillers, pump makers, millwrights, clock makers, the designers of mechanical toys, especially flying toys, kites and balloons, all meet their problems and solve them in characteristic fashion, subtly, but obviously differently from the ways we have tackled them in the West.

As we watch Chinese civilization—not an abstraction, but living Chinese individuals — use brains and muscles to cope with the land of China, the direct relation of work and the most remote speculation is revealed, and so simply and undogmatically. There is a unity of mind and practice that binds together Confucianism, Taoism, Chinese Buddhism, and Chinese ways of using water and wind and horsepower. There is nothing cranky or vulgar about it—no one-to-one relation of economics to metaphysics or art —far from it. What Needham does superlatively is convey, as life itself conveys, the all-pervasive flavor, color and tone of a culture different in obvious but ultimately unanalyzable ways from ours. Not exhaustively analyzable in theory, that is, but in this book so elegantly analyzed in terms of an immense structure of very simple and most concrete facts.

PHOTOGRAPHY

These soldiers lean,
waiting for the command, "March."

Behind Grandfather
it is nearly six o'clock.

This cat
will not jump.

JOHN N. MORRIS

The Common Scolds

HOWARD JUNKER

Mr. Junker is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

Six weeks after he became drama critic for *The New York Times,* Stanley Kauffmann left the Helen Hayes Theatre just as the last curtain dropped, hustled back to his *Times's* little cubbyhole and knocked off 750 dead-pan words about a play he had not enjoyed, all in the traditional "about an hour or so." It was the first time that Kauffmann had reviewed a première rather than a preview.

He was given this opportunity to be like the other critics by David Merrick, a producer who is unusual in his hatred for critics only because he makes scorn for them part of his image. A couple of weeks before the opening of *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* Merrick told a luncheon group: "I'm going to ambush the new critic of the *Times* some night when he covers the preview." Yet Merrick sent preview tickets with a covering note to Kauffmann which read, "At your peril."

Variety, learning of Merrick's generosity, began to keen that Broadway solidarity against the "contemplative critic" had been jeopardized:

> [*Merrick's*] defection from the ranks of the anti-previewers figures certain to weaken their cause by easing trade pressure on the *Times* to rescind its policy. . . .

But Merrick did not disappoint the trade, the League of New York Theaters, Actors Equity, the Dramatists Guild or the Society of Stage Directors and Choreographers, which had all denounced Kauffmann as an abuser.

The performance to which Kauffmann had been invited was never given. "A rat got caught in the generator," Merrick explained. And the story of the dark preview made the *Times's* front page, letting the world in on the joke, backing up Kauffmann in a curious way, and giving Merrick a little more free publicity than he deserved. Kauffmann did not like *Philadelphia,* although his colleagues did, but fair's fair. He didn't rave about the next night's *Hostile Witness*; neither did anyone else.

So far Kauffmann has liked but one play, *Phèdre,* had mixed feelings about a couple, and panned a dozen. Richard Gilman of *Newsweek* suggests that Broadway's opposition to reviewing the preview stems from opposition to Kauffmann himself. From the first, Kauffmann has wrapped himself in the banner of high standards: "I personally would like to see the system changed, not because I can't function under it, but because I don't wish to. A play that took ten years to write and a year to produce deserves more than a 50-minute review."

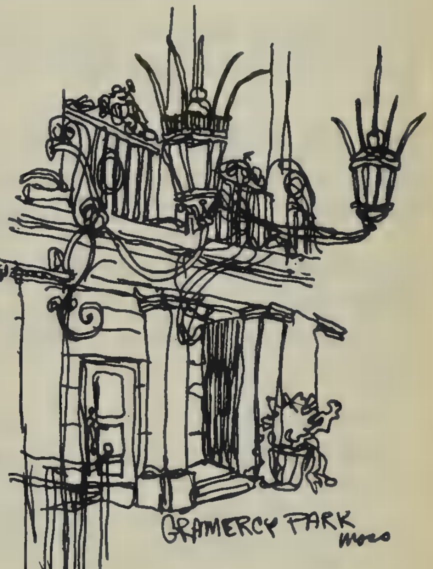
Had this season not been so barren—"I've come to feel less and less like a reviewer and more and more like a common scold," wrote Walter Kerr after *Philadelphia* — Kauffmann's revolution might not have escalated into farce. As it is, Broadway hardly deserves the high standards Kauffmann wants to apply.

It is too early to evaluate Kauffmann's performance in his new post, but his notion that newspaper notices can be elevated into criticism may prove a little optimistic. The basic virtue of a daily critic has always been the wit to savage dull plays. The critic's product, so eagerly awaited over breakfast at Sardi's, is, in any case, mainly taken up with reciting the story line, noticing the actors, supplying quotable quotes for advertisements, and suggesting go or no go. How the chance to reflect can alter this definition of the job is something Kauffmann has yet to demonstrate.

Thus far he has delivered his punishments with uningratiating loftiness. His complaints about repetitiousness, familiarity and lack of novelty in the fare he has had to consume sound just like the "high-minded theatrical jeremiads" he renounced in his first Sunday piece.

Kauffmann's least interesting review to date was of the play he liked best, *Phèdre.* Considering that *Jonah,* written by Paul Goodman and called by one paper "a whale of a bore," deserved careful consideration because of its author, Kauffmann proclaimed:

> As only the illiterate need to be told, he is, besides being a novelist, one of the most versatile and valuable of social critics—not a Jonah but a gadfly of everything from educational process



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to filmmaking, from sexual custom to police organization. I don't think he means us to escape some reference to himself in his hero.

The observation is helpful and so is the information, if you are illiterate. Background data is appreciated; being patronized is not.

To say that Kauffmann's well-meaning intelligence is not always nicely displayed is not to attack his position as the trade has done. Broadway objects to Kauffmann's seeing "work-in-progress." The producer, it is said, has the right to determine when his play is ready. Important changes can be made up to the last minute. Previews only build toward the première. It is unfair for a critic to judge a performance other than that seen by his colleagues.

All these urgent arguments can be contradicted by common sense. Opening night is an arbitrary date, occasionally set back if a play needs time, or pushed forward if it's hopeless, but by no means an indication that the play has been perfected and is at last presentable. Opening night is more like a deadline than a debutante cotillion. Further, though the cast may be up or down for any given performance, by the last preview it is dangerous, not customary, to monkey around with any "last-minute" changes. If anything, the electricity of opening night is likely to make the cast hysterical. After all, the critics are out there.

At worst, then, as *Journal-American* critic John McClain indicated in the Sunday piece he devoted to the problem (only Walter Kerr abstained from comment in his own column), opening night is a fun-ritual and iconoclast Kauffmann is a party-pooper.

That notices are news complicates matters. It would be immoral for Kauffmann to scoop his colleagues. So, too, explained assistant managing editor Harrison Salisbury on a Channel 13 discussion, the *Times* cannot afford to print Kauffmann's review a day after the rest.

Early in January, managing editor Clifton Daniel consulted with the other daily critics to see if they would like to review the preview. They declined, with a unanimity born of long experience. (Junior man Norman Nadel of the *World-Telegram and Sun* has been at it fourteen years.) One critic, who deserves anonymity, announced that if given more time he would probably write worse.

Nineteen of the twenty prospects the *Times* interviewed to fill the post that had been held by Howard Taubman—the search went on for six months and included Kenneth Tynan, Kerr, Robert Brustein, Eric Bentley — insisted they would not or could not do adequate work against deadline. "It's not the extra twenty-four hours," says Kauffmann," it's the difference between enough and not enough time."

The chance to sleep on a judgment, to discover what you think, with some degree of leisure, in the morning, is not too much to ask for, especially if your opinion controls success or failure at the box office. Everyone wants better reviews; the problem is not only what they would be, but how to get them.

In a belated effort to assure Broadway of fair play, Salisbury suggested over Channel 13 that the *Times* critic would be happy to see a play twice if the producer said that was necessary because of improvements that had been made.

"A man in the brick-throwing business," George Jean Nathan once consoled the young critic, "must expect occasionally to be hit by a brick." But submitting to a bad play twice? That must be unconstitutional.

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

Tennessee Williams did himself an injustice by having his two one-act plays, collectively entitled *Slapstick Tragedy,* produced on Broadway. They might have gained considerable esteem had they been given in a more modest manner. Their closing was announced after six performances.

A second injustice, almost as great, is the plays' critical reception. *Slapstick Tragedy* is not the author's "top-drawer" work, but he has struck a new note in at least the second of the two plays and both have a peculiarly personal stamp that merits attention.

The plays are melancholy but masked avowals. The first, called *The Mutilated,* might be described as a freakish Christmas Carol. Two whores—the first has had one of her breasts removed, the other has just been released from a short-term jail sentence for shoplifting—become reconciled in wretched companionship one Christmas Eve, because although they have reviled each other through corrupt professional rivalry, they realize that they have only their mutual deprivation, and the understanding of it, to give them solace in their common exile from respectable society.

As in certain of his former plays, Williams in *The Mutilated* reveals his compassion—more, his sense of identification—with the insulted and the injured, the misfits and the maimed. But while the earlier plays were soft in sentiment, *The Mutilated* is savage.

Its "slapstick" consists of deliberate bitchiness. Even the final moments in which the two whores induce a vision in themselves of the Blessed Virgin who will forgive and heal them are bitterly ironic. (This is Williams' squint-eyed flirtation with mysticism.) The intention is to make us see that the two women, one stupidly infantile, the other horribly stricken with shame at her affliction, are as absurd as they are pitiable. Williams refuses to gush over them; they are meant to be both grotesque and ridiculous, and these qualities themselves are to lend the women all the commiseration they need to make them kin to us. The play requires its jokes to be horrible; its horror funny.

To make clear how *The Mutilated* differs from other Williams plays the production should not dodge the play's cruelty. Perhaps the director (Alan Schneider) and the author felt that an emphasis on its savagery would alienate an "uptown" audience.

Margaret Leighton, whose voice touches the heart and who is blessed with the very appealing look of a Pre-Raphaelite beauty in anguish, never for a moment suggests anything but noble sorrow. She doesn't seem to have a bitchy bone in her body. Kate Reid, a gusty and essentially good-natured actress, is amusing but hardly conveys anything soiled or mean. The result is that the play strikes us as a minor repetition of an old Williams theme, when it is really an acid variation.

The second slapstick tragedy, *The Gnadiges Fraulein,* is more interesting in several ways than the first. It is a stylized essay in farcical fantasy altogether new for Williams. It is filled with sardonic mirth at the plight of the artist applauded and glamorized in his triumphs and then repudiated and derided when he fails. The "artiste" in the play is a once celebrated middle-European *chanteuse,* but the inner motivation for the personage is Williams' projection of his present situation. He attempts to ward off self-pity through self-mockery, avenging himself on the "enemy" with satiric lunacy.

The Fraulein earns her keep in a God-forsaken boarding house at the seaboard of the southernmost point of our States by fighting to catch fish in the waters whipped by the hurricanes which harass the place. The difficulty of bringing in the fish (prestige, status, success) is compounded by the jealousy and competition of a bird of prey, the Cocaloony, who not only snatches the fish from the Fraulein's grip but pecks out her eyes in the process.

The play abounds in symbols. The Cocaloony may represent the Critics. The public becomes a Permanent Transient at the boarding house. Certain aspects of the Press appear in the person of Polly, a madcap society reporter who combines impregnable complacency with malice. The clownish lady who runs the boarding house may stand for managerial powers, producers, editors, publishers and the like. There is also a blond Indian who steals and makes a banquet of the fish which the Fraulein has struggled and lost her eyes to catch. Is this meant to stand for one of Williams' directors?

However we interpret this nightmare it is written in an odd but effective mixture of gallows humor and Rabelaisian zest. On opening night the audience laughed uproariously at the broad-stroked slapdash language, but though I was able to appreciate the style I could not bring myself to smile. I was too conscious that its author was in pain.

The outstanding performance in *The Gnadiges Fraulein* was that of Zoe Caldwell as Polly, a truly remarkable creation, all venom and sugar, risible and appalling. Both plays are sure to be seen and acclaimed in future productions at universities, community theatres and on foreign stages.

Brian Friel is a schoolteacher who lives in a quieter, narrower, sadder, far less well accommodated country than Williams does—Ireland. In *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* (Helen Hayes Theatre) he has written a gentle, touching, understanding play, old-fashioned in an entirely sympathetic vein. It is imbued with a sweet atmosphere of resignation.

The theme is the conflict in an Irish youth between his urge to escape the boredom and stagnation of his community and an ever-abiding attachment to it. The young man, Gar, has decided to leave for America where he is to get a job in a hotel. There he will enjoy anonymity in the midst of bustle, in contrast to the dour provincial constriction of his birthplace where everyone knows him and where he knows everybody. What he knows all too dismally is the mutism and miserliness of his widowed father, the unimaginative and cozy religiosity of the petty priesthood, the crude vulgarity of the *boyos,* the encrusted snobbery of the shabby well-to-do, the frustration of the would-be poets, the fear of life that encompasses all.

Yet despite his loathing, he is tormented by a foreboding of loss. For the folk his soul rejects remain *his* people. Still we know that he will leave for Philadelphia, there to live with his bibulous aunt and her frightened and cheerless husband. He will live to experience other agonies in the land of opportunity and will forever harbor a longing for his native Irish heath.

Gar is an inarticulate fellow, as unendowed with expressive speech as is his father. If only the old man would reveal something of his own memory of love, his own guilt and travail, the author implies, Gar might not leave his village. Because Gar cannot give vent to what he feels, the dramatist has chosen to speak for him by dividing the character in two: the public person and the private.

This device gives the play a certain novelty, but at the price of making it more rhetorical than dramatic. I might have been more affected than I was if the author had embodied Gar's inner division more subtly through a halting eloquence rather than through clever explanation. Still the play has form and functions. It provides us with an evening of restful tenderness amid the raucousness of our entertainment world.

It is well cast and nicely directed. Patrick Bedford and Donal Donnelly play the public Gar and the private, respectively. These are what might be called "talking" parts rather more than "acting" parts: that is, the roles demand more oral expression than vital behavior. Fortunately both men speak beautifully. The "acting" parts are very finely done by Mairin O'Sullivan as an endearingly crabbed old biddy, and by Mavis Villiers as the aunt in the childless and gloomy sequestration of Philadelphia.

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Off-Broadway

ROBERT PASOLLI

Mr. Pasolli spent the 1962-63 season at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis on a Ford Foundation grant and was later associated with the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in New York.

A very neat switcheroo is pulled by the leading character named Trapp near the end of James Yaffe's *The Deadly Game*, dramatized from Friedrich Dürrenmatt's novel. Three retired lawyers had enticed him to play mock court with them and during the trial he has been accused and convicted of murder and condemned to death with an urgency which has made it clear to him, as to us, that the sentence will have to be carried out, probably by himself. Surfacing from the shock of recognizing his crime — that of unconsciously willing and causing his boss' death by heart failure—and from the horror of comprehending the verdict, the condemned man lashes out in desperation and accuses his hosts-*cum*-condemners of themselves trying to commit nothing less than murder. This highly charged turning of the tables, during which the production at the Provincetown Playhouse has the lawyers close in on Trapp, forcing him in fright back and up toward the judge's bench, is just what one had been waiting for. One is satisfied, as the curtain momentarily comes down on the scene, that the thriller's business of setting you on your ear has finally been brought off. More than that, one is gratified that the issue of the play has at last been joined: condemners are no less guilty than condemned. Surely the curtain, on rising again, will reveal Trapp on the bench and the lawyers arraigned before him.

Not so. Trapp is revealed to have fallen from a precipice just outside the window located behind the judge's bench, and the lawyers are going about the seduction of a new victim to play their eccentric parlor game. It is a scene designed to conclude the play on a note of titillation; the effect on me was rather more torpid, confirming my feeling of detachment from the competent but undemanding melodrama of the proceedings, up to that electric outburst.

The irony is that, for all their preoccupation with melodrama, Yaffe-Dürrenmatt have managed to create a master image in the absurdist tradition: life as a loaded trial in which the guilty are condemned to death by the equally guilty. Even in neglect, and despite the overwritten melodrama that tends to smother it, the image grows apace all through the play.

Consider the life of this image: its seed is the lawyers' statement that the game has kept them alive, allayed their ailments, impeded senility. The game, in other words, is identified with life. The image breaks ground in the fact that the court is without sanction; it accuses, tries and condemns on its own authority, with only itself as its referent. The image waxes taller in the special case this court makes of capital punishment, acknowledging that the practice of execution is outlawed elsewhere.

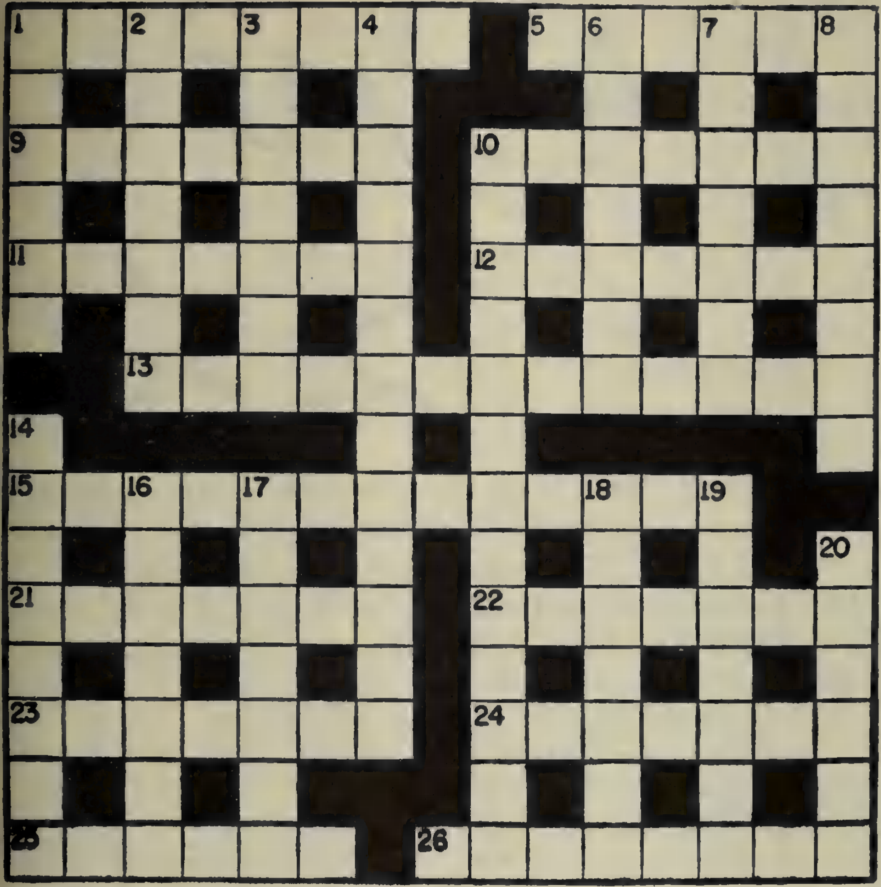
Leaves sprout on the image as Trapp's ultimate doom is foretold in countless ways—by his cockiness, by the inanity of his defense lawyer and the skill of the prosecuting attorney, by the turn of plot that has him wearing the discarded trousers of a previously condemned defendant, by the retired executioner's role in converting the drawing room into a courtroom before the trial begins. And so on. It is a scrawny growth, from lack of careful cultivation and proper exposure, but it comes nonetheless to blossom. Whereupon the whole plant is carelessly allowed to fall out the window.

That description is possible only after seeing Trapp's final scene, which brings the image into focus, allowing us to perceive the elements we have been vaguely sensing and actively missing all along. The play is structured as a double thriller; the first revealing the nature of the game, the second playing it out. While excellent in conception, the first thriller is overlong in its means, plodding, belabored. The latter, also soundly conceived, is strung out, repetitious of its effects, indulgent. Although notably lacking in thrills, the operation is not boring, especially since it is only near the end that its insignificance is proved. But *The Deadly Game* is monumentally unengaging because the master image, suggested but unrealized, renders its hearty brand of melodrama trivial.

Having so censured the play, I want to praise the production, which rekindled my hopes for the continuance of off-Broadway as a viable arena. *The Deadly Game* is moderate in its production demands, intimate in its attempted effect, modest in its scope; that is to say it is a sensible play to produce off-Broadway, which is already an advantage, considering the number of unsuitable plays essayed. Furthermore, the direction by Alton Wilkes is good, although I found the pace under- and the movement overanimated. The setting by Richard Jackson is judiciously right, and the performances are adequately rehearsed and competently executed. The production, in short, managed to give pleasure despite the curiously misshapen play.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1144

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Heep 23 it! (8)
5 See 4 down
9 Suggests the standards of punishment undergone. (7)
10 Put not your trust in such men, according to the Psalms. (7)
11 Implying the absence of look-up is prominent. (7)
12 The noise is about to tear apart the snack-spot, perhaps. (5-2)
13 One wouldn't gladly go along with it. (13)
15 Contained in the foregoing line, more up-to-date than 26 type. (7, 6)
21 Nature abhors a vacuum, as he said. (7)
22 Doesn't try to answer the question as a criminal does at times. (5, 2)
23 Carried to excess. (7)
24 Rids one of at least one way to back up. (7)
25 and 26 See 4 down

DOWN:

1 Is the animal about to fix what the optimist might be doing? (6)
2 It seems to be the main out for the spirit. (7)
3 Did it used to involve a drawing of what actors might hope to have to make? (4, 3)
4, 5 across, 26 and 25 across This makes the grade, and what Caesar may have enjoyed in October. (3, 7, 3, 4, 2, 3, 5, 6)
6 Putting up with what the shepherds were doing in the field? (7)
7 Shakespearian girl with what is reputedly filthy to the church. (7)
8 The strong point of speed? (8)
10 Widely understood to suggest the "Voice of the Turtle"? (6, 7)
14 Not quite "On the Beach." (8)
16 Colloquial but redundant lever. (5, 2)
17 How to find things arranged between the family and the class? (2, 5)
18 From 12 I add a new entrant, though hardly a welcome one. (7)
19 Not a sure-cure for the old mare! (7)
20 The old melancholy of the organ. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1143

ACROSS: 1 and 16 down The Bureau of Standards; 9 Narrowed; 10 Celery; 11 Rapiers; 12 Furring; 14 Canals; 15 Radishes; 20 Miasma; 22 Compote; 24 Eggdrop; 26 Clause; 27 Blurring; 28 A pretty pass. DOWN: 2 Hermitage; 3 Bywords; 4 Rude; 5 and 17 across Accrued interest; 6 Ogler; 7 Panama; 8 Fringe; 13 Brute; 18 Noodle; 19 Extreme; 20 Mugwump; 21 Mooing; 23 Plump; 25 Abet.

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Okay, so it looks as if we've sold out to the Establishment. So *The Realist* has been sanctified in *Newsweek*, the *Herald Tribune*, *Playboy* and—are you ready—*Pageant*. All right, so the editor Paul Krassner, has been listed by *Esquire* as one of the 100 best people in the world. True, Bruce Jay Friedman speaks in *Black Humor* of the Feiffer-Krassner-Bruce axis. Admittedly, our circulation has gone from 600 to 54,000 in seven years. Well, so what? *The Realist* is *still* edited for 600. Krassner was *still* censored on the Mike Wallace show and the Les Crane show. We *still* sent a humane abortionist on a retirement trip with his wife. Following are the highlights of our 15 most sacred issues. Lucky you, they're still available.

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Cousin David . . . LYONS' BIOGRAPHY OF SARNOFF
Carl Dreher

What They Want . . . 'TELEVISION AND SOCIETY'
Christopher Koch

Newspaper

LETTERS

railroad blues

Latrobe, Pa.
Dear Sirs: Desmond Smith's article ["Pennsy-Central: One Big Happy Railroad," *The Nation*, Feb. 14] is typical of the anti-business attitude of *The Nation*. . . .

Smith would have us believe that the railroad industry is a thriving giant, with no concerns except when to have stock splits and by how much to increase dividends. . . . Where are the dividends on the bankrupt New Haven or the Reading or the Lehigh Valley, to name a few? Where was the nonoperating income on the Pennsylvania only a few years ago when it ran at enormous losses? . . . Smith quotes a Pittsburgh manufacturer as being opposed to the merger. Why doesn't he give all the facts, which show the vast majority of shippers as being in favor of the new system? . . . Finally, is he to be taken seriously on the question of freight rates? The ICC certainly is overworked and understaffed. However, when Smith says that it protects the railroads he once again blandly ignores the facts. Railroads cannot change a rate without ICC permission, and that often comes too late or never. . . .

Anthony J. Schill

New York City
Dear Sirs: Mr. Schill has been bamboozled into some careless thinking. First, the New Haven Railroad is *not* bankrupt. If it is, it will be news to its stockholders. On the contrary, it is presently one of the richest landowners in New York City. To be sure, it is no longer making money on its passenger services. This situation will shortly be eased either by increasing its present large subsidy or by a take-over of its passenger lines.

Second, the Pennsylvania Railroad has never in its history shown a loss in its nonoperating accounts.

Third, to suggest—as Mr. Schill does—that "the vast majority of shippers" are in favor of the merger is hogwash. I refer him only to the evidence in the United States brief opposing the merger.

Fourth, . . . the ICC regulates *all* traffic (trucks, water and railroads) that deals in interstate commerce. It is the consensus of most responsible observers that the ICC has shown a pronounced bias in favor of the railroads. *Desmond Smith*

Rhodesia in Washington

Tougaloo, Miss.
Dear Sirs: I am shocked to learn that Rhodesia has opened an office in Washington, D.C., to represent the Smith white minority government. . . . When the State Department was asked about the Rhodesian office, it denied any knowledge of it. How can a foreign office be established in Washington without the State Department's consent? *Obuya Onyatch*

why the unanimity?

Rock Springs, Wyo.
Dear Sirs: While reading "The Dragon: Myths and Realities" by Stanley Spector and J. Hartwell Moore [*The Nation*, Mar. 7], I was struck by the almost frenzied insistence upon the necessity for China to have become Communist to achieve what it has achieved. Perhaps I am too simple to understand these things, but how did Japan manage to lurch to its present industrial eminence under a democratic system? Why does every expert who has been there assume that the present way in China is best? Why must progress be paid for in intense suffering by large minorities so that the majority can benefit? . . . *James L. Weeke*

EDITORIALS

The Thrust of Policy

The President has let it be known that he is concerned about the recent dialogue within the country on Vietnam. This dialogue, he feels, has had the effect of increasing the pressure from those who want him to take even stronger military action than he has taken. As he interprets them, the polls have shown a sharp rise in the hawk population since the debate began. The inference would seem to be that the best way for the doves to attain their objectives would be to keep their mouths shut. The President may have read the polls correctly, but the reason for the shift in sentiment may be quite different from the one he stresses. If such a shift has taken place, it would seem to stem directly from the policy the President is pursuing, not from the criticism of that policy or the dialogue devoted to it, or, for that matter, from the present "peace offensive." It is not surprising if the public fails to distinguish between the President's intentions, as he voices them, and the thrust of the policy he has been pursuing; the public does not doubt his intentions, it is concerned with the actual operation of his policy. No doubt the President firmly believes that he is following a policy of prudence and moderation, but policies have a logic of their own which may lead to consequences other than those intended. The President may think his is a policy of "controlled escalation," but when the North Vietnamese respond by counter-escalation then the policy is undercutting the President's intentions.

According to Senator Mansfield, the North Vietnamese were infiltrating an estimated 1,500 troops a month in November; the estimate has now been increased to 4,500 a month. Given a 4-to-1 ratio in guerrilla fighting, this would mean that we would have to add 18,000 troops a month just to maintain the balance. The President may honestly think that his policy does not threaten China, but the Chinese will be guided more by our actions than by his words. The President may not intend to spread the war but it is spreading — into Thailand, Laos and possibly soon into Cambodia. The President may believe that he has staked out the center position on Vietnam — between the hawks and the doves — and is thereby invulnerable politically. But his words do not placate the doves, while his policy leads to a prevalence of hawks.

The policy is clearly based on the assumption — many times stated — that the application of military pressure will bring the enemy to the conference table. If military pressure is supposed to bring them round, and if they have failed to respond, then, inferentially, more pressure might do it — or so a section of the public not illogically concludes. It doesn't occur to this section to question the basic assumption. In brief, the President has no cause to complain if the public is more influenced by the thrust of his policy than by his pious statements about it. In the end, the operational policy — what we actually do, not the rhetorical statement of intentions — is controlling. The difficulty with the dialogue to date has been that it has not focused sharply enough on the thrust of American policy and the assumptions on which it is based.

Douglas and the Devil Theory

That admirable statesman, Sen. Paul Douglas, has got himself into a peck of trouble in Illinois, all of his own making, and proving that foaming at the mouth over the Communist question is not always good politics.

On domestic issues, Senator Douglas has a superb record, but he has always been a fanatical cold warrior—for example, a sponsor of the Committee of One Million, which would torpedo the United Nations before admitting China to membership. That was bad enough, but in the February 13 Chicago *Sun-Times* the Senator was quoted as follows:

> . . . Communists are worse than Nazis. At least Nazis are not hypocrites. . . . Freedom is more important than peace and I will never yield in my resistance to Communist aggression. I violently disagree with criticism of our war effort in Vietnam.

Dissent came immediately from Dr. Edgar E. Siskin, rabbi of North Shore Congregation Israel at Glencoe, who had served with Senator (then Captain) Douglas in the First Marine Division in World War II. Dr. Siskin pointed out that as a rabbi he was profoundly opposed to communism, but its being coupled with Nazism dismayed him. He disagreed with Douglas both on his condemnation of criticism of our war effort in Vietnam and on the policy itself.

Dr. Siskin was joined by Rabbi Jacob Weinstein, who told "Dear Paul" that the overwhelming majority of thoughtful Jews subscribed to Rabbi Siskin's sentiments, and that the notion that Communists were worse than Nazis would find little support "even from those who think the very worst of the Communists." As for Vietnam, Rabbi Weinstein, who is president of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, pointed out that his organization, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., and the World Council of Churches had each in its own way found much to criticize in U.S. policy toward Vietnam.

These rejoinders were to be expected from clergymen like Siskin and Weinstein, and Douglas may not have taken too seriously Weinstein's reminder that the devil theory of history makes it impossible to understand communism as a historical phenomenon and ignores the "legitimate and constructive goals" which both the Russian and Chinese revolutions have achieved. But on the Vietnam phase of the debate worse was to come. In running for a fourth Senate term, the 74-year-old Douglas will face Charles H. Percy, the Chicago industrialist who lost to Governor Otto Kerner only because of the Goldwater handicap. And Percy, who is 47, has already begun to make Vietnam an issue. He is doing it in almost the way in which Karl Purnell advised the Republicans to proceed (see "The GOP's Nettle of Success," *The Nation*, January 24). Percy criticizes Administration policy as "impetuous, filled with contradictions, and with no clear blueprint of the real objectives," all of which will be difficult to controvert, by Senator Douglas or anyone else. Percy also purposes to make an issue of government-controlled news.

A victory for Percy would be a major upset. If it should occur, it would be unfortunate that it should be at Douglas' expense; except for his addiction to the devil theory and resulting blindness to the evils of our policy in Southeast

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Asia, he would continue to deserve liberal support. He is now in the process of alienating it, and if worst comes to worst for him, there would be some compensating results —the strengthening of the GOP nationally, and the emergence of a viable opposition to the Democrats, which in the long run would serve them well.

Muckraking, 1966

Time was when a muckraker became famous quickly and, if he was good enough, could count on a niche in the pantheon of letters—witness Samuel Hopkins Adams, Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, Upton Sinclair. They came to the notice of the great, favorably or otherwise; it was Theodore Roosevelt who gave the profession its name. As for the magazines for which the muckrakers wrote — *McClure's*, *Everybody's* and others—they prospered. When they perished, it may have been because they ceased to muckrake and became respectable.

Muckraking journalism is still important and the need for it is greater than ever, but now the way of the muckraker is hard. Some years back *The Nation* published "The Safe Car You Can't Buy," by Ralph Nader (April 11, 1959) and, more recently, his piece about the Corvair (November 1, 1965). Then Grossman Publishers brought out his book, *Unsafe At Any Speed*, and he became a witness before Congressional committees.

He has got attention, sure enough, but his chief reward has been harassment. It began at the hearings of the subcommittee on auto safety chaired by Senator Ribicoff (D., Conn.) when Sen. Carl T. Curtis (R., Neb.) heckled Nader so much that he was not able to finish reading his prepared statement. The questioning was so persistent and innuendo laden that Sen. Robert Kennedy (D., N.Y.) was moved to ask, at one point, if it is now a crime to write a book. But there was more to come. Detective agencies in at least three cities, Nader discovered, had spent a great deal of time checking up on his background; when questioned, they admitted the sleuthing but refused to name their clients. The questioning followed the pattern of a loyalty check: is he 100 per cent American, 100 per cent male, can they hook him with a woman, etc. The mystery of who was investigating Nader was soon solved but it took a little prodding. First Ribicoff called attention to a federal statute which allows a five-year prison term and a $5,000 fine for anyone who attempts to intimidate a Congressional witness. Then Ford and Chrysler issued statements in which both firms denied any connection with the investigation. That left it up to General Motors and, in an unusual, late-evening statement, company officials admitted that, yes, a "routine" investigation of Nader had been ordered. GM's fragile alibi is that it had reason to believe that there might have been some connection between Nader and attorneys for claimants in Corvair litigation. Nader now insists, and properly, that GM promptly acknowledge that its investigation turned up no evidence to support this contention. The company can hardly do less. What is surprising is not that GM should have attempted to engineer such a clumsy smear but that its officials could think that the rising demand for auto-safety legislation could be sidetracked so easily.

Automobile safety has now become a political issue. *Barron's Weekly* suggests it is because of the strong emotions that cluster around highway accidents. That is certainly a sound reason for politicians to pick it up—would that they were always as constructive! With highway deaths close to 50,000 a year, crippling injuries running into the hundreds of thousands, and the courts clogged with liability suits arising from minor accidents, it is high time that the politicians took an interest.

The automobile safety campaign has had red herrings drawn across its trail for so many years that reform is bound to be slow. The car manufacturers have put all the emphasis on the driver and absolved the vehicle with all the means at their command—and those means are not small. Of course, since most cars involved in an accident are being driven, driver error often does play a part, but how this can justify putting faulty vehicles on the road is beyond understanding. As far as possible fools must be saved from their folly, sensible people must be protected when fools run into them, the country must be preserved from the horsepower escalation and incendiary advertising of the manufacturers. To the extent that this is finally done, it will be to the credit of organizations like Consumers Union and the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, and politicians like Senator Ribicoff, and individual crusaders like Ralph Nader.

Dubious Dialogue

When we heard Assistant Secretary of State G. Mennen Williams testify before a House Foreign Affairs subcommittee investigating our relationship with South Africa, we knew one reason why he is going back to Michigan to run for the Senate: at least in politics he can create his own foolish positions, if he chooses, and not have to defend those created for him by the Administration.

Williams claimed that the United States has demonstrated its opposition to apartheid by placing an embargo on military sales to South Africa; but under questioning he had to admit that now we are "considering" the sale of airplanes to South Africa, and that they *could* be used for military purposes. Furthermore, he admitted, there is nothing to prevent U.S. banks from lending South Africa money to buy its arms elsewhere. Loopholes, loopholes.

Why not impose economic sanctions, as many African nations are begging us to do? Rep. Benjamin Rosenthal (D., N.Y.) touched the nerve of that question by reminding Williams that when an oil embargo against South Africa was proposed in the United Nations, "the only ones to vote against it besides South Africa were Britain, the largest investor in South Africa; the United States, second largest investor; France, third largest investor, and Spain and Portugal, which still have colonies in Africa." "If you were an African nation," he asked, "would you draw any inference from that?" Williams, squirming noticeably, conceded that our investments in South Africa are "a consideration."

Although South Africa probably has less freedom than any other Western nation, although its treatment of black citizens is, in Williams' word, "obnoxious," still the 229 U. S. firms which have invested $467 million in that country seem perfectly willing to ignore their environment. U. S. citizens who are Negro are seldom permitted visas to travel there; our sailors who are Negro cannot go ashore there; U. S. education films showing blacks and whites in friendly relations cannot be shown there. Nevertheless, the United States "neither encourages nor discourages" investments in that country.

Williams' explanation for this strategic indifference is one more illustration of the gross inconsistencies that damage our foreign relations:

> While cessation of investment might increase our credibility and influence with African countries in our efforts to encourage a non-violent solution, *it could seriously handicap our ability to carry on a dialogue with South Africa*. . . . The U.S., at both public and private levels, has a wide variety of cultural and scientific contacts with South Africa. . . . We hope they may have the effect of combating the tendency of South Africa *to drift off into sterile isolation.*

That is exactly what we have been imploring the Administration to consider in its possible relationships with China and Cuba: keep open the dialogue (including trade) so that they will not drift further into a sterile isolation.

Why do we act as though dialogues are good with Fascist nations but not with Communist nations? Why do we think we can persuade Fascists, but not Communists, to ease up on their victims? It makes no possible sense to keep the dialogue open to South Africa but not to Cuba and China.

Guilt by Pronunciation

According to Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, the W.E.B. DuBois Clubs of America is a subversive outfit and should be compelled to register as a Communist-front organization. Not that Mr. Katzenbach wishes to suppress a Communist front—he throws up his hands in horror at the thought. All he wants to do is to reveal the true nature of the organization so that patriotic students (the membership is mostly on college campuses) will know they are being used as dupes. If, then, they persist in blasting their future careers, they will, in the rightist view, only get what is coming to them.

In a surprising side effect, the government's move against the DuBois Clubs has resulted in embarrassment to an organization of stunning respectability. The clubs are named after W. E. B. DuBois, the Negro historian and sociologist who was one of the founders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Dr. DuBois Americanized his name and pronounced it Doo Boys. He died in 1963 at the age of 95, after joining the Communist Party when he was 93. Using the American pronunciation, J. Edgar Hoover and other valiant Red-hunters have confused some thousands of patriots of the Hoover mentality—they thought Boys' Club of America was being execrated. There is quite a difference. The national membership of the DuBois Clubs is about 2,500; of the Boys' Club, 750,000. Also helpful in distinguishing between the two is the fact that Richard M. Nixon is the national board chairman of the Boys' Club, which receives $30 million a year in public donations. These clues, however, escaped the notice of indignant citizens who, believing devoutly in the gospel according to J. Edgar Hoover, thought that the Communists had captured their favorite organization and declared it could never again count on them for a red cent. Mr. Nixon was forced to explain and request that no more poison-pen letters and abusive telephone calls be addressed to the Boys' Club, and that their headquarters should not be dynamited.

To what extent Mr. Katzenbach will be successful in his crusade against the DuBois variety of subversion remains to be seen. He has already achieved, however inadvertently, two possible deterrents to a proliferation of membership in the DuBois Clubs: their headquarters in San Francisco was blown up, and in Brooklyn some of the members were beaten up by patriotic thugs while the police stood by and, when they joined the melee, arrested six of the DuBois boys and none of the impassioned hoodlums. It will take considerable courage to join the suspect organization henceforth and that, one may surmise, is the chief purpose of the Katzenbach move. In the right-wing view, things were getting out of hand on the campuses, and something had to be done. The neo-McCarthyism thus generated may, to be sure, get out of hand even faster than free speech on the campus, but that risk Mr. Katzenbach, impelled by Mr. Hoover, is willing to take.

AND NOW NKRUMAH

The Generals & the Future of Africa

J. KIRK SALE

Now an editor at The New York Times Magazine, *Mr. Sale has made two trips to Africa, during which he traveled through seventeen countries. He has also taught for a year at the University of Ghana (Accra) and is the author of* The Land and People of Ghana *(Lippincott).*

The coup that toppled Kwame Nkrumah last month came as a surprise, but in fact it is very much of a piece with the revolutions that have continued to rock Africa in its years of independence—and especially in the last year. Since their independence, no fewer than twenty-eight of the thirty-seven African nations have faced attempted coups; thirteen have been successful (Egypt, Sudan, Togo, Zanzibar, Rwanda, both Congos, Algeria, Dahomey, Central African Republic, Upper Volta, Nigeria, Ghana), and seven of these occurred within the last eight months. Each successful take-over was achieved by the army, except that of Congo-Brazzaville, where the army gave tacit support.

Like the others, the Ghana coup depended in most part upon the army and police, stable and powerful factors in a wise fluid and powerless society. Like the others, it was born of a deep dissatisfaction with politicians and nurtured by the assumption that military men, and with them civil servants, could do what others could not. Like the others, it was based on the belief—only recently proved valid—that the former colonial powers would not intervene. And like the others, it occurred about five years after the promises of independence (real or imagined) were thought to have been betrayed and a large segment of the trained young men had been disillusioned.

Ghana, then, is interesting not only in itself but for the light it sheds on the other recent revolutions. Why did it happen, what sort of army engineered it, and what should we expect of the future?

Accra radio gave the short explanation of the coup on the morning after: "This act has been made necessary by the economic and political situation in the country. The concentration of power in the hands of one man has led to the abuse of individual rights and liberties. . . . He has been running the country as if it were his own personal property. . . . He has brought Ghana to the brink of bankruptcy." This was no news to the Ghanaians.

Economically, Ghana had been going downhill for a number of years. Though it had put through some very valuable measures—the Volta Dam, the Tema harbor, vast school development, some diversification of the economy—the Nkrumah regime had dissipated an estimated $560 million worth of foreign exchange on worthless (or merely prestigious) projects and unrealizable schemes, had run up its external debt to close to $1 billion, and had bartered away its decreasingly valuable cocoa crop for Czechoslovakian suede shoes, Chinese canned goods and Russian Volga cars. What began as a brilliant demonstration of how an independent country goes about throwing off the shackles of colonialism ended up as a serious misuse of the handsome physical resources of the country and its human resources as well.

Inevitably, the failure hit directly at the people. Since 1963, the cost of living has gone up 56 per cent and has been accompanied by a series of agonizing shortages—of such vital goods to the average Ghanaian consumer as flour, tea, sugar, butter, cheese and matches, plus such semi-luxury goods as liquor, cars, refrigerators, stoves, etc.

(For five months last year Ghana was without matches. The government had banned foreign imports and then discovered its own factory wasn't producing any—because, it eventually turned out, the very old man who was the only person in the country who knew how to keep together the factory's one very old dipping machine had died. Such incidents were not rare.)

Rationing had been instituted recently to ease the recurrent shortages, but it served mostly to drive up the price of ration books, along with the price of scarcities, on the black market. Moreover, the contrast between the rich and poor in the larger cities was increasingly more obvious. The poor were in many ways better off than a decade ago—though unemployment kept mounting as the parade to the cities grew—but the rich grew more and more extravagant; as Agricultural Minister Krobo Edusi put it, "socialism doesn't mean that if you've made a lot of money you can't keep it." And among the rich, it was quickly noted, were not only the officials of Nkrumah's CPP but also his personal friends and family members (one cousin ran the capital's most opulent night club) and, toward the end, Kwame Nkrumah, man of the people, himself. Nkrumah's official residence, Christiansborg Castle, was rebuilt a few years ago at the cost of $1 million and stood in shining splendor over the surrounding township of Christiansborg—the most squalid slum in all of Accra.

And just at the time that the economic picture was bleakest last year—food in short supply, jobs scarce, luxuries nonexistent—up went a Palace of African Unity built for a one-week conference at a cost variously put between $10 million and $35 million.

Other countries have weathered economic hard times without revolutions—why not Ghana? The answer is politics, the other half of the revolutionary equation.

First, Nkrumah's growing dictatorship and arbitrary rule alienated those who would have been most valuable in guiding public opinion through the economic crisis and devising sensible ways to get out of it: the intellectuals, the civil servants, the considerable middle class. Ghana was not a police state by any means, but its "preventive detention" of any one at any time, without trial, created an aura of fear and suspicion in which only the very secure and very old could afford to offer advice.

Second, Nkrumah openly cut himself off from his original source of power, the masses, and retired behind the walls of Flagstaff House, where his feelings of loneliness and unreality grew day by day. A less megalomaniac leader, one less remote from reality, might have successfully asked the people to tighten their belts for the greater glory of Ghana. But Nkrumah seemed hardly to care about their plight and let the party newspapers listlessly make the admonitions. Nor did the party sycophants around him try to wake him up—how would you explain to a "messianic majesty" and "national fount of honor" that the economy was collapsing and that grumbling, not only of stomach but of mouth, was mounting?

Finally, Nkrumah blocked any possibility of peaceful change or remedy. He was President for life and his party had absolute control over the governmental system. You cannot vote down a leader in Nkrumah's position; he is impervious to votes. There was no legal way for the discontented elements of the society, including the army and the police, to express their unhappiness or hopes for change. As a result, frustration spread, and revolution took shape.

That, then, was the dry tinder: economic collapse, political stagnation, mounting discontent. The sparks to light it came from the army.

Nkrumah had always been worried about his army. He knew, as do all dictators, that it represented the one source of power strong enough to fell him. But he didn't want to do without it: armies are prestigious, good for ceremonies, useful to guard borders against invaders (or more likely smugglers), valuable to keep internal order, and not bad at building roads. So Nkrumah first tried to keep the army under British control, even after independence, knowing full well that no British general would lead his troops against the commander in chief; would, in fact, do every-

Drawing from life

Kwame Nkrumah

thing to put down a rebellion against him if it arose. But during the Congo turmoil Nkrumah came under immense pressure to discharge his British officers (Britain was, after all, an obvious imperialist power in the Congo) and in September, 1961, was forced to replace reliable old General Alexander with a Ghanaian general, Steve Otu, a hail-fellow kind of officer and not much of a threat.

But behind Otu were a number of more hard-minded officers, one of whom, Joseph Arthur Ankrah, was made Army Chief of Staff when Otu became Defense Chief. Nkrumah was never quite happy about Ankrah, and even had doubts about Otu; they were kept under close watch and forced to go through regular loyalty drills for four years, until last July Nkrumah dismissed them both and replaced them with men more "socialist-minded."

Apparently neither Otu nor Ankrah had done anything specifically hostile, though it had become fairly common knowledge around Accra that Ankrah was less than enchanted with Nkrumah and had the temperament to do something about it. Nkrumah was apparently acting only to forestall trouble from the army, but inevitably he created discontent among Ankrah's followers and uncertainty among the other officers.

Three months after sacking Ankrah and Otu, Nkrumah proposed the formation of a "people's militia," ostensibly to be trained for an invasion of Rhodesia. Whether or not Nkrumah really intended to set up a militia personally loyal to him as a counterforce to the army, the army must certainly have thought that was his plan, and armies traditionally resist such invasion of their provinces (cf., Sukarno and Indonesia). And the militia was to be added to the already extant threat of Nkrumah's personal guard, commanded by a Soviet-trained colonel, advised by a dozen Russian officers, entirely armed and trained by the Russians (Nkrumah even encouraged them to use the Russian goose step) and quite free of army control.

That threat was the first spark; at the turn of the year came the second and decisive one. Military take-overs had succeeded with remarkable ease in six other countries. The politicians had proved powerless, lacking either the arms or popular support even to attempt a counterrevolution; the general populace accepted the coups joyously, or at least indifferently.

And no European power had intervened to thwart the recent revolts, as France had admittedly done at least ten times between 1960 and 1964 (most notably in Gabon in February, 1964), and as Britain had moved into East Africa in January, 1964. This was a clear demonstration that the former colonial powers were unwilling to get entangled in repeated internal troubles in their former colonies. The army men noted this hands-off attitude with some satisfaction.

Just five weeks after Nigeria's successful coup, at a time when both Nkrumah and his army commander were out of the country, the army sprang its revolution. Resistance was slight, popular opinion and up-to-date arms were on its side, and within a day the army (in coalition with the police) was in power.

Who are these men who have come to power in Ghana? In broad terms they are very much like the men who have led the other African revolutions. The African officers are Western-trained and Western-educated. Their values and goals are strongly influenced by the West. They regard the army's role approximately as a Western general would—a nonpolitical, nonideological force subservient to civil control—and not, by contrast, as a Chinese would.

Unlike the usual Latin American officer, they are not men of rich families or of entrenched interests who tend to be ultraconservative. They come for the most part from the lower bourgeoisie or better than average peasantry, a background not markedly different in custom and training from that of the middle-level civil servants, small businessmen or secondary-school teachers. They are educated, but usually only through secondary school; a number have gone to Sandhurst or St. Cyr, but most have had no more than a six-month course at metropolitan cadet schools plus wide experience in the army itself.

Almost all the older officers fought with the colonial powers in World War II and after; Generals Soglo (Dahomey), Bokassa (Central African Republic) and Lamizana (Upper Volta) served under the French in Indo-China; Ironsi (Nigeria) and Ankrah were in the West African army during the war and led troops in the Congo.

But they are not to be thought of as capitalist lackeys or bourgeois conservatives. They have no ideology to speak of, but they are—as military men often seem to be—dedicated nationalists. They have delighted, especially in Ghana, Algeria and the Congo, to display outwardly the vanities of independence (with new uniforms and equipment, ceremonial duties and international service). They have known race prejudice and ill treatment under colonial masters (it is only recently that they were *allowed* to be officers) and feel as strongly as any politician that the African nations must stand on their own feet, often with a thumb to the nose. If they do not like Nkrumah's socialism or Abubakar's capitalism—and they do not—they have no clear system to offer instead. They are not ideologues but military men.

And their strong point is getting things done. They have rebelled not because they want to replace socialism with capitalism or vice versa, but because they want to replace corruption with honesty, mismanagement with military efficiency, chaos with order, stagnation with progress. Whether they succeed or not, they have acted to make something better of their nations in the only way they know.

Ghana itself has perhaps the best army in all of black Africa. It has had a budget of about $35 million a year—roughly 12 per cent of the total—a military allocation larger than that of any other tropical African nation except the Congo; and it is generally thought to have the best training, men and equipment south of North Africa.

It has about 9,000 men (making it the fifth largest after Egypt, Ethiopia, Congo and the Sudan), some 60 per cent from the backward northern regions. Its officers, however, are almost all southern men, most of them in their 30s and none older than 50, all commissioned since 1950. Since independence, rapid promotion has created an officer strength of about 300, but more recently an inevitable "promotional freeze" has lessened the chances of advancement and caused some unhappiness in the ranks.

Major General Ankrah, now head of Ghana's National Liberation Council, is typical of the Ghanaian—and African—pattern. He was born in 1915 in Accra, his parents being members of the Ga tribe which originally settled the area. He went through secondary school in Accra, then joined the civil service as a teacher (1938), and was immediately seconded to the Education Corps of the Royal West African Frontier Force.

He was a private in this force when the war broke out in 1939 and rose to Warrant Officer II, in the meantime making a name for himself as a boxing champion and a fine soccer forward. Two years after the end of the war he was commissioned, only the second African to be made an officer by the British.

In 1960, he went to the Congo as commander of the 1st Battalion of the Ghana Infantry under the United Nations. The unit did a very impressive job in Kasai province under very difficult conditions (conditions so difficult, in fact, that one battalion mutinied). Ankrah is described by his then commander, General Alexander, as "probably the toughest fighting soldier in Ghana. He is incredibly ruthless in situations which demand violent action."

On the New Year's List of 1961, Ankrah was awarded the first Ghana Military Cross for his Congo service. Later that year he was appointed a Brigadier General and then in November, 1961, partly at Otu's insistence, was made Army Chief of Staff, a post he held until last July.

He says his hobbies are "football, fishing and reading"; his intellect is not thought to be remarkable, but he has a distinct way with his men, a blend of paternalism and autocracy that one finds in the best of Ghana's chiefs. He is reported to have three wives and twenty-two children, also in the fine chiefly tradition.

Little is known—even by the Ghanaians themselves—of the men around Ankrah, except J. W. K. Harley, the Commissioner of Police, who was appointed by Nkrumah in January, 1964, to replace a man suspected of having had a hand in the assassination attempt on the President earlier that month. Harley came in with many protestations of loyalty to Nkrumah and to the wonders of socialism. He allowed the police to play an active part in a much publicized drive to stamp out prostitution, close up European- and Lebanese-run night clubs, and in general to force on Ghana a socialist puritanism. But in time he became of the same mind as the army leaders, and his 8,000-man force was a vital element in supporting the coup.

What is the Westerner to make of this emergence to power of military men in Africa? In most quarters recently the opinion has been that it is all to the good — I've even heard one Ford Foundation official claim that "the army is the most democratic force in Africa" and argue, as many have done, that its efficiency and drive is the happy answer to Africa's problems.

In one sense, it *is* salutary to have the army in power. The old order — whether the dictatorship of Nkrumah, the corruption of Balewa (Nigeria), the bumbling of Dacko (Central African Republic) or the self-interest of Kasavubu (Congo)—is out, and the new cannot be any worse, at least at the beginning. Indeed, it is likely that in many immediate ways it will be better: it has aligned with the civil service to proclaim honesty and efficiency over politics and corruption, and by habit and training expects to get things done. The job won't be as easy as all that, as Mobutu in the Congo has now found out. Efficiency on Western patterns is simply not highly prized by the African populace, and honesty is only relative in cultures where nepotism and favor granting are traditionally effective instruments. But at least the drive is there.

In addition, the very fact that so many armies have taken over is a constant threat and reminder to politicians in power not to take things too easily — a lesson not lost on Uganda's Obote.

But a general is, after all, a general. The military mind that we know in the West is not so different from the military mind in Africa (the one, be it remembered, trained the other), and it is not, as we know, an especially open mind. Not that the generals will want to launch invasions or oppose fluoridation; but their patterns of thought are routinized and closed to novelty, their conception of jobs to be done is narrow, their notion of options is small. It would be impossible, for example, to think of Arthur Ankrah appreciating the distant but profound importance of the Volta River scheme; Nkrumah, for all his faults, understood it. Nor can one imagine General Ironsi sitting down to persuade a political opponent to subdue his personal designs for the good of the nation, as Balewa, for all his faults, did. We cannot expect from the military mind the grand designs and visions that Africa will need.

And this mind inevitably thinks in terms of force rather than persuasion, rigidity rather than fluidity; if politics is the art of the possible, soldiering is the science of the unreasonable. Suppose the army cannot get the efficiency it wants—does it cajole or does it force? Suppose directing a country is not quite as easy as directing a regiment—is the response orders and discipline, or is it rethinking and retooling? Nasser, it is now thought, had notions of turning the country back to the civilians (Latin American generals have occasionally had the same idea) but he came around, not surprisingly, to believe that the civilians were inept and that the military was the only force fit for the job. It is the military mind at work.

This mind, at least in Africa, also has a very limited notion of foreign affairs, and in fact the British-trained officers are imbued with the idea that military men should keep so far out of politics as not even to know East from West. The result of this has been, as we have seen, a naïveté about the cold war and, as a concomitant, an easy assumption that Russians and Chinese are up to no good. The generals of Dahomey, Central African Republic and Burundi simply kicked out the Chinese; the Nigerians, Congolese and Upper Voltaians have pledged to keep out or severely limit Communist delegations; and the Ghanaians are now sending hundreds of Communists packing, including some who were apparently performing much needed technical services.

This has all been greeted with much praise in the West, and you could hear the editorial writers heave a sigh of relief that the military men had brought the continent back to its senses and put it in the Western camp. But it would be absolute folly for Africa to make of its neutralism a wall from which the Eastern blocs were excluded. It would be folly because it would cut off a very real source of aid; because it would tend to make these nations client states of the West; and, most important, because it would lessen, rather than increase, the amount of Western and especially American aid, since our obvious and stated policy is to send in money where there is a "Communist threat" and to be indifferent where there is none. (On this last point, it is apparent that our interest in Africa has sharply declined since about 1962, when the Russians decided that their full-scale thrust into Africa was premature and began limiting their support. In fact, State Department policy makers cheerfully acknowledge that sub-Saharan Africa, of all areas in the world, has the lowest priority because it is in least danger of Communist subversion.)

I see no reason, therefore, to greet the military take-overs with an enthusiasm stripped of previous distaste for military regimes. It is proper to argue that the military has recently performed some very real services to Africa; but to say then that they are therefore champions of democracy, the panacea for economic ills and, especially, a bulwark of Western support, is dangerous and absurd. Indeed, whatever their short-term value, it will be the better for Africa—and for America—to see them safely back in their barracks.

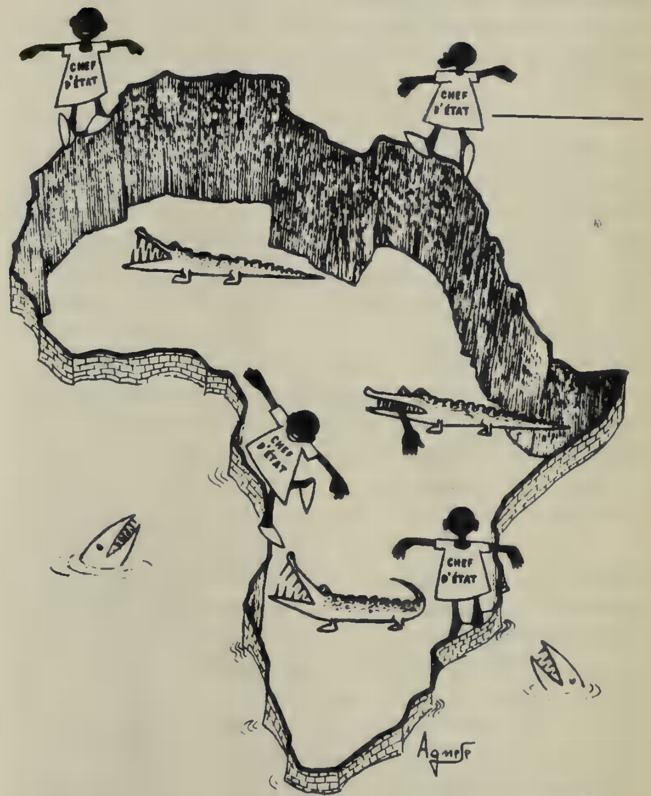
And so what of the future? First, it is obvious that Nkrumah does not want to take all this lying down, but he really has no very good way of standing up to it. It is possible that from a base in Guinea he could use whatever money he has stashed away (and his opponents say it runs to the millions) to form a guerrilla army to invade Ghana through the "back door," the unguarded wastelands of the north. But the logistics problem is immense—none of the nations bordering Ghana has the slightest affection for the ex-"champion of Africa"—and neither Touré nor the other Nkrumah supporters can have much taste for getting their armies into an all-out war with Ghana's. It is much more likely that we shall see Nkrumah as professor of Neo-Colonialism at Conakry University than as General of a Liberation Brigade.

Nonetheless, we must not forget Nkrumah's very real and very emotional appeal in potent quarters throughout the continent. He has built up a tremendous reservoir of adulation among the politically awakened, especially in the southern nations where he often seemed to be the only leader prepared to do anything about helping them, the only one to cut through the cant about "liberating the south" with guns, money and refuge.

It is unlikely that this good will can be translated into action to put Nkrumah back on his throne, but it will remain an important ideological force for many years. The Ghanaian leaders should not ignore the influence of this "Nkrumahism," for, like Bonapartism, it has come to stand for certain noble aims and practical victories and, like Bonapartism, may become an idealized dream from which the horrors are left out. It will linger in the minds of the peasants if subsequent regimes do not live up to their promises.

Beyond the issue of Nkrumah himself, there is the question of what the military men can actually accomplish. At least for the next year we can expect considerable progress on the economic side: the closing of useless government bureaus, embassies, corporations and industries, and the efficient management of others. The money saved by eliminating Ghana's silly show places, rationalizing Nigeria's regional industry, working instead of fighting in the Congo, and cutting corruption in Dahomey and Upper Volta, can bolster the faltering economies.

Also, the dedication and eagerness that a new regime brings will increase efficiency and production. And with the cooperation of now unfettered civil servants, overall economic plans can be drawn up to chart progress on



Jeune Afrique

realistic rather than political grounds, spur capital investment at home and from overseas, and spell out the necessary but unpleasant tasks of relocation, retrenchment and reorganization. The military will do everything it can to improve the lot of the common man—at least at the start.

But will the civilians be back? The new regimes have all said so (even Mobutu, though he is setting the rather comfortable deadline of five years), but these pledges have a way of getting pushed off year after year as new crises develop (as they will). Not that the generals necessarily want to stay on—in fact Soglo in Dahomey has tried twice to step down—but they'll think they must. We can say, with the cynicism of experience, that the prospects are not good for civilian rule (Pakistan and the Sudan are exceptional) and that it will take all the pressure of liberal opinion, both there and outside, to make it come about.

Finally, what about the shock waves from the recent coups reverberating in other countries? It is almost certain that other nations will follow the pattern. Gabon, Tunisia, Liberia, Guinea, Cameroun, Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika have all already faced threats from their armies, and there is no reason to think that attempts will not be made again—especially in Liberia, Uganda and Guinea. The military in Guinea, Mali, Egypt, Congo-Brazzaville and Tanganyika is much more conservative, to the extent that it is political at all, than the politicians in power, and this suggests a potential tinderbox, especially if the economic life worsens. Only little Gambia seems relatively safe from a military take-over—it has no army.

The problem, of course, is a difficult one for the civilian ruler. Does he build up the army, both to keep it quiet (soldiers love promotions and power) and to aid the economy (armies siphon off the unemployed and are very helpful in infrastructural development)? Or does he try to keep it small and forget about guarding his borders, keeping internal order, building national prestige and fulfilling international obligations? And if he builds the army, what does he use as a counterforce to keep it down on the base—a personal guard, or a people's militia (both anathema to the professional soldiers), places in the cabinet (the pattern in Latin America), occasional wars (as in Egypt), political control and indoctrination (as in Russia and China)?

It is a difficult tightrope to walk, and African leaders will have to use all their considerable skills to keep from tumbling. It is up to the rest of the world to do everything to help them. The threat is always there. Kwame Nkrumah knew of it: "When a social system . . . becomes . . . diseased," he wrote a few weeks ago, "a point is reached where the only alternative to constitutional change is a violent revolution." As it was, so it shall be.

JUSTICE BLACK AT EIGHTY

THE COMMON SENSE OF FREEDOM

NORMAN REDLICH

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When Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black celebrated his 80th birthday on February 27, he could look back with satisfaction on twenty-nine turbulent years of Court service. Few men in the history of the United States Supreme Court have lived to see the acceptance of so many views originally spoken in dissent. In fact, the substance of so many of Justice Black's positions have now become the law of the land that it is easy to forget the great personal courage, moral stature and intellectual strength that he displayed during the 1940s and early 1950s when, along with Justice William O. Douglas, withstood the internal pressures which the cold war imposed.

Positions once regarded as extreme, such as his contention that the entire Bill of Rights was made applicable against state infringement by the Fourteenth Amendment, have won gradual acceptance. On cases involving First Amendment freedoms, Justice Black today rarely finds it necessary to speak in dissent, although the Court has not yet adopted his "absolute" view of First Amendment guarantees. And even Justice Black's severest critics recognize him as a judicial scholar of the highest rank.

No jurist, philosopher, political writer or legal scholar in the history of this country has compiled a more thoroughly documented and inspiringly written defense of First Amendment guarantees of political and religious freedoms than has this largely self-taught man who still refers to himself as a "rather backward country fellow." This "backward country fellow" has a mind which, during a recent six-hour continuous interview, ranged over a complete spectrum of constitutional issues. His grasp of constitutional law and history is dazzling, and his manner of disagreeing remains so gentle and skillful that his adversary may easily find himself intellectually disarmed before the struggle is joined.

I had hoped, for example, to discuss at length Justice Black's dissent in the recent Connecticut birth control case. Black's opinion had argued that while the law was silly, there was nothing in the Constitution to prevent Connecticut from enacting it. During the course of his opinion he had indicated his disagreement with an article I had written a few years earlier on the same subject. As we settled down to discuss the case, however, Justice Black said that the case was not as important as the precedent which he thought it contained. He was concerned that the same approach which permits judges to create new rights in the Constitution will also permit them to remove rights which are plainly there. Thus an opinion, which I was prepared to defend on grounds that it expanded the area of constitutional protection, was skillfully presented to me as one which posed a threat to individual rights. Small wonder that in his days as a Birmingham trial lawyer he suffered few defeats in jury cases.

Justice Black at 80 scorns any suggestion of retirement. And well he might. He remains at the height of his intellectual powers and the one note of regret he sounded during our interview was that the previous day's heavy rain had prevented his daily game of tennis.

Despite his accomplishments, he does not look backward. I asked him whether he was satisfied with the direction the Court has taken during his nearly three decades of service. He replied that he was, but without dwelling on the past, said that he looked forward to the day when the liberties of Americans depended less on the individual predilections of judges and more on strict adherence to the fixed commands of the Bill of Rights. With that combination of personal warmth and emotional fervor which he exudes when he discusses the Bill of Rights, even in the relaxed atmosphere of his living room, he said that our personal freedoms distinguish this country from all others. They are too important to be left to the whim of judges, or legislators, or Presidents or "all of them put together."

Hugo Black's present position of eminence has not been easily achieved. In the public mind the image of Justice Black was clouded for many years by the circumstances surrounding his appointment in 1937. As a United States Senator from Alabama, Black had vigorously supported President Roosevelt's Court-packing bill. He joined in attacking the so-called "nine old men," a majority of whom had provoked this country's most precipitous constitutional crisis by invalidating key New Deal legislation during 1935 and 1936. He accused the Court majority of writing its own conservative economic and social philosophy into the Constitution, thereby usurping the legislative function of Congress and the state legislatures. When in August of 1937, Roosevelt filled the first Court vacancy available to him with Senator Hugo Black, the conservative critics of the President turned their wrath on his appointee. Roosevelt's liberal supporters defended the appointment, only to find their defense blunted by the revelation that Black had been a member of the Ku Klux Klan.

Black had indeed joined the Klan in 1923, a decision for which he has never apologized. He did not regard it as a hate group in 1923, and it was inconceivable to anyone who knew Hugo Black in 1937, or at any other time in his life, that he harbored any racial or religious prejudice. Actually, he had resigned from the Klan in 1925, but shortly after winning the Democratic nomination for United States Senator in 1926, Black received a so-called "grand passport," and this was cited by critics as evidence of Klan membership. In an eloquent radio address Black said, "My words and acts are a matter of public record. I believe that my record as a Senator refutes every implication of racial or religious intolerance. It shows that I was of that group of liberal Senators who have consistently fought for the civil, economic and religious rights of all Americans without regard to race or creed."

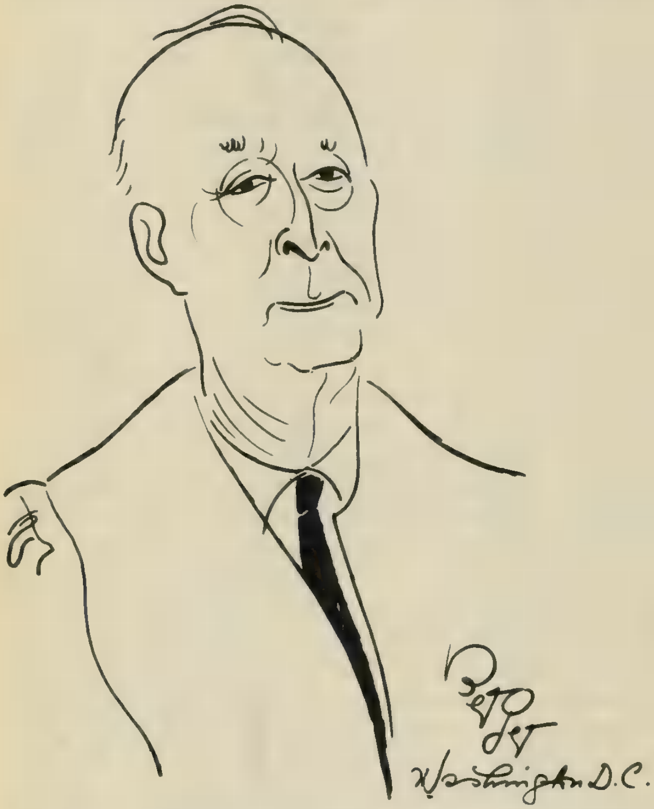
Because of the connection between his appointment and the Roosevelt Court-packing fight, and because of the Klan episode, Black was handicapped at the start of his judicial service by a popular belief that his appointment was a political reward for faithful Senate service to the President. Some assumed that his Klan background augured a conservative position on civil liberties. Largely overlooked was the fact that Black had been an extraordinarily successful trial lawyer in Alabama and had developed a reputation as one of the Senate's most industrious, well-read and able members. Today, almost three decades later, one still hears, even from people who should know better, expressions of surprise concerning Black's civil libertarian views, his legal skills and his intellectual power. Of course, twenty-eight years on the bench have developed these skills enormously, and his opinions show an increasingly wide range of scholarship. But Hugo Black wrote scholarly opinions during his freshman term on the Court, and his constitutional views have from the outset demonstrated an intellectual consistency which is striking for a jurist whose service on the Court has spanned so long and eventful an era.

To the observer who mistakes obscurity for depth, Hugo Black's exposition of his constitutional philosophy frequently appears to lack profundity. For example, when in his first term on the Court he wrote the opinion which held that in federal criminal trials an indigent defendant was entitled to court-assigned counsel, Black said that defense counsel was necessary in order "to complete the court." A simple thought —a lawyer for an indigent defendant was as important as the prosecutor and the judge; without a lawyer the court was not "complete." But judges, lawyers and most law professors failed to view the problem in these terms. There ensued a twenty-five-year period of judicial confusion and untold miscarriages of justice until the Supreme Court finally accorded this right to state criminal defendants in the famous case of *Gideon* v. *Wainwright*. During this time the Supreme Court, instead of following Justice Black's simple formulation, looked instead to such factors as the defendant's age, education, seriousness of the crime, etc. All this was quite irrelevant under the concept originally set forth by Black.

Recently, countless foundations, universities, government study groups and bar associations have become aware of the inequality between rich and poor in the administration of criminal justice. But in 1942, only a few years after his appointment to the bench, Justice Black said that the Constitution could not permit a system which "subjects innocent men to increased dangers of conviction merely because of their poverty." Such a practice, in his words, "seems to me to defeat the promise of our democratic society to provide equal justice under the law." And he developed this theme further in 1956 when, in a decision which required that states provide indigent defendants with a transcript for their appeals, he wrote, "There can be no equal justice where the kind of trial a man gets depends on the amount of money he has." As Black's opinions demonstrate, these positions were reached after great scholarly research, but in every instance he managed to refine his thinking to the point where he could express a profound concept in very simple terms.

No aspect of Hugo Black's constitutional position has provoked more criticism than his First Amendment philosophy. During the past forty years, one of the most troublesome questions to face the Supreme Court has been the determination of conditions under which spoken or written words may be punished in light of the First Amendment's unequivocal command: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech; or of the press; or of the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Fraudulent advertising, for example, can take the form of speech, as can a conspiracy to violate the antitrust laws. We have statutes against incitement to riot, breaches of the peace, and against the holding of demonstrations in particular places such as parks or streets.

In essence there are really two aspects to the problem. One is definitional—an attempt to discern whether a person is engaging in conduct or in speech. The other is a balancing question—a determination as to whether something which is admittedly speech should nevertheless be restrained. When Justice Black states that the protections of the First Amendment are "absolute," he is speaking about the second problem, not the first. In his James Madison Lecture, delivered at New York University on February 17, 1960, he said: "I shall not attempt to discuss the wholly different and complex problem of the marginal scope of each individual amendment as applied to the particular facts of particular cases." When asked, in a public interview, whether it would be constitutional to prosecute someone who falsely shouted "fire!" in a theatre, Black replied, "If a person creates a disorder in a theatre, they would get him there not because of *what* he hollered but because he *hollered*. They would get him not because of any views he had but because they thought he did not have any views that they wanted to hear there."


Washington D.C.

But when we move to the second aspect of the question —the balancing aspect—Justice Black takes his stand against those who claim, through one verbal formulation or another, that something which is admittedly speech can be suppressed in the public interest. "It is my belief," he wrote, "that there are *'absolutes'* in our Bill of Rights, and that they were put there on purpose by men who knew what words meant, and meant their prohibitions to be 'absolutes.' "

It is important to view Justice Black's position in its historical perspective. Whatever may have been the merits of Justice Holmes's famous "clear and present danger" test, it was apparent that under the cold-war pressures of the 1950s Holmes's exception was swallowing up the rule. When, in 1951, the Supreme Court upheld the Smith Act's ban against teaching or advocating the violent overthrow of the government, the clear and present danger had become nothing more than a reasonable belief on the part of a court that the attempt to overthrow the government might come at some indefinite time in the future. This erosion of the protection of the First Amendment reached its culmination in the late 1950s when the Court upheld admitted restrictions on free speech under a so-called "balancing" test whereby courts were supposed to weigh the interests of the public against the right of the individual.

If that is all the First Amendment means, then Justice Black's observation is irrefutable:

> The great danger of the judiciary balancing process is that in times of emergency and stress it gives the Government the power to do what it thinks necessary to protect itself, regardless of the rights of individuals. If the need is great, the right of Government can always be said to outweigh the rights of the individual. If "balancing" is accepted as the test, it would be hard for any conscientious judge to hold otherwise in times of dire need.

Black's position comes down simply to this: that the framers of the First Amendment did the "balancing" when they decided that "no law" should be adopted which abridges free speech, press, religion and other First Amendment guarantees. Whether in written decisions, on the lecture platform or in informal conversation, Black strikes the same note—"no law" does not mean "some law."

In the midst of a highly technical discussion of certain Supreme Court decisions, Justice Black said to me: "Of course, professors and even deans and many judges like to tinker with the words in the Constitution. But I don't know why they want to change it. It's a good Constitution. At least it's the one I swore to uphold."

Comments such as that lead some people to charge that Black's approach is "simplistic," but his decisions in the First Amendment area actually demonstrate a great grasp of English and American history. In 1963, Irving Dilliard compiled Black's leading opinions in a volume entitled *One Man's Stand for Freedom*. The Justice's historical analysis has convinced him that the framers of our Constitution did not want the English system of legislative omnipotence. Not satisfied merely with a government of limited powers, "the people of this country . . . demanded more precise and unequivocal limitations upon the powers of government and obtained the Bill of Rights, the central provisions of which were the First Amendment guarantees of complete religious and political freedom."

His conversations, like his opinions, are studded with examples of political and religious suppression, which have always been justified by the familiar "balancing" of the interests of the state against the rights of the individual. "That doctrine is not a new one," wrote Black. "In fact, history shows that it has been the excuse for every repressive measure that government has ever seen fit to adopt."

The range of attacks against First Amendment freedoms during the post-World War II era is unmatched by any other period of comparable length in the nation's history. Black's response has been a persistent, unyielding, scholarly and inspiring defense of First Amendment freedoms—"without any 'ifs' or 'buts' or 'whereases.'"

Dissenting from a decision that upheld a statute prohibiting newspapers or moving pictures from exposing members of a particular group to "contempt" or "derision," Black said, "History indicates that urges to do good have led to the burning of books and even to the burning of 'witches.'"

Dissenting from the decision to uphold the Smith Act's ban on advocacy of forcible overthrow of the government, he said: "I cannot agree that the First Amendment permits us to sustain laws suppressing freedom of speech and press on the basis of Congress' or our own notions of mere 'reasonableness.' Such a doctrine waters down the First Amendment so that it amounts to little more than an admonition to Congress."

Agreeing with the Court's invalidation of an Oklahoma loyalty oath for public employees, he said: "Tyrannical totalitarian governments cannot safely allow their people to speak with complete freedom. I believe with the Framers that our free Government can."

And in perhaps his greatest First Amendment dissent (in the *Barenblatt* case) where the Court decided that the First Amendment did not prevent Congress from inquiring into an individual's alleged Communist affiliation, he proclaimed: "Our Constitution assumes that the common sense of the people and their attachment to our country will enable them, after free discussion, to withstand ideas that are wrong. . . . Unless we can rely on these qualities—if, in short, we begin to punish speech—we cannot honestly proclaim ourselves to be a free Nation and we have lost what the Founders of this land risked their lives and their sacred honor to defend."

Those present when Justice Black delivered his James Madison Lecture at New York University in February, 1960, will not soon forget the caustic humor with which he drove home his point by applying the "balancing" test to another provision in the Constitution—that which provides that private property shall not "be taken for public use, without just compensation." Using the same type of reasoning that the Court majority was then employing to "balance away" the provision of the First Amendment, Black set forth a wholly imaginary judicial opinion of Judge X upholding the power of the United States to seize land without compensation if the property is required for the defense establishment. As the audience rocked with laughter, Black read his "opinion" with a mock solemnity that grew more pompous as he rolled along to the conclusion:

> Plaintiff contends, however, that the Fifth Amendment's provision about compensation is so absolute a command that Congress is wholly without authority to violate it, however great this nation's emergency and peril may be. I must reject this contention. We must never forget that it is a constitution we are expounding.
>
> And a constitution, unlike ordinary statutes, must endure for ages; it must be adapted to changing conditions and the needs of changing communities. Without such capacity for change, our Constitution would soon be outmoded and become a dead letter. Therefore its words must never be read as rigid absolutes. The Bill of Rights' commands, no more than any others, can stay the hands of Congress from doing that which the general welfare imperatively demands. When two great constitutional provisions like these conflict—as here the power to make war conflicts with the requirements for just compensation—it becomes the duty of courts to weigh the constitutional right of an individual to compensation against the power of Congress to wage a successful war.
>
> While the question is not without doubt, I have no hesitation in finding the challenged Congressional Act valid. Driven by the absolute necessity to protect the nation from foreign aggression, the national debt has risen to billions of dollars. The Government's credit is such that interest rates have soared. Under these circumstances, Congress was rationally entitled to find that if it paid for all the lands it needs it might bankrupt the nation and render it helpless in its hour of greatest need. Weighing as I must the loss the individual will suffer because he has to surrender his land to the nation without compensation against the great public interest in conducting war, I hold the Act valid. A decree will be entered accordingly.

To describe a constitutional protection as "absolute" does not, of course, always result in easy decision-making. One of Justice Black's most difficult and controversial decisions upheld the power of a state to provide bus transportation for parochial school students against the claim that the practice violated the establishment of religion clause of the First Amendment. Black's opinion remains today the most authoritative statement on the meaning of that clause. In applying the "absolute" rule to the facts of the case, however, Black concluded that the state was merely aiding children and not benefiting a religious institution, a conclusion with which four Justices bitterly disagreed, although there was complete agreement on Black's interpretation of the constitutional provision. This interpretation—that the First Amendment prohibits aid of any kind to any and all religious establishments—was the basis of the Court's 8-to-1 decision in 1962 invalidating New York's school prayer. Needless to say, it was Black who wrote that opinion which was criticized by many and read by few. If the critics had read it, they would have found it to be a stirring statement of religious faith written by a profoundly religious man.

Justice Black has dissented against many injustices. I asked which of these cases linger in his memory. He mentioned among others that of George Anastaplo, a brilliant young law-school graduate, with a distinguished military record. Anastaplo told the Illinois State Bar Committee on Character and Fitness that he believed in the right of revolution and that the question of his possible membership in allegedly subversive organizations was not pertinent to his qualifications to practice law. There was not one shred of evidence reflecting adversely on Anastaplo's character or reputation. Nevertheless, because of his views on revolution and his refusal to discuss possible membership in organizations, he was denied admission to the bar and the Supreme Court, in a 5-to-4 decision, sustained the refusal. Black dissented and said of Anastaplo:

> The one and only time in which he has come into conflict with the Government is when he refused to answer the questions put to him by the Committee about his beliefs

> and associations. And I think the record clearly shows that conflict resulted, not from any fear on Anastaplo's part to divulge his own political activities, but from a sincere, and in my judgment correct, conviction that the preservation of this country's freedom depends upon adherence to the Bill of Rights. The very most that can fairly be said against Anastaplo's position in this entire matter is that he took too much of the responsibility of preserving that freedom upon himself. . . .

Black resents the charge that he is a "judicial activist." When he was appointed to the bench, he told a colleague that he was prepared to declare laws unconstitutional, but not for the same reasons which impelled the anti-New Deal justices whom he had so sharply criticized. It is this difference which explains the essence of Black's view of a Supreme Court Justice's proper role in our government.

When the constitutional command is clear, it is the duty of a judge to enforce that command and not to substitute standards not found in the Constitution—such as "overriding public interest," or "clear and present danger" or any of the other judicially manufactured excuses for bypassing the Bill of Rights. Similarly, since Black believes that historically the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment intended to make the Bill of Rights applicable to the states, Black rejects the idea that judges should invalidate only those state acts which "shock the conscience," or violate a "scheme of ordered liberty." Phrases such as these are too susceptible of judicial erosion in times of crisis. By applying the precise commands of the Bill of Rights, Justice Black believes courts will deal with the definitional aspects of these provisions, rather than with the wholly different and amorphous question of whether a particular practice offends a particular judge's concepts of fundamental justice.

Because of these beliefs, some of Black's bitterest dissents have been directed against an interpretation of due process, prevalent in the 1940s and 1950s, which gave the judiciary the power to substitute their own notions of fairness for the more specific language of the Bill of Rights. And he has lived to see the principal features of his position vindicated. While the Court has not agreed that the full Bill of Rights is incorporated in the Fourteenth Amendment, it has accepted Black's alternate thesis that whenever a right found in the Bill of Rights is made applicable to the states, it should have the same meaning against the states as against the federal government. For example, the protection against unreasonable searches and seizures now provides the same protection against state infringement as it does against violation by the United States. Since most of the provisions of the Bill of Rights have now been held applicable against state infringement, Black has won the substance, if not the form, of his long battle.

Some of Black's most ringing dissents of recent years have been against his liberal colleagues, which has prompted some question as to whether Black has shifted toward a more conservative position. Actually, careful readers of Black's opinions would have had no difficulty in predicting his dissenting votes. When the Court invalidated the Connecticut birth control law last year on grounds that a right of marital privacy was "peripheral" to, or part of, a "penumbra" of rights in the Bill of Rights, Black objected vehemently that the majority was following the exact route of the conservative majority in the 1930s—invalidating legislation of which they disapproved without constitutional authority.

Similarly, he bitterly dissented from last year's decision to apply certain new decisions prospectively only, thereby keeping imprisoned those defendants who had been convicted under procedures found to be unconstitutional in later cases. To Black these decisions represented a great retreat from a constitutional scheme which relies on the written words of the Constitution rather than on the "shocked consciences" of judges.

Some followers of the Court were surprised by Black's recent dissents upholding convictions of sit-in demonstrators. Black, however, was restating his basic theme—a court which reaches out to find rights which do not exist may some day permit the contraction of rights which are already there.

When a man of Justice Black's stature reaches the age of 80, his place in history is inevitably assayed. Few would deny to the Justice his place with Madison, Jefferson, Hughes, Holmes, Brandeis and, in a more modern context, Douglas, Warren and Brennan, as one who has risen to the defense of individual liberties in times of crisis.

It was the late Edmond Cahn, however, who placed Justice Black in what may well be his correct historical perspective when he linked Black to John Marshall, our greatest Chief Justice. Seeking to determine what makes a judge truly great, Cahn said: "As a crisis approaches, some man who might otherwise remain relatively unimportant and obscure discovers a word, a phrase, a sentence in a basic text that history and legal tradition have placed in his hands. He reads, kindles, ignites, and bursts into flames of zeal and resolution. The torch of his spirit leads first a few, then the vast majority of his countrymen—like a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night—toward freedom, equality, and social justice."

For Marshall the words were found in the provision of the Constitution declaring that the Constitution of the United States was "the supreme law of the land." For Hugo Black the words were found in the First Amendment. If, at the outset of our national experience, John Marshall's opinions forged a republic, Hugo Black's in our day have expressed that republic's highest justification for survival.

Whatever may be the present judgments concerning his place in history, the Justice himself is too keen a student of history not to realize that in the final analysis his place will be determined by the direction in which the country moves. He could well have been speaking of his own place in history when he said, at the conclusion of his great dissent in the *Barenblatt* case: "Ultimately all the questions in this case really boil down to one—whether we as a people will try fearfully and futilely to preserve democracy by adopting totalitarian methods, or whether in accordance with our traditions and our Constitution we will have the confidence and the courage to be free."

If this nation attempts to preserve liberty by imitating our totalitarian rivals, then Justice Black will be remembered simply as one who vainly tried to keep the national faith. But if the country does indeed have the "confidence and the courage to be free," then Hugo Lafayette Black will have a high place among its most hallowed heroes.

AN AMERICAN IN CUBA: PART II

THE REVOLUTION OF GOOD CHEER

ERWIN ROY JOHN

Here follows the concluding section of Dr. John's travels in Cuba, several months ago, with a jeep driver, interpreter and letter of introduction from the government in Havana. Dr. John, who had been attending a scientific conference in Havana before setting out on his trip into the Sierra Maestra, is research professor and director of the Brain Research Laboratories, New York Medical College.

After leaving San Lorenzo, we circled back through the mountains. We drove through occasional villages, some consisting of mud huts, others of cheerful modern cottages, which I was told had been built by the army for those *campesinos* who had the worst living conditions. About 10 P.M. we reached Holguin, a city of 240,000 people. We drove to the headquarters of the Communist Party, where we asked the clerk on duty to arrange an interview with the local party chairman and other officials. After scrutinizing my letter, he made a few phone calls and told us to return at 10 the next morning.

We looked up the local representative of ICAP (Cuban Institute for Friendship Between Peoples) who provided us with quarters in the ICAP house, a pleasant modern home which had belonged to a physician who had left for the United States the previous year. We went out to a drive-in for a sandwich. We had passed a number of these, built by the Ministry of the Interior, on our travels. They are modern, colorful cafeterias which serve fried fish, shrimps, ham sandwiches, fruit, ices and soda at reasonable prices. We ordered ham sandwiches (70c) and beer (40c) and joined a group of workers and *milicianos* watching a television speech by Castro.

The speech was at an event honoring a cane-cutting brigade of twenty men who had cut more than 25 million pounds of cane in one month. For almost an hour, Fidel (Cubans invariably refer to him thus, and the custom is contagious) listed the agricultural progress to date and future plans, to the accompaniment of desultory applause from the packed town square where he was speaking, and occasional approving grunts and nods from my neighbors. Having recited these signs of progress, and after pointing out that the lot of the Cuban people was markedly improving, he abruptly said that Cubans could not permit this prosperity to lull them into forgetting that while they were cutting cane, others were dying in the attempt to achieve their independence. He denounced American aggression against North Vietnam, stating that if Cuba were closer, it would offer help, but that such offers were not practical.

In contrast to the passive reactions to the earlier portion of his speech, each statement related to the Vietnamese conflict was greeted by roars of approval and thunderous applause. The group around me became quite animated as well, and I was convinced that these reactions were manifestations of genuine identification and sympathy with the Vietnamese, and agreement with Castro's position. On a number of occasions, I had noted clusters of Cubans attentively watching television broadcasts depicting civilians injured by U. S. bombings of North Vietnam. There was much head shaking and muttering.

Early the next morning, we met the secretary-general, the educational chairman, the organizational chairman and the propaganda chairman of the Holguin Regional United Party of the Socialist Revolution (PURS) for an interview that lasted several hours and ranged over a wide variety of topics. The picture of the party set forth by these men was not one of a mass organization with large membership. There are but 55,000 party members in Cuba at present; in the Holguin region, where more than 330,000 people live, there are only 1,200 members. Party members are selected on the basis of personal competence and dedication to revolutionary principles. The recruiting procedure has two features: first, selection of exemplary and respected workers by their colleagues at work; second, screening by party representatives. Party members explain government politics to their co-workers, and transmit reactions back to the national organization headquarters. The party neither runs the local production units nor makes national policy decisions; it acts throughout in an advisory and coordinating capacity.

I was surprised by the apparent lack of information the party representatives displayed at various points in our discussion. It may be that their apparent ignorance about currently controversial questions was assumed to avoid discussion, but I was reasonably well convinced that they were not feigning. I asked how they felt about the unilateral decision of the USSR to remove the missiles during the Cuban crisis, an action about which a number of Cubans had expressed strong resentment. They said that Fidel explained that he disagreed with the Soviet decision, but that they had reserved the right to withdraw the missiles if they so chose. They felt that they and the Cuban people were willing to fight against invasion to the death, with whatever weapons they had, missiles or no missiles. To illustrate how it was during the days of crisis, they told of going from house to house, late on the night when mobilization was called, looking for the members of the defense brigade of Holguin. Not a man was found at home; all had already gone to the assembly place. Throughout the discussion, they maintained that the party truly represents the feelings and desires of the people, because that is the only way in which a viable Cuban revolution can be built. Several times they reacted to a general political question by stating that it was not relevant to their concern, which was to formulate answers to the problems of Cuba. They gave the impression of people who were neither particularly thoughtful and well informed, nor extremely doctrinaire.

After leaving the committee, we walked several blocks to the Church of San José. The parish priest, Felipe de la Cruz, was a beaming, round little man in a white cassock, who greeted me warmly and drew me into his office. Over good coffee, he smoked strong cigarettes and answered my questions in a relaxed fashion. He said that his parishioners experience little difficulty because of their religion, and that not on an official level. At one time the police kept lists of those attending services, but this practice has been discontinued. There is no pressure upon Catholics not to come to church, but people do notice. However, this attention does not dissuade people from attending church. About 1,200 are usually present for Sunday services; there were more before the revolution, but the drop reflects the departure of numerous Catholics rather than fear among those who stayed. People left for economic reasons.

Father de la Cruz receives an adequate income from the parishioners. He regards the abolition of parochial schools and the confiscation of lands as a severe limitation on church activities. Religious instruction is provided in the church and at home, but such teaching is definitely more difficult now. In his judgment, the condition of some people has deteriorated, that of others has improved. For the poor people, there has been great improvement, particularly in education and health services. Although Catholics tend not to support the revolution strongly because Communists do not believe in God, he is personally glad that the revolution occurred.

We stopped housewives at random in the church square, asking questions about income and living conditions. Some reported an improvement in their conditions, others said things were much as before. No one thought things were worse or that she experienced deprivations. The women were obviously annoyed with rationing and with the need to stand in line for food quotas. I noticed a shoeshine boy with ragged pants and split shoes and asked him to sit in the shade and talk for a moment; he was the most neglected looking child I saw in Cuba. The boy proved to be the sole wage earner in a family of three. A married brother sends home 50 pesos a month, but his divorced father contributes nothing. The family lives in a five-room cottage, and there is enough money for food and an occasional dress for the baby sister. The boy smiled often, and spoke enthusiastically of the evening classes he attended after dinner. I tried to give him a peso. He refused it cheerfully, saying: "I did not shine your shoes, I only spoke with you!"

We drove from Holguin to Camaguey, occasionally digressing from the main road. We saw few housing units under construction, but several schools and hospitals, some of them quite large. The roads were uniformly good. We passed fields of cane, coffee, oranges, tobacco, jute, plantain, papaya and coconut palms, and saw innumerable chickens, cows and pigs, but almost no agricultural machinery. The people we encountered were uniformly neat and pleasant, the children healthy and active. The majority of the rural homes were mud huts. Motor traffic was light. The remainder of our trip was much like what I have recounted, providing only the evidence that a 700-kilometer-long sample of Cuba showed fairly homogeneous living conditions. Throughout the trip, I encountered no evidence that freedom of movement was limited. The only incident worth recalling occurred in Camaguey airport, where I encountered a group of fifteen Chinese. After assiduous attempts, I found one who spoke poor Spanish and chatted briefly. The group were fishing-boat crews, returning to China after a year as instructors in the new Cuban fishing trawlers. They displayed a striking distaste for the Cubans, whom they dismissed as frivolous and ignorant—an attitude of condescension evidenced by their failure to acquire even a rudimentary command of the language.

I left Cuba with a number of strong impressions, which I should like to summarize. But let me qualify what I have to say in advance by emphasizing my awareness that I was in Cuba only a short time and that longer and more careful examination might modify my opinions.

I believe that the Cuban Revolution under Castro has accomplished important improvements in the general living conditions of the people, particularly with respect to public health and education. These gains have been accomplished by revolutionary actions, including confiscation of property, violence and imprisonment for members of the active opposition. These methods seem, however, to have been strongly supported by the majority of the people, as are the policies currently implemented by the government.

The visitor to Cuba does not receive the impression that it is an oppressed country, whose people suffer under a dictatorship of selfish men. Not only is there much gaiety but people from all walks of life say that life for them has changed for the better. A general air of friendliness and good cheer conveys a sense of participation and excitement among the people, and that attitude, I believe, cannot be coerced by political pressure. There is little evidence of caution or fear, and widespread willingness to discuss and criticize government policies in public and with strangers. There is little evidence of doctrinaire formulations, and people in positions of responsibility seem eager to solicit advice and opinions, and to learn from experience. The whole country appears to be a school in which people are trying to learn how to solve practical problems in a fashion compatible with their own sense of values. This is a revolutionary country, but it is a Cuban revolution.

I believe that Americans should have the chance to study this island at first hand, to examine this social revolution carefully and honestly, and to develop objective conclusions about it. In spite of the absence of parliamentary democracy, government policies seem responsive to the wishes and needs of the people, and receive widespread support. Evidence of corruption, or venality among members of the government, or of fear and dissatisfaction among the people, is not readily available.

Although we might prefer to have such changes achieved by parliamentary means, the fact is that the changes in Cuba were brought about by an abrupt and violent social revolution. Whether inspired by the Cuban example or driven by the pressure of intolerable conditions, it is inevitable that comparable revolutionary attempts will be launched by other peoples of underdeveloped countries, who weary of waiting for democratic reforms. The United States has already served notice of its implacable hostility to such movements, citing its determination to prevent the emergence of "another Cuba" as justification for intervention in the Dominican uprising. But to oppose revolutions in such places is to support existing wrongs—in a situation that offers no hope for real social change—in preference to the pain and upheaval of violent revolution, from which social transformation may occur. That choice is not legitimately ours to make; it belongs to those who must suffer the price of the decision.

The questions which Cuba raises will be raised again and again in the years to come. Are we to maintain our hostility and opposition to all future revolutionary movements? My own conclusions, based on what I have seen and tempered by the desire to learn more, is that the Cuban Revolution merits our support and approval.

BRONZE STARS OF PEACE

THE LEGIONNAIRE SAYS NO

DANIEL FORD

Mr. Ford's background includes a hitch at the Special Warfare Center and a two-month assignment in Vietnam in 1964 for this magazine [see July 13, July 27, August 24]. His novel, Now Comes Theodora, *was published last year by Doubleday.*

Item: All legionnaires are 100 per cent Americans.

Item: All pacifists are unwashed radicals.

The awful thing that Robert Hollis did, the absolutely inexcusable thing, was to make a whole lot of people think twice. Thinking once is hard enough, and most people never try. But twice! No wonder they pushed Robert Hollis around, damned him, savaged his uniform, and ultimately fired him as commander of his American Legion post in Jewett City, Conn.

Thousands of legionnaires across the country turned out to observe Veterans' Day, November 11, 1965. So did thousands of pacifists, protesting the war in Vietnam. But the cameras and the anger focused upon Robert Hollis, who was both a legionnaire and a pacifist. There he stood — a little guy in a baggy blue uniform with gold trimming, holding a sign which read: WITHDRAW U.S. TROOPS FROM VIETNAM NOW!

No wonder he got it in the neck.

Robert Hollis is not anybody's picture of a hero. He does some mildly heroic things — he served on the line in Korea, he took that pushing around last November without even raising his voice—but he does these things, I am quite sure, in a state of very personal terror. It is the terror that makes me love him. He is the archetypal Little Guy, the one who does what he must, and who is more surprised than anybody else when he succeeds in shaking an empire. He is a man of whom Ignazio Silone wrote:

> "If one man says, 'No,' the spell is broken and public order is endangered. The rebel voice must be stifled."
>
> "Even if the voice is that of a poor, solitary sick man?"
>
> "Even then."
>
> "Even if it belongs to a peaceful man who thinks in his own way, but does nothing evil apart from that?"
>
> "Even then."

That is Robert Hollis. Oh, he is sturdy enough, having done physical labor most of his life, but he is a bit less than average height, and rather pale. His features are indistinct except for a long, sharp nose. Blue eyes. Black hair, cut short and beginning to recede. His smile is warm, but it lights only one side of his face. His posture is apologetic. Altogether, he is the sort of man who insists he has already eaten, if he should happen to visit you at dinner time—but a man who thinks in his own way.

They made fun of Hollis at school, I suspect, and elected him to some minor class office. That was in Marlboro, Mass. He finished high school in 1947, worked for a year in a local shoe factory, then decided to become a Congregational minister. He survived two years of a seven-year course at the theological seminary in Bangor, Me. Then he dropped out and returned to Marlboro, where he found a job as a lathe operator. He was classified 1-A-O (willing to serve but not to bear arms) and was inducted into the U.S. Army on May 13, 1952.

I have a strong image of Pvt. Robert Hollis, standing in the liquid sunshine of a New England spring. His shoulders are slightly hunched. His overseas cap is planted square on his head in the manner prescribed by induction-camp posters, which is the worst possible way to wear an overseas cap if you want to show a little dash. His uniform is too large for him, or too small. No matter how often Pvt. Hollis returns to the supply room, no matter if he visits the post tailor—his uniform will never fit.

Like most conscientious objectors, he became a medic; like most of them also, in that year of stalemated war, he was shipped to Korea as soon as his training was complete. He was assigned to the Third Infantry Division in the Kum Wa Valley. "You're just like the ordnance people," he was told. "Your job is to repair pieces of fighting machinery and put them back on the line." He did so, as a psychiatric aide and as driver for the chaplain. He even served on the line himself, standing guard without a rifle, until the arms-bearing men in his outfit complained that they couldn't sleep nights, with only those pacifists between them and the Chinese bayonets. He earned the usual decorations, including the Korean Campaign ribbon with two bronze stars.

With his ribbons and his separation papers, Robert Hollis came home to Marlboro in 1954. He joined the American Legion. He worked in a department store, then in a steel fabricating plant, where he was a busy if minor union official. He married, and helped rear a foster son who later served with the U.S. Marines in Vietnam. But none of these things quite satisfied him. He still had this great big *no!* bottled up inside.

"I was like the man who drove the getaway car," he says now of his military service. "I didn't rob the bank, but I was just as guilty as the men who did."

So he began to take an interest in the Committee for Nonviolent Action. CNVA is a loose federation of pacifists who are most often seen demonstrating in front of military installations, sometimes marching great distances to dramatize their opposition to war, occasionally engaging in civil disobedience in the tradition of Gandhi and Thoreau. There is a national headquarters at 5 Beekman Street in New York City, and branches here and there around the country. In 1963, Robert Hollis joined the staff of New England CNVA in Voluntown, Conn.

New England CNVA consists of a fine old farmhouse, some ramshackle outbuildings, a trailer or two, and about twelve full-time pacifists. Several of the staff members are generally absent, however, rebuilding churches in the South or serving out jail sentences for draft refusal. The others work on a variety of peace projects, for which they receive room and board and $1 a week. To join them, Robert Hollis left his family, sold the liquor store he had recently established in Rowe, Mass., and resigned his post as Rowe town moderator.

This man, you see, has absolutely no instinct for hypocrisy. If war is evil (and who denies it?), then Robert Hollis must work full time for peace, however ruinous the personal consequences. Similarly, he retained his membership in the American Legion. There may not be many legionnaires who take seriously the Legion injunction to "promote peace and good will on earth," but Robert Hollis is one of them. He would see nothing paradoxical in being both a pacifist and a legionnaire.

On Armed Forces Day in 1964, he was standing in the picket line at Boston Naval Shipyard. His uniform and battle ribbons caused some surprise, but no particular outrage. A month or so later he was back in Connecticut, protesting a Polaris submarine launching at Electric Boat Division in Groton. This time he nearly created a riot. The Groton police whisked him out of town, and he decided to wear civilian clothes at future launchings. But he put on the Legion uniform in September, while demonstrating at a Bomarc missile site north of Montreal, and again in November, when he was part of a CNVA "caravan" which toured New England colleges, debating the draft with anyone who would listen. None of these appearances received much publicity.

Then, in February of this year, Robert Hollis transferred his Legion membership to Jewett City—no city at all, but a small community just across the Connecticut Turnpike from Voluntown. The Jewett City legionnaires now insist that they were tricked. Robert Hollis insists that he was completely honest about his antiwar beliefs. The truth is probably somewhere between: he is a diffident man, not likely to push pacifism very hard at a Legion bar. And most of the legionnaires probably did not hear such views as he did present, for the reason that most of them did not attend the monthly meetings.

In any event, here was Post 15 in Jewett City, Conn., infiltrated by a pacifist. So what did Post 15 do? It elected him commander. As seems to be customary in his life, Hollis was nominated for a lesser office. At least one member of the Legion knew about his CNVA connections, because somebody called the farm in Voluntown to ask if Robert Hollis was willing to run for post adjutant. He was. Through some confusion, another legionnaire was nominated for the same office; this little problem was resolved when the commander-nominee decided not to run, and suggested that Robert Hollis be named instead.

WITHDRAW US TROOPS FROM VIETNAM NOW

Hollis seems to have been a good commander. He organized a benefit supper for the Legion bartender, who had been injured in an automobile accident. He obtained for Post 15 a flag which had flown above the nation's capitol. And when some of the post's folding chairs needed repair, he repaired them, gratis, at the metal-working shop he had established in Jewett City. (This shop was meant to provide jobs for disillusioned defense workers, but it has not been particularly successful.) Robert Hollis also obeyed the Legion request to "show the colors and wear your uniform on Veterans' Day," which proved to be his undoing as commander of Post 15.

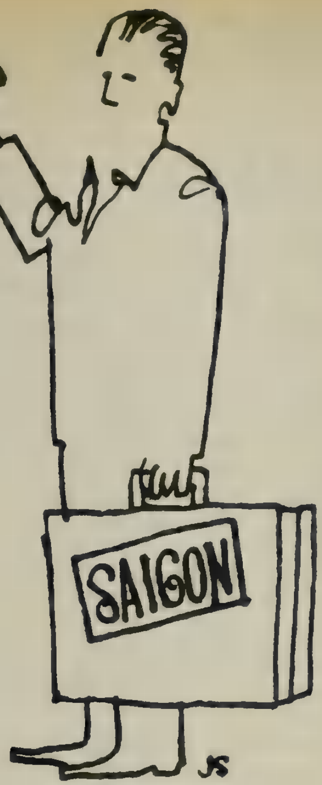
For Veterans' Day, New England CNVA assembled at Fort Devens in Ayer, Mass. Devens was a major induction center during the Korean War—Robert Hollis was one of the thousands processed there—but now it is a quiet post, given over to the training of Army security agency personnel. One hundred pacifists turned out for a silent vigil in front of the main gate on November 11. At least, the vigil was meant to be silent. But the television cameramen also turned out, and the counter-pickets, and several FBI agents, and 400 spectators. And Robert Hollis became the best-known American Legion commander in the United States.

Look at him!—the little guy in a uniform that doesn't quite fit, with gold piping on his cap, and ribbons on his chest. What do you make of him? It's easy enough to dispose of the other pacifists—the bearded young men; the girls with long, straight hair; the middle-aged do-gooders with constipated smiles. . . . You simply hold up an ardent if misspelled sign: YOU FARIES COULDN'T PASS THE PHYSICAL.

But what do you make of a man who so patently *did* pass the physical, and who has the campaign ribbons to prove it? You can do one of two things. You can rethink all your easy notions about pacifists and patriots, or you can obliterate him. No doubt some of the spectators at Fort Devens managed to do the necessary rethinking, but the others made a pretty good start toward obliterating Robert Hollis. They called him coward, punched him in the stomach, knocked him down, and tore the ribbons from his uniform. The television cameras caught the last of it, including the final "goddamn."

Next evening, in Jewett City's green-shingled Legion hall, the television set above the bar broadcast the news of Post 15's disgrace. The legionnaires immediately set out to rid themselves of their commander. A first attempt turned out to be unconstitutional—it seemed that only Robert Hollis knew anything about impeachment—and the proceedings were put off until November 22. Meanwhile, Commander Hollis kept right on demonstrating. He was part of the CNVA picket line at Danbury, Conn., when a young draft refuser was released from the federal prison there; he was in the picket line again when the Polaris submarine *Henry L. Stimson* went down the ways at Groton. He also took part in a CNVA training program, although not very actively. He has a tendency to fall asleep during lectures.

The November 22 meeting must have been the best attended in Post 15's history. One hundred legionnaires crowded into a room that held chairs for thirty-six; two sergeants-at-arms kept the newsmen at bay; outside, cheerfully chivvied by state policemen, 400 or 500 townspeople gathered to pay their respects to the notorious commander.



"Well," said Robert Hollis, with a disarming smile on the right side of his face, "they've been asking me how we could get out the members, and here they are." He wore his complete Legion regalia to the meeting, and was the only man who did so. The other legionnaires, in red plaid jackets and woolen shirts, were not very cordial, but then they had no reason to be. Many of them had never seen him before.

Post 15 required exactly twelve minutes to suspend its commander and authorize a committee to see what else could be done with him. The newsmen took an hour. Robert Hollis fielded their questions well, as befitted a minister *manqué*, but the knuckles were white upon his clasped hands. Then he left the building, as solitary as when he had entered it. The crowd greeted him with hearty but somehow good-natured jeers, and a state police car escorted him out of town.

"He did it for the publicity," judged one legionnaire.

"He's going to be the richest man in the country," said another. "*That's* why he did it."

Not really. Robert Hollis is now planning to visit South Vietnam, not by the expensive air route across the Pacific, but by way of Europe. He will fly to Copenhagen on a cut-rate air line, then take a train to Moscow, where he has a twenty-four-hour visa, then . . . how in the world does a man travel from Moscow to Saigon? Via Cambodia, perhaps. At any rate, Robert Hollis has received one $5 contribution toward his traveling expenses, and will cover the rest by selling his station wagon.

So there he goes, the quintessential Little Guy, heading back to war by the most unlikely route imaginable. He is not very sure how he will reach Saigon, and is even more uncertain what he will do after he arrives. But I do not think that we have heard the last of him.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Cousin David

DAVID SARNOFF. *By Eugene Lyons. Harper & Row. 372 pp. $6.95.*

CARL DREHER

Near the beginning of this biography of his kinsman, Lyons writes: "I have diligently searched for 'shadows' that would make Sarnoff more human and credible. I found a good many, of course, and will try to weave them into the narrative. . . ." He does not succeed, and one can sympathize with him, up to a point. He was writing about one of the most imperious personalities of the century, with sixty years of industrial success and puffery behind him. Given Lyons' own predilections, the result could only be a Sarnoff-dominated biography, further slanted in some parts by Lyons' dependence on Sarnoff, or Sarnoff admirers, for accounts of events long past.

Thus Lyons takes on faith, and even amplifies, the incomprehensible epic of Sarnoff's feats in the *Titanic* disaster. Aged 21, Sarnoff was the wireless operator at the Wanamaker department store station in New York, which handled traffic with the corresponding station in Philadelphia. On the evening of April 14, 1912, he picked up the news that the *Titanic* had struck an iceberg on her maiden voyage to New York. Here is Lyons' description of what followed:

> The operator at Wanamaker's signaled receipt of the message and asked the *Olympic* for details. He notified the press. Soon extras were being cried in the streets and the eyes of the whole world, it seemed, along with its fears and hopes, were fixed on young Sarnoff and his earphones. Reporters, then crowds of friends and relatives of those on board the liner, along with the curious, converged on the department store. Police had to be summoned to control them and give the operator the privacy and quiet that he needed.
>
> Other coastal stations and vessels in the disaster area tried to help, which merely jammed the airwaves. This was to be a one-man job. President Taft ordered all other stations to close down so that the one at Wanamaker's might more easily maintain communications.
>
> For three days and three nights, without sleep and virtually without food, Sarnoff remained glued to his earphones, while a horrified world hung on his every word. . . .

Sarnoff did sit there for seventy-two hours, and I am sure he was motivated as much by a desire to bring relief to the friends and relatives of the *Titanic* survivors as by the perfectly natural desire of an aspiring young man to get into the act. Just the same, he was a supernumerary in this drama. The Canadian Marconi station at Cape Race, N.F., was in charge. Cape Race was in the zone of operations, as Wanamaker's was not; Wanamaker's was not even a ship-to-shore station. Sarnoff was already one of the best operators in the business, and much too informed to try to take into his own hands—assuming that he could—a situation so critical.

His role in the reception of the names of the survivors is equally ambiguous. The first transmission was from the *Carpathia* to the *Olympic*, thence to Cape Race, thence to New York. It included mainly names of first- and second-class passengers. Thereafter the *Carpathia*, as she returned to New York with the survivors, was largely out of communication. She was the center of a disgraceful Donnybrook that involved the American Marconi Company's fight with the U.S. Navy, the orders of Capt. Arthur H. Rostron of the *Carpathia* to reserve the wireless for official business and personal messages of passengers, Rostron's aversion to newsmen, and the alleged interference of amateurs. The *Carpathia's* operators would not even acknowledge a message from President Taft, who had sent the scout cruisers *Chester* and *Salem* to meet her, asking for information about his military aide, Maj. Archibald W. Butt. (He went down with the ship.) The contention and confusion were such that the New York manager of the Cunard line sent five radiograms to Rostron "commanding" him to send "at once" a complete list of the *Titanic* passengers he had picked up, and never got an answer.

If Sarnoff was singularly able to cope with this babel, he would still have been better off with a relief operator, even one not quite so expert. As every veteran of the early days of wireless telegraphy knows, protracted copying through spark interference was one of the most grueling experiences a man could go through, and worse when the material consisted of names or cable code rather than plain language. Even the strongest operator would reach the point where he could take no more.

As the situation worsened, the Marconi Company appealed to the Secretary of the Navy to shut down all Navy stations north of Norfolk. This was done, but not for Sarnoff. Amid the welter of contradictory reports, all seem to agree with *The New York Times* account (April 18, 1912) on the terms of the understanding between the Navy and Marconi—that the latter would order its marine stations to handle only traffic to and from the *Carpathia*. The stations were listed: South Wellfleet on Cape Cod, Siasconset on Nantucket Island, Sagaponack on eastern Long Island, and Sea Gate at the entrance to New York Harbor. Wanamaker's was not mentioned.

As the *Carpathia* approached New York, Sarnoff abandoned his vigil, got a rubdown at a Turkish bath, and taxied to Sea Gate. There he was no doubt useful, but Lyons' assertion that it was a "one-man job," that Sarnoff single-handedly salvaged a disorderly and anarchic situation, is ridiculous on the face of it. He did his best—for the living and the dead, for Wanamaker's and for himself, but it was a mess to the end. And it already shows the acute sense of the value of publicity which has stayed with Sarnoff to the present day.

I do not want to leave the impression that such gullibility pervades the entire book. Some parts are essentially true; others, though biased, can still be useful to the serious student of U.S. industrial history. As literature it is down in the cellar. It could not be a revealing biography because Lyons and Sarnoff are too closely identified, not so much because of the family relationship as because Lyons is an uncritical defender not only of Sarnoff's actual achievements but of the corollary shibboleths, evasions and pretensions. He tries not to be sycophantic, but it comes out as if one of Sarnoff's platoon of P.A. men had been assigned to the job. A bolder biographer would have served Sarnoff better; he is a brilliant fellow, actually. Lyons' contrapuntal mingling of admiration and apologetics does scant justice to a subject so picturesque and richly endowed with intelligence, vitality and *chutzpah*.

Sarnoff is an important and fascinating personage from at least three viewpoints: as an industrialist, a would-be political and moral authority, and a human being. For the last I have no space. His great success, of course, is in the first, which covers sixty years of wireless telegraphy, wireless telephony, audio and video broadcasting, and the whole vast spectrum of electronics. Radio broadcasting would have come without Sarnoff, and so would television, but I think it is fair to say that several managerial prodigies would have been required to substitute for this one, and so with all his other achievements.

As Sarnoff's first book-length biographer, Lyons is under the necessity of covering much familiar ground, but he supplies details and linkages that have not appeared in print before. In 1900, David, the oldest son of a desperately impoverished family, arrived in the U.S. from Uzlian in Minsk. His father, a house painter in poor health, had come four years earlier. David was not yet 10 when he said to himself, "If I don't help my family, who will?" and began hawking Yiddish newspapers. At 15, with his father dying, David was already the principal support of his parents and three brothers and a sister. Going to school and working as a newsboy, he studied Morse code and applied to George De Sousa, the traffic manager of the Marconi Company, for a job as a telegrapher. De Sousa hired him as the company's office boy, but soon Sarnoff was an operator and some twelve years later De Sousa was working for him and proud that he had hired him.

In 1919, the Radio Corporation of America succeeded to the assets and liabilities of the Marconi Company. Sarnoff was then 29, and in a few weeks he was in fact running the company through its middle-aged president. Sarnoff predicted radio broadcasting in detail as early as 1915, and after 1921, this became the chief business of RCA, giving way in part later to the protean forms of electronics. Ten years after the founding of RCA, Sarnoff succeeded to the presidency and not only pulled the company through the great depression but liberated it from its founders, General Electric and Westinghouse. Later, he became chairman of the board of RCA and of its profitable subsidiary, N.B.C., and of other ancillary companies; rarely has a multiplex chairman so dominated his directors. Although he has recently relinquished the duties of chief executive and passed the presidency on to his son Robert, he remains chairman under a new five-year contract and no one in the radio setup would think of challenging his authority.

Industrially, technologically, financially, he is a gigantic figure. The vision which businessmen are always talking about he has. His superiors in the Marconi Company, intent on competing for intercontinental and ship-to-shore telegraph traffic, brushed off his "Radio Music Box" and found themselves anticipated by Westinghouse six years later. The radio networks, in the money with sound alone, resisted television; Sarnoff forced it on them and they made more money than before. Then he would not let them rest with black and white.

Sarnoff's philosophy is that of the technological pioneer and obsolescence maker celebrated by Joseph Schumpeter, Austrian minister of finance in the near-starvation period following World War I, and subsequently professor of economics at Harvard. Sarnoff might well have served as the prototype of Schumpeter's technologically prophetic entrepreneur, the dynamic factor in capitalism capable of preserving the system, at least for a time. To pioneer is to risk, the reward of risk (when it succeeds) is profit, profit goes largely into further innovation. To a great extent this cycle is Sarnoff's contribution to 20th-century industrial development. It calls for heavy corporate expenditures for research, engineering, market development, and unprofitable operation and manufacture until the corner is turned. Equally essential is *sang-froid*, with which Sarnoff is well endowed. He sank $50 million in hard cash in black-and-white TV before getting out of the red, $130 million in color, $100 million in electric data processing, and so on. Last fall he tossed $50 million into additional color-tube manufacturing facilities alone.

All this—except the last—he did in the face of warnings of impending disaster. He always defied them. Many experienced people in the industry felt that his insistence on color would at last prove his nemesis. But once again he knew best and

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came out on top. On the way he defeated the C.B.S. color system based on a revolving disk driven by a motor which, had not its initial approval by the FCC been reversed, would have set the industry back ten years.

For all of this Sarnoff, and only Sarnoff, is responsible. He is also responsible for the "wasteland"—although in the twenties he tried to avert the dependence of broadcasting on advertising. Nevertheless, wretched though TV may be in the bulk of its entertainment, and outrageous in its advertising, it is the most powerful medium of communication devised by man. Its political leverage is immense, as the recent hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on Vietnam once again demonstrated. In assessing Sarnoff's role, one must bear in mind that he deserves practically sole credit for the development of the medium *per se,* while he is no more responsible than other leaders of the industry for the shabby uses to which it has been put, and part of the blame rests on the great mass of viewers who tolerate and pay for such trash.

When he discourses on questions of morals and politics it is difficult for Sarnoff to sound downright stupid in the fashion of lesser industrialists, but sometimes he seems to be trying. Lyons, of course, dutifully presents Sarnoff as Sarnoff wishes to be presented—eminent in the one area as in the other, which also conforms conveniently with Lyons' own outlook and professional connections. But any bright high school sophomore can discern the difference between Sarnoff's intellectual stature as an industrialist (and let no one imagine that intellect, albeit of a specialized, instrumental kind, is not involved in the building of a General Motors or an RCA) and his pronouncements on society.

Lyons pictures Sarnoff as one of the aboriginal Russophobes and Red hunters. "It is significant," he writes, "in view of his later emphasis on the Communist menace, that even in the 1930s Sarnoff, as a matter of course, bracketed Red Russia with Brown Germany in denouncing totalitarianism. That scarcely enhanced his popularity among those intellectuals who were then as ardently pro-Soviet as anti-Nazi." If there are any intellectuals for whom I may presume to speak, it enhances our contempt. The identification of communism with fascism is a scurvy political trick when it is employed by people who know better, and those who honestly believe the two are the same are worse dupes than the intellectuals Lyons refers to. Sarnoff, I think, belongs in neither of these categories, although at times he may keep company with one or the other.

In the thirties he was perfectly capable of distinguishing between communism and fascism. If later he could see no difference, it must have been because on him, as on many other big businessmen, the cold war had exercised its seduction. The commercial delights of cold war are one reason the concept of "Red fascism," originated by one of William Randolph Hearst's *littérateurs,* was so easily sold to the American public after World War II. Fascism had been defeated by an alliance of the capitalist democracies and the Soviet Union. In its cold form, the war was then redirected against the former ally, thus achieving two vital objectives. Capitalist democracy was protected against an external enemy, and thereafter corporate capitalism could rely on massive government spending on armaments to banish depression by a version of Keynesianism that Lord Keynes never envisaged. Of course none of this is even hinted at in the Lyons version.

THE INFORMATION

Barrage. Bit after bit.
Mostly of slight immediate,
Even foreseeable, con-
Sequence or interest.
Data. Which is a way
Of disposing of it by
Collecting it, a war-
Rant that we will somehow make
Some future use of it.

Retained so, the pieces
Become subtly inter-
Twined; and since not
Releasable all at once,
Are substituted. Let
Someone intrude some notion
That smacks of isolation:
See what he gets. Anything
Goes. Most of it is clever.

Because we have such in-
Formation, so many
Juxtapositions. His
Beautiful statement caused
Him pain, or he wouldn't
Have spoken; as for us,
It keeps our surplus data
Repressed —— till, after a time,
It is assimilated.

The talk is brave. Maybe,
With all our facts, we can't
Know what is of value and
What not. The right and wrong:
Only ingested through
Some resistance, some
Form of themselves. Is
The antitoxin the toxin?
Meanwhile, our unused in-

Formation branches in mind,
Body, crowding, devouring
All objectivity. We
Say (or think) what we say true ——
While saying it. We talk
Less? Still, the barrage continues.
Corrupt analogy seems
The best way to not
Distort what we may mean.

DAVID GALLER

At first blush it is astonishing that a mind as astute as Sarnoff's should treat such grave questions at the grade-school level and appear capable only of choosing between primitive alternatives, without bothering to look for others. No more glaring contrast can be imagined than that between the functioning of Sarnoff's mind in this sphere and the constructive and resourceful thinking of, say, a George Kennan. Except one: even more striking, since it takes place in the same brain, is the chasm between the way Sarnoff thinks of the problems of RCA and the problems of U.S.A. This assumes that his public speeches reflect his actual thinking; whether they do or not I have no present means of knowing.

In general, however, it is as important for the industrialist on the make *not* to think freely about politics as it is for him to think freely about industry. Then, once the habit is ingrained, it persists, except in rare individuals like Theodore K. Quinn, who was slated for the presidency of General Electric until he rebelled against the whole corporate system. On this principle, Sarnoff early found it expedient to throttle down his mind in directions which might lead it to dangerous dissent, in order to give it full scope in the direction dictated by his early experiences and the ruling passion of his maturity—the direction of industrial creativity and power within the *status quo.* He could afford to be a radical in only one field, that of electronics, and to that he gravitated with a sure instinct, allying himself with the great radio inventor Edwin Howard Armstrong, and forcing his technological radicalism on backward superiors until he reached the top himself. In politics he took his views ready-made from the upper-class business community and its associated politicians—what is loosely called the Establishment, of which he thus became one of the pillars.

Still I am not satisfied that this is the end—that further development of the infinitely expansible Sarnoff ego is precluded. From Minsk a man cannot rise to the Presidency of the United States, nor would Sarnoff's elitism and lack of the glad hand comport with success in electoral politics. But when we were young, I fully expected to see him in some such office as Secretary of State. That was still my expectation after World War II, and not implausibly. By then he had a military title, his relations with successive Presidents had always been close, and he was recognized as one of the most formidable negotiators that ever played for high stakes.

And not only in industry. When J. P. Morgan and Owen D. Young had reached a stalemate in the negotiations for revision of German reparations after World War I, Sarnoff, who had been brought along by Young as an assistant on call, sat down with Hjalmar Schacht and devised what became the Young Plan. Young himself implied that it might more aptly have been called the Sarnoff Plan.

Of course for many years Sarnoff has not written his own speeches, but one he delivered last September, at the Conference on World Peace Through Law, bore the stamp of his forward thinking at its best. It was in a vein utterly different from the *Reader's Digest*-Eugene Lyons type of anti-Communist crusading. Sarnoff asked:

> When, for example, a Russian satellite can broadcast directly to a Kansas farm, or an American satellite can broadcast directly to a Hungarian collective, what will be the reaction in both countries? . . . What rules of conduct are to apply, and who is to establish them? This question evades the jurisdiction of any established body, yet it will affect the welfare of all nations and all people. . . . It would be a travesty on the hopes of humanity if this immense force for enlightenment, understanding and social advancement were to be subverted to narrow national ends, or become discredited by the failure of nations to agree upon its beneficial uses.

Subverted? Narrow national ends? The terms were used in a new context, at variance with what had gone before, when Sarnoff saw eye to eye with John Foster Dulles and advised President Eisenhower on schemes for psychological warfare against the Soviet bloc. *The Nation* commented editorially (October 11, 1965):

> For the moment, at least, world peace has supplanted the cold war in Sarnoff's thinking. The outlook for the survival of mankind would be more hopeful if peace could become for him a lasting preoccupation, and if other powerful industrialists and politicians were to follow his lead.

Why not? His influence is great, and he could make a start, at least on the world's most complex and most crucial problem. And he is only 75, after all.

The Irrelevance of Dick and Jane

THE SCHOOLCHILDREN: Growing Up in the Slums. *By Mary Frances Greene and Orletta Ryan. Pantheon Books. 227 pp. $4.95.*

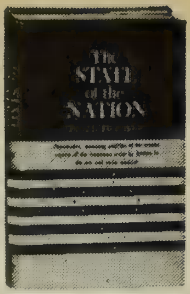
PETER SCHRAG

Mr. Schrag is assistant secretary of Amherst College and the author of Voices in the Classroom *(Beacon).*

In our innocent past, when all the categories were moral rather than sociological, a child who didn't learn in school was either stupid or lazy or, perhaps, just plain ornery. Nobody suggested that problems in the slum classroom were only reflections of the home, the family or the community. Now, being modern, we have learned all about cultural deprivation and disadvantaged youth, about the bias of intelligence tests and teachers, and about the irrelevance of *Dick and Jane* in a world of broken homes, narcotics, unemployment and violence.

But just when we had all the *new* categories straight, when cultural enrichment had become the slum-school substitute for the paddle and the gold star, and when a bureaucratic referral to "guidance" supplanted the sadism of the schoolmaster and truant officer, along came people like the psychologist Kenneth B. Clark to remind us that the new concepts sometimes generate as much brutality and discrimination as the old. It is Clark's sense, for example, that in a ghetto school "cultural deprivation" is often nothing more than an acceptable and apparently scientific euphemism for the dogma of Negro inferiority. Clark and those who share his views have, in effect, removed the security of all those new classifications and have suggested that part of the trouble with education in the ghetto is rooted in a superabundance of concepts, in a shortage of love and understanding and, most of all, in a failure to believe that Negro and Puerto Rican children can be educated. If Clark's notion—expressed in *Dark Ghetto* and in his massive 1964 report on New York's HARYOU Project—needed any additional reinforcement, Mary Frances Greene and Orletta Ryan have now supplied it in *The Schoolchildren: Growing Up in the Slums.*

The Schoolchildren is a series of classroom sketches from two Harlem elementary schools, most of them presented directly as verbatim, firsthand dialogue, and without preaching or generalizations. Operating with a kind of clinical precision, the two authors, both Harlem teachers, have magnificently transcribed and re-



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PRENTICE-HALL
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ported the language and behavior of children, teachers and parents. In many respects the book reads like a report from a command post, lean, unpretentious and unsentimental. It has no beginning or end, starts with no premises and reaches no conclusions. But it is real. It speaks. It moves. The two schools it represents could be in Southside Chicago or in Roxbury, or in any other slum.

Here are children who spell street words better than "house" or "dog," 9- and 12-year-olds suspended between commonplace fantasies and unbelievable reality, living on the brink of every sort of social and personal disaster. In a particular classroom, "many are disturbed, seven severely. Fifteen or more have asthmatic attacks. Ten thumbsuckers. Any diversion, as little as change of subject—everybody in back stands up and starts talking." Here are the bureaucrats from downtown, the self-serving teachers bucking for a promotion to assistant principal, the form fillers, the frightened and the defeated. Here are adults colluding with wily children for trifles: peace in the classroom ("I was quiet but he never did give me my quatuh. He was a *liah* . . ."), protection from the authorities, or simply immunity from another official snoop. Here also are the small heroes and the minor triumphs: Donald, the sissified son of an alcoholic mother, who learns to fight back; Leanore who discovers, much to her surprise, that her teacher does care enough to walk all the way to her house to speak to her mother about her bad behavior, that not all teachers are fakes; Miss Bowser, the tough Negro schoolmarm who believes in the potential of the kids, and who demands that they try to live up to it.

The schools that the book portrays are too complex for simple labels; they are, literally, part of a system with mutually harmonious and reinforcing parts: a community of defeat and depression, frightened teachers, inadequate supplies and facilities, and an administrative structure designed to fulfill the purposes of accountants and lawyers, not those of education. Some classes are taught regularly by substitutes, thus duplicating rather than countering the instability of homes where aunts and grandmothers appear seriatim to take on the care of younger children; at the end of each day the teachers charge for the exits, some to moonlight jobs, others to the safety of a better neighborhood, and at the end of each term several always announce that they've had it, and off they go to the suburbs. To function at all, such a system requires subterfuge: the promotion of illiterate children, the pretense that the sick are well, that the rebellious are docile and that massive stagnation is progress:

> "Miss Abernathy, there's not a child in this room who can read fifteen words. Few of them work; they can't read."
>
> "They've been *well* taught, Miss Burke. All our teachers are doing their best."

As everywhere else, the children have learned to play the game, have probed the places of weakness and strength, the instances where tolerance is merely the face of apathy, and the situations where a good bluff almost always wins: "I'm not going anywhere with you. Fifty times you've said 'I'll visit your mother,' but I'm on to you." In a fashion, the school itself becomes a training ground for the streets, a place where the official rhetoric and culture, badly represented, tangle unevenly with common slum experience:

> Knocks Reggie's book from the desk, Reggie dives after it and punches Harold; the spotlight goes on Reggie and Harold; Curtis appears to be reading a book. . . . But what he is really doing is getting money from Reggie's inkwell. Reggie and Harold get punished. Leanore: "You keep thinking it's Reggie. It's Curtis. I could run this class better than you."

There is no end of evidence about the unevenness of the battle. Puerto Rican children who can barely read, who are pathetically naive about the approved middle-class world, and who rarely speak a complete sentence know "fifteen rock'n' roll songs in Spanish with many verses, a dozen TV commercials word-perfect in English; can dance twenty versions of the Twist and Frug, can swim half a mile." Others come to class barely able to keep awake after a night with three in a room, a fight, a squawking television set, perhaps a drunken father, or an addict mother. Still others, children of junior high school age, regularly invade the elementary school, roam the halls in packs, intimidate teachers and brawl in the johns. ("It is rather sad," the authors say. "School is the only world they have ever known outside their homes. They fear the unknown. They are looking for something to come back to.")

The children are learning the techniques of slum survival—the way one deals with rats and the welfare system, how to fend off addicts and play the numbers—but they remain pathetically naive about the rest of the world, about what someone in *The Schoolchildren* calls "the wonderful workers," about jobs and geography, about history and music and theatre. ("George Washington comes in a little closer; he knows his father gonna whup him, but he say, 'Excuse me sir, I done it. I cannot tell no lie. I am like Martin Luther King.'") They know more about sex and violence, about self-preservation, about disease and death, than many middle-class children may ever know. But those are not the things the schools value, and so the children are written off as "deprived" or as "non-readers."

And yet *The Schoolchildren* is no *Blackboard Jungle*. It is not a collection of atrocities and not a recipe for salvation. Its lack of structure is sometimes frustrating, but it also generates persuasive power, like a log from a ship whose fate we suspect but never learned. Because the book is unsentimental, there are no official heroes; but there are believers, people who give substance and coherence to the separate sketches and who, in a sense, give the book its argument, such as the teacher of the boy, Curtis, a chronic classroom trouble source:

> I'm paid eleven dollars a night to teach you to read, and you know what, baby? *I'm going to do it.* You're lazy. You thought it was going to be puppets and games; then you found out it was work; you couldn't take it. But you're going to do it.

Later to another teacher:

> He has to know someone will follow him up; we can't have these phantom figures floating through the school system. . . . Too many teachers have come here trying to save his soul; no one's given him the crack that might save him. . . . He has to be kept *in a class.* It's too late, but next year he won't even have you or me. He'll have—but we don't know, do we?

A teacher like this is worth a hundred trips to the museum not because she's tough (although almost all the ghetto teachers who enjoy respect are tough, not all tough teachers are respected) but because she acts on a belief that a nasty colored brat from Harlem who is about to call her a dirty name—can learn to read.

If the book supports any single idea, it is that all programs and doctrines oversimplify, but that those which don't generate real concern for children in the classroom are worthless. What appears of cultural enrichment looks like another administrative morass, and what there is of other special services—remedial reading programs, for example—depends primarily on the personnel hired to perform them. "A few blocks from here there is a good school," says one of the teachers in *The Schoolchildren:*

> It's eighty years old, with multiple wings and stairs like ours; there are hundreds of places for children to hide—and they never do. Every child is in his room all day. Low truancy, zero lateness. Notes go home with

> aides at nine-thirty if a child isn't there. The school reads on grade level. The principal is a Negro woman, but that's not the point. She has the same cross section of teachers as anywhere else. They come from the same school board, same distribution of assignments. But this level is what she demands. . . .

After all the arguments about slums and deprivation, about buses and "the neighborhood concept," *The Schoolchildren* comes back to an old-fashioned notion: that if you insist the kid learn something, he will learn, and that the most severe shortage in education is one of people who believe that idea and have the courage and skill to act on it. Integration, given those standards, may finally prove to be nothing more—or less—than a way of recapturing those parents and teachers who have always demanded good schools. At the same time, *The Schoolchildren* also makes it clear that any significant change involves *all* aspects of slum culture: jobs, housing, teachers, books, parents and, most of all, general public attitudes. There is an internal perfection about poverty and deprivation which tends to regenerate its separate evils and to defeat scattered efforts. Any real hope of change requires reforms across the board, and not merely in the schools.

Giving Them What They Want

TELEVISION AND SOCIETY: An Inquest and Agenda for Improvement. *By Harry J. Skornia. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 268 pp. $7.50. Paper $2.45.*

CHRISTOPHER KOCH

Mr. Koch spent several years as program director at KPFA in Berkeley and WBAI in New York.

In a speech to a group of radio and television news directors in 1958, Edward R. Murrow commented that "to a very considerable extent the media of mass communications in a given country reflects the political, economic and social climate in which it flourishes." Then, after pointing out that television in the United States is now largely used "to distract, delude, amuse and insulate us" from what he called the "demanding realities which must be faced if we are to survive," he facilely concluded that we should convince big business and television executives to reform "the industry." Little of the vast American literature on mass communications tells us much more.

Our professional sociologists deal largely in the quantitative, and devote themselves to what can be neatly described and measured. The worst of this tries to develop more scientific (read efficient) ways of convincing (read manipulating) mass public opinion. Some of it purports to prove that mass communications, while qualitatively inferior to high art and direct conversation, fortunately don't have any significant social impact. Too much of the sociology is larded with references to a wide choice of competing points of view and much good material on the mass media, thereby implying that only the public can be blamed for preferring *Kitsch* to culture, as David Sarnoff and industry spokesmen have said for years.

The more interesting sociological work in mass communications deals with the effects of certain kinds of content on audiences, such as sex and violence on children. The nonprofessionals are also generally more interested in content analysis and are, therefore, also more interesting to read. Such essays on the appalling content of most of what goes over television and radio frequently end with the plea that we should do something about it.

To his credit, Harry J. Skornia in *Television and Society: An Inquest and Agenda for Improvement,* goes somewhat further than this. Indeed, if you can forget the dreadful style in which it is written, with its clichés ("television should . . . enrich rather than vulgarize"), its constant interrogatives ("will America arouse herself about broadcasting in time?"), and his arguments *ad hominem* ("philosophers and historians have warned . . ."), which at times seems to parody the style of the mass media, there is much that is worth while.

Mr. Skornia, who is a professor of Radio and Television at the University of Illinois and has worked in both commercial and educational broadcasting, attempts to place his general analysis in some kind of social and political context. He discusses executive control, management and financing, and documents the extent to which broadcasting is dominated by corporate concepts of profit realization, unlike, he argues, newspapers which were founded on journalistic principles and still cling, in part, to some noncommercial values.

He draws attention to the vast and diversified corporate interests of the three or four broadcasting giants, which in some instances tie together broadcasting, the production and distribution of receiving sets, broadcasting equipment, and defense contracts. Such empires, Mr. Skornia argues, with their stake in the cold war and a natural anti-union bias can hardly be expected to deal with today's world objectively.

He points out that the program-rating system, which terrorizes TV executives, is based on extremely dubious scientific methods and is probably highly inaccurate; and he thus questions the industry's claim that the public is getting what it wants. He suggests that receiving sets could be equipped with a "like" and "dislike" button by which those interested enough could signal their immediate and

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RANDOM HOUSE

considered judgment on a program to the rating organization. But then, fearing that people might turn out to prefer *Peyton Place* and *Bonanza* anyway, he argues without so much as a glance at the First Amendment that "people do not necessarily want what they need," and takes the industry to task for not providing people with their "objective needs."

Television and Society is Mr. Skornia's case for more rigorous public control of existing media systems and the establishment of a competing government-controlled system modeled on the B.B.C. The cost of such a system would not be great in comparison to what he calls the hidden costs of commercial broadcasting. Following Eugene Paul's breakdown in *The Hungry Eye* (Ballantine Books), Skornia suggests that these costs amount to a television tax composed of the amortization of the set (he notes that broadcasting is one of the few industries in which the consumer must make the capital investment), electricity and repair costs, and an advertising tax which is that portion of the cost of a nationally advertised product that goes for television advertising. He insists, incidentally, that after a national television advertising campaign, prices are raised rather than lowered.

If, then, we are already paying for television (Skornia estimates that the advertising tax is $75 for the average family and the television tax is between $110 and $250), the modest tax for a state-owned system (about $12) is hardly excessive. Most countries do have some form of public ownership. We do not, he shows, because of the enormous lobbying power of the industry during the formative years of broadcasting and today — lobbying which is likely to continue in light of the enormous profits realized in broadcasting. In this regard Skornia quotes the Canadian Roy Thomson who said, after being granted a franchise to operate a commercial television station in Scotland, that he had been granted "a license to print money."

Skornia is well aware of and deeply concerned with the enormous power of mass communications and goes so far as to say that they could "become the instruments of social control." But in trying to demonstrate that power, he exposes the fundamental weakness of his own analysis. Like many critics he tries to demonstrate that television programs are almost directly related to anti-social behavior, and he quotes such dubious sources as J. Edgar Hoover to prove that television violence triggers crime, and that television sex stimulates promiscuity and divorce. But as sounder researchers (like Eleanor Maccoby and Wilbur Schramm) have pointed out, the relationship is not quite that simple.

It is precisely on the question of the relationship between mass communications and society that most of the writing in this area flounders. In general, both the professional sociologists and our critics consider communications simply tools, techniques, or a media in which society is reflected and through which its values are pumped like water through a pipe. But as Norbert Wiener said over fifteen years ago, "Communications in society . . . are the cement which binds its fabric together," and mass communications are the cement of mass society.

This is the point at which analysis should begin. Such an analysis would explain why the calls for reform fail. It would make us doubt the utility of Skornia's petition for government intervention, for even if more rigorous controls could somewhat improve the cultural tone of mass communications, would their general substance be changed? We already have the example of educational broadcasting and, recognizing that it is financially limited, there is still little reason for optimism. Most educational broadcasting is politically timid, culturally cautious, and a dreadful bore.

A study of mass communications as our social binding force would open up dozens of new areas for research: the effect of the media as media, which Marshall McLuhan probed in *Understanding Media*; the impact on our consciousness and our creative minds of the constant (and hence inevitably mechanized) audio and visual stimuli designed for radio, television, Muzak and their variations; the use of the media as an instrument in shaping consensus politics by reducing intelligence, creativity, and even dissent to a common denominator and thereby institutionalizing it.

Short of such a discussion, the sociologists offer little more than Edward R. Murrow. At least Skornia, in the fine tradition of our muckrakers, turns up much that is interesting and even useful. But as Lincoln Steffens eventually realized and pointed out in his *Autobiography*, exposure is no substitute for analysis, and even if the facts are known, people may not make the right decisions.

To expect them to do so is partly to misunderstand the pervasive influence of a mass communications system which can continually inundate us collectively with its organization and analysis of reality, while our critical faculties, individually, can only operate sporadically and upon fragments. But that explanation, of course, is part of the analysis I am asking for.

Child of Affluence

A WAY OF SEEING. *Photographs of New York, by Helen Levitt, with an essay by James Agee. The Viking Press. 78 pp. $6.50.*

POLISH JEWS: A Pictorial Record. *By Roman Vishniac. Introductory Essay by Abraham Joshua Heschel. Schocken Books. 31 pp. $6.*

JAMES JOYCE IN PARIS: His Final Years. *By Gisèle Freund and V. B. Carleton. Preface by Simone de Beauvoir. Harcourt, Brace & World. 117 pp. $8.50.*

CHINESE JOURNEY. *Photographs by Gun Kessle. Text by Jan Myrdal. Pantheon Books. 159 pp. $9.95.*

WARREN MILLER

Affluence is the mother of the non-book, the product of a society hellbent to cut down its forests and perfect the coffee-resistant dust jacket: trivial issue of trivial parents, the stereopticon's bad seed. Hundreds are produced each year, usually around Christmas time, a dead giveaway. One has a vision of them being delivered like paperbacks: in bundles, trussed, dropped at the doors of bookstores and left to make their own way. In good time they end on remainder counters, still a "gift" book; time and handling have not transformed them into something more.

But as with the paperbacks, chance or subversion provides a stick of dynamite in nearly every bundle—a good book, volatile, surrounded by the sawdust of *Student Nurse*, early Henry Miller, late John O'Hara, bound tributes to Adlai Stevenson and the mysteries of being female, Jewish-mother joke books, English novels, TV repair manuals. There is one such here, Helen Levitt's photographs, any one of which is worth all the plaster hot dogs and silk-screened soup cans, that joke gone bad and taken seriously by far too many. These photographs, made in Harlem and East Harlem in the early forties, already have a historical, almost Dickensian air about them: those boys could now be in Vietnam or dead of an overdose; and the pathetic spindle-legged girls are more than likely mothers now and, all unknowing, moving in the classical gestures of protection and caress which Miss Levitt arrested with so much art when she photographed *their* mothers.

There is an unnecessary introduction by

the late James Agee. I should like to know something about Helen Levitt and her methods of work; instead, Agee informs us that Brady's work has a "kind of Homeric or Tolstoyan nobility," and that Walker Evans' photographs, on the other hand, have a "kind of Joycean denseness, insight, and complexity. . . ." Miss Levitt, however, comes "as close to the pure spontaneity of true folk art as the artist, aware of himself as such, can come; and an absolute minimum of intellection, of technical finesse, or of any kind of direction or interference on the part of the artist as artist stands between the substance and the emotion and their communication." So much for Miss Levitt: she is reduced to pure instinct with a machine in her hand; and Agee thought this, apparently, a way of praising her. And there are the many easy parallels (all nonexistent) with other art forms: the objects in one photograph "assemble their delicate order like so many syllables in a line of poetry. . . . " Nice metaphors do not make aesthetic law.

Agee's condescension toward Miss Levitt (I do not know how else it can be read) has, however, a legitimate parallel: his condescension toward the Negro and Puerto Rican subjects of the photographs. The "...southern-blooded are more childlike than the northern-blooded . . . in children and adults alike, of this pastoral stock, there is more spontaneity." Agee has been the subject of too much piety; his "rich" prose is not thick with ideas but, like Dylan Thomas' "dense" verse, often merely oratorical. His essay is an unfortunate intrusion but it can be ignored; the photographs are there and they make a world. Miss Levitt, like Jakob Riis and Atget, has presented us with a record of a world whose citizens are dead and yet their world lives on: Riis's haunting, unforgettable photos of children working in the textile mills and Atget's Paris poor—those days are gone forever, and yet the exploitation of the children still goes on. Only the form of it has changed. The 20th-century slums, as a New York State legislative committee report recently pointed out, produce schizophrenics as the slums of the 19th produced tuberculars.

Ortega's standard for a work of art—does it create a world of its own?—provides a handy and apt criterion for judging these books. Miss Levitt succeeds; Vishniac fails, not merely because he is less an artist than Levitt but because these thirty-one photographs are not enough to give us that thick archival document we need. Thirty-one photographs cannot cover, even in the most superficial, journalistic sense, the world of Eastern Jewry from the Baltic to the Carpathian Mountains, which is this book's avowed intention: the subtitle is *A Pictorial Record.* No, it is, rather, a heartbreaking glimpse of a world which began to die in 1939, a year after these photographs were made. Some of the photographs are memorable: the Kafkan "Entrance to the Old Ghetto" (Cracow) with a half-seen ghostly figure climbing a flight of steps, rain falling; the hopelessness of "Storekeeper with Nothing to Sell"; the Rembrandtesque quality of "Yeshiva Examination": these southern-blooded, childlike and spontaneous people, all dead now, killed in the camps of the northern-blooded Germans.

GO

1

Grain elevator, thunder, freaks
— and also normal children —
It is time to row.
It is time to be veering while
rowing. What a lot of mud!
And, filled with burning oranges,
the kayak itself!
Which we folded away.

2

All lakes are ephemeral.
They happened to their point.
Should I spend many years too,
(should I) bolt away
Moving a balanced load?
These hands are beyond
My capacity to move!
Quicksand, you take a year.

DAVID SHAPIRO

It would be good to have a more nearly total record, 300 photographs rather than thirty; and when that book is one day published I pray it will be without an introduction by Professor Heschel: "In almost every Jewish home, even in the humblest and poorest, stood a bookcase full of volumes; proud and stately folio-tomes together with shy small-sized books." Such seminary prose is deader even than God Himself—a possibility even *The New York Times* has recently seen fit to note. One might even lament His passing without shedding a tear for the prose which, in this century, strained to keep Him alive a little longer.

An iconography of Joyce would be a very useful thing to have; we shall have to go on waiting for it. *James Joyce in Paris* is a silly book; it is a gift book; it diminishes its subject. A line from *Finnegans Wake* is quoted (under a photograph of the Tuileries in winter, for some reason): "A hundred cares, a tithe of troubles and is there one who understands me?" Clearly, among those who had to do with this book, there is not one. There are a few unremarkable photographs of Joyce, and many of Paris and other writers; and the captions are at least as distinguished—accompanying a "studio" portrait of Elizabeth Bowen: "Elizabeth Bowen, who had always defended Joyce, even if somewhat uneasily, felt that he could be properly understood only by the Irish." And under the photo of Stephen Spender (1938): He was a "frequent visitor, who always brought news from London of the most interesting authors and of recent books that Sylvia should order." What has any of this got to do with Joyce? About as much as "I am leafy speafing" has to do with the Seine; the authors use it as a caption for a picture titled: "Fishing on the Seine, 1932." "Who ever anywhere will read these written words?" Not very many, I think.

I have left for last the Myrdals' *Chinese Journey*; its subject matter puts it beyond Ortegan categories—who would be fool enough to demand that China be captured, even by 10,000 photographs?—and the State Department's "rules" against travel there and our mass media's seeming lack of interest in Chinese realities (as opposed, for example, to fictive famines) make criticism sound rather like ingratitude. Gun Kessle (Mrs. Myrdal) is not a

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great photographer; still, a sufficient number of her photos are evocative and moving, and all are informative; but more to the point: they are all we've got of China today. And it is true that Myrdal's notes are sparse and often written in a sociological shorthand (surely there can be nothing worse); yet, there's nowhere else one can read such conversation as this, between two Mongolians:

> ". . . well, I kill a wolf now and then. I get prize money for that from the state. Ten yuan for a large one, five for a cub. The skin one can keep or sell. Once the party suggested that this prize money should go to the collective, but now they have changed their opinion."
>
> "That was a deviation," said the party secretary.
>
> "He who kills a wolf kills it. That's the way I see it. . . . "

or:

> . . . Tankto the old man was singing with a high-pitched voice, tears trickling down his cheeks.
>
> "It is a song about love," says his son. "But it can also be a song about the poor and despised. It is a song about longing, about him who is long gone. But it can also be a song about horses. It is a song about a sister, but it can also be a song of a bride. It all depends on how you feel. He is a poet. . . ."

Photos like "Salt caravan for Peking," "Milking the mare," "Evening in the camp" and "The young party secretary" demand a poet like Perse: ". . . All the silent paths of the world are open. We have crushed some of those oily plants. . . . And there is no more question of doing or counting, but weakness gains the limbs of the strongest; and an hour more vast than this hour we have never known. . . . Far away are the lands of white earth, or of slate. Men of low civilization wander in the mountains. And the country is governed. . . ."

Still, when sociologists begin to write like that, the cheering will never stop; but it would be wrong to demand less.

Literary Letter from London

PETER BUCKMAN

An English writer, now living in London, Mr. Buckman spent three years in publishing, in London and New York.

Winter brought to an anticlimactic close the *annus mirabilis* of the English woman writer. Virtually everyone except Rosamund Lehmann produced something; but except for a gritty confection from Edna O'Brien, a soggy but impressive cake from Muriel Spark, and a plain but delicious pudding from Olivia Manning, the craft of fiction seems to have become as traditional, homespun and antique as the making of embroidery. The result is very beautiful, good for conversation, a souvenir of past enjoyment, and emphatically not for everyday use.

It may be unfair to lump women writers together as a category, but the fact is that they dominated the lists without leaving behind any memorable favors, or raising any serious challengers. *The Guardian,* a leading English daily newspaper, awarded its first fiction prize to Clive Barry's *Crumb Borne,* not so much a commendation of excellence as an awareness of its masculine difference in a season of conventional novels. In its setting — a prison camp—and its classless characters, and above all in its obsessive description, the book undoubtedly contrasts with the upper-middle-class gentility of so much of the fiction published during the year. Yet the cumulative effect is like being slugged with a bulky thesaurus: synonymic stupor.

The overall impression of the winter's books comes unfortunately near to the "Come to Britain" travel posters: scenes of cozy rusticity, picturesque atmosphere, with nothing to put off the tourist. The worst example of this is *Cork Street, Next to the Hatters* by Pamela Hansford Johnson. This is subtitled *A Novel in Bad Taste,* and it is readable, annoying and offensively patronizing. Deliberately archaic (it has little 18th-century summaries at the top of each chapter, and a mock-Fielding conversational approach), it chiefly concerns the efforts of Tom Hariot, an inhabitant of Cork St., St. James's, who has a comfortable private income and a social conscience which makes him teach linguistics at London University, to write a drama that will be absolutely unplayable on the English stage. His object in so doing is to prove that *somewhere,* amidst the fashionable assaults on any kind of censorship, the good taste and sense of the general public will draw the line. He therefore works into his play every kind of disgusting happening, it is taken on by "an up-and-coming stage-director" and becomes a *succès de scandale,* which leads Tom to quit his job and retreat to America.

Somewhere in all this is an assault on "fashionable" as opposed to "traditional" values, but those characters who bask in the author's approval are the least interesting in the book, as all they have to do is hang around and admire one another's good sense. It is therefore difficult, unless one is looking for guidance on how to pass one's time if one has enough money to do nothing, to find anywhere an example to follow. Most of the things cultural liberals hold dear are parodied in a shallow and silly way which might make old ladies hug one another in delight. And apart from begging the central question on censorship — why an aging Court official, the Lord Chamberlain, should arbitrate on matters of public taste — the book can only be called genteel. This word sets up the same *frissons* among the "cultured" as "bourgeois" among the Socialists. I mean it to describe an attitude to the present dominated by a romanticized view of the past and, more specifically, a belief that middle-class values are, simply, better.

Unfortunately Miss Hansford Johnson is not alone in her gentility. The season's fiction on the whole has been genteel, and while this is not meant to imply wholesale dismissal, it is surely significant that the pick of the bestsellers were American imports. Our balance of payments in both cash and culture showed a big deficit in fiction, and trend setting was no more in our grasp than the efficient control of our colonies. There seems to be much truth in the equating of innovation with national expansion, and decline with the lack of it.

The dearth was demonstrated by a competition "to find a new writer with major literary talent," sponsored by Chilton Books (U.S.), Peter Owen Ltd. and Mayflower Books (U.K.), with a prize of £1000—not much by U.S. standards, but not inconsiderable. Not one single entry, out of over 1,000 submitted, was thought worthy of bringing to the distinguished judges' attention. The hope was to discover "a writer with high intellectual ability who might have had difficulty in finding a publisher," and it was in vain. Not only does this reflect on the lack of inventive talent; it also shows how unfitted publishing is to behave as an industry, despite adoption of sophisticated American marketing techniques. Production of the raw stuff isn't up to it, and shows few hopes of becoming so. The same signs appeared in America when Putnam combined with Fawcett, McCalls, and Embassy Pictures to offer a gigantic prize, the closing date of which had to be postponed because of the lack of suitable entries. In neither country does there seem to be a considerable vein of untapped talent.

All this is not to say that a traditional writer cannot produce an admirable novel. Olivia Manning has done so in *Friends and Heroes.* She behaves simply and properly as E. M. Forster asks: "Yes — oh dear yes — the novel tells a story." This one completes her Balkan trilogy concerning a young married couple, Guy and Harriet Pringle, in Rumania, and as that falls to the Germans, in Greece at the outbreak of the Second World War. It is curiously old-fashioned in the same way as old war movies, peopled by characters with upper-middle-class names and backgrounds, gentle and lingering over scenic description, and as firmly controlled as one expects the English under fire to be. Guy, absorbed in the struggle against fascism, cannot accept Harriet's need for attention and love, the commitment of their marriage. She turns to a young officer named Charles for a passing and entirely platonic affair. Yet at the end of the book, when it looks as if Athens will fall and all around is gloom, Harriet and Guy both realize they have to fulfill their responsibilities to each other. The tale and its meaning is simple and old-fashioned, but what distinguishes it from the others published during the season is its total lack of pretension or moralizing, its firm and witty narrative drive, and its elegant concealment of craft. There is no strain, no posing. The reader is left pleased to have met the characters, glad that the war is over, and with a vague desire to visit Greece in company as good as Miss Manning's. All these things are pleasant, but the public seemingly wants more than that. Miss Manning has written eleven books, but her sales are unspectacular and her books are virtually unobtainable in paperback.

The English strong suit is nonfiction. In the alliance of careful scholarship with enviable clarity we have few peers. There is also no eschewing of the controversial which, considering the timorousness of our novelists, seems surprising. That paragon of Establishment publishing, the Oxford University Press, concluded its *History of England,* up to 1945, with a volume by A. J. P. Taylor which was received in rather the same way as Admiral Morison's *History of the American People:* deference amounting to awe for the writing—passion, from the controlled to the apoplectic, over the conclusions. Another masterpiece of historical writing was Alistair Horne's *The Fall of Paris 1870-71.* Evocative, yet pruned of excess, careful in its judgments, the book controlled sources and ramifications with impressive ease. Imaginative energy seems to be directed to the past rather than to the writing of fiction. Even in the theatre, where England is generally supposed to have a lead, we have turned backwards. Five plays by Bernard Shaw were filling theatres in the West End, with three running at one time, more than he probably had in his lifetime.

It must, sadly, be doubted that many of the novels published during this season will live long. We have managed to acquire American obsolescence without the ability to invent new models. Our publishing is frequently criticized as being a "cottage industry," but this season proves that the term would be more appropriately applied to the craft of fiction.

ART / John Berger

GIACOMETTI: 1901-1966

For ten years Mr. Berger served as art critic of the New Statesman. *He has written for many English and American periodicals and is now a regular contributor to* New Society. *His most recent published work is* Success and Failure of Picasso *(Penguin).*

The week after Giacometti's death *Paris-Match* published a remarkable photograph of him which had been taken nine months earlier. It shows him alone in the rain, crossing the street near his studio in Montparnasse. Although his arms are through the sleeves, his raincoat is hoiked up to cover his head. Invisibly, underneath the raincoat, his shoulders are hunched.

The immediate effect of the photograph is that of a man curiously casual about his own well-being. A man with crumpled trousers and old shoes, ill equipped for the rain; a man whose preoccupations took no note of the seasons. But what makes the photograph remarkable is that it suggests more than that about Giacometti's character. The coat looks as though it has been borrowed. He looks as though underneath the coat he is wearing nothing except his trousers. He has the air of a survivor. But not in the tragic sense. He has become quite used to his position. I am tempted to say that he looks like a monk, especially since the coat over his head suggests a cowl. But the simile is not accurate enough. He wore his symbolic poverty far more naturally than do most monks.

Every artist's work changes when he dies; and finally no one remembers what his work was like when he was alive. Sometimes one can read what his contemporaries had to say about it. The difference of emphasis and interpretation is largely a question of historical developments. But the death of the artist is also a dividing line.

It seems to me now that no artist's work could ever have been more changed by his death than Giacometti's. In twenty years no one will understand this change. His work will seem to have reverted to normal—although in fact it will have become something different: it will have become evidence from the past, instead of being, as it has been for the last forty years, a possible preparation for something to come.

The reason why Giacometti's death seems to have changed his work so radically is that it had so much to do with an awareness of death. It is as though his death confirms his art: as though one could now arrange his works in a line leading to his death, which would constitute far more than the interruption or termination of that line; which would, on the contrary, constitute the starting point for appreciating his life's work.

You might argue that, after all, nobody ever believed that Giacometti was immortal; his death could always be deduced. Yet it is the fact which makes the difference. While he was alive, his loneliness, his conviction that everybody was unknowable, was no more than a chosen point of view which implied a comment on the society he was living in. Now by

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his death he has proved his point. Or—to put it a better way, for he was not a man concerned with argument—now his death has proved his point for him.

This may sound extreme, but despite the relative traditionalism of his actual methods, Giacometti was a most extreme artist. The neo-Dadaists and other so-called iconoclasts of today are conventional window dressers by comparison.

The extreme proposition on which Giacometti based all his mature work was that no reality—and he was concerned with nothing except the contemplation of reality—could ever be shared. That is why he believed it impossible for a work to be finished. That is why the content of any work is not the nature of the figure or head portrayed but the incomplete history of *his* staring at it. The act of looking was like a form of prayer for him—it became a way of approaching, but never being able to grasp, an absolute. The act of looking kept him aware of being suspended between being and the truth.

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If he had been born in an earlier period, Giacometti would have been a religious artist. As it was, born in a period of profound and widespread alienation, he refused to escape through religion, which would have been an escape into the past. He was obstinately faithful to his own time, which must have seemed to him rather like his own skin: the sack into which he was born. In that sack he simply could not in all honesty overcome his conviction that he had always been and would always be totally alone.

To hold such a view of life requires a certain kind of temperament. It is beyond me to define that temperament precisely, but it was visible in Giacometti's face: a kind of endurance lightened by cunning. If man were purely animal and not a social being, all old men would have this expression. One can glimpse something similar in Samuel Beckett's expression. Its antithesis was what you could see in Le Corbusier's face.

But it is by no means only a question of temperament: it is even more a question of the surrounding social reality. Nothing during Giacometti's lifetime broke through his isolation. Those whom he liked or loved were invited to share it temporarily with him. His basic situation—in the sack into which he was born—remained unchanged. (It is interesting that part of the legend about him tells of how almost nothing changed or was moved in his studio for the forty years he lived there. And during the last twenty years he continually recommenced the same five or six subjects.) Yet the nature of man as an essentially social being—although it is objectively proved by the very existence of language, science, culture—can be felt subjectively only through the experience of the force of change as a result of common action.

Insofar as Giacometti's view could not have been held during any preceding historical period, one can say that it reflects the social fragmentation and manic individualism of the late bourgeois intelligentsia. He was no longer the artist in revolt; no longer even the artist in retreat. He was the artist who considered society irrelevant. If it inherited his work, it did so by default.

But when we have said all this, the works remain and are unforgettable. His lucidity and total honesty about the consequence of his situation and outlook were such that he could still save and express a truth. It was an austere truth at the final limit of human interest; but his expressing of it transcends the social despair from which it arose.

Giacometti's proposition that reality is unsharable is true in death. He was not morbidly concerned with the process of death, but he was exclusively concerned with the process of life as seen by a man whose own mortality supplied the only perspective in which he could trust. None of us is in a position to reject this perspective, even though simultaneously we may try to retain others.

I said that his work had been changed by his death. By dying he has emphasized and even clarified the content of his work. But the change—anyway as it seems at this moment—is more precise and specific than that.

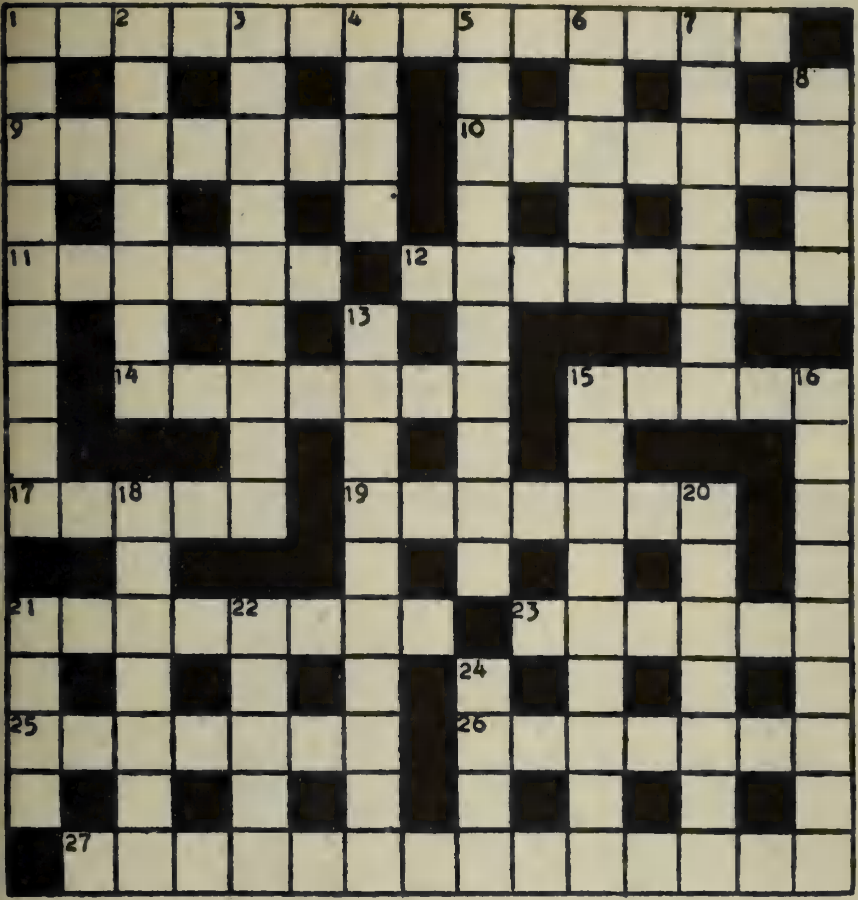
Imagine one of the portrait heads confronting you as you stand and look. Or one of the nudes standing there to be inspected, hands at her side, touchable only through the thickness of two sacks—hers and yours—so that the question of nakedness does not arise and all talk of nakedness becomes as trivial as the talk of bourgeois women deciding what clothes to wear for a wedding: nakedness is a detail for an occasion that passes. Imagine one of the sculptures. Thin, irreducible, still and yet not rigid, impossible to dismiss, possible only to inspect, to stare at. If you stare, the figure stares back. That is true also of the most banal portrait. The difference is how you become conscious of the track of your stare and hers: the narrow corridor of looking between you. Perhaps this is like the track of a prayer, if such a thing can be visualized. Either side of the corridor nothing counts. There is only one way to reach her—to stand still and stare. That is why she is so thin. All other possibilities and functions have been stripped away. Her entire reality is reduced to the fact of being seen.

When Giacometti was alive you were standing, as it were, in his place. You put yourself at the beginning of the track of his gaze and the figure reflected this gaze back to you like a mirror. Now that he is dead, or now that you know that he is dead, you take his place rather than put yourself in it. And then it seems that what first moves along the track comes from the figure. It stares, and you intercept the stare. Yet however far back you move along the narrow path, the gaze passes through you.

It appears now that Giacometti made these figures during his lifetime, for himself, as observers of his future absence, his death, his becoming unknowable.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1145

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Not a military depot, though one occasionally sees evidence of gas warfare there. (7, 7)

9 How a man such as Tennyson might start more than once on a forage. (7)

10, 13 down and 11 across Some other time with different money—contrary to the current minimum wage laws. (7, 3, 7, 6)

12 The goal is no different, implying the angles are all the same. (8)

14 The shape the shield is in? (7)

15 Did his audience harken to the sound of his name? (5)

17 He to a westerner might say "It's a sight worth seeing." (5)

19 Makes over something like omens. (7)

21 City politician? (8)

23 The stand the commuter takes may depend on them. (6)

25 Macauley said Dryden's imagination resembled the wings of one. (7)

26 Burns admonished the Scots to lay one low. (7)

27 This furniture had little content but modest gowns. (6, 8)

DOWN:

1 Get used to going hungry, as they say to the rank and file. (5, 4)

2 In short, an arbitrator takes trouble to furnish something the modern writer might need periodically. (7)

3 Unilateral arrangement, without a disposition to be unpleasant. (3, 6)

4 How a man was brought up in old Babylonia. (4)

5 Pass over and around both poles, or just cross? (10)

6 Perhaps hide the last part of such as AE. (5)

7 See 21 down

8 Alternative to how 9 should begin, but not in writing. (4)

13 See 10 across

15 Yet it might grow into a dark tulip—possibly hidden by the shade. (5, 4)

16 Proving the surest are most valuable. (9)

18 A peculiar state for a traitor to be in, as Mr. Alger was! (7)

20 Fish—or turtle? (7)

21 and 7 Would it be the workers' production—or just during the vote? (4, 2, 5)

22 Busted hinge? (5)

24 Would the affected say the costume is this divine? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1144

ACROSS: 1 Humility; 9 Penance; 10 Princes; 11 Notable; 12 Drive-in; 13 Unwillingness; 15 Foreign Legion; 21 Spinoza; 22 Gives up; 23 Overdid; 24 Indorse. DOWN: 1 Hoping; 2 Manitou; 3 Long bow; 4, 5, 26 and 25 The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; 6 Abiding; 7 Lucrece; 8 Fastness; 10 Pidgin English; 14 Offshore; 16 Raise up; 17 In order; 18 Invader; 19 Nostrum; 20 Spleen.

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LETTERS

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McMinnville, Ore.

DEAR SIRS: According to the newspapers, Mr. Dean Rusk recently said in relation to the war in Vietnam: "We must make it clear that the United States keeps its word whenever it is pledged."

The American Indians would have some harsh comments on that statement. In the case of the Iroquois tribe, most of whose land has recently been taken from them, the treaty guaranteeing their possession was, I understand, signed on behalf of the U.S. Government by George Washington. *Richard B. Gregg*

out of the jungle

Burbank, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The sobering prospect of a Sino-American war is filtering through to the most unexpected quarters. That staunch bastion of know-nothing policy vis-à-vis China, the *Los Angeles Times*, published a remarkable lead editorial on Mar. 7—"Red China—U. S. Understanding"—pleading for a more flexible and dispassionate attitude. It suggests a greater Chinese participation in diplomatic meetings, re-examination of trade policies, opening up lines of communications.

Significantly, the *Times* accepts the concept of the conflict of the "seeming worlds" of China and America (see "The Dragon: Myths and Realities" by Stanley Spector & J. Hartwell Moore, *The Nation*, Mar. 7) stating: "obviously we have great trouble fathoming the Chinese and just as obviously they have great trouble fathoming us. This problem is basic and of dangerous proportion."

This first step of rational approach is amply qualified by the usual ritualistic incantations of firmness of policy, protection of vital national interests, etc.; yet it is evident that the discussions of the Sinologists and the hearings of Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee are clearing a path through the jungle growth of deliberate distortions and misrepresentations about Red China. . . . *Theodore Schoenman*

the contemptible American

Boulder, Colo.

DEAR SIRS: We do appreciate very much John Rechy's "'Conduct Unbecoming . . .' Lieutenant on the Peace Line" [*The Nation*, Feb. 21].

During World War I, I lived with my family near Washington, D.C. Little did I realize when I read *The Nation* (I began reading it as a child of 6), that some day I would read about my own son in *The Nation*. At that time, ironically enough, "Germans" (or loyal Americans with German names) were badly treated. Germany was too militaristic. I was proud that my grandfather left Germany as a medical student to finish his education in this country. He had not wanted to be involved in Germany's militaristic aims. Sadly, I realize that in my time conditions have changed. My grandfather would have had to leave this country to seek peace.

What of Henry now? He is being held in the U.S. Disciplinary Barracks on the grounds of Fort Leavenworth. . . . He has been there nearly four weeks, and although he has sent in several written requests for work, he has not been assigned any job. He is an able teacher, and had hoped to help other prisoners by teaching. . . . If he had a job, he could earn an abatement of sentence of two or three days per month, as well as having the satisfaction he has always derived from helping others.

Henry and one other officer, alone among some 700

(Continued on page 364)

EDITORIALS

Pride and Fall

The forced transfer of authority from President Sukarno to Army Chief of Staff General Suharto was probably the best of several bad alternatives in Jakarta, if only because it is closer to the present reality of Indonesian politics. Sukarno might have avoided the humiliation by knuckling under to the army—by formally abolishing the Communist party, for example, which had been obliterated anyway in the massacre following the October 1st affair—but vanity and anger evidently made him take the all-or-nothing chance of a confrontation of wills. For a brief moment, when he forced General Nasution to surrender his leadership of the military forces, it seemed that he had won. But he succeeded only in pushing the army leaders past the threshold of their reluctance to take over the government.

Foreign expectations that Indonesia under army rule will be all right—as under Sukarno it was all wrong—should be tempered by some appreciation of the complicated country's plight. General Suharto and General Nasution, who no doubt will play an important part in the army's governance of Indonesia, have reputations for strength and character, but the army is otherwise generally devoid of excellent leadership, and it has not in the past excited popular trust or been free from the corruption engendered by civilian pressures. The arrest of Dr. Subandrio, the first deputy premier, and fourteen other leftist ministers, to appease the "anger of the people," and other indications that a new purge of Communists might begin do not inspire confidence that an era of relative stability and progress is about to start. Sources of leadership other than the army are even more dubious. The political parties which still exist are led by old men whom very few Indonesians suspect of honesty, dedication or ability. The Communist party, whatever else one may think of it, was widely believed to have had something of a monopoly on those qualities, and the important force for change that it represented is gone.

The transfer of power to Suharto also symbolizes a change of generations—if almost a generation too late. Men in their 20s and 30s are already demanding a role. Indonesia's youth is politically divided, as demonstrations before the army take-over showed; at least one reason for giving command to Suharto was to prevent bloody street battles among students. But one suspects that many young people may be in the anarchic mood that comes from political frustration and disaffection. It is an atmosphere that does not bode well for the future unless army leaders have the foresight and political courage to prepare the succession of the next generation in a way that civilian leaders failed utterly to do.

Sukarno remains, for the time being, a symbolic president and from this position he may attempt a comeback. But his *mystique* is fading and his support lacks any semblance of unity. It may be difficult to admire Sukarno's demagogic style, but he deserves some credit for the role he has played in Indonesia during nearly forty years of a chaotic century.

For Mr. Johnson To Think About

No President has ever read polls as sedulously as LBJ. He is conducting the Vietnamese war more or less by poll. This procedure suffers from at least two weaknesses. The first is that the people are entitled to a certain minimum of initiative and leadership from their chief executive. To be popular is surely not his first duty. The second weakness is that the established polls are far from infallible. The questions that are asked, however neutral the phrasing may seem to be, are often biased on the side of conventional attitudes, and this is the more likely when the country is at war. Probably neither of these pitfalls has exercised Mr. Johnson very strongly. The middle ground was where he wanted to be.

Unfortunately for him, and unfortunately for the country, he found it impossible to stay in that safe part of the political spectrum. He claims to be fighting a limited war. Actually he plunked down on the side of the hawks, and his only claim to moderation is that he has not satisfied the most rabid among them. At least not yet.

For this decision he has sought justification in the polls, and the more weighted they were on the aggressive side the more justification he found. But then seven social scientists at Stanford University decided on an independent study of public opinion on Vietnam, in cooperation with the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago. The cost was $10,000 and the money was raised by the scientists themselves. The results show that opinion is not merely divided but, as *The Wall Street Journal* says, it is fragmented—a natural result of the obfuscations Mr. Johnson has thrown up around his extension of the war. When searching questions are asked, what emerges is not the consensus of sheep that Mr. Johnson would like to see, but a deeply troubled and incipiently resentful electorate.

The Administration has never conceded willingness to negotiate with the National Liberation Front, whose troops we are fighting. Yet 88 per cent of the adult population of the United States favors negotiating with the Vietcong if they are willing to negotiate. The insistence on letting the Vietcong in only by the back door, as puppets of North Vietnam, is an Administration condition which the country does not share.

Other figures that emerge from the Stanford-Chicago poll are: 70 per cent in support of a UN-negotiated truce; 54 per cent in favor of free elections in South Vietnam and ready to abide by the result, even if the Vietcong should win; 52 per cent willing to see the Vietcong participate in a coalition government.

The out-and-out hawks show up weakest, with only 6 per cent of the vote. Those who are critical of the President are mainly doves. The more or less level-headed hawks have nothing to complain about. Opposition runs by a 2-to-1 margin against a 500,000 troop commitment and 3 to 2 against bombing North Vietnamese cities.

The Administration, while giving lip service to free speech and open debate (which it obstructed as long as possible), has tried to picture opponents as people soft on communism. The authors of the report note that those who favor negotiation with the Vietcong and formation of a coalition government "are not open to the charge of being

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THE NATION *Volume 202 No. 13*

soft on communism. Overwhelmingly, these people maintain a firm anti-Communist policy elsewhere in the world." They oppose this particular war, either because their estimate of the Saigon regime is so low that they think a Communist regime could be no worse (and might be better in some respects), or for strategic reasons, or for some other reason that does not appear in the results. To describe them as Communist sympathizers, or indifferent spectators, is slanderous.

It is only when the choice narrows down to a precipitate retreat or a continuation of the struggle that 4 out of 5 vote against what would amount to ignominious surrender. This surely is no surprise. But on any decently supportable terms the sentiment is heavily for de-escalation, for negotiation, for a settlement as soon as possible.

Those who made the poll possible are to be highly commended. Their findings have given President Johnson a chance to extricate himself. If he fails to take advantage of it, he will have still more to worry about as this miserable war drags on.

The Thaw in the South

It is a common belief that racism is a deeply rooted "instinct" and, as a corollary, that different races can live in a semblance of amity only if they are separated by law or social convention. As a justification for racism this notion serves very well, but it is a superstition. The paradox of racism is that of all forms of human ignorance ("error," H. G. Wells called it) racial bias has the most superficial roots. What does go deep is the *pattern* of discrimination and the relationships and customs, economic and social, that are passed on from generation to generation and come to be accepted as a law of life. Prejudice does not breed discrimination; discrimination breeds prejudice.

Beneath all the bad news that has come out of the South, and that may be expected to emerge for some time longer, one can yet see the proof of this proposition. This is not to minimize the agony of the Negroes who continue to suffer oppression; but where the relationship is changed, by law and by the force behind the law, bias disappears, often very rapidly. And those who are most astonished at the change in their own feelings are the very people who had considered such feelings immutable.

Two instances may be cited. In 1963, Governor George Wallace stood at the entrance of the University of Alabama and vowed that no Negro would ever enter there. Today, just three years later, 350 Negroes are enrolled. The figure is far too low, of course, but what is most important is the attitude of the academic community, including many of the white students. Where being anti-Negro was good campus style not so long ago, now it is "out" and despised by the sophisticated, the ones who set the tone. It is fashionable, "in," to treat Negroes as other students are treated, to be friendly and courteous. The few courageous souls who did that from the first, who sat next to a lone Negro in the cafeteria, for instance, are thus vindicated: they were the ones who saw the future and made it work. The University of Alabama is still far from a paradise, but it is thriving as it never did in the days when a dark face was never seen on the campus. It is up in enrollment, in funds, in diversity of degrees; it may yet become a great institution.

Then there is the case of the twelfth juror. In Schley County, Ga., rural and predominantly black, Negroes had been systematically excluded from juries; but in 1964 the Georgia Court of Appeals overturned the assault conviction of a civil rights worker because Negroes had been barred from the trial jury. In Ellaville, Schley County, the jury for a homicide case not only included Negroes, but there were eleven of them and only one white juror. This came about because the attorney for the defendant used all twenty of his peremptory challenges to exclude whites, thus turning the tables. The one white juror was George Gooding, a 45-year-old stock clerk for an auto parts company. The defendant was a young Negro who had stabbed one policeman and shot another to death when he was stopped for speeding and apparently felt that his brother, who was with him in the car, was in danger. A first-degree murder verdict would have been almost automatic in the old days, but Schley County is not what it used to be. The eleven Negro jurors insisted on electing Gooding foreman, on the ground that he knew more about the duties of a jury than they did. The verdict was manslaughter and the defendant received a six-year sentence.

"I'll tell you one thing," Gooding said later, "when we went in that jury room it wasn't eleven niggers and a white man. It was twelve Schley County jurors." Some whites criticized the verdict as too lenient, but there was no excitement. A businessman in Americus, where Gooding works, walked up to him on the street, shook his hand and said, "I'm proud of you."

"For what?" asked Gooding.

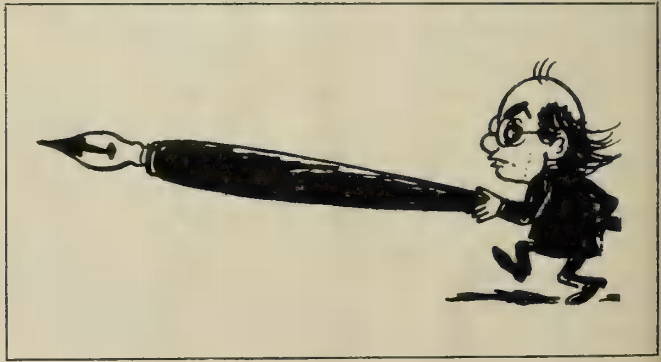
"For being a citizen first and doing your duty," the businessman replied. "I'm damned proud of Schley County."

Times change in the Southland, too.

Vicky

This little man, a refugee from Nazi persecutions who landed in England around 1939, was not only a brilliant left-wing cartoonist ("the greatest cartoonist of our time," all the British papers, Left, Right and Center, hastened to proclaim) but also a man of deep sensibility and a passionate sense of revolt against injustice and brutality. After all those splendid obituaries which clasped the little Central European to the bosom of the English Establishment ("Oh, how English he was!"), it suddenly became known from the coroner's verdict that Vicky had committed suicide.

Why? The man was at the height of his fame. His car-



toons had made him very rich. But he had worried himself to distraction about the human suffering in the world—about starving Indians and the napalmed village folk of Vietnam, whom he was trying in vain to help. Perhaps no man had done more than Vicky, with his brilliant cartoons of Macmillan and especially Sir Alec Douglas-Home, to help Wilson's Labour Party into office in 1964. But now he was obsessed by Vietnam, and he wasn't going to play any more. Shortly before his death he wrote in a letter to K. S. Karol (quoted in *Le Nouvel Observateur* by its recipient): "What is happening is terrible. I was right and you were wrong. This government is worse than the conservative government, more hypocritical, and more difficult to fight."

And Karol concludes: "If there is a disease that killed Vicky, its name is despair. The despair of a clear-sighted man to whom political struggle was all that mattered. The starving masses of India, the bombed villagers of Vietnam have lost their best friend."

One can safely bet, however, that Vicky's tragic pre-election revolt—his protest, above all, against Wilson's support of the war in Vietnam—will be carefully kept out of the coming election battle.

Operation Disparagement

Reading Anthony Howard's column in the London *Observer* (March 6) one can only conclude that it takes an Englishman to tell the truth about the relation of the American President to the American press. Howard says that he had not been in Washington a fortnight before he was drawn to one side by what is called "a high source" and told solemnly that Walter Lippmann was "senile." At any Washington dinner party, Howard continues, James Reston, whose columns of late have been somewhat critical of Mr. Johnson's congeries of policies in Vietnam, is gently raked over the coals. An Administration spokesman leans earnestly across the table and confides that as an old newspaper man himself he is saddened by "the decline in Scotty Reston's reputation." Another marked newsman is Marquis Childs who, after an interview with the President, had the temerity to suggest that the day must come when someone will have to be found to replace Dean Rusk as Secretary of State.

Howard thinks he discerns in these incidents part of "a concerted plan of professional demolition of the President's newspaper critics." Or, less elegantly, Mr. Johnson has made a start in compiling what was known among William Randolph Hearst's minions as The Chief's "son-of-a-bitch list." Anyone critical of Mr. Hearst or Miss Marion Davies, if mentioned in the Hearst papers at all, was to be given the treatment such impudence merited.

But if there are punishments these days in Washington, there are also rewards. If the worst thing that can happen to a newsman, as to an actor, is to be ignored, that horror at least the Washington correspondents are spared. Every prominent journalist in Washington, except those hopelessly alienated, can tell a story of getting a telephone call from the President, at home, and listening transfixed while Mr. Johnson complains in sorrow or berates in fury — but always ends with an invitation to kiss and make up. A telephone call from the President, though perhaps unnerving when it comes in the dead of night, may be regarded as an accolade.

Sometimes the easily stirred Presidential wrath assumes another form—the use of one journalist to undercut another. Such phlebotomy may be solicited or it may be volunteered by an admirer—not necessarily with an eye to Presidential approbation, though Mr. Johnson has been known to be good to his friends. Whatever his reasons, C. L. Sulzberger of *The New York Times* has been doing battle on behalf of Mr. Johnson: taking on, in a single column, Pierre Mendès-France, George Kennan, Sen. Robert Kennedy, Sen. Ernest Gruening; and quoting a foolish gloss by Walter Lippmann of a speech by Adolf Hitler.

If someone thought it worth the trouble to go over Sulzberger's columns for the past thirty-three years, it would be surprising if he did not uncover a few howlers—which does not go far toward proving that all of Sulzberger's present views are absurd. Just the same, he does sound irrational when he argues that the debate on Vietnamese policy "has been featured by misinformation, passion, political opportunism, vanity and hints of a smarmy dislike for President Johnson"—as if not a vestige of reason could be found among the Administration's critics. This type of disputation finds favor in *Time* (March 11), which contrasts Sulzberger's views with those of *The New York Times* editorial page, decries debate on Vietnam, and agrees with Sulzberger's contention that both Hanoi and Peking must have gained fresh encouragement from what the *Times* columnist calls "the joining of our Know-Nothings with our Know-It-Alls." Sulzberger himself is beginning to sound more like *Time* than the *Times*.

End to Postal Savings

The Senate has passed and sent to the President for signature a bill to discontinue the postal savings system. The system was established in 1910 to provide a safe and convenient method of saving for the immigrant poor, who were often inclined to keep their meager accumulations hidden in a mattress or in a tin can buried in the backyard. Accounts could be opened with $1 and the maximum for any one account was $2,500. In 1910, the 2 per cent interest paid by postal savings was regarded as a good rate, but nowadays double that can be obtained on accounts guaranteed by the government. Yet such is the inertia of institutional change that postal savings might have continued indefinitely had Bernard J. Reis, a New York CPA with a long-standing interest in consumer problems, not called the situation to *The Nation's* attention.

We in turn assigned Ralph Lee Smith, a journalist specializing in consumer issues, to do a piece about the current status of postal savings ("Postal Savings: America's Poorest Buy," *The Nation*, September 21, 1964). A copy of the article was sent to President Johnson, who thanked us for bringing the anachronistic state of postal savings to his attention. But the President has appropriated the suggestion without adopting Mr. Smith's remedy. He did not propose that the system should be abolished, but that the interest rate should be increased to 3 per cent, giving the 1,271,858 depositors an additional $6,400,000 annually. Even if the rate had been increased to 4 per cent, the government could well have afforded to pay it.

But the Administration saw a chance to increase deposits in banks and other institutions—a prospect naturally pleasing to business—and at the same time to cut back some of the work of an overburdened Post Office Department. Many postal savings depositors live in out-of-the-way places; it has been a convenience for them to deposit their savings when they visit the local post office. Those of them who will now transfer their accounts into regular savings accounts in commercial banks and savings and loan associations will clearly benefit; but those who do not may well be victimized by fly-by-night operators of one kind or another. Even so, the government could not, in all conscience, continue to shortchange postal savings depositors. The system was a good idea in its time, but good ideas sometimes run their course. The wonder is that this one survived as long as it did.

Weak Arm of the Law

Last fall the American Association of University Governing Boards elected as president a distinguished public servant who has made substantial contributions to the scholarly world—Regent Eugene B. Power of the University of Michigan. But recently the nation's top regent abruptly ended his Michigan career. He resigned from the university governing board an hour after Michigan Attorney General Frank Kelley issued an opinion charging him with a substantial conflict of interest in his business dealings with the university. Power is president of University Microfilms, Inc., an Ann Arbor firm that specializes in microfilming out-of-print books, doctoral theses, rare manuscripts and other printed materials primarily for the use of libraries and scholars.

In his opinion Attorney General Kelley pointed out that two UMI cameras were placed in the university library, and that the company had copied the university's entire undergraduate library card catalogue, selling sets at $2,000 each (more than twenty-five sales to date) with no royalty payment to the university. He added that copies of University of Michigan doctoral dissertations were stored and sold by Power's firm rather than by the school.

Power, who is a director of Xerox Corporation (several years ago UMI became a subsidiary of the copying giant), president of the International Micrographic Congress, and a multimillionaire, said in his letter of resignation: "Under the present situation it becomes impossible for me to continue to serve as both regent of the University and as an officer of University Microfilms, Inc., especially in view of the plans for increased participation in the field of education by both UMI and Xerox Corp., of which I am a director."

Power's resignation is a tragedy for both himself and the university. He suffered intense personal humiliation, and because he had often been a decisive liberal force on the Board of Regents he will be sorely missed by the university. To a large extent Power has himself to blame for the turn of events. While he did check out his business relationships with the attorney general's office in 1956 and 1958, he had let the situation deteriorate over the past eight years. Apparently he considered the $150,000 of microfilming services he gave to the university in the past ten years the answer to any questions about his business dealings.

But Power's tragedy was not solely his fault—the American legal system has done very little to define conflict of interest. The attorney general's decision, for example, was based solely on whether or not Power's conflict was "substantial." But the word substantial is not defined by the state constitution. The situation is similar throughout the country. And it is precisely through the obscurities of conflict-of-interest law that public officials either get away with their shenanigans or end up like Eugene Power.

At every level of government there are serious questions about conflict of interest. As a result of the Power investigation, the Michigan House of Representatives has introduced new legislation, sponsored by Representative Jack Faxon of Detroit, which says, for example, that no state employee or official may become involved in a business transaction of more than $500 with the state. It also stipulates that he may not accept any outside position that would impair his independence of judgment in exercising his official duties. Perhaps other states, and the federal government as well, can profit from the unhappy experience of Regent Power.

BEN BARKA IS DEAD

ALEXANDER WERTH

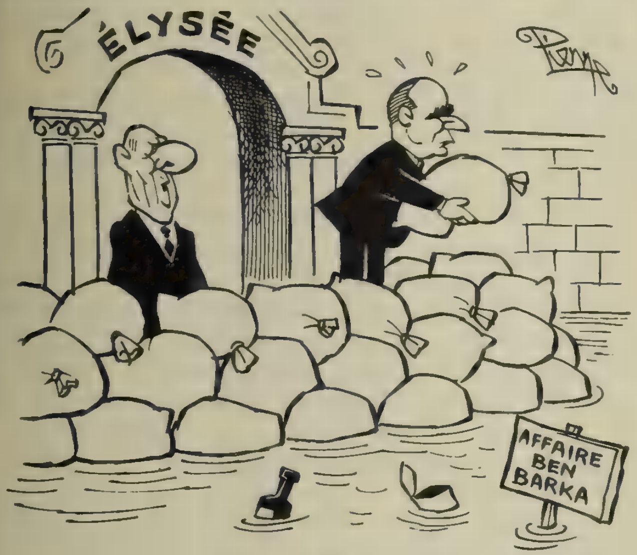
Paris

Ben Barka is dead. I can say this without fear of contradiction. His body was recovered from the river Essonne near Corbeil, a few days after the kidnaping, and a short disstance from the villa of Lopez, chief organizer of the killing. Several newspapers later reported that the Moroccan leader had been murdered at the villa of the gangster Boucheseiche; that his body was then taken to the nearby Lopez villa. What happened after that nobody seemed to know. The assumption was that the body had been secretly buried, though, oddly enough, no search for it by the police was ever reported. It now seems obvious why there was never any "conclusion" to this murder story; why, from time to time, there appeared "rumors" in the French press that Ben Barka "had been seen" in Morocco; that he was held incommunicado in a prison in southern Morocco by his enemy Oufkir, and so on.

His body *was* discovered and, to all appearances, discreetly disposed of by the French authorities. Why? The Moroccan Government or, more precisely, persons in King Hassan's immediate entourage, on being informed of the discovery, begged the French Government not to reveal that Ben Barka's body had been found, since this might well produce a violent upheaval in Morocco where Ben Barka had an enormous following among the left-wing elements. Strong man Oufkir had no serious objections to the story being made public and, as I hear from Morocco, might even have welcomed it, since it would have given him a chance to "have a real showdown with Ben Barka supporters."

The King, scared of Oufkir and the outcome of such a "showdown," preferred the mystery to remain "unsolved." The French Government, trying (though not very successfully) to prop up the King against Oufkir, complied.

This would also explain why de Gaulle said nothing in his most recent press conference about Ben Barka's ultimate fate, though several papers were confidently predicting that he would do so, since he certainly knew the exact truth. Instead, he attributed the whole affair to Moroccan machinations (meaning Oufkir), in which the French cops and gangsters played a "vulgar and subordinate part." This was one way of saying that his own ministers and top officials could not be held responsible for what had happened—an attitude that has not only caused violent criticism in the press but also produced something of a crisis among the Gaullists themselves. The philosopher, Maurice Clavel, sharply attacked some of de Gaulle's ministers, notably the Minister of the Interior, Roger Frey, in an article in *Le Monde*; and since then even the Gaullist magazine, *Notre République*, has published an article by Jean de Beer, a "left-wing Gaullist," who regrets that Frey did not resign in order to defend himself as a private citizen against the numerous charges of suppression and concealment brought against him. Some serious pressures must then have been brought to bear on the magazine, for in an awkwardly worded statement it disavowed de Beer's article and apparently also fired the editor for publishing it. (At least the editor's name does not appear in the latest issue.)



Pierre, Aux Ecoutes: Ben Roth

But there is another side to the Ben Barka story. In French Government quarters there has been no doubt at all that Oufkir was the CIA's man in Morocco, and that it suited the CIA perfectly to have Ben Barka eliminated. However, the officials offered no details. Now an obscure little paper, called *L'Humanité Nouvelle* and published in Marseilles, has printed the text of a speech Ben Barka delivered in Nagasaki last August 9. The meeting was held to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the atom bomb, and Ben Barka's speech was a violent diatribe against "American imperialism," which he said was active everywhere:

> In Morocco, whose people have reconquered their political independence, the National Union of People's Forces has fought until both French and American military bases were removed. But . . . *there are other, less visible, forms of foreign influence which we must eliminate.*

That last was a clear reference to the CIA. Barka then denounced the war the United States is waging in Vietnam, and said that in all parts of the world the best help that could be rendered to the people of Vietnam was a relentless struggle against American imperialism, and that this was particularly true in Africa.

L'Humanité Nouvelle, which is not dependent on the French Communist Party, but seems to be published by a small group with a "pro-Chinese" slant, makes the following comments on Ben Barka's Nagasaki speech:

> Everything in the French press is being done to divert people's attention from the real culprits of Ben Barka's murder. The papers dwell on the small fry—Figon, Lopez, Bernier and various other gangsters and cops. At the same time they say little or nothing about Oufkir, Hassan and other creatures of American imperialism, and still less about the CIA, that great agency specializing in intervention and subversion in foreign countries.
>
> The Gaullist government knows all about it, but *it also keeps silent.* Why? Because it is so much easier to amuse the public with gangster stories, *instead of disclosing a scandal of vast international dimensions, and instead of showing up the CIA and its ramifications inside the French police and the French government apparatus.*

"Ben Barka," it then says, "was Enemy Number 1 of American imperialism. His Nagasaki speech, his last public speech, was a sort of political testament; it gave the right anti-imperialist orientation to the Havana Conference of which he was one of the organizers, and was also a warning to those who believed in peaceful coexistence with the imperialists."

In this irrelevant suggestion that Ben Barka was "pro-Chinese" rather than "pro-Soviet," there is of course an implicit criticism of the regular French Communist Party which, coveting a place in the post-de Gaulle government, is also refraining, in the name of "peaceful coexistence," from attacking the CIA. In reality, though a progressive Third World spokesman and "neutralist" and even, one might say, "pro-Gaullist" as far as Morocco was concerned, Ben Barka was neither a "Russian" nor a "Chinese" Communist. Nevertheless, as his Nagasaki speech showed, he detested what he saw as American imperialism, and "to the CIA," *L'Humanité Nouvelle* says, "he was the man to kill." The paper calls on the French Government to "start from zero" a new inquiry into the Ben Barka case, not bothering about the small fry but concentrating on those to whom Ben Barka's death was most profitable. In other words, the CIA.

In these charges against the CIA there is in fact nothing very new; as I wrote in *The Nation* some time ago, a power struggle is going on between France and the United States in North Africa, and particularly in Morocco (but also in Algeria and Tunisia), and even an eminent author like

François Mauriac openly accused Oufkir and the CIA of having engineered their double master stroke: to deprive the Third World of Ben Barka and to discredit de Gaulle. But Mauriac is not an official person, and although Frey too charged the CIA with engineering the Ben Barka kidnaping, he said so in private conversation, not in public.

De Gaulle, for fear of hurting the King of Morocco—whom he still hopes to win over sometime—and of strengthening Oufkir even more, is clearly avoiding a showdown on the CIA issue. But below the surface, and often not so far below it, the Franco-American struggle is continuing: over Morocco, over NATO, over Vietnam. As long as the war in Vietnam continues, there will be far more tacit popular support for de Gaulle in the whole of Europe (except possibly in Germany, but even there one isn't quite sure) than official America cares to realize.

PARTIES IN CHAOS #1

THE CALIFORNIA SWEEPSTAKES

GLADWIN HILL

Mr. Hill is head of The New York Times *Los Angeles news bureau.*

Los Angeles

California has long been associated with oranges and nuts. But its politics are increasingly taking on the vertiginous aura of a banana republic. Power is so diffuse, loyalties so flimsy, and coalitions so evanescent that nearly every day brings some neck-snapping, unexpected development.

The only really fixed feature of the current situation is that on June 7 the conscientious members of an electorate of 7 million—comprising 4 million nominal Democrats and 3 million nominal Republicans—will select in the primaries candidates for governor and other constitutional offices, for the second largest state delegation in Congress, and for a radically reapportioned legislature of eighty Assembly seats and forty Senate seats. Thirteen and one-half of the Senate seats formerly held by sparsely populated hinterland "cow counties" are newly allocated to Los Angeles, which has had only one seat. Henceforth Los Angeles, with a little help from the San Francisco Bay area and San Diego, can control legislation in the nation's most populous state; it will be one of the greatest concentrations of urban power in history.

But so wayward are the politics of the Golden State that, beyond mere selection of nominees, the primary election of June 7 and events leading up to it may well predetermine the outcome of the nominally decisive voting of next November. And beyond the filling of offices, this year's developments are likely to indicate the pattern of California politics for years ahead. This is a crossroads year. Both political parties—if they can really be called that—are in preposterous disarray. Because the confusion is about equal on both sides, the Republicans have a chance of scoring for the first time in eight years, and even perhaps of starting to regain the control they exercised almost continuously for the first half of this century.

"With Ronald Reagan they're going to do this?" the practical-minded newspaper-reading outlander may ask. The answer is "Yes, perhaps"; although heavily qualified to minimize the actor's personal importance in the situation. It is not a case of Californians being so bemused that, having scrutinized all 17 million citizens of the state, they have concluded that for a leader they may have to draft a second-string horse-opera performer. It is that California has such a loose-jointed political system that actors, tap dancers or individuals of other irrelevant qualifications can put forward legally plausible applications to be public servants. The state's political parties are so impotent that they have no control over who waves their banners or pre-empts their nominations.

Reagan owes his present eminence to the fact that California's Republican Party is so fragmented that a right-wing minority has been able to seize the initiative and marshal substantial campaign resources behind a man who distinguished himself as the leading pitchman for Sen. Barry Goldwater in 1964. If Reagan has a chance of winning, it is primarily because California's Democratic Party is so unorganized that it could discover no more powerful entry than the two-term incumbent, Governor Edmund G. Brown. Only one governor in California's history, Earl Warren, has won a third four-year term. Brown's administration is generally regarded as good, but in eight years any executive vexes an ever growing number of people; and even if he's perfect, voters get tired of seeing the same face.

Reagan may have little to offer, but he does have novelty. This can hardly be said of the best man the Republican Party's moderates were able to agree upon: George Christopher, Greek-born ex-mayor of San Francisco, affluent dairyman, and a shopworn party regular whose last futile foray was as Richard Nixon's running mate in the 1962 gubernatorial contest.

The GOP moderates appear to outnumber the conservative bloc by 2 to 1, but they sadly lack cohesion. Their common denominator is that they were against Goldwater in 1964, but some were for Rockefeller, some for Lodge, some for Scranton, some for Nixon, some even for Stassen. They were not able to unite enough on Rockefeller to head off Goldwater in the Republican Presidential primary. So with no more inspiring an entry than Christopher—who has been running like the proverbial dry creek—it's doubtful that they'll be able to stop Reagan in June.

Whoever is nominated, the outline of the ensuing assault on the voters is clear: Brown will claim that he's done well, and his opponent will try to convince the people he could do better, in administering the state's $10 million-a-day overhead. This is pretty meager fare to put before the voters of the nation's most populous and progressive state. A captious observer might be moved to ask where are the issues, where are the personalities—the Kuchels, the Unruhs, the Knights, and even the Knowlands—who might be taking a meaningful hand in this pallid charade? The answer is that both issues and individuals tend to be neutralized by California's disheveled political structure.

A half century ago, Governor Hiram Johnson, the Republican Progressive, engaged in mortal combat with corruption, invented an array of constitutional devices designed to thwart the development of political machines—and by so doing managed to inhibit the development of effective party organisms down to this day. The safeguards included primary cross-filing (Republicans competing in Democratic contests and vice versa), organic separation of party state committees from county committees, nonpartisan city and county elections, and minimization of patronage. Party lines were blurred, party cohesion rendered almost impossible.

Without the continuity of solid party organization, each election tends to be a free-for-all, with victory going to those who can whip up the best *ad hoc* campaign organization and make the most ingenious noises. The only way to stay alive in California politics is to be in office. The lack of organization, the systematic noncultivation of party timber, the inability to hold together even personal organizations, are demonstrated by the suddenness with which new figures burst onto the political scene, and the quick oblivion into which they plunge once defeated.

One day Richard Nixon was a newly discharged Navy officer; the next day he was on his way toward Congress. But the day after he was defeated for governor, there was nothing for him to do but pack his bags and leave California. One day William F. Knowland was the immediate past minority leader of the United States Senate; the next day the whimsicalities of California politics had relegated him to private citizenship. When James Roosevelt was defeated for governor in 1950, it was the end of his career in state politics. The whatever-became-of roster is dotted with such names as Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas, both knocked out by Nixon; and Will Rogers, Jr., whose Congressional career was terminated abruptly when he lost a Senate race to Knowland.

In this hazardous political climate, flimsy party umbrellas provide poor refuge. The only security lies in quickly corralling as much voter support as possible. Accordingly, the first rule of California politics has long been for candidates to straddle party lines, and make the broadest possible appeal to an electorate casual about labels. This odd process is dignified with the name of "bipartisanship." Under it Earl Warren, William F. Knowland, Goodwin Knight and myriad other aspirants for office won elections in the primaries by cross-filing and capturing dual nominations. Formally, this practice was abolished in 1958. But the tradition of "bipartisanship"—which implicitly is disregard of party labels, denial of ideological differences and the minimizing of practically any issue except dishonesty—still permeates California politics like the smog. It was no fluke that in 1962 Sen. Thomas Kuchel, a Warren protégé and a leading exponent of bipartisanship was enthusiastically returned to office by the same electorate that rejected less ambivalent Republicans from Richard Nixon on down. This year, as he did in 1958 and 1962, Pat Brown, a card-carrying Democrat, will undoubtedly invoke reverentially the names of Hiram Johnson, Earl Warren and "bipartisanship."

State law forbids the "legal" party structures from endorsing primary candidates: there can be no "organization slate"; party officials are not supposed to manifest any preference between a man who has served with distinction in office for twenty years and any world-is-flat nut who can pay the nominal filing fee.

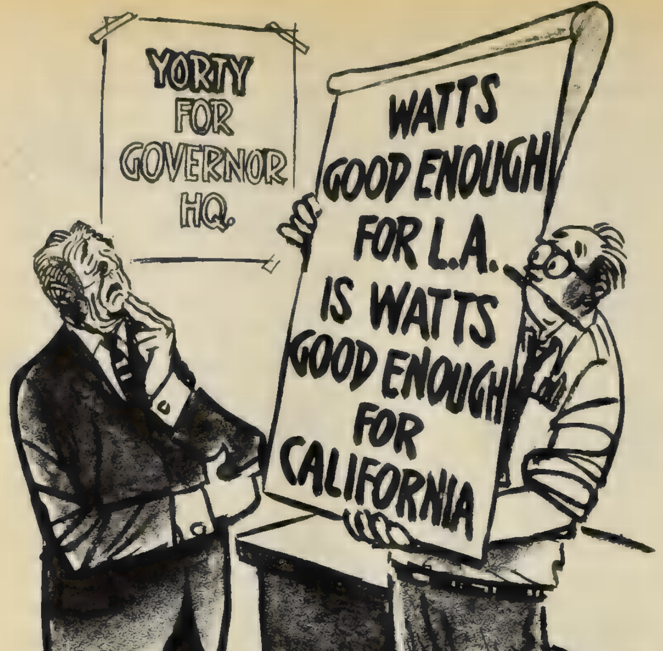
By definition, primaries are supposed to be competitive, but California's "bipartisan" electorate is so fluid that competition can be disastrous. More concerned with personalities than with labels, voters on the losing side of a primary contest are apt to defect to the opposing party in November; and the electorate as a whole tends to recoil from a primary winner who emerges all scarred up by intraparty conflict. Out of this has grown the second rule of California politics: the party with a hot primary battle is apt to lose the general election.

The consequent urge to reduce primary hostilities has given rise to "unofficial," volunteer party organizations that could screen aspirants, try to discourage the oddities, and endorse primary candidates on whom the party's registered following could reasonably be expected to focus support.

Helped by chronic Democratic divisiveness, the Republicans thus used the "unofficial" California Republican Assembly to stay in power for more than two decades after they became the minority party in 1934. The Knowland-Knight gubernatorial battle of 1958 brought the levitation act crashing to the ground. The downfall came in large part because five years earlier the Democrats had knit together their own "volunteer" California Democratic Council, a federation of local clubs that brought a degree of unity out of decades of factional strife. For ten years, the CDC maintained a near-perfect record of primary victories.

But neither the Republican Assembly nor the Democratic Council ever attained the stature of mass-membership party organizations; their respective memberships never topped 50,000 activists, out of millions of registered partisans. Accordingly, both finally fell victim to minority aberrations. In the Goldwater boom of 1964, right wingers seized control of the CRA. The CDC came apart this year, when the liberal pronouncements of its president, Simon Casady, against the Administration's Vietnamese policy annoyed the White House, Governor Brown and a majority of the membership. Casady was finally persuaded to resign in February, but by then the organization's support had become such a liability that its February convention was shunned by such founders of the organization as Lt. Gov. Glenn Anderson, State Controller Alan Cranston and former National Committeeman Paul Ziffren.

The aggravated schisms that afflict both parties have been emphasized in pre-primary maneuvering. The Republicans' most promising contender against Governor Brown was Sen. Thomas Kuchel, Minority Whip. After much thought, he declined to make the race—not because he doubted his ability to outpoint Brown but because of the clear danger that he would fall victim to rule number two, concerning the lethal nature of primary battles. California's right-wing Republicans detest Kuchel, and he has made no secret of his low regard for Reagan and his right-wing backers. These animosities would inevitably have precipi-


YORTY FOR GOVERNOR HQ.
WATTS GOOD ENOUGH FOR L.A. IS WATTS GOOD ENOUGH FOR CALIFORNIA
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THE WASHINGTON POST

"It's Not Quite the Slogan I'm Looking For"

tated a bitter primary struggle, which Kuchel stood to win—but at the cost of so much party wreckage as to leave him in precarious shape for November.

On the Democratic side, disunity erupted spectacularly early in March when Los Angeles' tempestuous Mayor Samuel Yorty announced that he would challenge Governor Brown for the gubernatorial nomination. Yorty is a professional party maverick who supported Richard Nixon in 1960, and in 1964 entered an insurgent slate of delegates in the Democratic Presidential primary, the only apparent purpose of which was to heckle Brown's orthodox pro-Johnson slate and whip up a froth of attention for Yorty.

No one thinks he stands much chance of beating Brown in June, but again the campaign will at least give the 56-year-old Yorty a free appearance under the limelight. He doesn't have to relinquish his mayoral job to compete. And money will be no problem, since ample financing is in prospect from both the Republican right wing — eager to promote a Democratic primary squabble to offset the Reagan-Christopher cleavage—and from Christopher supporters, who naturally would like to see Brown cut up.

There may be more devious motives in Yorty's gesture. For some time he has been in cahoots with an anti-Brown party faction that pivots around ambitious Jesse Unruh, California's closest approach to an Eastern-style political manipulator. Lacking the means, in California's weird milieu, to build a conventional political machine, Unruh has used the powerful speakership of the Legislative Assembly to make himself a ruthless ringmaster of law making, and through this to weave a web of obligations and support extending into many nooks and crannies of the state containing money, which he unabashedly describes as "the mother's milk of politics."

Unruh himself might have challenged Brown, had he not suffered from one critical liability: his preoccupation with political technology has entirely precluded cultivation of the electorate outside his little constituency of Inglewood, a Los Angeles suburb. Adept among fellow politicians, he is painfully ill at ease before a gathering of wide-eyed voters. Reapportionment confronted him with the choice of holding on to the Assembly speakership, and seeing his influence over the Senate diluted by Los Angeles' new block of seats; or moving up to the Senate, where an anti-Unruh cabal is poised to hamstring him.

A convenient evasion of this dilemma, providing back-door access to state-wide office with minimal dependence on personal popularity, would have been for Unruh to appear as Brown's running mate. The Governor could have used the added ticket strength that Unruh resources might have brought. The power base of the present Lieutenant Governor, Glenn Anderson, was the now prostrate CDC, and he was criticized for inaction, in Brown's absence, during the Watts riot. But Brown could not bring himself to drop Anderson. As a result, the initiative has been taken out of Brown's hands. Thomas W. Braden, Oceanside publisher, president of the State Board of Education and a Kennedy family intimate, has filed for lieutenant governor, labeling Anderson a do-nothing.

Brown's lack of influence over his own ticket is further indicated in the lesser races. In happier times, his interim appointee as attorney general, Thomas Lynch, would have been the undisputed nominee. But now Lynch is being challenged by William M. Bennett, a Brown appointee to the Public Utilities Commission. No less than four Democrats are campaigning for secretary of state, a position now held precariously by septuagenarian Frank Jordan (he and Kuchel were the only state-wide Republican winners in 1962). Among the contenders is William J. Williams, executive director of the newly established Negro Political Action Association of California.

At this point, Ronald Reagan's problem is less immediately Pat Brown than rules one and two of California politics. He has somehow to convince voters that he is no longer Ronald Reagan the Goldwaterite, but a new middle-of-the-road Reagan—so quintessentially middling as to appeal not only to moderate Republicans before June 7, but after June 7 to be palatable as well to at least one out of five Democrats. This feat defied even the talents of Richard Nixon, a very plausible man and in fact a more legitimate middle-roader than Reagan. But actor Reagan has the best coaching that money can buy, in the person of Spencer-Roberts & Associates, one of the numerous concerns in the field of campaign management, which, in the atmosphere of scrambled politics, has become a noteworthy California industry.

In compliance with rule number two, Reagan must minimize primary conflict with George Christopher, lest he sustain the sort of lacerations that, for instance, left Helen Gahagan Douglas an easy victim for Richard Nixon in the Senate race of 1950. Reagan is trying to do this by the approved California method of pretending that one's primary opponent isn't there, and running against the ultimate enemy in the opposing party—in this case by deploring the height that taxes have reached under Brown.

Brown's handlers—a skilled and battle-tested team of both party technicians and personnel detached from his administration—have already launched a major counterattack: the suggestion that if Reagan should go to Sacramento, he'd take a good portion of the John Birch Society along with him. The Brown apparatus—a technical mechanism, it should be stressed, not a party machine—is formidable in operation. A state-wide teletype network keeps campaign nerve centers informed hour to hour of developments on the opposing side, and signals countermeasures. Tactical information is drawn out of opposition headquarters in mysterious ways; advance copies of opponents' speeches are obtained. Before an opponent has finished delivering a speech, however remote the locale, one or more imposing pro-Brown politicos will emerge from a temporary mimeograph room in a nearby motel to broadcast rebuttals.

From here on, a good deal of the jousting will revolve around rule three of California politics: the "nice guy" always wins. The "nice guy" is not necessarily the prettiest. He is the candidate who—contrary to the usual rules of warfare—manages to seize the defensive, thus making his opponent appear an unseemly, contentious, negative, peace-disturbing brickbat thrower. Californians, with all the other political rigors they have to endure, prize stability and resent roughhousing. The candidate who can come out first for home, mother and highway safety, and deflect all criticism into attacks on such verities, gets the vote. Brown, the pudgy image of your friendly, impeccably honest and sincere neighborhood optometrist, is a master at this kind of passive Karate. With it he demolished in 1958 the Eagle Scout façade that William Knowland had projected through thirty years of state and national politics. This year, Brown's agility at this sort of thing is a weapon to match Reagan's Screen Actors Guild card.

A third term for Governor Brown should stimulate some sober and systematic thinking among Democrats about whom they can run four years hence. Brown's defeat would in a sense be the plasma California's gasping Republicans need to fend off oblivion—although some pessimistic party members foresee victory as being as conducive as defeat to a thoroughgoing split between their hard-nosed right wing and the modern Republicans. A basic Republican split would be where Hiram Johnson came in.

What effect, an observer might wonder, will the gubernatorial battle have on the legislative and Congressional contests? The answer is little or none. California's Congressional districts are so thoroughly gerrymandered, and incumbents' rapport with their respective constituencies so specialized, that even the Johnson landslide scarcely affected the line-up.

PARTIES IN CHAOS #2

THE NEW YORK GUERRILLAS

JAMES DESMOND

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Albany

Is there a Democratic Party in New York State? The question is legitimate and the answer is a resounding no. The correct answer is that five, six or seven Democratic factions are operating throughout the state, frequently crossing lines as loyalties shift, and all dedicated to parochial interests that have no relevance to either a political philosophy or the needs of government in the present distressed society.

The condition is not new. It goes back to 1942, when James A. Farley, in the bitterness of his reaction against Franklin D. Roosevelt, smashed the party by ramming through the nomination of John J. Bennett for governor at a reputation-bruised state convention in Brooklyn. The wounded are still crying. In the twenty-four years since the Brooklyn ambush, the Democrats have elected just one governor, the single-termer, Averell Harriman, political surprise of 1954. After FDR's fourth-term election in 1944, the state party turned against Harry S. Truman and Adlai E. Stevenson in three successive Presidential election campaigns. It was not until John F. Kennedy came along in 1960, with his strong religious ties to the more or less Catholic Democrats—the state is about 38 per cent Catholic and among Democrats substantially higher—that the party got back on the winning track.

Until President Johnson's sweep in 1964, a sweep based in New York on emotions even stronger than in the Kennedy election, the Democrats had an arid time. But Johnson, rolling up a plurality of nearly 2.7 million in this state, dragged into office with him nearly every Democrat who managed to get his name on the ballot. It gave the Democrats one-year control of the legislature, a control they promptly frittered away.

One of the coattailers in the Johnson campaign was the abrasive Senator Robert F. Kennedy, a "carpetbagger" to many New York Democrats and a man whose naked ambition is terrifying to some beholders. With his almost "sainted" name, his wealth and the alliances he had made among the old-time bosses during his brother's campaign, Kennedy virtually compelled Robert F. Wagner, the Mayor of New York City, to accept him as the Senatorial nominee. It was a virtuoso performance, but Kennedy may yet regret it. Because the one thing it accomplished was to sharpen Democratic divisions throughout the state—not into a straight Kennedy-Wagner split, although that soon became apparent, but into a further fragmentation of the splinter factions that had been running wild for years.

The results are now beginning to tell as the Democrats face their gubernatorial convention in almost total disarray.

Nelson Rockefeller in 1966 is by no means the pigeon he looked last summer when his popularity dived to its nadir after imposition of the state sales tax. His comeback in the polls started right after the September primaries when all his loyal supporters won against anti-sales-tax opponents. Since then, it has climbed steadily.

This has changed the game for the Democrats. The scrambling factions, which might have got together in the hope of sharing the spoils against a sure loser, no longer see a good reason to resign their personal ambitions. For what is at stake in the gubernatorial nominating convention is nothing less than control of the state Democratic machine which, despite its electoral impotence, has important statutory and trading powers. That control would give the winners a large say in the conduct of the all-important state constitutional convention next year. It is a prize worth anybody's last effort.

The difficulty for the Democrats is that they have no effective leadership. While Robert Wagner was in City Hall in New York he wielded a strong control which, though somewhat limited in scope, at least provided a focal point. Removed from office, he must fall back on old loyalties to arm him for any combat, and that at best is a doubtful political stance. Senator Kennedy is not much better off. The coalition that got him the nomination was loosely strung together and had little in common. Furthermore, as junior Senator from New York, elected far behind the ticket in the Johnson sweep, his power base is so narrow that a single defeat could destroy all the high ambitions attributed to him.

Under the circumstances, neither Wagner nor Kennedy has risked direct confrontation on any important issue, and the lesser leaders are reaching out for what they can grab. The grabbing may well be the undoing of the party. For this is just the point when irreversible commitments are frequently made to secure limited objectives, and such commitments often turn up later to tie the hands of the politicians on the county and city levels when the big boys at last decide to declare themselves.

Premonitions of this political quicksand have apparently cooled off a number of Democrats who were sweating for the gubernatorial nomination last fall. For purely local support, however attractive it may be when things are going right, might put an incumbent officeholder in a position where his political future could be snuffed out in any possible coalition movement.

For this reason, perhaps, only one Democrat is in the field as an announced candidate for the nomination for governor: the Nassau County executive, Eugene H. Nickerson. He is a protégé of John F. English who, it is true, has tied his political fortunes to Senator Kennedy, but other Kennedy ties are showing almost no enthusiasm for him. Nickerson, however, has a secure power base in Nassau County, which has been growing increasingly Democratic in its population explosion over the last twenty years, and that allows him to take certain risks.

The other highly touted hopefuls—including New York City Council President Frank O'Connor, who topped the Democratic ticket last fall when Republican John V. Lindsay beat Abraham Beame for mayor; Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and the upstate Congressman Sam Stratton, a vigorous campaigner for the nomination in other years—have turned coy. The reason is obvious. None has a secure power base. And none has a record of state-wide pulling power. O'Connor, a district attorney and one-time state Senator in Queens County, has demonstrated local strength, but he does not control his county organization and has never ventured outside the city. Indeed, he declined a contest for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination four years ago. Roosevelt, wearing a name that many still hold in awe, although the new generation that is arising has barely heard it, has had one try at the polls and it was disastrous. In 1954, as candidate for attorney general, he was the only Democrat on the state ticket to lose, his conqueror being Jacob K. Javits, who went on to become New York's senior Senator. Stratton has no record outside his Congressional district, but he has won there against superior Republican registrations.

That such men, none particularly noted for modesty or lack of ambition, feel constrained to play a waiting game indicates the depth of the fracture within the party. Any one of them, given a reasonable hope of some solid bloc support, would be eager to step forward now, while the stepping is good, and try to equalize the edge that Rockefeller will hold over whatever nominee the Democrats pick.

That brings us back to Senator Kennedy. His moment of decision on the national scene may lie years ahead of him, but what he decides this year may determine whether he

Albany, N.Y.

ever reaches the national scene. Kennedy needs to control the New York organization for national convention purposes if he wants to move ahead. Debarred by the state constitution from seeking the governorship himself (there is a five-year residency requirement and he moved to New York only a few weeks before his election in 1964), he can make his move either by marshaling all his strength for a campaign to nominate his own candidate, or by standing aside and letting the party fragment itself into another defeat.

Either course is heavy with danger. A strong governor, even one elected with Kennedy backing, might have White House dreams himself; and, since he would control the organization, might elbow the Senator out of convention consideration. A fragmented party might well be picked up by somebody else—Wagner, for example. Inactive for the moment, Wagner still has adherents scattered across the state and he has heavy claims on labor, both in his own right and because he is the son of U. S. Sen. Robert F. Wagner, who wrote labor's Magna Charta. Wagner is still very much in politics and intends to stay there.

One must not assume from all this that the Democratic cause in New York is hopeless this year. Governor Rockefeller has serious divisions within his own party and any faltering on his part could encourage the opposition to open rebellion. But as of the moment, he is holding the high hand and has been playing it exceedingly well. Given the luck that has marked his political career, he is unlikely to overreach himself now.

THE FRUITS OF PROTEST

1. Law, Speech and Disobedience

CARL COHEN

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When the elected leaders of a democracy behave unwisely or immorally, it is not only a citizen's right but his duty, owed to the community as a whole, to protest that conduct vigorously and publicly. Such protest may be unjustified or mistaken, but a citizen can be expected to inform himself only as fully as he can, and then act according to his best knowledge and belief. That such protest in general is proper and healthy most democrats are certain to agree.

But *how far* does the right to protest extend? To what limits should the courts protect conduct whose aim is clearly that of protesting established law or policy, or carrying on political debate? No questions are more serious than these in a democracy, and none more difficult to answer universally or unambiguously. The issues cannot be wholly avoided, however, and are now being pressed again in the Michigan courts.

It often happens, in the law, that matters of the highest consequence are argued and decided upon in connection with fact situations of relatively minor importance. A snail found in a bottle of ginger beer, a single student obliged to hear a prayer he does not share — such apparently small matters sometimes lead to landmark decisions in the courts. That, conceivably, may be the case with the conduct of those who, on October 15, 1965, refused to leave the Selective Service Office in Ann Arbor, Michigan, as a protest against United States policy in Vietnam. The facts surrounding this now notorious instance of civil disobedience are not in dispute. Some thirty-nine persons, mostly University of Michigan students, did "sit in" there and then, were taken from the office an hour or two after its normal time of closing, and did clearly understand that their act was a violation of the Michigan trespass statute. One of the most unhappy ramifications of the incident was the subsequent loss, by some dozen of the demonstrators, of their student draft deferments, on the alleged ground that they had impeded the operation of the Selective Service System. Much may be said about that (see: "Punishment by Conscription," *The Nation*, December 27, 1965), but the punitive use of the draft laws does not bear on the central issue now being raised.

That issue concerns the guilt of the demonstrators. Normally, the legal guilt of one who engages in civil disobedience is never seriously doubted. He disobeys the law openly to exhibit his deep concern on some issue, enters a guilty plea or one of no contest, and accepts his punishment publicly as further proof of his concern and as a further effort to focus public attention upon the injustice he protests. (See: "The Ethics of Civil Disobedience," *The Nation*, March 16, 1964.) Civil disobedience of this sort, again, may be foolish or unjustified, but normally it is practiced only by those with deep convictions, genuine public spirit and considerable courage.

The episode becomes tangled, however, when disobedient demonstrators claim — as is now being claimed by some twenty-nine of those at Ann Arbor—that *because their protest is clearly a form of political speech, it is protected —even though it is a deliberate violation of the state law— by the Constitution of the United States.* This is a strong and interesting claim, a matter of the highest interest to anyone concerned about the health and success of a democratic society, and I propose to examine it carefully.

I shall present the major arguments in support of this claim as plausibly and effectively as I can, at each step seeking to determine how well the argument stands up on examination. Before proceeding, I want to emphasize the fact that in this area no principles can be applied with absolute universality, and no set of facts can be interpreted in one and only one way. And I want to extol—

what I know personally—the deep sincerity and moral goodness of the protesters in this case. By ordinary standards they are better persons than most of the rest of us.

Their arguments fall into two major divisions, as follows: (*1*) That this case of disobedient protest is a form of speech protected by the First Amendment to the Constitution; and (*2*) that because the object of their protest was the illegal character of United States' actions in Vietnam, their individual conduct in that protest is protected by the principles of the Nuremberg Judgments. I take these arguments in turn.

(*1*) Speech, after all, is not restricted to verbal activity. It takes many forms, oral, written, or other; its essential element is the communication of an idea. Nonverbal acts often accomplish, as they are intended to accomplish, such communication. The classical example is that of picketing in a labor dispute, long held to be a violation of state law but in 1940 declared worthy of protection by the Supreme Court in *Thornhill* v. *Alabama*. Picketing was there recognized as a nonverbal act protected by the First Amendment, which reads, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech." Similarly, in very recent cases involving sit-ins and other forms of public protest against racial discrimination, convictions for the alleged violation of state trespass and other statutes have been repeatedly reversed. The Supreme Court has not upheld the conviction of any of the protesters in these civil rights cases.

Moreover, the protection of free communication and criticism is of such fundamental importance that conduct which falls under this category will be protected even when it may appear to fall also under categories otherwise illegal. So, for example, what might otherwise be thought libel will sometimes be protected by constitutional guarantees. There is, the Supreme Court said in 1964, "a profound national commitment to the principle that debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust, and wide open, and that it may well include vehement, caustic, and sometimes unpleasantly sharp attacks on government and public officials." (*N. Y. Times Co.* v. *Sullivan.*) So, the Court went on, apparently libelous attacks on public figures will be protected. "Like insurrection, contempt, advocacy of unlawful acts, breach of the peace, obscenity, solicitation of legal business and the various other formulae . . . that have been challenged in this Court, libel cannot claim talismanic immunity from constitutional limitations." Why then should trespass not be treated likewise? Calling an act a trespass does not remove it automatically from First Amendment protection. The key question (according to this argument) is whether a given, deliberate trespass is a form of speech; if so, it is entitled to the same constitutional protection.

Of course real interests are safeguarded by state trespass laws, and these are, on the whole, good laws, But such interests must be balanced against the interests of the entire community in maximally free speech. And the Supreme Court has repeatedly recognized the need, in similar situations, to balance the one set of interests against the other. Such a balancing in this case (the argument continues) would surely result in the exculpation of a minor trespass, even if deliberate, providing it were carefully supervised and clearly intended as a political protest. It must be remembered that civil disobedience is normally performed under the public eye, that it carefully minimizes harm and inconvenience, and that (as in Ann Arbor) procedural details for the arrests are worked out with officials in advance. The relatively minute injury to the interests of the owner or occupants of the building clearly ought to be sacrificed as a matter of good public policy, when balanced against the interest of the entire community in having so grave a matter as war and peace argued effectively and dramatically. The right of peaceful, even if disobedient, protest must prevail. [For a further discussion of "balancing" and allied issues, see "Justice Black at 80: The Common Sense of Freedom," by Norman Redlich; *The Nation*, March 21.]

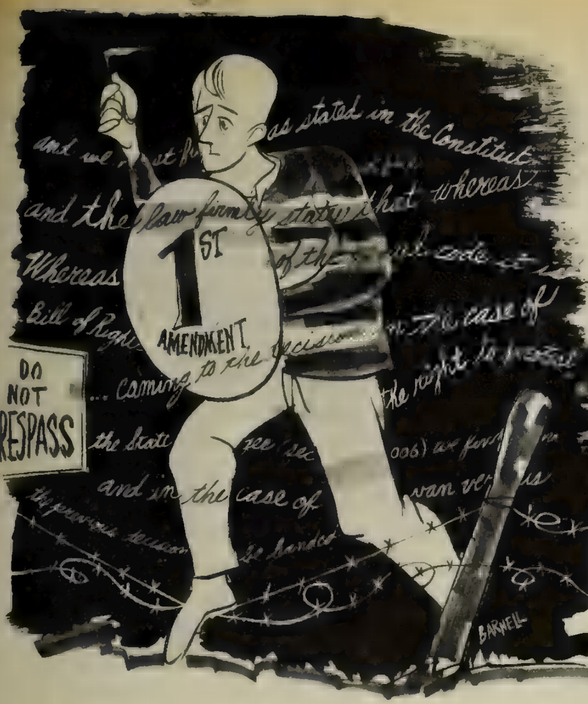
The defendants in this case do not maintain that the trespass law is invalid. Nor do they deny the facts of their technical violation of it. They argue that such a law, even a good law, cannot be used to suppress a "sit-in" protest under these special circumstances.

This is an appealing argument. Those of us who are eager to protect and extend the freedom of speech and political debate will naturally be inclined to view it with sympathy — a sympathy reinforced by our confidence in the good character and high purpose of the defendants. But is the argument sound? Reluctantly, I must say that I think it is not and that for strategic as well as jurisprudential reasons it is not the wisest position for disobedient demonstrators to adopt.

First on jurisprudential grounds. The central point, and one the defense attempts to gloss over, is that there are very great and even crucial *dis*analogies between cases of the present sort (deliberate disobedience to good trespass laws) and earlier cases before the Supreme Court protecting some demonstrators convicted of minor infractions of state law. These disanalogies are of two kinds:

(*a*) The first and most obvious is the disanalogy between violating a perfectly satisfactory statute, and violating an immoral and unconstitutional statute. The deliberate violation of segregation laws will be protected — because the act itself, whether it be called trespass or whatever, defies only a statute which should never have been in force, and which is rightly struck down when contested in the higher court. Such acts will be protected not as the result of a delicate balancing of interests but because, in a deep sense, the conduct never was wrongful. The Supreme Court reversals of the conviction of anti-segregation demonstrators provide no reasonable ground, then, for the protection of conduct which deliberately violates laws that are generally agreed to be proper and in the interests of the whole community.

(*b*) The second disanalogy is less obvious, but vitally important, and indeed the key to the present controversy. The defense argues that even good laws — libel laws, or breach of the peace laws, or anti-littering laws — will not suffice to condemn conduct in situations where the interests served by those laws are outweighed by the interests the First Amendment protects. But what is it in those situations (e.g., *N. Y. Times Co.* v. *Sullivan,* a clear and recent case) that demands a balancing? It is the almost inevitable conflict of certain *kinds* of interests. A com-



munity is well served by laws protecting its members from false and libelous defamation, but the community is also served by protecting uninhibited debate. The character and conduct of persons must be protected from vicious attack, and yet must often be kept open to attack. Conflict of real community interests arises unavoidably; the balancing of "libel" against "the freedom of speech" *must* sometimes be undertaken. Normally, and rightly, the Court gives greater weight to freedom of speech. Similarly, the reasonable effort to keep the public peace comes naturally into conflict with freedom of speech when a speaker has an inflammatory manner and controversial things to say. In such instances the exercise of free speech *necessarily* offends against an otherwise valid law. In the event of such unavoidable conflict the courts must effect a balancing, and again unrestricted debate should and probably will prevail.

The enforcement of reasonable trespass laws (or other similar statutes), however, does not create any natural or unavoidable conflict with First Amendment freedoms. Protecting the interests of the owners or occupants of property normally has nothing whatever to do with the freedom to speak or protest. The courts will balance interests when they must, but will rightly refrain from doing so until they must. The defendants in the present case argue that their protest, being clearly a form of political speech, obliges the courts to undertake a balancing process with minor property interests on one side and the freedom to protest on the other. But the courts are likely to continue to deny that they have such an obligation. For to undertake such a balancing is to admit, in effect, that the defendants, by their deliberate choice in violating a trespass law, have the right to select which interests will be balanced against freedom of speech. If a deliberate trespass violation must be balanced against the need to preserve free speech, then the deliberate violation of any statute, minor or major, if intended as a protest, will have also to be balanced, and may claim the same protection. To allow the defendants' argument, in short, is to allow a First Amendment defense for any statute violation whatever, if it could reasonably be argued that the violation was intended as some form of protest. But this would carry the extension of First Amendment freedoms to the point of absurdity, giving that amendment as a protective weapon to whoever might wish to stage an illegal protest, whatever its form. A racial bigot protesting civil rights laws—or *any* person protesting *any* laws or policies he happens to think unjust—might then deliberately break the laws he thinks wrongful, or some other unrelated laws, and then go on to argue that his unlawful conduct is protected by the First Amendment. Clearly, that would be pushing the right to protected protest too far. The principle that the First Amendment protects whatever is claimed to be speech, whether normally so considered or not, is too strong to be reasonably adopted.

This is not to say that where the interests of free speech conflict with property interests of lesser importance the latter should prevail, but that unless there is a natural or normal conflict of interests the balancing process need not be undertaken. That, in effect, has been the decision of the lower courts in this case to date; they have held the defendants' contentions concerning their motives in trespassing as irrelevant and immaterial in determining their guilt on the specific charge of trespass. They have been found guilty on their first appeal (and given extraordinary sentences; ranging from fifteen to twenty days in jail, plus fines and court costs!) and now plan, with the guidance of attorney Ernest Goodman of Detroit, to take their case to the Michigan Court of Appeals.

Two further comments on this argument. First, note that the kinds of conduct which come naturally or normally into conflict with vigorous and open public debate cannot be antecedently clear beyond doubt, or permanently laid down. Conceivably, deliberate peaceful trespass in federal offices and buildings could become so common and normal a form of protest that its regular protection as a form of speech would seem less farfetched than it does at present. Until such a development, however, the balancing being requested is likely to be refused. Second, the defendants in this case might reply to my criticism by arguing that they are requesting a balancing not of kinds of interests but of actual interests in one specific fact situation. This is reasonable from their perspective, knowing as they do how genuine was their protest. But they cannot deny (nor would they want to if their case is to have an impact on future decisions) that to allow such a balancing in this case would be to set an important precedent in principle: that an individual, after choosing the form of deliberate disobedience he intends to employ as a form of speech, may seek protection for that disobedient conduct under the First Amendment. Any court would find it very difficult to allow such a position.

Put another way, my objection calls into question the premise upon which the appeal of these demonstrators is based: the claim that their deliberate disobedience was *essentially* an act of speech. Speech may indeed take many forms, and these demonstrators did wish, above all, to communicate an important idea. But whatever they may have wished to accomplish, their act had a clear outward form which cannot be denied. Human acts do not fall neatly into categories labeled "speech" and "non-speech," but are often of mixed character. Now, the deliberate violation of a trespass statute (or the like)—whatever the motivation of the violators—cannot reasonably be treated as one of the forms of speech deserving constitutional protection. The insistence that their act, regardless of its clear and specific nature, was at bottom speech (because of their aims) expands the notion of "speech" so extraordinarily that virtually nothing is left which it may not then be claimed to encompass. Such generalized protection was not the original intention, nor is it a proper present function, of the First Amendment to our Constitution.

Moreover, the result of this distorted expansion is likely to be the very opposite of these demonstrators' ultimate objective; it will weaken rather than strengthen First Amendment protections. For when the First Amendment provision that the freedom of speech is not to be abridged may be resorted to as a defense for virtually any kind of act, the need to qualify the protection it affords will be undeniable. The consequent efforts to define the limits of speech are likely to produce principles which can later be used to exclude from First Amendment protection marginal but effective varieties of speech now safeguarded. As long as "speech" be reasonably construed, the rigor of the First Amendment wording is clear and incontrovertible: "Congress shall make no law" which abridges its freedom. So soon as the concept of speech is unreasonably expanded, the infringements we all dread may enter through the back door, not by "abridging" the freedom of speech, but by carefully prescribing what "speech" may encompass. That would be a most unfortunate outcome. But if the present efforts to enlarge the notion of speech (to include even deliberate disobedience to law on some occasions) is unreasonable, as I believe, that may be the outcome to which such efforts eventually lead.

(2) Justification has also been sought in the Nuremberg Judgments. The principles of the Nuremberg convictions (the disobedient demonstrators argue) justify and protect even conduct in deliberate violation of state law, when that conduct is the protest of a citizen against the illegal acts of his government. For those, like themselves, who deeply believe the present United States involvement in Vietnam to be a crass violation of treaties we have signed and international laws we profess to uphold, this argument appears quite plausible at first. The Nuremberg Tribunal, judging and punishing crimes against international law and against humanity—with vigorous American support—held clearly that "international law imposes duties and liabilities upon individuals as well as upon states," and that war crimes are "committed by men, not by abstract entities, and only by punishing individuals who commit such crimes can the provisions of international law be enforced." The United States Supreme Court (in another connection) has also shown that it has applied from its earliest history "the law of war as including that part of the law of nations which prescribes for the conduct of war the status, rights, and duties of . . . nations as well as . . . individuals." (*Ex Parte Quirin, 1942.*) And this American decision was cited by the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg as authority for the proposition that individuals as well as states may be held responsible for the commission of international crimes. But if individuals are so responsible for their nation's conduct, individuals must act to repudiate that conduct (when illegal or immoral) if it is possible for them to do so.

The entire "Nuremberg argument," then, can be put concisely as follows: The conduct of these disobedient demonstrators did admittedly constitute a violation of a state statute. But the Judgments of Nuremberg, which our nation supported, were clear: ". . . the very essence [of the principles established here] is that individuals have duties which transcend the national obligation of obedience." In protesting against United States conduct in Vietnam these demonstrators claimed to be fulfilling those higher duties.

Many will find this defense appealing. A closer examination of it will show, however, that it does not correctly apply to cases of ordinary civil disobedience like the one at hand. There are a number of reasons for this, some of which are overwhelming.

First. That the principles of the Nuremberg Judgments have authority in state or federal courts is altogether very doubtful. Some jurisprudents reject them out of hand as having no legitimate authority whatever. But even if given support and respect it is hard to see how they can be made consistently effective within a national legal system.

Second. The right to protection under the Nuremberg principles (assuming that they do have authority) supposes that the national conduct repudiated *is* illegal and immoral. The defendants in this case (as well as some distinguished national leaders) are prepared to maintain that vigorously, but it remains to be proved to a court of proper jurisdiction. The demonstrators and their supporters may indeed believe our international involvement in Vietnam is criminal, both in substance and in manner, but most Americans and most American courts (rightly or wrongly) are not likely to accept their argument and are therefore not likely to allow that the Nuremberg principles apply in this case, even if they do allow their application as a theoretical possibility in some cases.

Third. One grave peculiarity of the "Nuremberg argument" is that any court in a national legal system which holds that its nation is acting illegally and immorally attacks thereby the legal and moral foundation of its own authority, of the court itself. This self-reflexive character of the judgment being asked for renders it a virtual impossibility for a national or state court to hold that the Nuremberg argument applies in any given case. To do so is to announce that the court is governed by a law other than, and in conflict with, the law the court is sworn to enforce. Of course one may insist that, as a purely moral matter, the court does have such an obligation to a higher law. But one must then seek ultimate protection under that higher law (against the state law) in a higher court—an international court perhaps, or the court of heaven. And these are the courts in which the civil disobedient may find, if ever, ultimate justification under Nuremberg principles.

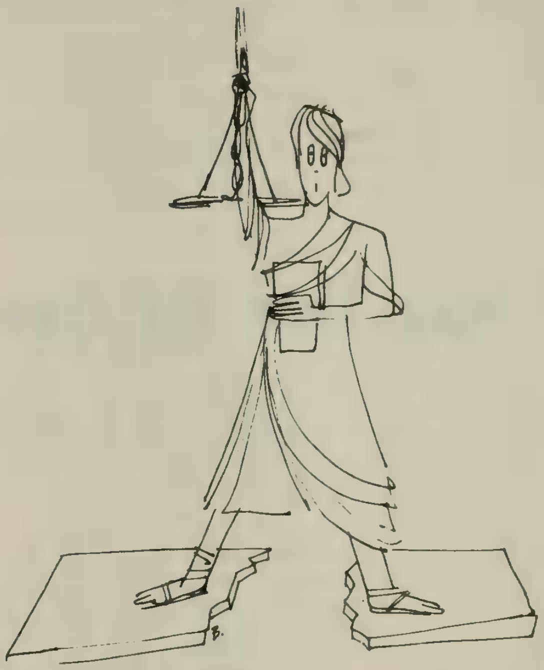
These three considerations weigh against the technical merit of the appeal, but they do not weigh against the defendants' strategy in appealing or the moral basis of their appeal, and therefore do not dismay them at all. They believe that the Nuremberg Judgments *do* have legitimacy, and that present American conduct in Vietnam *is* immoral, and they are prepared to offer proof in defense of these claims.

Regarding any difficulty there may be in applying the Nuremberg principles in American courts, they maintain that a method *ought* to be worked out whereby these principles *can* be applied within our judicial system. For if we take these principles seriously enough to apply them to others, with ensuing capital punishment, we are morally obliged to make them applicable—at least in principle—to ourselves. One of the chief aims of their present appeal is to begin the process of legal adjustment which will make this internal application of the Nuremberg principles feasible. Ours is a legal system, they maintain, healthy enough and resilient enough to adopt and incorporate new principles governing national conduct, where the moral content of those principles is clear and accepted, and the principles themselves are badly needed to assist in the guidance of our nation's policies within the community of nations.

Fourth. There is, however, a most important reason why the Nuremberg principles could not apply in the present case (or cases like it), and this reason speaks directly against the substance of the protesters' defense. The point is that the Nuremberg Judgments could not reasonably be held to protect the kind of disobedient conduct of which these demonstrators are accused. Even supposing the Nuremberg Judgments could and should bind the state courts, they could do so only under circumstances in which the alternatives of obedience or disobedience forced a moral choice upon the defendants. If obedience to a statute would somehow have involved them in the alleged immoral activity, or would have clearly indicated their approval or acceptance of that immoral activity, they might plausibly have claimed that, forced to choose, they elected to disobey the state statute in obedience to a higher moral law. These were not the circumstances of the present case, however, nor are such circumstances likely to accompany this kind of civil disobedience.

It is important to guard against an easy but unfair criticism of the demonstrators in this connection. One cannot deny the applicability of the Nuremberg principles merely because the disobedients had not been specifically ordered to commit a criminal act. Had it been such an order they disobeyed, the Nuremberg argument would indeed seem applicable—for when the German war criminals defended their actions by showing that they had only been following orders, that defense was rejected on the ground that they had a higher obligation to disobey immoral orders. But the fact that these demonstrators had not faced specific immoral orders is not, as they rightly argued, the crucial issue. For the Nuremberg Judgments made it very plain that "the true test . . . is not the existence of the order, but whether moral choice was in fact possible." In this case, the defendants argue, they had a moral choice, and accordingly they felt obliged to make their option clear in this limited but dramatic way.

Nevertheless, the Nuremberg argument does not apply in cases of this sort. The key question is whether obedience, rather than disobedience, under the given circumstances, would in any way have implied participation or approval of the national conduct believed by the demonstrators to be immoral. Clearly it would not; obedience to trespass laws, and the like, indicates neither approval nor disapproval, tacit or explicit, of the nation's foreign policy. The defendants *chose* to exhibit their intense disapproval by such deliberate disobedience. But the Nuremberg principles, even if authoritative, cannot reasonably be extended to excuse any deliberate disobedience which the demonstrator selects as his instrument of protest. Only in circumstances where the alternatives of obedience or disobedience somehow compel the moral choice between participation and nonparticipation (or approval and disapproval) might the Nuremberg principles conceivably protect deliberate disobedient conduct. But where civil disobedience is indirect—i.e., where the law deliberately broken is clearly distinct from the law or policy being protested—it almost invariably takes place in a situation specially and carefully selected or created by the demonstrator. In such situations the Nuremberg principles—quite apart from all other difficulties in their application—could not govern.



Finally, there are important strategic reasons for not insisting that deliberate disobedience be protected either by constitutional guarantees, or by principles of international law. For the overriding aim of those who engage in civil disobedience is to make an effective protest to open grave issues to public debate, to register deep concern and vehement objection. To achieve this aim civil disobedience may prove reasonably effective when the depth of concern and commitment of the disobedients is beyond doubt or dispute. A willingness to accept public punishment for a deliberate public violation strongly reinforces the general belief in that commitment. But the effort to have the illegal conduct excused *because* it is a protest sharply reduces its effectiveness *as* a protest. If, after having disobeyed the law to make a dramatic self-sacrifice, one then seeks to avoid the penalty which makes it a sacrifice, the depth and completeness of one's commitment is likely to be questioned. Civil disobedience can be a powerful moral gesture; from the point of view of one who employs this tactic one very strong reason for not seeking legal immunity is that such a move would be self-defeating.

The defendants' reply to this strategic argument is twofold. First, they admit that seeking protection for their conduct may have the unfortunate consequence of raising some doubt about the depth of their convictions, but they maintain that that disadvantage is minor and is more than offset by advantages which would accrue from a successful appeal. For the effectiveness of civil disobedience, they argue, stems chiefly from its disruption of a complacent citizenry, and its capacity to force public attention to focus upon serious moral issues—whatever may come to be thought of the character of the disobedients. Second, they hope that if their appeal is successful many others might be encouraged to employ similar tactics where the issues are similarly grave, making moral protest all the more effective.

These are difficult claims to weigh, since they involve predictions about public reactions whose accuracy is virtually impossible to assess. If, as seems likely, their appeal is unsuccessful, some of their predictions will never be tested. In any case, the wisdom of alternative strategies, where the reactions of a large and varied citizenry must be estimated, is surely a matter upon which reasonable men may disagree. I am convinced, however, that these demonstrators underestimate the moral force of the self-sacrificial element in disobedient protest, and underestimate, therefore, the deleterious effect upon any civilly disobedient protest which would result from the evasion of the punishment normally meted out to those who knowingly break the law.

One last observation. Whatever one may conclude about the legal guilt of these disobedient demonstrators, or the extent to which their disobedient protest should be protected by right, one must see that their position as defendants in a criminal case is a sad and ironic reflection upon our times. Given our laws, and the structure of our community, they must stand accused of a minor crime, as they do, in a court of justice. But who among the persons in that courtroom know better than they, or care more deeply, where justice lies?

2. Passion in Clear Reason

DAVID KRECH

Professor of psychology at the University of California, Mr. Krech is the author (with Richard S. Crutchfield) of Elements of Social Psychology *(Knopf).*

My text comes from a story, no doubt apocryphal, that had its origin on the Vassar campus. The tale is told of Professor Lanier, who explains why, after ten years, he thought the time had come for him to leave Vassar—lest he lose completely his identity as a man. It seems the professor's office overlooked a part of the campus that is a favorite sunning spot for the Vassar girls, and thus out of bounds to whatever men happen to stray onto the grounds. One day, while the girls were lying around in their sun suits, he heard a mildly hysterical call from one of them: "Professor Lanier, oh Professor Lanier, come down quickly—there's a man here!"

As I have listened to the many university- and faculty-sponsored Vietnamese meetings, the teach-ins and study-ins and forums and position papers and critiques; and as I have read the half-page and full-page ads paid for by Harvard professors and Berkeley professors and Stanford professors, I have come to the conclusion that apparently the professors themselves agree with the Vassar girls' judgment. Very rarely do we hear from the professor as *Man.* Almost never does he lash out against America's Vietnamese war with the hot conviction of a man whose passion has been aroused, who has come to hate in full and bitter measure the cruelties and deceptions and obscenities that are being committed by his government. We professors have been trying too hard to play the role of the glandless eminence who is all gray cortex and has within him none of the energizing secretions of the thyroid, the driving fluids of adrenalin, the vitalizing mysteries of the androgens. We have trapped ourselves into believing that "reasoned discussion" is what we professors should hold fast to in this time of confusion and bitterness and frustration, and that "reasoned discussion" means the discussion only of diplomatic documents, historical precedents and international policy; the discussion only of elections held and elections not held, of political expediency and legal authority; of the virtues of open debate and the recognition or nonrecognition of this or that body; the discussion only of domino theories and paper tigers and enclave strategies. Never, never, must "reasoned discussion" have recourse to what are pejoratively called "the emotional arguments"—to blood and death, anguish and fear.

But this surely is an absurd caricature of "reasoned discussion." To believe that reasoning man is, can be, or even should be uninfluenced by his fears, angers, hates, aspirations and hopes is bad physiology and very bad psychology.

It is bad physiology because it seems to assume that the brain of an academe—professor or student—floats suspended in sterile space, unbathed by those vulgar hot vital fluids which nourish and condition the brains of the lesser citizenry. And it is bad psychology because it is bad physiology: quite simply, no man born of woman does reason in this manner.

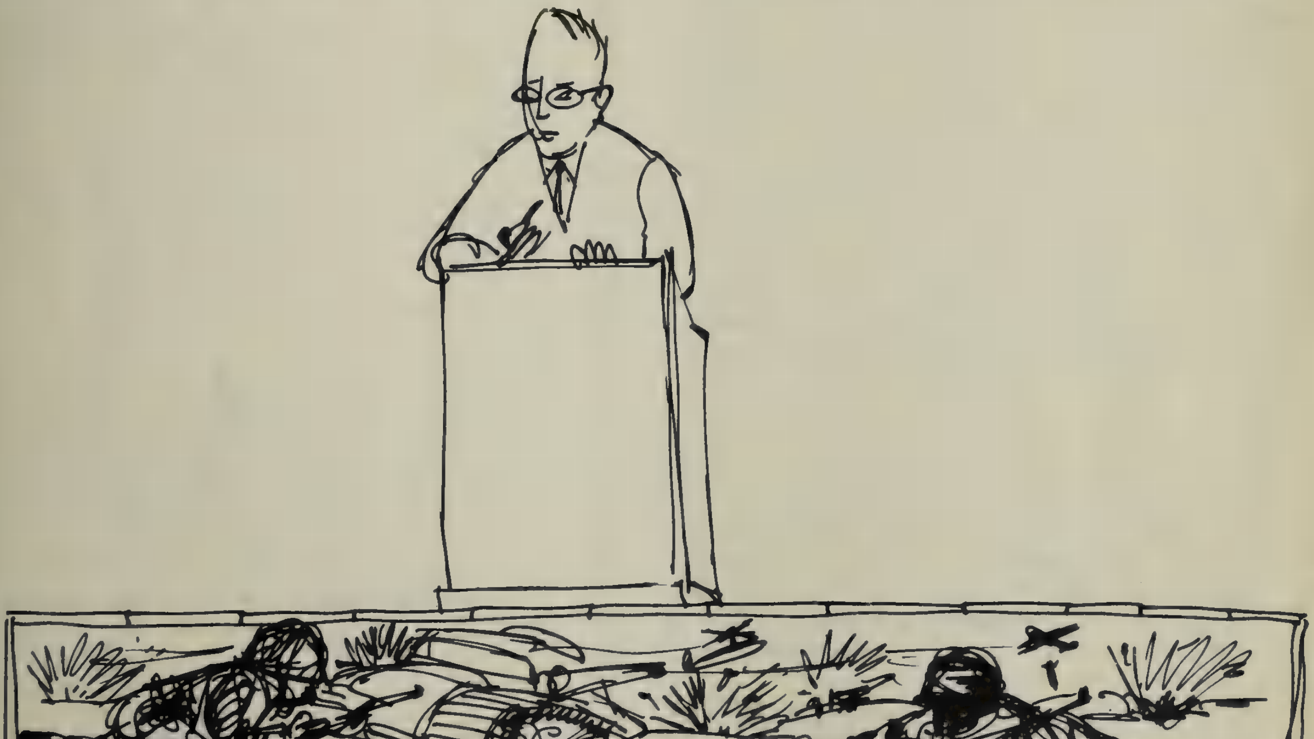
Those who refuse to weigh and consider emotional arguments in a reasonable discussion only *seem* to do so. They are really no less guided by emotions than those whom they castigate. The difference lies only in this: the so-called "unemotional" reasoners are guided by private, unexpressed and unadmitted hates, fears, anxieties and desires. I am not saying that we are all doomed to be creatures of unreasoning emotional urges and surges. Blind feelings and mindless emotions are good for nothing at all and we need not succumb to that mindless outrage which serves neither the heart nor the brain. But as any psychologist knows, and as Karl Jaspers has put it so clearly, "Without passion in clear reason, no human truth is possible." When a man considers, in clear reason, a course of action that may bring about his death, or make him a hired killer, certainly he cannot arrive at any meaningful or significant truth on the question without passion. And to arrive at a truth which he can hold passionately, a man must consider all of his passions and determine whether they support or negate that truth. What evil nonsense it is to argue that when a man debates whether he should do this and probably live, or that and probably die (especially when a young man so debates), his passionate desire to live is irrelevant—an "emotional argument."

But I am afraid that many of us—most academes—behave as though we believe just that. In our public discussions we seem to have defined "reasoned discussion" as "emotionless mind." Therefore, we have failed to reason with our students and we have shied away from discussion with them, and *encouraging them to discuss,* those very passions which must be acknowledged with clear reason if human truths are to be found. And I am not speaking here of subtle and esoteric matters, but of the most simple and the most compelling.

When the student comes to our forums and teach-ins for guidance, do we talk to him about the decisions *he* must make; about the possibilities of his own annihilation? No, we behave as though such matters were irrelevant, and talk instead about the decisions *Johnson* must make, and the possibilities of the annihilation of *America's* containment policy. What a bizarre logic it is that makes the latter relevant and the former irrelevant. And the student leaves our forums with a belief, perhaps, that the domino theory is questionable, that Congress should be allowed to discuss foreign policy, and that Professors Able and Baker have made interesting and telling points which President Johnson ought to consider. But he wonders—and not for very long—if that is reason enough for him to make a spectacle of himself and march in protest parades—or refuse to serve his country when duty calls. He may admit to himself that he would rather finish out his schooling and his career, and all of his many yet unformed plans in his own fashion, rather than be shot off to Vietnam; and he may even admit to himself that he wants to live and fears he will not. But he thinks all these things with silent passion, for that seems to be *his* problem. Just maybe he is a coward after all, and the important thing really is foreign policy. Thus the student leaves our forums without any new truth or insight; more often than not, he plans to take no action. He takes no effective sides, and makes no effective commitment, precisely because we haven't *reasoned* with him. Too many of the relevant considerations we have ruled out as tainted by passion, "unfit for reasonable consumption by students and professors."

Because I hope that we professors may serve our students better, I propose the following: Let us in our forums talk as reasonable men—but as passionately reasonable men looking for human truths—not afraid to take out and examine any relevant consideration. Let us express and examine values, morals, fears and angers, no less than statistics, documents and maps. Let us say to our students something after this fashion:

> When you think about what to do; when you decide how much—if anything—you are ready to do for peace in Viet-



> nam—whether to march in demonstrations or to refuse to serve as an American expeditionary soldier—when you make these decisions, remember that on them may depend *the uses of your life*. And here *you* are the expert. Here *you* must talk and think. Here you cannot assume that *they* know something you don't know. You are being asked to go and act the killer. You are being asked to jeopardize your own life in that enterprise. To examine the meaning of such requests is not the sign of a coward or of an emotional fool. It is the way of a man who reasons and considers and acts in terms of all that is relevant.
>
> Perhaps you *are* prepared to kill and be killed in order to gain a greater good. Some of us, in past wars, have thought and done just that, and some of us still believe that what we did was right. But think, then, what is the greater good, this time, for which you are being asked to play the executioner and the victim? And for whom is this the greater good? Read all the arguments and reasoning and position papers, and ponder over this and that informed opinion and assessment. And then place all that you have learned against your wish to live—and let live. For the question to which all of this is addressed is meaningless except in the context of your readiness to shoot and kill and die. And when you have done all this—then decide on your course of action. And once you have decided what to do, go then and do those things with all your might and with all your soul, for remember, in the scale may be all of your unspent and untasted years.

If we spoke thus and reasoned thus in our forums and teach-ins and in our conversations, we would be serving our students better, and our cause as well—for we do have a cause and we are committed to it.

We profess to be of help to our own colleagues as well as to our students. But when our colleagues seek further understanding and guidance, do we discuss openly and cleanly—like complete men—those concerns of anguish and fear which disrupt our nights and our days; the dread realization that our sons are no longer exempt from threat, that as the war escalates, student deferments are revoked, and every boy is called to war? No, I'm afraid that we don't. Almost obscenely, we play out the roles assigned to us by the Vassar girls—"balanced gray men of cortex pure." We tell one another how complicated the problem is; we tell one another that Congressmen are now debating; and we adjourn the meeting, believing that indeed the matter is complicated, and hoping that Congressmen will continue to debate—hoping even that the President might eavesdrop. But we do not go away from these almost irrelevant discussions strengthened by the knowledge of a shared fear—and with that strength, determined to do what needs to be done.

And there is much that we can do. I would say to my colleagues: Read, think, examine—and then go and do with vigor what you think is best to do. But don't refrain from this or that program of action because it seems not to be the best of all possible programs—and thus refrain from doing anything. Think of what grasps you when you remember your son, or your brother's son, or your neighbor's son. Join, demonstrate, write, contribute money—but don't do nothing, lest you find yourself one day with a government telegram in hand, and begin the eternal agony of telling yourself: "Perhaps, perhaps . . . if only I *had* done more, if only I had done this—or that—perhaps . . . who knows?"

LETTERS

(Continued from page 346)

prisoners, are held in the basement in dark, insect-ridden cells. He is dressed in worn, unpressed brown-dyed fatigues—for visitors, he is dressed in ill-fitting, wrinkled, cheap brown prisoners' clothing. Though he still has the rank of lieutenant, he is not allowed to wear his insignia. He cannot go to the gym or the hobby shop as do other prisoners; he can go to the library only one hour a week instead of two hours a day as do the others. He can leave the group of cells to which he is confined only for the weekly library trip, for possible twice-a-week movies, and when he has company. Personnel are for the most part kind but, Henry feels, not really interested in the welfare of the prisoners. . . .

Why is a *loyal* American citizen treated as a contemptible and worthless individual? They say that he might come to physical harm at the hands of other prisoners, and so must be kept in virtual solitary; but there has been no indication whatsoever that prisoners would harm him. To date, his treatment (physically and psychologically) has been harsher than anything I have read about the treatment Russia accords any confined Americans.

We hope that readers who are interested in this violation of a citizen's rights will help publicize the case. Letters can be written to newspapers, magazines or to your Congressmen and Senators. You can write, urging commutation of the sentence, to the Army Chief of Staff, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Secretary of the Army or the Secretary of Defense, all at Washington, D.C.

Jane Lange Howe

sporting chance

Woods Hole, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: The complaint is well made that our China experts have lacked live contact with Chinese life these seventeen years.

Even more perilous to world peace, these pointed protests run, is the ominous fact that Chinese leaders themselves hold such a myopic view of the outside world, especially our beefed-up bases and bombings at their very doorstep.

Happily, I feel an effective remedy is at hand: namely, to lend-lease a few of our prescient U-2s to Peking and give its "misguided" leaders a sporting chance to gain computer-precise information on the American way of life. *John O. Crane*

ms. for hire

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: It was quite a coincidence reading Benjamin Boretz's column in *The Nation* [Mar. 7], since identical thoughts came to mind when, a few days earlier, I examined the book, *Composers In America*, by Claire Reis (1938). Glancing here and there I saw such names as Werner Janssen, Arthur Farwell, Lazar Weiner, as well as those names that have penetrated into the 1960s—Ruggles, Varèse, Copland and all the rest. The book lists the compositions of over 100 composers, but what struck me as pathetic were the words "manuscript for hire" or just "manuscript" under the heading of "publisher."

I wonder how many orchestras came forward and played this music. And what do you imagine happened to all the manuscripts? . . .

Certainly a major project of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts should be the resurrection of our unknown music of the 1920s and '30s.

Richard Fetters

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Two Ways To Grow Up

THE HOPI CHILD. *By Wayne Dennis. (Reprint of 1940 edition published by University of Virginia Institute for Research in the Social Sciences.) Science Editions. John Wiley & Sons. 200 pp. $1.45 paper.*

THE DIGNITY OF YOUTH AND OTHER ATAVISMS. *By Edgar Z. Friedenberg. Beacon Press. 254 pp. $6.95.*

D'ARCY McNICKLE

A member of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes of Montana, Mr. McNickle is director of American Indian Development. He is the author of The Indian Tribes of the United States: Ethnic and Cultural Survival *(Oxford University Press).*

If the Wayne Dennis study of the social growth of the Hopi child seems thin after twenty-five years, the contribution has not diminished. It loomed large when it first appeared in 1940 because American Indian child life as a research field in social process was largely unexplored. Dennis' observations have lost none of their validity, but rather have been quantitatively overshadowed by later work. The findings of the cooperative study of five tribes conducted by the University of Chicago-Bureau of Indian Affairs group, and the publications of Sister M. Inez Hilger and Erik H. Erikson all appeared within the next decade. Jean Piaget and Margaret Mead were in the field before Dennis, of course, but they worked with other ethnic groups.

While childhood has always been a subject to reminisce about, to idealize or to brood over, only in modern times has it come under systematic scrutiny as the source of adult ills and shortcomings —adult triumphs, it goes without saying, are the outcome of the adult's own doing. But looking beyond the individual life history to the collective fate of the group, the events of child growth and upbringing are seen as the process by which a human society maintains itself. It is to this process and its cultural content that Wayne Dennis and Edgar Z. Friedenberg, in different times and circumstances, address themselves.

When read together, the two books bring to sharp focus the contrasts between growing up in a society organized—in Professor Friedenberg's view, to perpetuate infantilism—and growing up in an ordered tribal world where areas of conflict between child and adult are minimal, such as Dennis describes.

It is a harsh and demanding environment in which the Hopi Indians must subsist and bring children to maturity. The Arizona extension of the Colorado plateau is high and arid, subject to unseasonable crop-killing frosts and prolonged droughts. Yet these are an agricultural people, at least one of whose eleven villages has been continuously occupied for perhaps a thousand years. The quality of life they achieved within these severely limiting conditions is suggested in Dennis' text: "The Hopi works persistently but without ostentation. While he must work hard, he works with as little effort as possible, often rising before daybreak in order to work in the fields before the heat of the day. He shows foresight in taking care of his needs, and is frugal in his use of foods, the fear of drought being ever present."

The child is not shielded from the realities of that harsh world, but rather shares in it. A 6-year-old boy goes with his father to the fields to guard the corn crop from burrowing animals and the peach trees from poaching birds. Soon he is herding sheep, chopping wood, helping with the harvest. The girl of the same age works with her mother and has the particular task of caring for younger brothers and sisters. "If the girl is playing, she should return home about the time the baby wakens, and she is responsible for him until he again goes to sleep."

The prospect is grim, but the child prospers. Dennis reports: "It is said that the child, like an adult, should be industrious, not lazy. This does not mean that he should be continuously busy, and certainly not hyperactive. It means only that he should do the work assigned to him. Beyond that requirement, his time is his own. He is not disapproved of for sitting and daydreaming. . . . The child is supposed to do what is right, as is everybody else (but) he is not urged to be better than all the other children."

Permissiveness within limitations —the limitations to begin with being those imposed by the environment—would seem to be the first dimension of the Hopi child world. From the time he is able to walk, the child comes home when he wishes, eats when he is hungry. "No one waits for him or scolds him for remaining away." The limitation is the mesa top on which the village is located, a circumscribed area which does not encourage distant wandering. The play area is the village, without benefit of sandboxes, toys, or special apparatus, and the child is left to his own inventions. But since play is invariably within a group, with older sisters or brothers accountable for the toddlers, the risks associated with unsupervised play are not serious. Within the home, the child is free to touch or to handle whatever comes within reach, a freedom that results not so much from the absence of breakable objects as from respect for the child as a person.

Cautions and restraints also operate—against going too near the cliff's edge or too near the hot stove or open fire, and against talking back to adults, fighting, staring at people while they are eating, or taking other people's property—and generally the controls are social in nature. "The most common punishment is that of scolding"—or the child may be teased or ridiculed into behaving. If corporal punishment must be administered, the mother may call in one of her brothers, or in the case of a serious offense, the child's clan may take action. By such devices the individual is made aware of the social matrix of which he is a part.

Ultimate acceptance in the adult world is through the religious rather than the secular functions of the society. "From the time the child is a few months of age he is taken to see all public ceremonies . . . events which (become) a part of his life."

The masked figures *(kachinas)* impersonating supernatural beings create awe and some fear among the very young, but in the pre-adolescent ceremony the child sees the *kachinas* emerge as men of the pueblo, his own kinsmen perhaps, and by sharing that secret he passes from the nebulous world of childhood into the inner life of his people. Then, as a young man, he is initiated into one of the four sacred societies which, together, are responsible for the functioning of Hopi society. He receives a new name, by which he will be known for the rest of his life, and "at that moment, becomes a grown man." Society is on his side.

What Professor Friedenberg offers in his current volume is not a parallel study. Dennis took in the whole range of growth from birth to young adulthood, whereas *The Dignity of Youth* deals only with adolescence, the crucial transition years that lead into full social participation.

One problem in reading Friedenberg is that he sets off so many firecrackers, often in a single sentence, that one can't always be sure of the target area, or who may have taken a blast from an occasional round of live shot. However, there are enough clean hits on target to compel respect for the marksmanship. The one bull's-eye that is repeatedly smacked dead center with every manner of missile is the public high school. And since we are interested here in contrasting the process by which young people enter adult society in a tribal folk world, and in an industrial urban world such as America has become, we have in the Friedenberg volume a set of observations which should persuade Indians to stay with their drumbeating, and nontribal Americans to run, not walk, to the nearest exit.

In one of the bluntest passages of the book, the author remarks: "I think the youngsters who drop out (of school) are probably, in many ways, a more promising moral resource than those who stay in."

He reaches this disconcerting conclusion on the basis of research which he and other colleagues have conducted in the educational establishment. In general, he finds that compulsory school laws—which are justified on the grounds that popular government can only succeed where there is an educated citizenry—limit the freedom of the growing child and subject him to needless hostilities, without actually providing for his education. The age limit is an artificial device which is not correlated to any achievement level, and there is no remedy for failure of the school to provide services of a minimum quality. If the student withdraws from school because his needs are not being served, he becomes an offender, and probably an alien as well.

That schools do fail to meet the needs of their students is part of the general argument. The failure is at different levels. It may be failure in content: "What would happen to the businessman . . . who attempted to apply what he was taught in high school civics to the actual power structure of his community or country?"

But the more pervading failure derives from policy and value concepts. He indicates:

> Education, if it is to have any depth, must start with and be derived from the life-experiences of the student. . . . It must cultivate this experience with a disciplined and demanding use of the best resources offered by the humanities and the sciences—to help the individual understand the meaning of his own experience. The consequence of such education, though it clearly leads the student to share in a universal cultural heritage, is more fundamentally to sharpen his individuality, to clarify and emphasize to him the ways in which he is unique.

But American public schools, for various reasons, some of which are political and some having to do with the status motives of teachers and administrators, are not designed to function at that creative level. They pursue instead a goal of fixing "a common pattern of values and responses among adolescents from a diversity of class and ethnic backgrounds"—the melting-pot response to cultural diversity.

In another characterization of the secondary school, he points out:

> . . . the consequence of continuing through adolescence to submit to diffuse authority that is not derived from the task at hand—as a doctor's orders or the training regulations of an athletic coach usually are—is more serious than political incompetence or weakness of character. There is a general arrest of development. . . . Thus the high school is permitted to infantilize adolescence; in fact, it is encouraged to by the widespread hostility to "teen-agers" and the anxiety about their conduct found throughout our society.

The disquieting thought that emerges from this analysis, and is suggested in the essay on "The Purpose of Liberal Study," is that the failure of the school to respect and nurture individual strengths must result in the production of adults whose growth stopped short of full potential. And yet, as adults in a democratic society, these are the electorate, entitled, quoting from Ortega y Gasset, "to give force of law to notions born in the café. . . . The commonplace mind, knowing itself to be commonplace, has the assurance to proclaim the rights of the commonplace and to impose them wherever it will."

In trying to find a way around so awkward a development, Friedenberg backs himself into a corner from which no exit is visible, unless he has a trap door to be revealed in a later publication. He states: "If we are to survive as a nation that can at least provide a measure of freedom to those who are not unduly afraid of it, our social institutions must evolve in such a way as to make them less immediately responsive to public pressures than they are now." And he concludes: "This means, then, that one thing adult education should not do, if it is to be liberal in its effect, is to contribute further to the public conviction that one man's opinion is as good as another's, and that democracy means that you have a right to be heard whether or not you have anything relevant to say."

No Hopi Indian would be caught dead in the vicinity of such a pronouncement. But then, Hopi Indians know how to talk relevantly to their own society, and by talking, keep it taut and balanced.

Scarred American Beauty

THE INVISIBLE SCAR: The Great Depression, and What It Did to American Life, from Then Until Now. *By Caroline Bird. David McKay Co. 364 pp. $5.95.*

JAMES F. BECKER

Associate professor of Economics at New York University, Mr. Becker has published in professional journals as well as in Studies on the Left *and* Columbia Forum.

To recapture the past so as to illuminate the present has been the hope of historians, the despair of poets and novelists, and the affectation of commercial journalists. For Mrs. Bird, as for many other explorers of our recent past whose works are neither history, art, nor pure journalism, there is reportage, an inquiry that seeks facts without prejudice, trends without hypothesis, and guidance without didactics. Whether in principle it is reasonable to think that illumination can be had on these terms, or whether what is forthcoming can justify the trouble of eliciting it, are largely unexamined questions on which that institution rests.

Mrs. Bird offers a vast and often fascinating array of events and comments intended to characterize the Great Depression, the hidden scar on the social corpus. Her heavy flow of detail suggests an enviable industry in support of her assumption that no part of life was removed from the force of whatever it was that wounded us so severely. The recitation begins with what she takes to be the central events of the time, the familiar financial, commercial, industrial and political upheavals that culminated in economic prostration. The pointillistic filler of her pastiche of life as it was stimulates the mind's eye, and the technique makes almost inevitable some contact with the reader's own experience. There are the marathon dancers, and there is the small-town Iowa courthouse whose Victorian ugliness matches so fearfully the foreclosure proceedings within. In this proliferation of evocative detail, of course, lies the secret of popular success of the several species of the reportage genre and, as with *les points* of impressionism, the viewer marvels and asks how it is accomplished. But he must ask, also, how much it is worth.

From the standpoint of the author, it is necessarily true that what he regards as the main events of an epoch are always related virtually to everything. What else but an assumed relationship between the main and the peripheral can justify his regarding some events as central? For the skilled writer who is not out of touch with what his readers take for reality, shotgun reportage, blended with whatever stylistic grace and unifying themes his taste and knowledge may permit, is bound to find its mark.

The almost never failing magic of such works rests upon this partly logical, partly circumstantial, sleight of hand in which what all parties take for granted is ideographically displayed to their mutual satisfaction. From this group exercise, good fun may emerge and a camaraderie be engendered. If the author is daring, a connoisseur of the bizarre sexual, political, or even technical possibilities that infect what passes for healthy minds, he may produce a bestseller, be taken for an artist or socially conscious scientist, or merely make money. These are the least of the benefits, and too often the most of them.

It is clear that Mrs. Bird intends one to find more than idle pleasure in her narrative. "This is not a dispassionate book," she declares, and one does not doubt the force of her motivation. Yet the passion seldom carries her beyond desultory intimations that there were alternatives to the misguided policies and philosophies of yesterday, so that one is left wondering what in general they might have been. The measures of "filter down" economics upon which the old regime relied prior to its displacement by the New Deal are properly ridiculed; but, while she approves of Roosevelt's declaration that economic laws are made by men rather than nature, she finds the laws that were fashioned not up to their task.

One cannot but agree, yet her own brief incursions into the realm of what should have been done are not helpful: "Instead of going off gold in such a way that the currency would be expanded, he (Roosevelt) took the power to create inflation into his own hands where he could control it. Instead of taking over the banks and the stock exchange, he regulated them. Instead of permitting the liquidation of private debts, he organized Government support to help the debtors pay them. Instead of the simple guarantee of prices that would cover their costs, farmers got the restrictions and red tape of AAA. . . ." But the New Deal did go off the gold standard in such a way that the currency could be expanded and, if the ascent of restoration mores was a bit delayed, still, the New Deal filled the balloon with gas. And what, if any, radicalism does she advocate with the phrase, "taking over the banks and the stock exchange"? And isn't the payment of debt what is meant by the term liquidation? What is so "simple" about a "guarantee of prices that would cover costs"? What political economy would such a guarantee entail?

We need not fear, however, that Mrs. Bird is speaking for communism or socialism. Whatever those ambiguous terms may mean to her, she pummels both alike for their utopianism. Coming on the heels of such a remarkable positing of alternatives to New Deal policy, her caricature of "the Marxist intellectuals" leaves one wondering what anyone might have seen in them or in their doctrines. On the subject of American radicalism she tends to panic. This leads to gross exaggeration and attribution: ". . . (the Marxists) helped save capitalism by moving everyone from Mr. Roosevelt to the bankers just enough to the left for them to see the social significance of decisions traditionally regarded as purely private." It leads, too, to an unkind and unjust treatment of all the highly intelligent men and women who in those days did not underestimate the difficulties of finding a way to a better life.

Perhaps the danger is inherent in this nonfictional form of failing to deal adequately with problems of social causality and, as a consequence, failing to arrive at reasonable assessments of political responsibilities. Not only must an understanding be shared between reader and writer, but the understanding of both must be informed by a deeper awareness of the reality that they seek to grasp. Given these conditions, reportage may simultaneously amuse its audience and prepare it for nontrivial views and activities. In the twenties and thirties, the novels of social realism, relying upon similar devices, made frequent and striking contributions to our lives.

In the wake of Mrs. Bird's awesome documentation of social malaise, of rampant hate and bigotry, ruthlessness and limitless ambition, cruelty, love of power, and all the rest, it is astounding that the possibility should not be considered that whatever it was that wounded us once is wounding us still. Perhaps it is fear that prevents one's taking the larger possibility, and from it extending the lesser hypotheses that would shed light directly on our times and troubles. Something prevents this, and we lick our wounds rather than search for our assailants.

The assassination of our President is an event coyly hidden within a reference to his successor: "When he (Johnson) unexpectedly succeeded his junior. . . ." To ask, *cui bono?* is not impertinent if one's initial hypothesis is not simplistic. The "nettling" charge that war is needed to make jobs is one in which "in a less gross sense" there is "some truth"; but the force of this and other motives, and their social emplacements, are unexamined. On "the leisure problem" as it affects our "senior citizens": "It takes someone with one foot in an Oriental culture, like Santha Rama Rau, to ask the key question: Why do they have to *do* anything?" Why, indeed, if not because even the elderly may wish to live. "Until we solve the economic problem . . . the American woman will remain a distraught figure. . . ." What is *our* economic problem?

The pressure to avoid asking questions, to close our eyes to past and present, is very great now. It must be resisted for, as Blake said, "If the perceptive organs close, their objects seem to close also." The objects are almost vanished now, but it is conceivable that writers can help to bring them back into view. If the writers cannot, or will not, of what use is their skill?

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JEFFRY J. KAPLOW

Assistant professor of History at Columbia University, Mr. Kaplow specializes in the history of modern France. He has written Elbeuf During the Revolutionary Period *(Johns Hopkins Press) and* New Perspectives on the French Revolution *(John Wiley).*

In 1953, François Mauriac wrote: "Without wishing to do so and without any merit on my part, I will not have ceased to bear witness. In sin as in grace, I have, at bottom, never spoken but of Christ." Although said of his novels, the statement seems to me relevant also to Mauriac's essay on de Gaulle. In this instance, instead of treating the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Mauriac takes de Gaulle, France and humanity as three manifestations of the same essence. In language that might have been borrowed from a manual of religious devotions, he more than once cites de Gaulle's destiny as savior of France, suggesting that a special relationship which exists between the man and his country enables the General to believe, and history to confirm, that the nation would not be great without him.

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Mauriac is a Catholic, but he has never been a vulgar polemicist for the Church. Neither have his religious beliefs made him a right-wing traditionalist in the style of the Action Française. On the contrary, he detests Maurras and the narrow-minded provincial bigots who formed so large a part of his clientele. He sees himself as a man of the Left and he refuses the anti-Communist label in favor of what he chooses to call anti-Stalinism. He has, to his great honor, spoken out against Franco and against torture in Algeria. Most important of all, he was the only member of the Académie Française unequivocally to oppose Vichy, and he was active in the Resistance. His *Black Notebook*, published clandestinely in 1943, is a noble document, especially where he affirms that, with oppression past, "once again France will have *her word* to say. Her word: Freedom."

Mauriac has come a long way from his birthplace among the bourgeoisie of Bordeaux, vintage 1885, even as has de Gaulle from the Lille of 1890. Each in his own way, both have come to terms with the realities of the mid-20th century. It would be wrong to see in them mere guardians of the *status quo*. Their rhetoric and their deeds would give that claim the lie. No Frenchman to whom all change was suspect would speak of the promise the French Revolution made to the world 175 years ago, or see the contemporary revolutions of the Third World as fulfilling that promise, as these men do. Words like nation, republic, self-determination, and decolonization are not anathema to them, as they are to those who stand in the substantial right-hand margin of their shadows.

And yet, if they are not simple-minded reactionaries, their view of the world, as distinct from the effects of certain of their actions, cannot be said to be progressive. They carry with them an intellectual baggage heavy with the attitudes of the provincial bourgeoisie of the end of the 19th century. For Mauriac, the key word here is sin, sin made mortal and corporeal, incorporated in each of us as we partake of man's fallen state, sin as the state of non-love, which is an offense to God. Sympathetic though he is to the sinner caught between the desires of the flesh and the call of divine love, Mauriac believes in the limited capacity of human nature for the exercise of virtue. Hence, men must be led, perhaps even manipulated—but not manhandled—for the service of God and their greater good. One suspects that in de Gaulle the metaphysical trappings are a good deal more summary, but the two men have in common several precepts drawn from the same tradition. They believe in a paternalism of the elite, in consular democracy, in the organic and eternal nature of the French nation, and in the spiritual mission of that nation to create what Mauriac calls a man shaped by the principles of Christian humanism, and what de Gaulle's more secular mind thinks of as a certain grandeur of soul amongst the French.

For Mauriac, elites are moral categories. They are not identifiable with closed aristocracies of talent, birth or wealth, or even automatically with the powers that be. (On the contrary, the parliamentarians of the Third and Fourth Republics are roundly condemned for their corruption and lack of initiative.) Elites are made up of men who are truly great because they identify themselves with their people, and in so doing they put themselves above ideology, class and party interest. They are not "subject to dogmas, and thereby bound," as are their adversaries. They have freedom of action, as well as passion, decisiveness and a sense of mission.

The elites in question are not so much descriptions of reality as they are a philosophy of history. To Mauriac, the history of France can be summed up in the phrase: "There has always been someone at a given moment . . . everything has always depended on one person. . . ." Not social forces but the force of personality, not class struggle but the advance of the nation, that is the true lesson of the past. Here we are not far removed from a *Führerprinzip*, and so it ought not to surprise us to be told that "it has come to pass, by the will of God or of history, that this person, France, has for twenty-four years been embodied in one man, and this man is de Gaulle, and it is not within the power of either his enemies or his friends to alter the case." Therefore, "it is absurd to imagine a world after de Gaulle where we could do without a de Gaulle—that is, without a thinking mind and a sovereign will. . . . Gaullism without de Gaulle will in a sense be imposed by a reasoned instinct of self-preservation. What has been saved . . . we will not gamble with again, we will not risk further, even to satisfy a certain idea of democracy, which a certain race of Frenchmen has great difficulty getting out of its head."

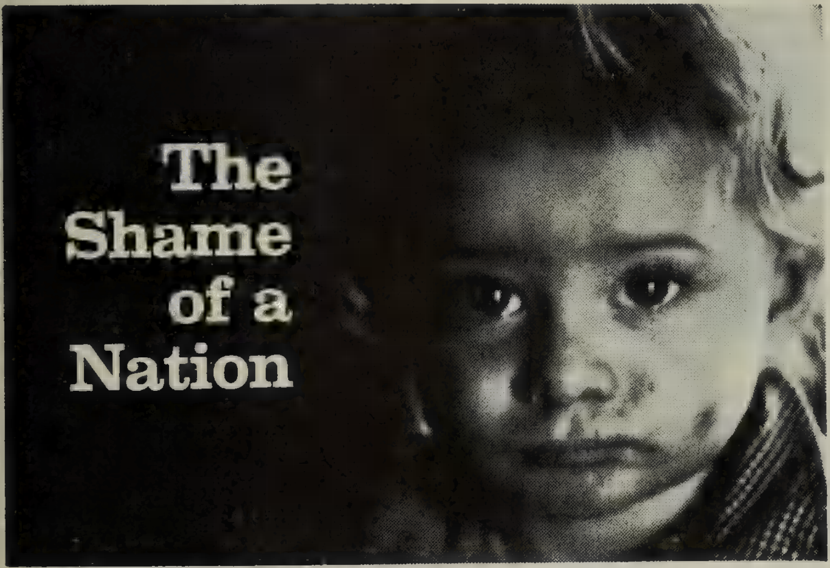
Democracy has become a god of a thousand faces. Neither Rousseau nor even Jefferson would recognize it in a system where the sovereign will is vested in a single individual. Not even the claim that de Gaulle needs contact with the people in order to "charge himself, as a battery is charged," and that he thus "derives his power directly from the people" can change that. But Mauriac, for whom de Gaulle is the "sole democrat, in the absolute sense of the word, since he alone demands that the people decide without intermediary," does not see things that way. And once again it is because he conceives of the state as managed by an elite (which he believes to be natural) rather than by parties (which are unnatural and tend toward corruption). Mauriac would do well to ponder Proudhon's dictum that universal suffrage—he meant plebiscitary democracy—is counterrevolution.

All elites, all leaders have certain duties. After all, *noblesse oblige*—but to do what? De Gaulle "has not received a mission to bring a greater justice to pass on earth" but only to maintain France as a leading nation. Therefore, he need have no quarrel with capitalism. Yet de Gaulle, the author assures us, is the only true revolutionary. He insists on a partnership between capital and labor; he wants to restore "social justice, national tradition, Christian faith." Where have we heard that before? The echo of Vichy's *Travail, Patrie, Famille* seems here to drown out the *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* of the Republic. But the words were spoken in 1950, so it is perhaps best to let them be forgotten together with the whole unfortunate incident of the RPF (the Rassemblement du Peuple Français, headed by de Gaulle from 1947 to 1953) of which, let it be said, Mauriac was highly critical.

What then remains that is revolutionary in de Gaulle's policy? "The institutions that he has given France and that will save her, if she keeps them," replies Mauriac. Thanks to them, de Gaulle is "the first French political leader in a hundred years who has had his hands free, and whose decision [in foreign affairs] is swayed by no imperative of domestic policy." True enough, and Mauriac would have us believe that the survival of France in a world dominated by great nuclear powers now having been assured, the resolution of social conflicts at home is made possible. The trouble is, first, that survival in the world is inseparable from conflict at home and, second, that de Gaulle's ministers, in the absence of a strong preference on the part of their chief, are more inclined to use the new institutions to liquidate the protesters rather than the problems. There is a real and continuing danger that in order to preserve *La France éternelle* the problems of contemporary France will be passed over.

"There is in France a principle of eternity that manifests itself at every moment of her history and in which de Gaulle places his trust. . . ." It is de Gaulle's "reasonable and reasoned love which knows that the heart of Europe beats in Paris and that the mind of Europe is defined there." He knows that "France, if she is no longer *the* great nation, remains the irreplaceable nation, and that to serve France is to serve the world." For a Francophile like myself, this is heady stuff indeed, the more so as it seems to have a certain relevance to the current situation in Vietnam. But it also makes me a bit uneasy, even though I, like so many of my friends on the French Left, have long since acquired the habit of shaking my head in amazed approval and muttering *"sacré de Gaulle"* every time the General makes a speech on foreign policy. It is difficult under such conditions to keep one's bearings, but they must be kept.

The rhetoric of *la grande nation* is sweet and reminds us of a time when a revolutionary bourgeoisie, like each conquering class in its turn, identified its interests with the interests of humanity as a whole—and for good reason. That time is past. De Gaulle uses the rhetoric but does not seek to make the Revolution. The situation makes me think what might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have happened in the 1790s had the Revolution been made without the benefit of Enlightenment thought to shape its programs. Power might have been gained for the bourgeoisie, a certain grandeur obtained by military means, and admiration for the daring of the actors would, in any case, have been widespread. But men of all nations would hardly have looked to Paris as their spiritual home or to the Tricolor as the symbol of their liberty.

It is these last named feelings that de Gaulle would like to reawaken. He cannot, because he represents no revolutionary force except himself, and true revolution is excluded by his desire to unite *all* Frenchmen around his person. To the underdeveloped countries of the Third World, trying to make the great leap forward into the 20th century, de Gaulle can offer sympathy and a trickle of economic aid. They will be welcomed, but if the peoples of the Third World continue to identify with France it will be less on account of de Gaulle than because of the tradition of the French Left and the personal courage of some of its members.

Mauriac, too, is uneasy about de Gaulle's policy of grandeur. In his view, de Gaulle acts as though he cannot influence the French soul, which is the basis of political greatness. It is the General's task to define France's spiritual heritage and to impose its precepts upon a people "without problems, a people with no concerns in mind than never to have any again." "The French, especially French youth, [are] abandoned from adolescence to all the basest stimulation of sexuality and violence," and de Gaulle does nothing about it. We may think that Mauriac in his first sentence has calumnied the 45 per cent of the French whose concern for real problems was shown by their votes for Mitterand in the recent elections, but it is certain that he takes an (exaggerated) symptom for the disease. What Mauriac takes to be an abandonment of faith in France, a lowering of moral standards, a turn to hedonism, a wish to avoid the great questions are the results of political frustration. And for this, de Gaulle and his Fifth Republic are fully as responsible as their predecessors, no doubt more so. Those who argue about whom de Gaulle resembles most—Louis XIV, Napoleon or Charles X—ought to be reminded that there is in him much of *l'oncle Charles* within whose sheltering arms protection and freedom from disturbing thoughts are to be found. He who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," about whom Mauriac has written so much, has his secular counterpart.

In 1943, Mauriac worried that fascism, even after its defeat, might cause the democracies to abandon themselves to a Machiavellian use of force in order to impose liberty and justice. Now he has decided that it is permissible for a Christian to support the "Machiavellian" de Gaulle, because he seeks the interest of France, which is "still linked to our highest, most disinterested vocation." It is a fitting epigraph to this gospel according to St. Charles, set down by a believer whose occasional moments of doubt only serve to reinforce his faith.

ART / Max Kozloff

One of the basic problems in the expansion of current abstract art is the relation of structure to color. Even in Abstract-Expressionism, this dialectic was vital, although structure was transfused by the motor activity of the artist's wrist and arm in their ever hectic guidance of a brush in combat with a surface. Today, this physical intrusiveness of paint, which merged, but which could also blur or weaken, the distinctions between color and structure, no longer functions. The present situation imposes a clear juxtaposition of the two, rendering bare the importance an artist assigns to his major elements. Even more, their servomechanistic relationship—if one gains dominance, the other makes room by diminishing itself—becomes remarkably concrete. One has the impression that color, and what contains or channels it, are like actual things that divide the picture façade. Moreover, and this is a source of great fascination, no one can determine the causative sequence by which these things have been related to one another. They must seem to come out of some comprehensive, foreordained necessity that immediately impresses itself upon the spectator, or else they fall into disjunctive and unsuccessful patterns. Or, perhaps even worse, degenerate into mere tastefulness.

A brilliant solution within these conditions was achieved by the late Morris Louis, especially in his prophetic "pillar" paintings; and by Kenneth Noland, who has just had a show at the Emmerich Gallery. These painters, with their now celebrated acrylic stains of translucent, stinging color, arranged in parallel bands or chevrons, have presented a chromatic vision of high order. Abandoning his earlier contrasts of painted and untouched areas of the surface, Noland recently constructed enormous horizontal diamond paintings consisting entirely of huge diagonal color stripes: fields that inevitably grow more eccentric and attenuated as the angles of their perimeters become more shallow. Eventually, this has resulted in lengthy friezes of horizontal color bars, impossible for the eye to bracket in one glance, and yet unitary in their graduated, close-valued chromatic changes. As the canvas shape tends toward the pointed toe or spindle, the hues reciprocally simplify into smooth warm-cool, and light-dark transitions.

In contrast to Noland's development, which has proceeded step by logical step, that of Frank Stella has been rather abrupt at each turn, and this despite the fact

THE LAND CAME TO AN END

The land came to an end before daybreak.
An end to the low trees,
And the shacks blown sideway in fields,
Near straight roads lonelier than grass.

I say goodby to a friend, and remember
The weight of growing things:
Corn gleaming in the green ears;
The white trimmings of a barn late at night,
Motioning the darkness aside;
The talk of poetry in a warm house,
While the wind from Dakota runs eastward
Over the windowpane.

Seagulls drift over the wet corn,
And the buried landscape whispers endlessly.
Lips tightened, hands like empty spaces,
These flat fields of the earth will inherit my dying;
The veils of the body, forever moving aside.

PAUL ZWEIG

that Stella's is a more rationally based art. Again, the parallel band motif appears as the distinguishing factor. But Stella, almost from the first, that is, 1959 (at the age of 23), was to weight his inquiry on the side of structure: most particularly on the mutual echoing of the internal painted bands, and the "cut-out," notched, polygonal or letter-shaped (H, U) stretchers, strikingly varied from show to show. It is now a little difficult to summon up again the incredulity and ridicule (my own included) with which these works were greeted. A stone plops into a pond and creates concentric ripples, delightful in their liquidity; but these paintings are inorganic frozen patterns without even any mitigating ruffling of the surface. When there was a pictorial center (and this was not always the case), it functioned merely as the predictable meeting place of the bands jutting in from the edges, not as the point of origin or climax of the picture activities. In retrospect, it seems I was more subtly, but more deeply, alienated by this diminution of the center than by the obvious dehumanization of the conception. For, from this puzzle stemmed the problem of how to look, simply look, at the painting.

Under the circumstances, the precedent offered by the flags of Jasper Johns was not appropriate. Despite extraordinary paradoxes of their own, these were not abstract paintings. And Noland's piercing dissonances, when successful, were almost animal in their immediacy—the last thing one would want to say about Stella. That the latter's canvases were 3 inches thick (or deep) at the stretcher, and that the metallic paint which coated them suggested the character of objects rather than of metaphoric pigment, did not decrease the difficulty. These pictures were so palpably "there," *in one's own space,* that their expressive opacity was all the more intolerable. For paintings so aggressive in their presence, there seemed to be surprisingly little visual material to work with.

Much of this was underlined by the oddness, rather than by the seeming insufficiency, of Stella's color. Most often, it would be monochromatic—black at first, then aluminum, copper and metallic lavender. In their reductive coloration, these somewhat gritty surfaces forced into relief a submerged draftsmanship and gave full play to the rigid canals of unprimed canvas sieving through each field. This was a kind of drawing in reverse, of lines served up as thin, two-faced vacancies, unexpectedly white, in the manner of photographic negatives. No less recherché were the colors themselves—employed as single tones rather than relatable hues—and yet with a curious force of their own. They had about them an acid, light reflective glitter that became almost sensuous in contrast to the suddenly heightened puritanism of the picture designs. Color was not subdued or drained from the façade (meaningless in this context), but obliquely held in abeyance. Eventually, enough of this dialectic has filtered through the public response to clarify the dilemma of extremely ordered-looking configurations which did not offer any forms to relate and consequently seemed antagonistic to order.

Cued by such interactions, it was possible to reconsider the anatomy of Stella's art from the viewpoint of ambiguity. For instance, the diagonal framing edges would create diagonal intersections where margin and internal bands changed course. At such moments, there appeared a strong inference of a connecting line or cut-across angle, held in maximum tension by the parallelism of the structure. (Sometimes, in certain V shapes, the connecting implication emerged as straight upright.) By 1964, the horizontal-shaped canvas was becoming such an irregular complex of connecting modular trapezoids, that although they still symmetrically mirrored or reversed one another, parallelism was disintegrating at the optically critical vertical breaks. There ensued a kind of wavering not of the geometrical tautness

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which was Stella's trademark but in the subtly canted directions in which the eye was for the first time permitted to wander. Moreover, lateral movement increased with the suggestion that the white lines were like the Futurist lines of force—metaphorical agents carrying along, unseen, figuratively unstoppable energies, profiled insistently against the field. Finally, it was possible to view the process of static emblems losing their discreteness without any surrender of their emblematic character. It was, or rather now seems, a spectacle of wonderfully aberrated logic, of subversive tidiness.

These, then, were the features of an art that have been provokingly shattered in Stella's most ambitious show, the spectacular installation now at the Castelli Gallery. Color is currently fully abreast of a structure which has itself entered a new phase of complexity and paradox. Superficially, to be sure, the changes make for simpler viewing and more clarified organization. The forms are larger and more distinct; in fact, one can finally talk about actual shapes. And the palette, though composed of interrelating hues, remains extremely pared down. (Associative minds might even find in the new works blown-up versions of Design Research road signs.) But these conventional elements are humiliated by a puzzling incompletion. Formerly, the whole canvas unit could be judged as a kind of fragment, since the traditional rectangular form, and its sense of containment, had been dispensed with. But now, we have to deal with fragments within fragments, as if Stella had turned his art inside out. The redundancy of the earlier patterns has been stripped, sometimes down to their rims, while jagged fields face broken, would-be siblings of one another, frequently inverted or sheered away at a symmetry-making wing. Often a parallelogram or triangle is locked half in and out of a frame, so that one feels a demanding urge to push it in, just as there is a desire to extend variously abbreviated segments in paths intriguingly hinted by that torso which is the picture.

Similarly, Stella's chromaticism cracks forth, more of an invigorating shock—with its discordant jumps and gaps—than a sensuously gratifying harmony. In one canvas, a lemon, tan and red are set against a huge area of jet black. And in the 11-foot-high "Effingham," a solid cadmium yellow field is bordered by an eye-punching iridescent cherry, played off in the adjacent diamond by a dulled orange brown. These imbalances and quirky shifts, with their alternating varnished and mat surfaces, have moved far from the unitary, fluorescent pewter colors of his earlier work. And gone, too, are the indeterminate tonal values of those pictures. In this show, leaping value contrasts wedge open perimeters, so that the former purity of the canvas silhouettes is lost. More important, when medium-value colors intrude, as in certain turquoises and gray greens, a tentative cubic illusionism is suggested in the bands. Aside from refuting those who saw Stella as a surface-affirming painter, this introduces a spatial recession that complicates the mechanics of an already disturbing art.

Yet, overall, the impression is that of a judicious game. The 8-inch width of the surface band is double that of the stretcher depth, and this fixed proportion makes itself felt as a rationalized base to the proceedings. Less visible is the fact that the present show forms only a sampling from a suite of forty-four giant pictures, with four different color versions in each of eleven separate formats. In the past, the artist had rung changes on the shapes of groups of homogeneously colored pictures; at present, he alters colors within sequences of repeated figurations. Each canvas, therefore, has three differentiated alter egos. Here is a fresh switch on the formulation of series painting which highlights those differences within similarities that are its goal. Compared to the fascinating opportunities thus opened up, of analytical challenge and sensory pique, the exhilaration of Kenneth Noland begins to verge on charm.

Yet Stella retains something naive in his own approach. Unspeakably sophisticated, he has yet dedicated himself romantically to the proposition that the calculations upon which he is engaged will comprise a *vision*, and can distill a beauty. Without that fervor, the playfulness of the current paintings could never have been plotted with such intensity. Welding together and yet fruitfully opposing color and structure, making the finite more extendable than it seems, they prime the energies which must now be set in motion by serious abstraction.

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Seeing John Arden's *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* (Theatre De Lys) I was reminded of what Hanns Eisler said of Robert Schumann: "He had more genius than talent"— meaning more inspiration than skill. One cannot see *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*, or for that matter any of Arden's plays, without realizing that one is in the presence of a real dramatist, a man of passion and power. A cross-grained poetry emerges from his work. Yet one is not wholly satisfied: one is left "holding the bag." One recalls certain aspects of O'Neill and O'Casey.

In this instance one cannot be sure the fault is entirely Arden's. *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* is particularly difficult to stage. It requires a sweeping flow, a torrential drive in the physical movement of scenes and settings, an authenticity of speech and background in the acting as well as intensity and afflatus, a flashing imagination in the direction extremely rare except in the most accomplished of repertory companies. Such advantages, I suspect, were no more available in the original English production (1959) than they are now in Greenwich Village.

What makes *Musgrave* intrinsically problematic is a certain ambiguity in its content. I say ambiguity rather than unclarity. Musgrave is a fanatic bent on applying a sort of mathematical logic (he calls it religious because its motive is moral) to the problem of guilt and retribution in war. The time is the middle of the 19th century. One of Musgrave's men has been killed during a colonial expedition in the country which the British are fighting to take over. They execute five hostages in retaliation. This so outrages Musgrave that he deserts with three of his men—each of whom has a somewhat different reason for deserting. They all head for a small mining town in the north of England where their murdered comrade lived before he entered the army. Since five men were made to pay for the one boy's death, Musgrave plans to kill twenty-five of the town's leading citizens. This is to be his protest against the madness of war. It supplies the play with a premise only acceptable as hyperbole. Musgrave symbolizes the fallacy of violent action (and strict "logic") as a means of putting an end to war.

The issue is further complicated by the fact that the oldest of the deserters, a man against killing on any pretext, in an apparent accident kills the youngest of the four deserters as he was about to abandon Musgrave's party. Then there are the striking (or locked out) miners whom Musgrave hopes to enlist in his revenge against the town's Establishment, the source, he believes, of both civil and military injustice. The workers fail to see the connection between their situation and the causes of war since Musgrave is himself murderously militant. Thus Musgrave's rebellious ritual or "dance" fails. He is captured while the strike leader, with some sense of fatal misgiving at not having helped Musgrave, goes off to fight the workers' battle alone.

The play is a muddle if we think of it simply as an antiwar tract. But it is hardly that at all. Arden's position is tragic. It might be called anarchist if we divorce the term from any political notion (even though it may at times have political or social consequences).

Musgrave is a hero insofar as he reacts strongly to the villainy of war and wishes to take extreme steps to prevent its recurrence. But he is a flawed hero and a failure because his "logic" leads him to believe that war can be averted by killing its presumed instigators, and that "reason" when backed by force will solve the issue. And for all his noble intentions the pacifist must find himself involved in some phase of the sin he abhors. Thus the tragic dilemma appears insoluble.

Arden finds himself obliged to accept what Yeats once called "the crooked way of life." It is a sentiment which he dramatized in another vein in his *Live Like Pigs*. There the "gypsies," the wayward, the permanent vagrants who want to live in a freedom disruptive to the humdrum order of the welfare state, come into conflict with their humbly respectable neighbors, a conflict as brutally funny and pathetic as the situation in "Musgrave" is painfully somber. Arden doesn't take sides, though one feels his heart is with the determined derelicts. So in *Musgrave*, though one realizes Arden's compassion with the Serjeant's revolt, he indicates no way for his "dance" to arrive at the hoped for consummation. (It is possible that Arden means to suggest that if the workers were to join with the Musgraves of the world, war might be stopped. But this is hardly dramatized.) Arden's play, one must therefore conclude, does not aim at social preachment or philosophical demonstration. It is an attempt to picture the impasse of history in an epic drama.

As such it suffers from characters insufficiently grand or complete and from language which, though it bursts into a kind of rude folk song or verse when prose seems inadequate to express the intended emotion, is rarely eloquent enough to fulfill the author's ambitious design. But we should recognize that design and appreciate the value of the impulse which prompted it.

At the age of 36, Arden is even now one of the few dramatists writing in English today who tries to scale the heights of dramatic expression. Thus far he has succeeded only to a limited degree (I have

Worry *constructively* . . . consult

CONGRESS LOOKS AT

VIETNAM: ADA's 32-page tabloid collection of testimony (Kennan, Rusk, Hilsman, Gavin, Taylor), comments (LBJ plus 17 Senators), proposals (Sen. Robert Kennedy, Rep. Ben Rosenthal, James Warburg), useful information (Geneva Accords, U.N. Charter provisions, Sen. Mansfield's report) with an introduction by Hans Morgenthau.

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not seen his latest plays), but his attempt, fortified as it is by an original personality and closeness to a specific soil and to the authentic speech of its people, gives him a unique place among contemporary playwrights.

It is no discredit to Stuart Burge, the director of the present production and the cast he has assembled, which includes a number of interesting actors, to say that under the circumstances of New York production they are unable to accomplish all that is needed to realize the full scope and power of *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance.*

Wait a Minim! (John Golden Theatre), called a "musical entertainment" because it is not exactly a revue, has character. And that, apart from the talent and charm of the five men and three women who compose the cast, makes it a memorable show.

That it succeeds in being delightful is in a way surprising, for it is a product of Johannesburg and is marked by certain sinister traits we associate with its place of origin. I do not refer simply to the satirical barbs leveled at the central fact of South African life — the savage division between black and white—which intersperse the show's various vignettes, but to something much less obvious. No matter how innocent and carefree the jokes, buffoonery, bits of dance and smatterings of song, some trace of the bitterness, hardship, frustration and cruelty attendant on apartheid reveals itself.

Though the show contains an unforgettable line spoken almost nonchalantly, "We have one thing in common: we hate segregation—and Negroes," social or political comment is not preponderant. The eight players (all of them white, though by differences in their headdress they indicate the change to Negro figures) betray the endemic hate and the constantly repressed violence of the environment, even though they themselves are as utterly relaxed as if they dwelled in a thoroughly normal atmosphere. They always appear in good spirits, happily at ease. But one feels the sharp bite of scorn and malice in their gayest sallies. The knife, the hatchet, the bomb seem a perpetual presence. One laughs and awaits an explosion. Since it never occurs, one begins to enjoy a sense of relief; we are all the more gratefully jubilant because of the initial tension.

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A lanky young man appears at one point and in good voice and solemn manner chants: "I asked my love what her lips were for while lying by the hedge. She said, 'to keep my mouth from fraying at the edge.' " Nearly all the gags—many of them hilarious—have the same sort of sting to them.

There are extraordinarily exuberant moments of country dancing animated by a furious energy capable of conversion to havoc. There is much thumping and thrumming, scratching and blowing of strange instruments called bamboo pipe, Rhodesian mbira, squeezebox, Chopi timbila, Lozi drums, sousaphone, of which the sound and look have something menacing about them. All are well played.

The company does everything well. They form a lovable team, the men quite diverse in type, the girls possessed of enticing figures and one of them of a beguiling face. The show is actually an ensemble creation in which the players' fellow feeling and devotion to their task and to the audience are always evident.

Wait a Minim! has been "devised and directed" with seductive ingenuity by Leon Gluckman. (Though director and actors are all residents of South Africa, they are of different racial or national backgrounds.) There is no "scenery" in the show, but it is beautifully set. A series of screens of special fabrics in solid colors achieve a marvelously suave effect. The lighting by Klaus Holm, without being pretty-pretty, catches something of the dark mystery and sullen glamour we associate with the African horizon. It makes us behold what is fundamentally sore and sad through a haze of tenderness.

At my grammar school the boys used to tease any fellow who employed unusual words in conversation or composition by saying that he had "swallowed the dictionary"; a taunt which contained a load of derision and a smidgen of respect. The mock compliment of my boyhood schoolmates came back to me at James Goldman's play, *The Lion in Winter* (Ambassador Theatre). Mr. Goldman's vocabulary is not especially extensive but he is noticeably infatuated by the playful surface sounds that phrases can make. His dialogue is ticklingly mellifluous; his play largely patter.

The subject is the struggle between Henry II, King of England at the age of 50 (1183), and his wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine, over the eventual succession to the throne. Henry favors the youngest son, John; Eleanor prefers Richard, the eldest. The two royal personages vie with each other in fierce chicanery. The boys themselves are a trial—the shrewdest and most malign being Geoffrey, the middle son—for they all scheme treacherously against one another as they do against their father and mother. At moments the quarrels approach tragic violence, but generally they verge on farce. After the paroxysm of one nearly murderous squabble, Eleanor cries out, "Well, every family has its ups and downs," which was the one line in the play I found genuinely funny.

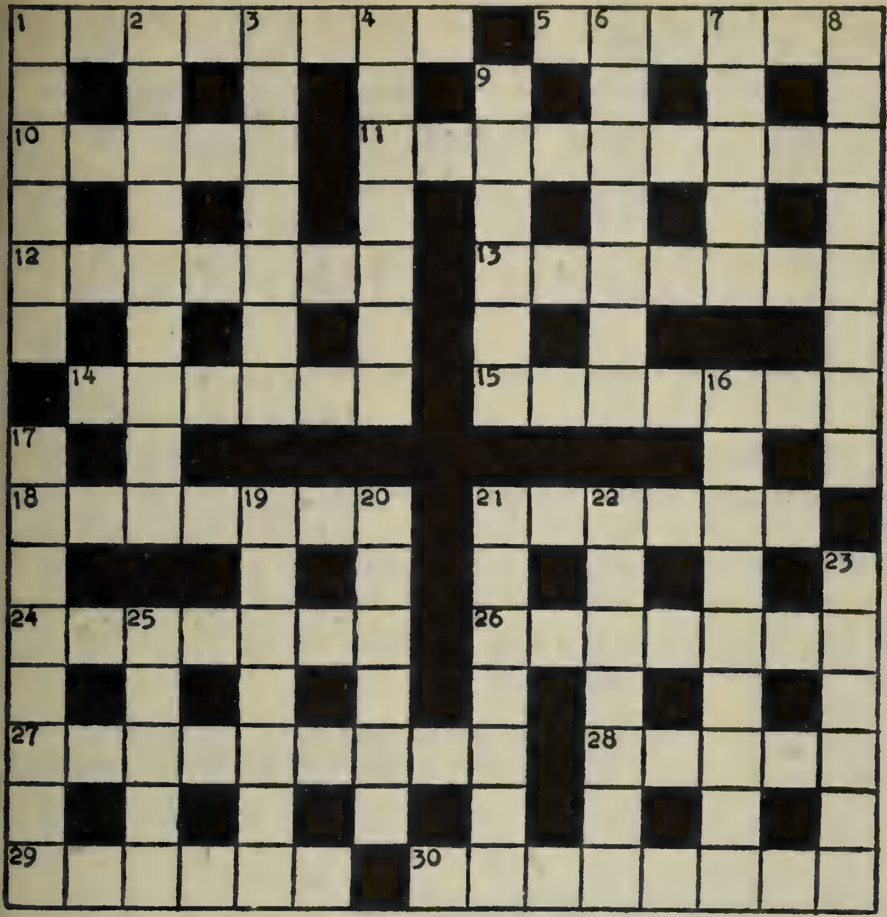
It is not clear to me exactly who Mr. Goldman's influences are, but his writing resembles a glossy mixture of ingredients from all the virtuosi of smooth English prose. This does not constitute a style: it is a pastiche. It has no individual quality; it is gay apparel that belongs to no body. There are no humans beneath the trappings. Henry, Eleanor and the others are not people but a collection of gestures, improvisations for momentary turns which fail to become true scenes. They emerge from no core which might give the play's line of action a comprehensive meaning.

We hear "nice speeches": for example, about the horrors of history caused, Eleanor explains, not by environmental or social pressures but by what people are; we hear quips that possess a smart conversational edge but which are not expressions of any central idea or part of any consistent conception of events or character. When all is said and done we know very little about Henry or Eleanor except that they are both wily, vigorous and scenically colorful. They are dressed in epigrammatic motley which is not the equivalent of good writing; they carry on in passages of boisterous behavior which is not the same as drama. The play has only the air of wit.

Robert Preston as Henry is endowed with impressive stature and energy, a resonant baritone with something engagingly boyish as well as bullish in his being. Rosemary Harris as Eleanor has a romantic voice, a twinkling eye and a palpitating manner which leaves us uncertain whether we are to expect laughter or a sob. Both players sustain the evening and almost make us forget that they are play-acting around a vacuum.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1146

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Probably under the hood of a person, when aged. (8)
5 Froths mess up the setting of it. (6)
10 Hurries to make a better fit? (5)
11 How one might study what is offered at college, coming together. (9)
12 Latches made for certain kinds of huts. (7)
13 Tricky escape, such as one might make a lion use. (7)
14 Evidently doesn't strike little girls. (6)
15 Inveigles a contraction improperly seen about it. (7)
18 Such as the muses, and seen in proper perspective? (7)
21 Climbs up such as Olympus? (6)
24 Are one's habits absorbing? (7)
26, 30 and 7 down Tag, played first on a table, poles apart with the sort of crime Keats was responsible for. (2, 5, 4, 4, 5)
27 Bad feelings I will mitigate? (3, 6)
28 Nut, as different as those of which Charlie had a sample in play. (5)
29 Not genuine German! (6)
30 See 26 across

DOWN:

1 The house of 17, without one of eight points. (6)
2 An account of a brief line in the magazine? (9)
3 Cares for such as Stephen C. and William Z. (7)
4 Those plaguy trees! (7)
6 The result of a jab and a bad cut? (7)
7 See 26 across
8 Is it most severe farthest back? (8)
9 Exist permanently, but not out there! (6)
16 Where in Spain one might confuse a cat with a lion? (9)
17 and 25 Pills? (They might be useful in taking off weight.) (8, 5)
19 Would one find such men a bit likely to circulate? (7)
20 Puts a fine edge on upcoming athletic events. (6)
21 False alarm—one with a disease. (7)
22 Giving a shade of offense? (7)
23 In brief, 5's might come between the opponents. (6)
25 See 17 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1145

ACROSS: 1 Service station; 9 Alfalfa; 10, 13 and 11 Another day, another dollar; 12 Isogonal; 14 Scutate; 15 Liszt; 17 Tahoe; 19 Assigns; 21 Scranton; 23 Straps; 25 Ostrich; 26 Usurper; 27 Mother Hubbards. DOWN: 1 Stand fast; 2 Refills; 3 Ill nature; 4 Elam; 5 Transverse; 6 Thong; 8 Oral; 15 Light bulb; 16 Treasures; 18 Horatio; 20 Snapper; 21 and 7 Show of hands; 22 Neigh; 24 Tutu.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014

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LETTERS

GM gets slapped

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: I hope your readers watching the dramatic confrontation of Ralph Nader and General Motors before the Ribicoff committee were reminded as I was that *The Nation* was the first to publish parts of Nader's book ["Profits vs. Engineering: The Corvair Story," Nov. 1, 1965]. . . . Today, when far too many Americans are indifferent even to their own rights, and watch without any resentment the invasion of the rights of others, the fact that an arm of the government reaches out and deliberately slaps the face of one of the most powerful corporations ever known in order to defend the rights of one single citizen is an event of great significance if we understand and act accordingly.

Gilbert Seldes

another whiff of gas

Park Ridge, Ill.

Dear Sirs: The Syracuse (New York) *Herald-Journal* recently quoted the late Admiral Chester W. Nimitz as saying, in reply to a question as to difficult decisions he was called upon to make during the war:

> There were a lot of tough ones. I think *when the War Department suggested the use of poison gas* during the invasion of Iwo Jima, that was a trying decision. I decided the United States should not be the first to violate the Geneva Convention. It cost many fine Marines. (Emphasis added.)

With all due respect to the late Admiral Nimitz and the commendable decision he made, this comment sounds very much like an inadvertent admission of fact and truth—the kind that our government dreads to have revealed—and understandably.

Henry J. Dillon

new *Nation*

The comment we are receiving on the new appearance of *The Nation* is both voluminous and gratifying; the ratio of pro to con is approximately 8 to 1. A recurring objection is to the color of the paper; we agree—it is too hard a white. We recognized the flaw when the first issue came from the printers and we shall correct it as soon as our initial purchase of paper is exhausted (about five more issues). Some of the comments:

Congratulations on the new format! I have been a regular subscriber to this magazine since 1921. I have never seen *The Nation* look so good. *Adolph K. Rigast*. . . . What a sparkling improvement in the impact of the white paper and readable type. *A. Mae Lord*. . . . I find that the changes in typography and design are unnecessary, are in no way an improvement, but merely change for the sake of change. *Gary Smith*. . . . *The Nation* now looks like what we know it is—an important political vehicle. *Robert Ross*. . . . A pleasure to behold! It would be absurd to elaborate. All I want to convey is the kick I had in seeing my new *Nation*. *N. J. Breckir, M.D.* . . . A real eye opener after forty-three years of reading *The Nation*. Please keep it up. *Morris Goldstone*. . . . Delighted with the change in typography. *Dorothy Volk*. . . . The new typography and design strike me as excellent. *David L. Graham*. . . . Your new "face-lifted" copy just arrived and it's a joy to behold. I'm sure you'll be hearing this from most of your old subscribers. *Milton F. Goldstein*. . . . Congratulations on your typographical face lifting. As a long-time reader of *The Nation* I find it a great improvement. *Warren Hinckle, Editor,* Ramparts. . . . Hooray, hooray, hooray! *Charles P. Silas.*

EDITORIALS

The Great American Reflex

Like one of Pavlov's dogs, the unthinking American has long been conditioned to feel fear and rage at any mention of communism. In the fantasy world created by the opinion molders, all evil was concentrated on the other side of the iron curtain (a term which was itself one of the potent stereotypes of the East-West conflict) while on our side, despite a few little faults such as crime, a lopsided distribution of wealth and a Gargantuan—but necessary—defense budget, freedom and goodness prevailed. And while the wounds of World War II still bled and half the industrial capacity of the entire world was in our hands, the nations of the West generally followed our lead.

But they are following it no longer. As physicians sometimes advise us to learn to live with our ailments, even the staunchest enemies of communism no longer regard it as an all-encompassing peril. The Russians once had the power to sweep across Europe, but if they ever played with the idea of triggering a third world war after losing 20 or 30 million people in the last one, they have long since eschewed any such madness. The Chinese talk harshly and irreconcilably (understandable enough in view of the long history of Western contempt and exploitation), but their actions are notably cautious and their power is clearly limited over the near term of, say, ten or twenty years. So our allies remain calm while we are still the willing victims of made-to-order hallucinations.

The Johnson Administration is both the engineer and victim of these inherited views, and shows only slight disposition to change as circumstances change. A meager adjustment to the realities of Asia is now in evidence; we no longer talk of rolling back communism there, only of dealing cautiously with China when old Mao dies—a promise which is the easier to keep since the Chinese will not deal with us as long as we support Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa and we have not the slightest intention of abandoning that great mischief-maker. The most immobile member of the Administration is Dean Rusk. He is Johnson's John Foster Dulles, less hopeful, more boring, but just as fixated, just as frustrated. *Time* magazine reports that, speaking recently in Boston on U.S.-Asian policy, Rusk's "face was grim, his voice grittily tense." His chief virtue—imperturbability—is leaving him. He even took a sideswipe at Vice President Humphrey, who had made the slight concession of switching to a policy toward China of "containment without necessarily isolation."

Rusk is irritated by the $87 million credit guarantee that the West German Government has put together to build a steel mill for China. The consortium involved in this operation includes British, Italian, French and Swiss interests. At first Washington seemed inclined to roll with the punch, the feeling being that it was powerless to thwart the sale, so why not make the best of it? But Rusk unexpectedly took as recalcitrant a stand as he could under the circumstances.

He, and the others in the foreign-policy setup, have much of this sort of thing to bear with, and apparently it

MAY
FEB

is beginning to get on their nerves; in diplomacy that is always a bad sign. From Lisbon comes word of a program of stronger economic links with Communist countries. Spain is improving its links with Cuba: DC-8 jets are now being put on the Iberia Airlines Havana run, and Spanish shipyards received 64 per cent of foreign orders from Cuba. Activity of this sort is infectious: 68 per cent of Peking's foreign trade is now with the non-Communist world, West Germany's share being three times greater than East Germany's, while Japan has ousted the Soviet Union as China's number one trading partner. American officials are reported to be "not happy."

The truth of the matter is well stated by Arthur Krock: "Men in power tend to become more and more tightly bound with every iteration of policy. . . . In such circumstances, only a change of administration produces the kind of foreign-policy review which some officials consider a prime necessity of these times." Since that is impossible until 1968, and then only if the Republicans succeed in emancipating themselves from the anti-Communist neurosis, it would help, as an interim measure, if a foundation or corporation could be found for Mr. Rusk.

Demeaning the Court

Intellectually, and in terms of human dignity, the Supreme Court of the United States stands above the general run of the executive and legislative branches. Whatever tends to hold it up to ridicule is a misfortune for the country as well as for the Court. This misfortune the Court has brought on itself through the action of the majority in the three obscenity cases decided on March 21, and especially in the Ginzburg case.

According to the reporters present, lawyers were "surprised" at some aspects of the opinion read by Justice Brennan. This is the term used as a matter of decorum on such occasions, but it would be more accurate to say that some of the lawyers were appalled. A Pandora's box has been opened, and unless some means can be found to undo at least a part of the damage the courts will be distracted from serious concerns by a flood of obscenity cases. Hordes of local smut hunters have only been waiting for such an opening.

It had been assumed that the Supreme Court accepted Ginzburg's appeal because the five-year prison sentence, coupled with a $28,000 fine, seemed too harsh. According to Fred P. Graham, writing in *The New York Times*, the Justice Department hinted in its brief that the Court might throw out Ginzburg's conviction without hearing arguments. In oral argument its lawyer conceded that 75 to 90 per cent of the material the government routinely seeks to suppress is more objectionable than Ginzburg's *Eros*, a hard-cover publication for the coffee tables of people who spell art with a capital *A* and wish to see sex invested with more glamour than the girlie magazines attain.

There is always a market of suckers for such merchandise, but why Ginzburg should be jailed for pandering to it is beyond comprehension. Justice Brennan's dictum that the publisher's motives are to be considered in a deter-

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mination of obscenity, and that these motives are to be deduced from his advertising and promotional material, really condemns the whole American ethos of advertising and selling. As Justice William O. Douglas pointed out, our best magazines are "chockful of thighs, ankles, calves, bosoms, eyes and hair" to sell everything from automobiles to insurance policies. The banning of cleavage from advertising would instantly plunge America into a financial depression worse than that of the thirties. The difference is that Ginzburg was selling sex and made no bones about it, while the run of advertising uses sex irrelevantly and dishonestly to keep America buying.

The wisdom of the Supreme Court was shown in the dissenting opinions, while the silliness to which even wise men sometimes descend was vehemently expressed by Justice Brennan. Unfortunately such descents into absurdity, in such a tribunal, are far from harmless. It has been noted that the fanatics of the Right are hipped on two correlated themes—the menace of communism and the menace of sex. Their lurid imaginations are now given free rein, and it is not only Ginzburg who will pay the price.

The Other Spiral

From New York comes perhaps the most familiar story of the newspaper industry: "*Tribune, Telegram* and *Journal* Merge." The hackneyed explanation, "spiraling costs," is once again offered and accepted without apparent dissent. But is it adequate? *The Nation* can testify that publishing costs have steadily risen throughout the post-World War II period. What is seldom noted, however, is that a downward spiral of service, quality and relevance usually accompanies the upward spiral of costs. The familiar sequence is this: a sharp drop in circulation and advertising revenue (caused, it is said, by competition from television, the newsweeklies and suburban papers) is followed by a disastrous strike which in turn usually has been followed by "severe economy measures," a marked reduction in news coverage, a less aggressive editorial policy, and a wide variety of costly promotional gimmicks—contests, prizes, etc.—climaxed by an increase in newsstand prices. In the process the identity of the paper—its indispensable asset—has all too often been distorted almost beyond recognition. This familiar "panic" spiral never checks the blight, and the story usually ends with announcement of a sale or merger. When in the postwar period has a newspaper, caught in the upward spiral, drawn the conclusion that greater capital investment, modernization of plant, improved news coverage, better reporting and, above all, a more pertinent and courageous editorial policy might be in order?

There can be no doubt that the New York *Herald Tribune*, the *Journal-American* and the *World-Telegram* have been squeezed by costs. They have been the "marginal" producers that, until now, have been unwilling or unable to modernize, as *The New York Times* and the *Daily News* have done. Plant and equipment are antique in all three cases. As to content, the old crusading spirit of the *World* has not characterized the *World-Telegram* these many years, the *Journal-American* has been the same old *Journal-American*, and there have been times when the *Herald Tribune* must have confused even its own staff with some of its experiments in odd mixes. Of the three, however, the *Herald Tribune* has shown the most enterprise; increasingly of recent times, as with the fine prize-winning series on New York municipal government, it has been the pace-setter.

Fortunately, the new plan calls for the construction, sometime in the future, of a modern plant. But a new plant, which will reduce unit costs, will not, of itself, insure the survival of the two publications and combined Sunday paper that will now appear. The plan is also handicapped by a weird tripartite directorial setup which, if it succeeds, can be put down as one of the miracles of modern management. More important, how much driving force will go into the effort to improve the reporting, sharpen the editorial focus, and invest the surviving publications with a character which the *Herald Tribune, World-Telegram* and *Journal-American*, in varying degrees, have lacked in the postwar period? In part, this is a question of how much capital the combined ownership is willing to put into the enterprise, but it also depends on the degree to which the management is prepared to carry forward editorial innovations. Now, at least, there is a chance to save the surviving publications and, in doing so, to save the jobs of most of the employees; even perhaps to improve opportunities for those retained. Better surgery than suicide. Everyone — *The Nation* included — must wish success to the new venture.

Powwow

The Lumbee Indians of North Carolina have made a practice in recent years of breaking up Ku Klux Klan rallies with war whoops and gunfire. Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton is therefore taking the diplomatic course of inviting the braves to join the nightshirt brotherhood. This may well serve the double purpose of permitting crosses to be burned without harassment by the aborigines and of repairing the Klan's somewhat deflated spookiness with the suggestion of scalping knives beneath the white robes. As of now, the Lumbees have remained inscrutable.

Warm Spot for Farris Bryant

Farris Bryant, one of the most intractable segregationists in the South and a sly defender of powerful special interests, was recently appointed director of the Office of Emergency Planning. Thus, President Johnson did his part to perpetuate a key segment of the Southern power structure that has given the rest of the nation so much embarrassment and the black men of that region so much misery. The national press made few comments about the appointment, apparently being unaware of what is going on.

The OEP is a relatively insignificant agency, despite the pseudo-dramatic wording of its title, but it is becoming a useful place for eclipsed Southern politicians to keep warm while awaiting a chance to get back into politics. Buford Ellington, a former governor of Tennessee, recently left the directorship of the OEP to go home and run for governor again.

Farris Bryant, a former governor of Florida, wants to try for the U. S. Senate when Spessard Holland, one of the most luxuriant mossbacks in Washington, retires in 1970. The OEP job will help keep him alive politically until then.

If he makes the Senate—and his chumminess with Johnson gives him a good chance—the extremely powerful duPont interests will have another influential hireling in Washington. When Bryant was governor of Florida, he refused to use available state laws to settle the infamous lockout on the Florida East Coast Railroad, which is owned by the half-billion-dollar duPont estate.

With 2,000 railroad workers unemployed, people wondered why Bryant didn't act. Now they know. As soon as he retired as governor, he went into partnership in an insurance company with Ed Ball, head of the duPont estate.

As a savage antagonist of all civil rights activities, Bryant held back for weeks before sending state troopers to end the Klan domination of St. Augustine, Fla., during the bloody riots of 1964. His excuse for delay was that he had confidence in the sheriff of that county, who, as everyone knew, was deputizing Klansmen and allowing them to hold Klan meetings in the jail. On another occasion, Bryant said publicly that although he had sworn to uphold the federal Constitution he had "no intention" of enforcing the Civil Rights Act in Florida.

Bryant is highly regarded by Southern industrialists who believe that an intimidated worker is a good worker. Now we know that he is also highly regarded by the President.

New Texas Voters

Texas is now rid of its poll tax, and it won't be long before President Johnson is unable to recognize it as the place where he climbed to power. Most of the 2 million voters (half the potential electorate) who did not pay their poll tax under the old system were poor whites, Negroes and Texas-Mexicans. When the federal court ordered the poll tax removed, Governor John Connally, who controls the state as a fief for Johnson, angrily called the legislature into special session and whipped through an inhospitable new registration law which, because it contained many restrictive features, was called the "Mississippi plan."

The legislature, which was almost completely controlled by Connally forces, granted the newly franchised only two weeks in which to get on the rolls before the Texas primaries. Despite this discouragement, more than 600,000 Texans registered during the special period, increasing the number of voters in the state by 25 per cent.

About 10 per cent of the new voters will be Latinos in San Antonio; even more will be Negroes and poor whites in Houston; a good many will be lower middle class and poor whites and Negroes in the populist pockets of East Texas. Governor Connally's water boy, Attorney General Waggoner Carr, said at first that persons over 60 could not register in the special period because they had not had to pay a poll tax and therefore had not been prevented from registering earlier; he backed down. Connally and Carr at first raged because the FBI was sent in to observe whether the registering was freely done; when they saw that their blustering was only advertising the new program, they shut up.

Immediate rejoicing over the new enfranchisement must be kept to a modest scale, however, because in Texas as in other Southern states where the poll tax has recently departed the scene, the new voters will find that at present there is generally only one kind of politician to vote for: U. S. Chamber of Commerce approved. Connally, a corporation conservative, has no real opposition as he seeks re-election. Carr's only serious opposition in the race for U. S. Senate is from a Republican who is even more reactionary.

For the newcomers who suppose that votes can be immediately translated into status, it must be discouraging; but there will be another day and other politicians who think that 600,000 voters are worth at least a promise. As the state's notorious Governor Pa Ferguson once said, when counseled to do more for "the people": "Being for the people is so much easier to do when you can count them."

FOUNDATIONS IN BLINDERS

The Cool Billions

THOMAS C. REEVES

Mr. Reeves has just completed his doctoral thesis (University of California) on the Fund for the Republic. His article, "The Foundation and Freedoms," appeared in the Pacific Historical Review, *May, 1965.*

McGeorge Bundy's shift, recently announced, from the White House to the Ford Foundation, and the appearance of that institution's Annual Report for 1965, triggered a flurry of newspaper and magazine commentary, offering an unprecedented supply of popular information about the power, prestige and personnel of America's tax-exempt foundations. Solidly within the tradition of almost all literature on the subject, great emphasis was placed on impressive achievements, methods by which grants are distributed, and the sincerity and indefatigable energy of executives and staff members. Yet for the first time before the general public the leadership of the largest foundations revealed an undercurrent of frustration and self-doubt. Two poignant articles suggested the existence of a problem clouding the future of these corporate structures.

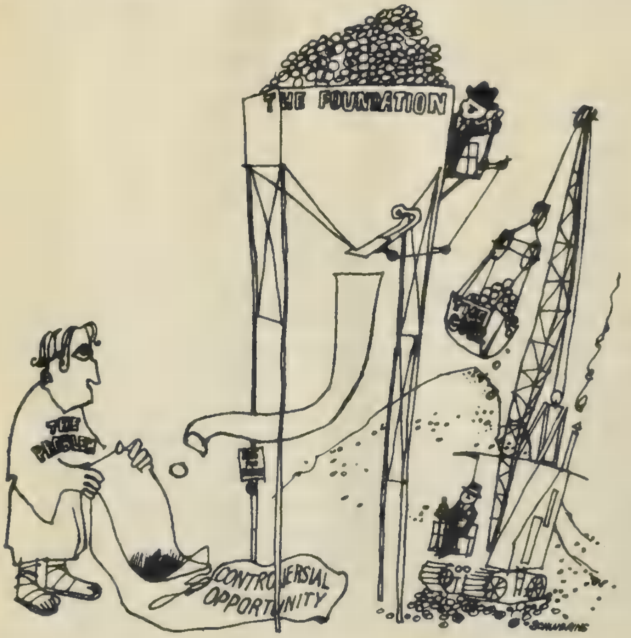
In January, *Harper's* published "An Open Letter To The Ford Foundation" by Philip M. Stern, a prominent foundation figure (the Philip M. Stern Family Fund). Based in large part on personal interviews and on a light-handed, ten-year-old study by Dwight Macdonald, Stern's "letter" chided Ford for its timidity and stuffiness, recalled the days when Paul Hoffman's bold efforts were stifled, and declared that it could be an "agent of change" were it to underwrite such projects as rapid-transit research, domestic birth control clinics, and model school and recreational facilities for blighted and segregated urban areas. To increase the creativity and flexibility of Ford's appropriations, Stern advocated several internal reforms, including a change in the method of selecting trustees, and the creation of smaller, special-subject offshoots.

The piece was good-natured and its author was quick to add: "If I have sounded one-sidedly critical in this letter, it is not out of unawareness of your manifold good works." The theme, however, was uncommon in print: the largest of the foundations is not living up to its potential. Ford, uniquely qualified "to spur society on," is not doing so.

Two months later, *Newsweek* devoted an expanded education section to a larger consideration of foundations entitled, typically, "The American Way Of Giving." Beyond the usual obeisance, however, lay the question once again of initiative. Now the issue grew clearer. Not only are foundations in general cautious about attacking social problems but also certain of their recent ideas and programs have been absorbed and carried out by the federal government. Foundations are "finding it harder than ever to make a real difference" in light of the seemingly permanent commitment of Washington to social and educational needs once met by private philanthropy.

The depth of the problem suggested by these two articles remains unexplored. That is due partly to the reverence and admiration of the mass media for the American corporation, the widespread desire for largess, and the inability of scholarly investigators to acquire much beyond the barest statistics of foundation expenditures.

Is it true that foundations are unwilling to contribute boldly to the solution of certain problems? What are they afraid of? Why *should* they be "agents of change"? What could they be doing that they are not? Will their tax exemption be affected as their efforts are progressively curtailed by an increasing dependence upon federal capabilities?



Such questions might be answered with a definition of the purpose of foundations and a clarification of their relationships with critics and controversial issues.

Since World War II, tax advantages have been the prominent incentive in the creation and operation of foundations. The Ford family, for example, used its foundation in 1947 to maintain control of the Ford Motor Company and escape federal inheritance taxes totaling $321 million. With increasing prosperity and high taxes, foundations have proliferated beyond all expectations: from 4,658 in 1959 to more than 15,000 by 1965. Their investment income is estimated to approach $600 million a year, and they enjoy current assets of more than $16 billion. The Ford Foundation, at the end of its recent fiscal year, had a net worth well in excess of $2 billion and assets of more than $3 billion. Individual grants greater than $10,000, listed in *Foundation News*, leaped 16 per cent from 1964 to 1965.

The enormous wealth of foundations, government and foundation officials contend, makes possible an invaluable "venture-capital" function which in large part justifies the hundreds of thousands of dollars that each year lie beyond the reach of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The role of the foundation at its best, wrote the vice president of the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, "is to finance intellectual ventures into the unknown, where the human mind has not yet penetrated—or, at any rate, to take the risks of research and every form of intellectual pioneering." Another official asserted: "Foundation executives and their trustees are well aware that the venturesome and the unorthodox are the essence of the reason for the foundations' establishment and for their continuing existence in the framework of our society." In the words of the Treasury Department's latest report on the subject, foundations "can be uniquely qualified to initiate thought and action, experiment with new and untried ventures, dissent from prevailing attitudes, and act quickly and flexibly."

These publicly authorized corporations have, to be sure, a history rich in valuable service to the peoples of this nation and the world. Free from direct governmental and public pressures, foundations have good reason to boast of having pioneered in a variety of fields and of contributing lavishly to a broad spectrum of social, scientific, educational, charitable, religious and foreign activities. But a careful look at the record during the recent decade, the years of greatest growth and potential influence, also reveals their pronounced unwillingness to enter areas of major importance which threaten to be controversial.

Merle Curti, the historian and author of *American Philanthropy Overseas*, wrote not long ago:

> Philanthropy on the whole has avoided controversial issues, the very issues, perhaps, that offer the greatest challenge and that point to the greatest need. . . . Urban renewal, the civil liberties, racial injustice, overseas relief and technical aid, and international peace and understanding, have . . . attracted some philanthropic support. But, in terms of the importance and need, I venture to maintain that what has been done—in terms of the giving of money, time, and talent—has been utterly inadequate and far less worthy of the description of "venture capital" and social inventiveness than much of the literature of philanthropy suggests.

Three of Dr. Curti's categories—peace, civil rights and civil liberties—offer particularly fruitful evidence for his contention.

In 1965, foundations distributed more than $1 billion: a little more than $5 million went to "Peace and International Cooperation." The United States spends $210 million a *month* just on ammunition for the war in Vietnam. Foundations allocated $1 million more for the performing arts last year than they did in direct pursuit of world peace.

Expenditures for "Interracial Relations" climbed from approximately $253,000 in 1962 to $26,700,000 three years later. And yet in terms of the problem, and considering the resources, the figure is conservative. Much of the money has gone into well-worn channels; there has been almost no innovation. The Ford Foundation's highly publicized contribution to the recent report of the McCone Commission does little to reverse this conclusion. The solutions to the critical problems of Watts are expected to come almost entirely from federal, state and local governments.

Hints of programs touching civil liberties appear in several categories of the most recent statistics, but the term itself goes unmentioned. The Fund for the Republic was the first foundation-created body designed for large-scale study and public education in both civil liberties and civil rights. It was incorporated in 1952 and, as Robert M. Hutchins put it, "became involved in controversy merely by coming into existence." The parent Ford Foundation, and Henry Ford II in particular, frightened by threats from several right-wing newsmen and a few hundred letters of protest (many from the South), soon alternated official comment on the Fund between statements of dissociation and damagingly vague reprobation. The Fund for the Republic, now self-supporting, remains a monument to the timidity of its original benefactors. It has had no siblings.

Why is it that foundations shun their vast potential for peace seeking, eradicating racial injustice, and educating the American public about its incalculably valuable and frequently abused constitutional protection? What is it that causes one foundation president to declare flatly: "Foundations avoid controversy like the plague"? Why does the sympathetic chronicler, F. Emerson Andrews, write: "investigations which challenge long-held beliefs are unsafe"?

In part the explanation lies in the natural conservatism that surrounds great quantities of money. But students and officials of foundations point to at least three particular causes. The first concerns the government's tax-exemption qualifications.

Section 501 (c) (3) of the 1954 Internal Revenue Code, originally drafted into law twenty years earlier, prohibits tax-exempt bodies from using a substantial part of their efforts for propaganda or to influence legislation. While it is true that the key words "substantial," "propaganda" and "influence" lack precise definition, interpretations have been exceedingly lenient. In more than thirty years, this section has hampered no honestly educational endeavors in, say, civil rights or civil liberties. Tax exemption has been withdrawn from only a handful of small organizations that were obviously, even blatantly, engaged in defying the meaning of the code as any reasonable man would interpret it.

It is hard to imagine even one of all the unattended needs of our society that could not be more vigorously explored without offending the tax laws. Discovering, presenting and encouraging discussion of facts upon which intelligent public opinion might be based has yet to be prohibited by the Treasury Department.

A second inhibiting factor, it is often claimed, is the perpetual threat of Congressional investigations. A former editor of *Foundation News* wrote recently:

> Foundations have been more venturesome in the past, yes, and they have gotten, in return, a series of more or less infamous Congressional investigations. The traumata are terribly distinct; the scars are difficult of healing, when so many wounds are every day being opened and reopened.

The first of three modern investigations into the motives, methods and effects of foundations conducted public hearings in late 1952. Its chairman, Eugene Cox of Georgia, called the inquiry, evidence suggests, in reprisal against the Rockefellers, Fords and Paul G. Hoffman (then President of the Ford Foundation), all of whom had supported General Eisenhower against his own Presidential candidate, Robert A. Taft. The hearings considered, among other things, "the question of whether the foundations have used their resources to weaken, undermine, or discredit the American system of free enterprise . . . while at the same time extolling the virtues of the Socialist state." The 15-page final report concluded that they had not and no legislation ensued. But one committee member and fellow Taft supporter, Brazilla Carroll Reece of Tennessee, soon acquired funds for a more "comprehensive" study.

In December, 1954, the Reece committee issued a 416-page majority report which cast the shadow of subversion on George Kennan, John Dewey, the United Nations, social security, the income tax, Dr. Kinsey and scores of additional men, ideas, laws and institutions. Foundation trustees were warned to be, henceforth, "very chary of promoting ideas, concepts and opinion-forming material which runs contrary to what the public currently wishes, approves and likes." Once again, no legislation came out of this investigation—even in the depths of the McCarthy era. The committee was ridiculed and scorned by an overwhelming majority of the nation's leading newspapers. *The New York Times* even doubted that there was a "majority" report. One wonders how many foundation executives exhume that scurrilous document periodically to tremble at its warnings? Robert H. Bremner, in his excellent *American Philanthropy*, concluded accurately: "Whatever disservice the Committee rendered the House, it did no serious harm to foundations."

A third, and very brief, series of hearings was held in the summer of 1956 by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Under examination were two volumes on black-listing practices in the entertainment industry (the committee contended that black listing was a term invented by dangerous liberals), and a $5,000 award given by the Fund for the Republic to a Quaker meeting. If the encounter did any damage, it was in no way reflected in the subsequent activities of the Fund.

The current Congressional probe of foundations is being pursued by Wright Patman and the Select Committee on Small Business; it is dealing with alleged financial malfeasance. No speeches or publications have appeared to justify calling this investigation a threat to foundation initiative.

It is contended, in the third place, that "public opinion" is more conservative than is generally recognized, and that it would flare up if foundations were to grapple with the unorthodox. Now we have come to the heart of the matter. What is the nature of the public outcry that is said to frighten these venerated structures, which represent and include in their service many of the nation's most opulent and influential citizens?

The truth is that this last argument is even weaker than its predecessors. Only a handful of noisy, highly predictable newsmen and action groups, and an occasional politician, have been highly critical of America's foundations since World War I. And this criticism, in spite of threats to the contrary, has not caused the slightest loss of profits to any corporation identified with foundations under attack.

Two further and basic causes of philanthropic conservatism have received little attention. At best the details are hazy because the foundations have released so little information.

In the first place, present law enables a donor to manipulate his foundation's tax-exempt funds indefinitely. The Treasury Department, thanks to Congressman Patman, is currently critical of this arrangement.

> . . . influence by a donor or his family presents opportunities for private advantage and public detriment which are too subtle and refined for specific prohibitions to prevent . . . and it permits the development of narrowness of view and inflexibility in foundation management.

This assessment is no doubt correct in many cases. Excessive conservatism is almost certain to be found where there are close bonds between a profit-making corporation (usually sensitive to the slightest complaint) and a foundation. There is little recent evidence to support the typical claim that many urgently needed "social and public advantages . . . may flow from continued family control of a business enterprise even though it be through a medium of a private foundation."

Second, what Philip Stern noted about the Ford Foundation's board of trustees seems to be true in general: members all too often come from the "Establishment." The selection of McGeorge Bundy is a most obvious case in point. A survey of the major foundation boards discovers few trustees who are Negroes, women, social workers, clergymen; or active scientists, technicians or scholars. Two studies have disclosed that more than a third of all trustees considered were businessmen and that these were largely corporation officers, bankers and financiers. Further, trustees are frequently chosen by their predecessors and retirement age is often the sole limitation on tenure.

An outline for reform was offered by a contributor to a recent foundation bulletin:

> Foundations are funded organizations; they do not need, for economic reasons, a board composed of an impressive collection of titles and status-names. Foundation trustees should be men of ideas, should be specifically selected for the sake of their ideas. They should not be figureheads. . . . They ought to be men of concern, of dedication, men who would like to see social motion and who are prepared to devote themselves toward assisting it.

As it is, many foundation spokesmen in this turbulent era look on contributions to conservation projects, orchestras and ballet and theatre companies as the outermost fringe of daring.

As their number and strength continue to swell at an unprecedented rate, foundations could easily provide in fact the badly needed "venture-capital" of which they boast in their self-portraits. If they would discard the historical fictions on which their official timidity rests, and make whatever reforms may be necessary in their operating machinery to assure a farsighted and continuing concern for social progress, foundations could demonstrate the capabilities of fearless philanthropy and prove the value of their own existence. The possibilities are staggering. Several suggestive guidelines come quickly to mind.

With the world suffering perpetual tension over the fluctuating and precarious proximity of total annihilation, where are the vast sums being poured into the pursuit of disarmament and peace? The Herman Kahns do not suffer financial malnutrition; the number of studies and volumes stressing the logistics of nuclear war has increased sharply. Our economy needs somehow to be disentangled from its dependence upon arms production. Where are the minds that are busily making the preparatory outlines?

A foundation might establish centers for the study of peace, staffed by experts from a variety of disciplines, to develop and publicize methods by which peacetime economies and flexible, meaningful diplomacy might become feasible. Senator Stennis and Mr. Goldwater might be upset and so might the Hearst press and the Chicago *Tribune*. But anyone on the frontiers of today's most urgent problems will incur their displeasure.

Almost any use of broadcasting in the pursuit of peace and international understanding would be an innovation. Extensive prime-time, commercial network television interviews of Chinese scholars might initiate one series; full-scale documentaries and debates among qualified authorities on the origins and meaning of the cold war, another. Provocative radio broadcasting at the highest level could be encouraged through support of the struggling Pacifica network of stations.

Rep. Jonathan Bingham of the Bronx has proposed that a study be made of ways to bring about a negotiated peace in Vietnam. The clacker and clichés heaped upon Sen. Robert Kennedy's recent suggestions prompted Bingham to state: "The Administration has not yet been sufficiently resourceful or flexible in its efforts to get negotiations started." "Flexibility"— his thoughts turned to foundations, and the idea was submitted to Ford and Carnegie. He is waiting.

As for civil rights, foundations might create jointly a "vote corps" to assist voter registration in the South. Does anyone imagine a dearth of volunteers? Foundations might expand an idea of Martin Luther King's and accomplish what red tape has thus far stifled on the federal level: the rehabilitation (not destruction) of six square blocks of slum housing to test the economic and social results. They could enter directly into areas like Watts and Oakland, offering counsel and financial assistance to investors, looking for and creating jobs, getting *directly involved* in the miseries of segregration and poverty.

More than one-third of America's population now lives in twenty-four metropolitan areas containing a million or more people. Mayor Lindsay of New York has appealed to foundations to come to the assistance of beleaguered and baffled city governments, currently unable to sustain the most rudimentary conditions for decent urban living. To illustrate the current limits of most foundation adventurousness, Ford retreated from a large-scale research project on urban transportation, as Stern put it, "out of reluctance to commit such large sums to a chancy project."

To decrease the appalling public ignorance of the Bill of Rights, discussion centers could be created in, say, 500 American cities, to promote an understanding of the Constitution and democracy. Unthinkable topics might be discussed in a series of touring conferences: the future of the FBI, the invasion of privacy by government, the historical and moral value of loyalty oaths. Widespread experiments with civilian review boards could be underwritten.

Planning for the potentially revolutionary effects of cybernation, intensive programs in birth control education in a world in which more than a billion and a half of the world's citizens suffer directly from the accelerating gap between food and people—the evolving list of badly neglected projects in a time of unparalleled change is almost endless. If foundations are uniquely qualified to take calculated risks in controversial areas, if their very purpose is to serve the public with an initiative and flexibility not easily achieved by the federal government, they should at all times be engaged deeply in the recognition and solution of more of our own and the world's most difficult and acute problems. The case for foundations can be made clearly if they will do what they alone can do, and are supposed to do, honestly, efficiently, and to the utmost of their ability.

THE OLD LEFT & THE NEW

Emancipation From Dogma

HOWARD ZINN

Mr. Zinn is the author of The Southern Mystique *(Knopf),* SNCC: The New Abolitionists *(Beacon), and a forthcoming volume,* New Deal Thought *(Bobbs-Merrill). He teaches courses in political theory and civil liberties at Boston University.*

There was an American Left in the thirties. Then the country went through a World War and a cold war, reconversion, McCarthyism and prosperity; and for a time there was not in this country much that could reasonably be called leftist. Now in the sixties the New Left has emerged. It bears some resemblance to the radicalism of the thirties, but what follows here will be primarily an exercise in contrasts.

It is all too easy to be witty in describing of the militant Left of the 1930s: the stage whispering, the posturing, the dogma, the in-fighting; the Talmudic debates among Trotskyists, Communists, Lovestonites, old Wobblies; the hypocrisy; the self-righteousness. But measure these defects against the evils which the Left saw in the thirties: the hungry children, the evicted families shivering in the streets, the men standing in long lines for a day's work, the Negroes lynched in the South and jammed into filthy ghettos in the North. All this happening in the richest nation, the most liberal nation, in the world. And overseas, the Japanese butchering China, Mussolini's tanks rumbling toward Ethiopian farmers carrying spears, German warplanes bombing Barcelona, Hitler beginning the deadly roundup of the Jews and raving in the Berlin *Sportspalast*. And all this happening while Western Christian countries hemmed and hawed and murmured about communism. The old Left may have been a movement of Don Quixotes, but it pointed out the crimes, here and abroad, before anyone else.

In the Roosevelt circle itself there was no one we could call a militant leftist, despite the cries of the Chamber of Commerce, Father Coughlin and the Liberty League; despite Al Smith's assertion that behind the New Dealers were really Norman Thomas, Karl Marx and Lenin. Rexford Guy Tugwell, of all in the inner Roosevelt group, was the boldest in his economic analysis. As early as 1932, in a paper to the American Economic Association, he called for national economic planning and the control of prices and profits—which meant, he said, that "business will logically be required to disappear."

We would need to move outside the Roosevelt official family to find leftist intellectuals in any number. There was John Dewey, whose pragmatism went beyond that of FDR to embrace an attack on the profit system. There was Upton Sinclair, with his mild, homey, American brand of socialism, who said that "in a cooperative society every man, woman and child would have the equivalent of $5,000 a year income from the labor of the able-bodied young men for three or four hours per day." Reinhold Niebuhr urged that "private ownership of the productive processes" be abandoned. Harvard philosopher William Ernest Hocking, asking for "collectivism of a sort," rejected the collectivism both of a "headless liberalism" and of a "heady" communism or fascism. Paul Douglas, then an economist at the University of Chicago, called for organization of the weak and poor to force FDR's hand and move him toward a bolder program.

When we speak of the *militant* Left, however, we must move from the professors to the students, from the intellectuals to the labor organizers, from the lecture platform to the picket line. We must see the demonstrations of the unemployed, the farmers violently preventing foreclosures, the workers boarding streetcars and refusing to pay fare, the neighbors who moved the furniture of evicted families back into the tenements in New York City; and those who sailed off to fight in the Spanish Civil War. And then there were those fifty-five people in Chicago who were charged with dismantling an entire four-story building and carrying it away, brick by brick!

In that crazy, billowing, tangled web of the Left, I want to single out for comparison with today's radicals one key strand — the Communist-influenced Left. The Left of the thirties was much more than that, but I have two reasons for concentrating on that segment. First, it was undoubtedly stronger, more influential than the rest. Second, the comparison with today's radicals is a more than academic exercise; it may throw light on the accusations sometimes made that the New Left is either secretly Communist, or infiltrated by Communists or sympathetic to Maoism.

The Communist Party reported 12,000 members in 1932, and about 80,000 at the end of the decade. The turnover was lively, and in the thirties perhaps 100,000 or even 200,000 Americans moved in and out of the party, so that one might say several hundred thousand were directly influenced by Communist ideas. These people worked in the more militant unions of the CIO, in the American Student Union and the American Youth Congress, in fraternal societies like the International Workers Order, in civil rights groups like the National Negro Congress, in foreign policy groups like the American League Against War and Fascism.

To represent the New Left of today, while recognizing that there are other groups which might be considered part of it, I would discuss those elements I know best: the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, which is the most aggressive of the civil rights groups working in the South; Students for a Democratic Society, which carries on a variety of activities on campuses, in depressed urban areas, on civil rights and foreign policy; and that assorted group of intellectuals, civil rights workers and just ordinary draft-card burners who have become active in opposition to the war in Vietnam.

Before noting the differences between the old Left and the New Left, we should recognize their common ground. Both have been sharply, angrily critical of American society, at home and abroad. Both have pointed to poverty in the midst of wealth, to sins committed against the Negro, to limitations on free expression by Congressional committees and public prosecutors, to shameful behavior in foreign policy. And in this, both movements — despite characteristics which I find distasteful in the old Left and mostly missing in the New Left — have made contributions to the values in American society which almost all of us claim to cherish.

I see, first, in the new militants, a lack of ideology unthinkable in the old Left. Alfred Kazin (in *Starting Out in The Thirties)* referred to many leftists of his time as "ideologues." They were always attending classes on Marxist theory, buying or selling or arguing about works by the Big Four (Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin), engaging in endless discussions on surplus value, dialectical materialism, the absolute impoverishment of the working class, Plekhanov's theory of the role of the individual, Stalin's views on the national question, Engels on the origin of the family, Lenin on economism, or imperialism, or social democracy or "the woman question."

The people in SNCC, by and large, know little about Marx. They have no manifesto or any other infallible guide to the truth. Their discussions are rarely theoretical, and deal mostly with day-to-day practical problems: the tent city in Lowndes County, hunger in Greenville, the Freedom Democratic Party, how to meet the next payroll for 130 field secretaries. SDS people I have met are more white than SNCC, more middle class, more intellectual, and thus have read more of Marx — but they don't seem to take it as gospel. I recently read a book of essays by SDS people, and found in it very little that was abstract, above the level of immediate issues. The old Left would have had a quotation from Lenin on the headquarters wall. In the dilapidated SNCC offices in Atlanta recently I saw:

> Ever danced out on a limb?
>   It doesn't always break.
> And sometimes when it does you fall
>   into a grassy meadow.

All this indicates an open-mindedness and a flexibility in the New Left that was rare in the thirties. There is a refreshing lack of pompous intellectuality, of quotations from the great, of a "line." There is an unfortunate side to this. The New Left lacks analysis of alternative tactics, systems, institutions: for instance, in the argument between Leon Keyserling and Robert Theobald on the question of working the American economic system to full capacity; or in whether public corporations or private cooperatives or nationalized enterprises would serve society best, and in what situations; or in how to work inside and outside the present two-party system; or in the problem of what institutions can substitute for the repressive state in a new society. The good side is a lack of commitment to a particular nation or system.

The old Left was rigidly committed: the nation was the Soviet Union and the system was socialism. Some adherents were disillusioned by Stalin's purges of old Bolsheviks in the thirties; others dropped away after the nonaggression pact with Germany. But many stood fast, held by the power of an earlier vow.

The new generation of radicals starts with no such oaths of loyalty. They have no illusions about the purity of any nation, any system. They have seen Stalinism unmasked—by Khrushchev himself. They have seen aggression, subversion and double-dealing on all sides, West as well as East, "free world" as well as "Communist world." They are very much aware of Russian aggression in Hungary, Chinese repression in Tibet, and the problem of power in the best of revolutions.

But they also know that the American CIA overthrew a democratically elected government in Guatemala, that the United States secretly conspired in the invasion of Cuba, that our Marines invaded the Dominican Republic in violation of the Rio Pact. They have grown up in a world where force and deception are ubiquitous, and they have developed what I believe is a healthy disposition to call the shots as they see them, no matter whose image is damaged.

The old Left was sectarian, suspicious and exclusive. The Socialists would expel Communists, the Trotskyists would expel Socialists, and the Communists would expel almost everyone. While SNCC indulges in some silly sniping at other civil rights groups, both SNCC and SDS are open organizations; they welcome anyone who will work, regardless of affiliation or ideology. One result is a succession of head shakings and warnings from various people about Communist infiltrators (this is the liberal counterpart of Communist suspiciousness), but SNCC and SDS have remained cool to the criticism. Bob Moses of SNCC, in the fall of 1963, responded to a *Life* article in which Theodore White referred accusingly to a "penetration" of SNCC by "unidentified elements." (White seemed bashful about saying that he meant Communists.) Moses replied: "It seems to me that . . . we have to throw what little weight we have on the side of free association. . . . "

There is an Existential quality to current radicalism that distinguishes it sharply from the style of the thirties. Marxists are rather unhappy with Existentialism, though Jean-Paul Sartre has made an attempt to reconcile his Existentialism with his Marxism. They find the Existentialist insufficiently aware of the binding force of history, incredulous of the idea of progress, excessively emotional, stubbornly individualist. The charge of emotionalism is true, but what of it? Blaise Pascal said in his *Pensées*, in the middle of the 17th century: "The heart has its reasons, which reason does not know. . . . " This may seem like sentimental spirituality, so ineffective (and we demand *effectiveness* today) in a cold world of *Realpolitik*, so subversive of the ironclad reason that marks modern man and particularly the modern atheistic radical. But we must now recognize that the point of ignition of the new radicalism was the civil rights movement, and this has been an emotional movement, as anyone who ever attended a mass meeting in a Negro church of the Deep South knows. One of the contributions of the new radicalism is to show that such emotionalism is not destructive of rationality, that passion in itself is morally neutral, capable of supporting any value, and that when it is attached to a humane cause it *contributes* to rational action. It does this because verbal discourse alone is a pale reflection of life, inadequate to convey the anguish that human beings feel; words need to be intensified by emotion if they are to describe accurately the reality of both suffering and joy.

Emotion plays not only this kind of supporting role for rational decision making; it also has an initiating role in moral decisions. The logical positivists, from Hume to Hans Reichenbach, have told us that we cannot rationally deduce first statements about what *should* be. But we may very well *feel* them; and there is a shared feeling among people about certain basic values, which should not be discarded because it cannot, in the academic sense, be "proved." We *know*, we *feel*, that peace is preferable to war, nourishment to starvation, brotherhood to enmity; that it is better to be free than in jail, better to love than to hate, better to live than to die. And yet—this is the devilish power of human communication, the curse of language—we can be taught, *rationally*, that war is preferable to peace (all we ask is a few words of explanation from those on high who know and can soothe our troubled minds); that jail is preferable to freedom (due process and judicial respectability calm our indignation); that starvation is better than nourishment (for others, of course; thus we accept the destruction of crops if they are to feed "the enemy"). There are Soviet citizens, I am sure, who *feel* that it is wrong to send two writers to jail for what they have written; but the calm, reasonable explanations go forth and the feeling is smothered. Is it any wonder that this new generation of radicals so distrusts this perversion of "reason" that they are willing to trust their emotions in deciding what is right and what is wrong? I have quoted elsewhere one of the original SNCC organizers, a young white girl from Virginia named Jane Stembridge:

> . . . finally it all boils down to human relationships. It has nothing to do finally with governments. It is the question of . . . whether *I* shall go on living in isolation or whether there shall be a *we*. The student movement is not a cause . . . it is a collision between this one person and that one person. It is a *I am going to sit beside you. . . .* Love alone is radical. Political statements are not; programs are not; even going to jail is not. . . .

The radicals of the thirties believed fervently in the power of historical forces, churning away, moving the world inexorably toward a glorious future. This faith came from the historical materialism of Marxism, with its confident laying out of the stages of history. The radicals I know today do not feel thus bound by history. They accept neither the Marxist nor the Biblical nor any other organizing interpretation. What they know best is the present, and they consider it malleable by the power of their own hands. When you have *made* history, when you have *forced* social change, the magic of a philosophy of history fades. In eleven years, if we date the movement from the Montgomery bus boycott of 1955, the militant youngsters of the Southern movement have moved mountains. To be sure, they have not moved them very far, but to move a mountain even a few inches gives a sense of power. "The Deep South Says Never," a journalist wrote after the Supreme Court decision. But Negroes are defying guns and subterfuge in Alabama and Mississippi, organizing their own parties, preparing to elect their own sheriffs, mayors, Congressmen. In Georgia, Negroes are sitting in the state legislature, and the expulsion of Julian Bond can be seen not only as a patriotic move to support the Vietnamese war by the freedom-loving members of the Georgia General Assembly but also as a belated outburst of anger at the sight of so many Negroes sitting in their formerly sacrosanct, all-white chamber. Southern Negroes are still poor, but they dare to strike in the Mississippi Delta against the plantation owner. They are still afraid, but not as afraid as they used to be. The active ones know that the changed atmosphere is not the result of beneficence from the succession of Great White Fathers in Washington, but of their own willingness to risk their lives, to march, to demonstrate, to go to jail; that Kennedy and Johnson did not act for them, but reacted to them. These Southern militants are off their knees, they have stretched their limbs, and are ready to do more, undeterred by notions of what history does or does not permit.

Yet when the hold of history is weakened there ensues not only awareness of freedom but a sense of despair. This is very much in the Existentialist mood, and quite different from the radicalism of the thirties. To the old radicals, revolution was always around the corner; the proletariat was always about to rise and smite the foe; capitalism was always about to collapse in one of its periodic economic crises; every bloody nose suffered by the Left was received as another sign of reactionary desperation. The great day of socialism was never far off—though it never dawned.

The New Left is not afraid to say that it is unsure of victory. Tom Hayden, writing in *The New Republic* some weeks ago, makes no cheery predictions about how SDS will transform America; he says: "Radicalism then would go beyond the concepts of optimism and pessimism as guides to work, finding itself in working despite odds. Its realism and sanity would be grounded in nothing more than the ability to face whatever comes." Michael Harrington commented on this in a subsequent issue, and was clearly unhappy. He needs to know he will win, and right away, and so seeks desperately to create a coalition which will have in it a majority of Americans. The new radical is more in tune with Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist orator, who wrote: "The reformer is careless of numbers, disregards popularity, and deals only with ideas, conscience, and common sense. . . . He neither expects nor is over-anxious for immediate success." Phillips contrasted the reformer with the politician, who "dwells in an everlasting now. . . . " Similarly, James Russell Lowell wrote: "The Reformer must expect comparative isolation, and he must be strong enough to bear it." The new radicals derive their strength from the other side of Existentialist despair: a supreme sense of responsibility, an unrelenting activism.

The radicals of the thirties were immersed in traditional politics. They ran their candidates and sought entry into legislative bodies. William Z. Foster and Earl Browder were Communist candidates for President at various times; Norman Thomas was the perennial Socialist candidate. Their suspicion of parliamentary democracy did not seem very penetrating. It is a fact of American political life that the cards are stacked against minority candidates in our electoral college device, and in the single-district system by which we elect Congressmen. And even if a radical should break through, mysterious things begin to happen. Socialist Victor Berger, twice elected, was excluded from Congress in 1918 and 1919. Five Socialists elected to the New York State legislature were expelled also just after World War I. And when Communists began electing members to the City Council in New York under the system of proportional representation, the system was abolished. With all this, the Communist and Socialist Parties retained a touching faith in the ballot box.

Militants of today have worked hard in the South to register Negroes to vote; they formed the Freedom Democratic Party in Mississippi, the Black Panther Party in Alabama, and tried to oust the Mississippi Congressmen from their seats and replace them with black Mississippians. However, this vigor is accompanied by a basic mistrust of politics, and what seems to me, anyway, a sharper awareness than was shown in the thirties of the limitations of parliamentary democracy. The vote, today's radicals know, is only an occasional flicker of democracy in an otherwise elitist system; the voice of the people must therefore be manifested in other ways—by day-to-day activity, by demonstrations, by a politics of constant protest rather than by the traditional politics of the ballot.

The Left of the thirties had its organized gods: the Soviet Union, the party, the body of Marxist theory. The Left of today distrusts the crystallization of power in any form that becomes rigid and commanding. Only a few have read Robert Michels, but they seem to sense instinctively his thesis that there is an "iron law of oligarchy" in any organization, with power flowing toward the top. And so, in both SDS and SNCC, there is disparagement of leadership, a preoccupation with what is called "participatory democracy," an almost romantic notion that "the people" must decide things for themselves.

Perhaps memory and the historical records squeeze the juices out of the past, but the old Left was square. The new radicals are more cool, have more fun, are less puritanical, more irreverent. I remember, in the early days of the Atlanta student movement, Julian Bond's tiny couplet:

Look at that gal shake that thing;
We can't all be Martin Luther King.

In the thirties, Communists and their friends juggled deftly the categories of "just wars" and "unjust wars," using Marxist scripture and analyses from on high to help decide which was which. The Germans, Italians and Japanese were denounced for their acts of war against helpless peoples; the Russian attack on Finland was justified as a case of self-defense. World War II was unjust and imperialistic until the invasion on June 22, 1941, of the Soviet Union by Hitler; it then became a people's war. It must be said that here the Communists were very much in the modern liberal tradition: both Communists and liberals see war as an extension of the internal benevolence of the system they favor.

The New Left, on the other hand, is very much influenced by the nonviolent approach of the civil rights movement, joined to an ancient American streak of pacifism which goes back to Thoreau and the abolitionist movement. That it is not a pure nonviolence is attested by the movement's general approval of the Deacons in the Deep South; and if a revolution broke out in South Africa there would be support among the New Left for it, as there has been a good deal of sympathy for the Castro revolution in Cuba. Neither were the abolitionists pure in their pacifism; when the war came they decided to support it. I would guess that the distinctions which the New Left makes are in the first instance (that of the Deacons) between aggressive violence and self-defense; and in the second instance (South Africa, Cuba, Algeria) between traditional wars for national power and revolutionary uprisings for social goals.

While most old categories of radical thought do not neatly fit the New Left, I find a cluster of *anarchist* ideas at its core. There is the suspicion of organized power in any form, even the power of radical groups themselves. There is the fear of centralization, and thus a tendency for decisions to be made in the field rather than by executive committees. And there is the creation of parallel organizations inside the old structure, as a tiny fire around which people gather to keep warm, as a way of *showing*, rather than just talking about, what the future might be like. Hence the Freedom Parties, the Freedom Schools, the Freedom Houses, the Freedom Labor Union, the Free University, the Congress of Unrepresented People, and who knows what next. This is not the free enterpriser's rejection of national power, as was suggested recently by a writer in *The New Republic* who saw a curious similarity between the New Left and the old Right. The New Left recognizes that national power is essential for certain activities (economic planning, for instance, or protection of civil rights workers in the South). But it would maintain the organized power of citizens *outside* the government to prevent tyranny.

The militants of the thirties and those of today share a common ground of concern: the abolition of war, of poverty, of racial discrimination, of political imprisonment. Both groups look ultimately to a society where cooperation and affection would replace the scramble for money and power, while leaving the individual free to determine his own way of enjoying life and love. These are marvelously desirable ends. But the leftists of the thirties committed a deadly ethical error: they made absolutes of the means which they would use to achieve these ends — the absolutes of Marxism, the party, the Soviet Union, socialism. When the means become absolutes, then it is immediately possible, even probable, that the original ends will be forgotten or distorted. By allowing that to happen, the radicals of that day lost the chance to break new ethical ground, and followed the example of other social currents in modern times: a loving Christ-centered religion crystallized in the church, in ritual, in dogma; liberalism crystallized in the modern parliamentary, capitalist, jingoistic state; education and intellect crystallized in the Ph.D., the university, the scholarly monograph and the mass media.

The militant Left of the sixties has so far been fluid and freewheeling, refusing to deify any nation, any person, any ideological system; and yet holding fast—to the point of prison, of assault, even death—to a core of beliefs about the value of the individual human being. This is not to deny that there are lapses, faults, aberrations, irrationalities, pettinesses, absurdities, or that the danger of creating absolutes is not there every moment. No one can predict what will happen tomorrow. But right now the New Left looks not only concerned but honest, open, free of icons, full of courage and, above all, *alive*.

SOUTH WEST AFRICA

The World Court's Ticklish Case

The issue discussed below is of such vital importance to the development of international relations, and has received such inadequate public discussion, that The Nation *has prepared this history and analysis of the situation.*—The Editors

The *South West Africa Cases* now before the World Court at The Hague are an almost unnoticed drama in the global struggle for racial equality. This litigation is but the most recent phase in an extended dispute between South Africa and the United Nations that has arisen out of the former's refusal to respect the international status of the mandated territory of South West Africa. (The area is almost as big as Texas and is populated by about 500,000 inhabitants, more than 80 per cent of whom are black.) Ethiopia and Liberia initiated these proceedings in 1960, and a final judgment is expected shortly.

The controversy centers upon the Ethiopian and Liberian contention that South Africa is violating specific provisions of the mandate instrument, an international agreement that established in 1920 the relationship between the administering mandatory state (South Africa) and the organized international community (initially the League of Nations). Legal argument is directed at two main sets of issues. First, the extent to which the United Nations succeeds the League of Nations as the administrative authority responsible for supervising compliance with the mandate. And second, the charge that the imposition of apartheid upon the life of South West Africa is incompatible with South Africa's obligation under the mandate to promote the well-being of the inhabitants.

South Africa has recently completed the procedure of calling a series of exotic witnesses before the Court to testify that apartheid works for the benefit of South West Africa and that its abolition would produce bloodshed and chaos. These witnesses have included local experts on "Native affairs," social scientists (including two American professors) and theologians. The oral proceedings were concluded a few weeks ago and now the judges of the World Court will have to come to a decision, a process that may take several months as a consequence of the complexity and importance of the issues in dispute.

Although the case receives scant coverage in the United States and Europe, it is closely followed throughout Africa. Observers of the proceedings at The Hague believe that South Africa's legal tactics are guided by decisions taken at the highest levels in Pretoria. The South African arguments have been brilliantly prepared and presented, and the large legal staff seems unusually talented. Why, it may be asked, has South Africa put such an enormous effort into a case that it is almost certain to lose? This question is not easy to answer, but the South African defeat, although probable, is not nearly so assured as progressive observers would wish, or perhaps are assuming. Besides, South Africa seems to be aiming at results that are peripheral to a victory in the litigation. For one thing, it is putting on a morality play for its population back home, documenting an enormous record on behalf of its contention, perhaps honestly held by its present leadership, that apartheid is a beneficial social system, given the special character of African reality.

It is not at all easy to demonstrate to a court of law that apartheid is illegal, or even bad. What test can be used to assess whether apartheid promotes or retards well-being and progress? It must be a test that can be judicially applied. Two of the most prominent judges on the Court, its Australian president, Sir Percy Spender, and its scholarly British member, Sir Gerald Fitzmaurice, joined in a long and vigorous opinion in 1962 dissenting from the acceptance of jurisdiction over this dispute by the World Court on the principal ground that the obligation was far too vague to be susceptible to judicial delimitation. In fact, the Court accepted jurisdiction by a vote of 8 to 7, and it is the closeness of this vote that partly explains why informed observers anticipate the judgment with nothing more confident than cautious optimism.

It is well to appreciate that the World Court is a special kind of judicial institution, and one that is vulnerable to both insecurity and pressure. For one thing, it decides disputes between sovereign states. This is a touchy matter, since enforcement must depend so heavily on voluntary compliance. Accordingly, every effort is made by the Court to reach a result that will be accepted by the losing side and certainly great tolerance is accorded the defendant state so that it can present its case as it sees fit. To some extent South Africa has taken advantage of this indulgent attitude, submitting its argument in overwhelming and redundant detail, presenting witnesses and experts on materials already covered, and even proposing to the Court that it visit South West Africa and a series of other African states, including Ethiopia and Liberia, on an inspection trip. Near the end of the oral proceedings the Court rejected the inspection proposal by a vote of 8 to 6. If the Court had decided to go on the safari proposed by South Africa, it is unclear what it might have seen that could properly have influenced its decision. For the plaintiff states have based their case on the legal theory that the practice of apartheid is *necessarily* incompatible with human welfare—that is, no matter how happy or prosperous the inhabitants of South West Africa might appear to be, nevertheless the act of a compulsory separation of the races is a humiliation so severe that it is, as a matter of law, a violation of the mandate.

Such a legal theory was obviously formulated, in part, to meet the contention that South Africa's obligation to promote the welfare of the inhabitants is too vague to be construed by a court of law. But a theory that discourages the Court from assessing the effect of apartheid upon the actual life of the territory risks cutting the argument off from its moral premises, bringing some measure of artificiality and confusion to the proceedings. For there is no doubt that the litigation was brought in the spirit of condemnation, that the plaintiff states regard apartheid as a deplorable system of social administration; the pleadings are full of material suggesting that apartheid is not only illegal but bad, or rather, that it is illegal precisely because it is bad.

South African counsel have called attention to the inconsistency of the plaintiffs' attempt both to arouse the sympathies of the Court by introducing material unfavorable to apartheid and at the same time (to avoid having the case dismissed as nonjusticiable) to argue that the interpretation of the mandate does not require any judgment to be passed upon apartheid as a system. The plaintiff states deny that the moral judgment of apartheid is being avoided by their insistence that it is neither appropriate nor necessary for the Court to pass such a judgment. On the contrary, the plaintiff states say that the condemnation of apartheid has already taken place in such an authoritative form that it can serve as a premise for the litigation and provide the clear criterion by which to test compliance with the mandate. In essence, Ethiopia and Liberia argue that formal and repeated condemnations of apartheid by the United Nations have placed it in the same category of reprehensible conduct as genocide. This reasoning acquires additional force in that the essence of a mandate is that the territory in question is to be administered to promote the well-being of the inhabitants as well-being is defined by international society.

The mandates system was an outgrowth of the peace settlement following World War I. Woodrow Wilson convinced the Allied powers that Germany's colonies should not be divided up among the victors but should instead be administered, on behalf of international society as represented by the League of Nations, and prepared gradually for self-government and national independence. South West Africa is the sole mandate surviving from League days. Or does it survive? South Africa contends that, with the termination of the League, the mandate lapsed and left it in sovereign control. Earlier opinions of the Court, rendered in its advisory capacity to the United Nations, seem quite clearly to confirm the view that the mandate has survived and that South Africa as mandatory is subject to some UN supervision.

If the mandate has not lapsed, and there is some consequent obligation to accept international supervision, the question remains: how much? Does it include an obligation to accept international views on moral and social well-being? Here is the crux of the controversy. The principles of the mandate concept are contained in Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Basic to this concept was the idea that the people of the territory were "not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world," that "tutelage" was to be exercised "on behalf of the League," and that the standard of administration rested upon "the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization." South Africa says that it subscribes fully to this language in the Covenant but that it knows best how to implement it, and that, in fact, it has the responsibility to exercise its discretion to this end.

To support this contention South Africa points to other language in the Covenant that indicates that "the tutelage should be entrusted to advanced nations who by reason of their resources, their experience or their geographical position can best undertake this responsibility, and who are willing to accept it." And Article 22 makes a special reference to South West Africa, which because of its special circumstances "can be best administered under the laws of the Mandatory as integral portions of its territory." South Africa makes much of this language, especially when coupled with the awareness and acceptance of apartheid on the part of the competent organs of the League. The argument rests on the contention that if the mandate has not lapsed with the League then, at least, its provisions must be interpreted to accord with the intentions of those that drafted, accepted and administered the arrangement throughout the 1920s.

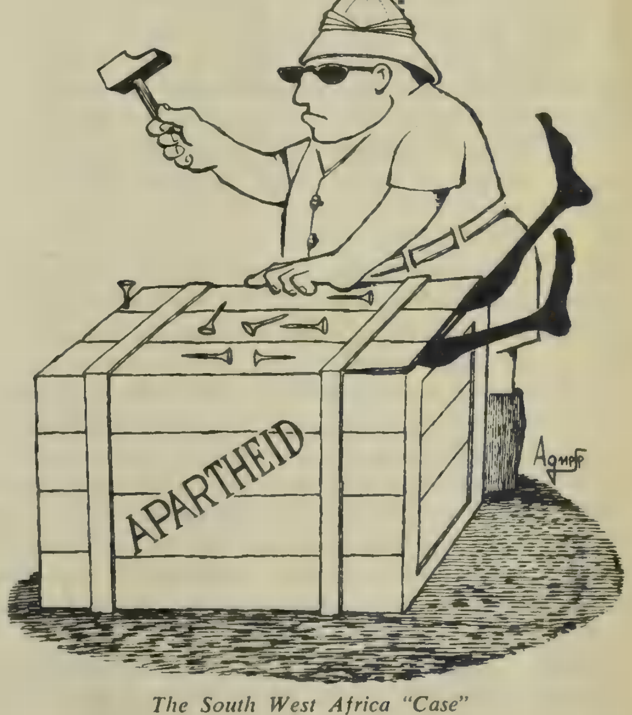
South Africa also asserts that the duty to promote the well-being of the inhabitants in Article 2(2) of the mandate must be read in light of Article 2(1): "The Mandatory shall have full power of administration and legislation over the territory subject to the present Mandate as an integral portion of the Union of South Africa, and may apply the laws of the Union of South Africa to the territory, subject to such local modifications as circumstances may require." South Africa argues strongly from this that it is entitled to determine what the well-being of the inhabitants requires, and that it has a legal duty to do so, a legal duty that it is discharging in the manner envisioned—that is, by administering the territory as an integral part of South Africa.

It is this line of argument that has most deeply challenged Ethiopia and Liberia. Their response, prepared under the energetic and imaginative leadership of Ernest A. Gross, former American diplomat in the United Nations, is to stress the law-creating role of the will of the international community, as providing a criterion of well-being. Great stress is laid upon the virtually unanimous condemnation of apartheid by formal action of organs of the UN. Nations that can agree on nothing else have been able to express their joint view that apartheid is incompatible with human welfare, and that its continuing practice constitutes even a danger to international peace. In the setting of a mandate, then, the relevance of international condemnation appears especially persuasive. For certainly the idea that the mandatory holds the mandate as a sacred trust on behalf of international society is mocked if apartheid can be presented as a discharge of the duty to promote the welfare of the inhabitants. Given this circumstance, an elaborate appraisal of the actual effects of apartheid would be superfluous.

South Africa's answer to this line of attack has also been fully formulated, and is not so easily disposed of. Their claim is that apartheid, or as they prefer to call it "separate development," has not been properly understood on the international level, that it is not at all discriminatory or oppressive in its intention or in its operation, that it alone fosters the growth of a "multi-community society" and offers the various tribal groups in South West Africa the best means to maintain their dignity and pride, to live in peace together, and to progress in accord with their distinctive abilities and values. Come and see, South Africa pleads, or at least read fairly our voluminous briefs and listen to our respectable witnesses.

The plaintiffs did not bring witnesses of their own, contenting themselves with cross-examination aimed principally at showing that, despite glowing reports, the lifeblood of apartheid is the merciless exploitation of a black majority by a privileged white minority; that when one penetrates beneath the slogans of separate development one finds a caste system in which the blacks supply cheap labor and servants for the white inhabitants, and that the result is oppression legitimized by the social and political order and reinforced by resort to the most distressing tactics of a police state. "Natives" (the South African name for nonwhites) are denied rights of free travel or free employment, they are forbidden to rise above a menial level in the economy, and they are forced to dwell either in native districts or in inconveniently situated black ghetto towns.

The South Africans try to counter by saying that these



The South West Africa "Case"

matters are "details" of the system and that, besides, their existence must be appraised in the total context of African conditions. Perhaps, they reason, blacks can't go to advanced schools, but a very small percentage of them are fully educated in African societies where apartheid does not exist. In fact, a comparison between South West Africa and other countries in black Africa (including Ethiopia and Liberia), in terms of health, education, employment, housing and any other indicia of human welfare, will disclose, say the South Africans, that more has been done to promote the welfare of the native groups in the mandate than in the African countries that are attacking its government most vehemently. On this, the plaintiff states that as long as the material benefits conferred upon the inhabitants are associated with racial discrimination, they do not promote welfare.

And so the central controversy runs. It seems clear that the real difficulty for Ethiopia and Liberia is to offer the Court a judicially satisfactory way to declare apartheid illegal. The World Court has a rare opportunity. At last it has jurisdiction over a dispute with great political significance, its participation was sought by African states with the enthusiastic backing of the Organization of African Unity, and it is being asked to implement the will of the international community in an area charged with moral and psychological implications. Nevertheless, certain experts have regretted that the Court was ever entrusted with the *South West Africa Cases,* reasoning that its prestige will suffer, however it decides. If the Court acts against Ethiopia and Liberia, it will seem to ally itself with the forces of reaction and oppression: if it moves against South Africa, it will simultaneously dramatize its subservience to political pressure and its inability to enforce its judgments, thereby demonstrating the futility of international adjudication.

Certainly, it is not an easy case for the World Court. The judges are aware that the politic course would be to denounce South Africa and give Ethiopia and Liberia the relief they ask. But the Court is not equipped with either the temperament or the traditions of a political body. Its judges are mostly distinguished as international jurists. Their temper is much more conservative than is, say, that of the present Supreme Court in the United States. Even the Polish judge voted against accepting jurisdiction over the case, as did judges from France, England, Australia, Italy, Greece and, of course, the *ad hoc* judge who was appointed by South Africa.

At least some members of the Court must be thankful for the *South West Africa Cases.* For once, the Court presides over an exciting dispute in which the vital interests of states are involved. In these hearings, also, is an opportunity to gain favorable publicity for the Court by showing that its judgments are relevant to the overall quest for greater world order and justice. And the litigation has a great potential importance to the development of international law. The Court has the chance to decide whether formal acts of the organs of the United Nations—the Resolutions of the General Assembly—have a law-creating effect, and whether the condemnations of apartheid have evolved into a prohibitive norm of international law.

OKAVANGO
OVAMBOLAND
KAOKOVELD
SOUTH WEST AFRICA
SWAZILAND
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA
BASUTOLAND

Ethiopia and Liberia ask that the Court order South Africa to cease at once the practice of apartheid in South West Africa. Some observers expect that the Court will refuse this relief, partly because of an inability to carry out such a judgment, and partly because such a decree would impose an unreasonable and irresponsible demand upon the South Africans. It is, in this view, more likely that the Court will denounce apartheid as a violation of the mandate, but adopt a gradualist approach to its elimination.

The enforcement problem may turn out to be not so insoluble if two quite distinct possibilities come to pass. First, South Africa may be persuaded to moderate its noncompliance and at least accept the obligation to submit to some measure of international administration. Such a reaction would not be prompted by any law-abiding impulse, but rather by a calculation that a somewhat cooperative attitude would discourage the United Nations from taking more drastic action. Second, the more conservative critics of South Africa's racial policies, among them the United States, France and the United Kingdom, might be persuaded of the need, despite their vested economic interests, to impose really effective sanctions, thus building some confidence in the processes of international adjudication and avoiding the impression that a decision by the World Court is of no importance. Such a response has a legal base in the Charter: Article 94 obliges each member to "comply with the decision of the International Court of Justice in any case to which it is a party," and adds: "If any party to a case fails to perform the obligations incumbent upon it under a judgment rendered by the Court, the other party may have recourse to the Security Council, which may, if it deems necessary, make recommendations or decide upon measures to be taken to give effect to that judgment." Article 94 seems to strengthen the hand of those that seek sanctions, although it should be pointed out that the scope of the judgment has direct relevance only to the administration of South West Africa.

However, South Africa itself may eventually be brought within the reach of the judgment. The plaintiff states have argued that the formal acts of the organs of the UN, together with the prohibition of racial discrimination contained in the Charter itself, make the practice of apartheid, as such, a violation of international law. In effect, the contention is that there now exists a human-rights norm which has as its minimum content the prohibition of governmentally authorized racial discrimination (i.e., apartheid). Such a rationale would be as applicable to the Republic itself as to the assessment of its special mandate responsibility.

Some followers of the hearings feel that the Court is unlikely to decide on this basis, since it means that a rule of international law can emerge over the opposition of a sovereign state and, thus, would result in giving the General Assembly a limited legislative competence. Such a decision would, however, open the way for the gradual strengthening of the international protection of human rights, and would eliminate the traditional notion that each and every state has a paralyzing veto power over the law-creating processes at work in international society.

Of course, the racial policies of South Africa itself could not be brought before the World Court. A state cannot be made a party to such a proceeding unless it gives its consent, something South Africa would never do. But because the mandate contains a so-called "compromissory clause," any member of the League was entitled to bring a dispute with the mandatory to the World Court. That is, with respect to the mandate, South Africa has given its consent in advance.

The *South West Africa Cases* are important for the resolution of the dispute between the United Nations and South Africa on the issue of apartheid; they are important as a battle against vestiges of the colonial system, insofar as South Africa governs South West Africa as a dependent possession; they are important in the struggle to build up a human-rights law to help in the fight against racial discrimination, and they are important to enhance the prestige of the World Court and to strengthen the capability of the organs of the United Nations to promote, by their formal acts, the growth of international law. On all these grounds, the governments of the world, if not as yet a sufficient proportion of their citizens, await the judgment of the International Court of Justice in a spirit of excited anticipation.

BATTLE IN THE WILDERNESS

The Benevolent Wreckers

LOIS PHILLIPS HUDSON

Mrs. Hudson has had short stories published in The Atlantic Monthly, The New Yorker *and elsewhere. Her first novel,* The Bones of Plenty, *published by Little, Brown, was awarded first prize in 1963 by the Friends of American Writers.*

More than twenty years ago, the great forester and conservationist, Aldo Leopold, prophesied a time when one arm of the government would destroy what another arm supposedly had preserved—all in the name of conservation. "At what point," Leopold wondered, "will government conservation, like the mastodon, become handicapped by its own dimensions?" If Leopold were alive today, he might feel that the Wilderness Bill expresses as many of his apprehensions as it does of his hopes.

The act (Public Law 88-577), which became law in September, 1964, contains qualifications which constitute major and continuing threats to preserved lands which most of us thought would be safe forever, once the bill finally managed to get through both houses of Congress. Among the qualifications which worry national foresters most are the provisions for water development within long-protected areas. Of the eighty-eight areas in fourteen states managed by the U. S. Forest Service primarily to protect wilderness values, only fifty-four, or 9 million of 14 million acres, are now included in the new National Wilderness Preservation System. These fifty-four areas are to be invaded by no roads, mechanical transportation or permanent commercial developments, *with the exceptions* of some livestock grazing, all kinds of mining and the development of water resources. Prospecting will be permitted until 1984, under a clause inserted into the bill by Rep. Wayne Aspinall's House Interior Committee, and new mineral discoveries could conceivably devastate some preserved areas; but the great and continuing threat is posed by public and private water projects.

Whether the sponsors are public or private, projects proposed for wilderness areas must be authorized by the President—a "safeguard" which will be exercised much more rigorously by some Presidents than by others. Nor have the spheres of authority between the President and the Federal Power Commission yet been tested in any court. In fact, no test has yet been made of a President's ability to withstand the many pressures which accompany schemes for manipulating our rapidly dwindling supply of water, but an extreme optimist might believe that, though the threat will exist until the law is changed, under the present Administration the fifty-four wilderness areas now protected by the Wilderness Act are "saved."

But what of the other thirty-four areas, not yet brought under the somewhat equivocal protection of the act, which differ from "wilderness areas" mainly in the terminology applied to them years ago by the Forest Service? Those, termed "primitive areas," not only contain some of the most spectacular and remote of the original eighty-eight "roadless areas"; they have also for the past twenty-six years been administered by the Forest Service exactly as have the "wilderness areas." Yet they were not included from the start in the Wilderness Act, and the Forest Service was given, in 1964, ten years in which to process each area individually. Now, a year and a half after the passage of the act—because of the many governmental bureaus involved, and because each of these areas must be included in the National Wilderness Preservation System by a special act of Congress—not one of the thirty-four has yet made the grade. At the moment, one of the first "primitive areas" to be recommended for inclusion by the Forest Service is in critical trouble.

If the Flat Tops Primitive Area can be invaded by a private power company before it has been approved by Congress, then the largest and most valuable section of it will never be able to qualify as a "wilderness area," though it has been preserved against roads or commercial development for thirty-four years. A brief sketch of the hurdles standing between this area and even the dubious haven of the Wilderness Act will illustrate the problems of the Forest Service. In the first place, the foresters in charge of Colorado's White River National Forest, in which Flat Tops is included, are ready with their report and recommendation—but they cannot send it on to the Regional Forester (there are ten regions in the United States) until the U. S. Geological Survey has completed a study of possible valuable minerals in the area. Besides being woefully understaffed, the Geological Survey is a branch of the government under a different Cabinet officer—the Secretary of the Interior. Here is Leopold's cumbersome mastodon at work.

When the local foresters' recommendation finally reaches the Regional Forester, it is passed on by him to the Chief Forester in Washington. The Chief Forester then passes it, with his own suggestions, to *his* boss, the Secretary of Agriculture. At this point, local hearings must be held in the vicinity of the proposed wilderness area, so that miners, stockmen and other private interests may have an opportunity to air their views on the uses of this land. Then the Secretary of Agriculture submits the recommendation, along with *his* suggestions to *his* boss, the President.

The President, appending his own recommendations to the recommendation, then submits it to the House. And, after such a long course, the race with time will really have just begun, for the recommendation has an excellent chance of being bottled up for months in Representative Aspinall's Interior Committee. Aspinall blocked the passage of the Wilderness Act for session after session of Congress, until finally he managed to have written into it many of the concessions to private interests which now so severely limit its power to protect the wilderness it was written to save.

The Forest Service, thus, has a long way to go with Flat Tops, and the power company may win before the race has run its first lap. For the Federal Power Commission will decide on May 23 whether or not to license the Rocky Mountain Power Company to build a $130 million project which would deeply penetrate the Flat Tops Primitive Area.

The region is unique in all the varied topography of the Rocky Mountains. As its name implies, instead of being a typically rugged range of peaks from 10,000 to 12,000 feet in altitude, Flat Tops is 117,000 acres of rolling meadows and mixed forests, climaxed, above timber line, by vast bare plateaus which end in perpendicular volcanic cliffs dropping more than half a mile straight to the surrounding high valleys of the White River Forest. Within the area which will be recommended to the Chief Forester for permanent protection rise the headwaters of both the North and South Forks of the White River, a major tributary of the Colorado River basin. Roaring creeks have slashed vertical, narrow, curving canyons 2,000 feet deep through the plateaus, and at the southern boundary of Flat Tops, the South Fork of the White River has worn a 3,000-foot canyon so savagely steep that for 15 miles of its length the only access to the river is by foot or horse trail.

Prejudiced fishermen declare this stretch of the South Fork to be the finest primitive trout stream remaining in the United States; less prejudiced fishermen will settle for classifying it as "*one* of the finest." They are appalled by the prospect of a 2-mile-long, fluctuating reservoir, with pumping and power installations, high-tension wires, housing for dam technicians, and heavy-duty roads.

Nor do the hunters who converge on Flat Tops and the surrounding National Forest lands from all of the fifty states look forward to a network of dams and power lines, with well-maintained service roads across at least half of the primitive area. For Flat Tops is the summer range of 18,000 elk, which browse at the very highest edges of the plateaus, far above timber line. In winter, they retreat to lower pastures, many of them remaining along the southern sides of the great canyons. Flat Tops is also the summer range of the largest deer herd in the state of Colorado, and of Rocky Mountain sheep.

In winter, both elk and sheep will come close to habitations. (I have seen a huge-horned ram, with his harem of six, nonchalantly retrieving fallen apples from the snow of an orchard bordering a major highway.) But in summer these animals appear to be repelled by all human devices. A permanent, far-reaching human encroachment on the Flat Tops Primitive Area could result in one of those mysterious declines of wild animal populations.

Although I had visited the perimeters of the Flat Tops area in summer, and had watched boaters and fishermen canoeing and angling on Sweetwater Lake, which shelters beneath the cliffs of the volcanic rim, I was not prepared for the grandness of the country in wintertime. On a frosty morning last January, accompanied by the supervisor of the 2-million-acre forest, the ranger in charge of the Flat Tops Area and the Colorado State Fish and Game Warden, and piloted by a former Alaska bush pilot, I took off from the shockingly brief Glenwood Springs airstrip, walled on all sides by Glenwood Canyon, and flew for more than an hour over the plateaus and meadows and canyons.

We flew so low that we could clearly see the markings of the animals which still live in a place unmarked by man. As Pilot Dick Chatfield banked the plane down toward a bluish trail in the snow, Supervisor Jack Smith leaned forward and said loudly in my ear, "Those are coyote tracks down there." Presently he leaned forward again and said, "You see that flat place, with all that brush at one end? Well, that's a small lake, and the brush is around good beaver country." Then he exclaimed, "Quick! Do you see those elk?" I didn't. We had to make a second pass over the elk herd, lying peacefully in a thin spruce grove. Then I saw them, their long curving necks and great ears silhouetted against the snow, their huge bodies as shapely, and seemingly as *planted* as the dark trees they rested among.

"But you should really see this place in the spring and summer," yelled Ranger Kent Quinkert into my other ear. "It's just one big flower garden." And, still shouting over the noise of the little plane, Quinkert named the wildflowers that colored the cliffs and plateaus. "They're all here, all of the flowers you can find anywhere in the Rocky Moun-

tains. When one species stops blooming, another begins. Finally, the alpines take over these highest plateaus—these little plants, 2 or 3 inches high, all colors of them—and it's all green, so green in the summer."

When I asked Jim Reser, the State Fish and Game man, what kinds of fish could be caught in these lakes and creeks, he replied with an awesome inventory. "Well, there's brook and brown and rainbow and cutthroat and yellow cutthroat trout and native, which is a kind of a subspecies of yellow," he began. "And there's Kokanee salmon—that's a landlocked salmon, but it still spawns best in a creek bed. But for that matter, all of these fish have to spawn either in a fairly calm creek gravel bed or in the shallows of a lake. Look down there."

I looked. We were flying over Sweetwater Lake, which is scheduled to be erased by a reservoir. I could see ice fishermen sitting patiently beside their holes in the 2-foot ice of the lake. "I'll tell you one thing," said Mr. Reser. "There won't be any more ice fishing in this lake if they make a great big muddy reservoir out of it. You don't have ice fishing on water that fluctuates 15 feet every day and 30 feet on weekends."

The threat to Flat Tops constitutes a classic battle between people who believe in preserving our last bits of wilderness and people who believe that immediate utilization of our most visible resources should be the overriding concern of an explosively populating continent. The group that may well triumph over the Forest Service on May 23 is headed by a man who has given much of his life to serving the people of the United States. He is Charles F. Brannan, president and chief counsel for the Rocky Mountain Power Company, a New Deal fighter for rural electrification and Secretary of Agriculture under President Truman. When I talked with Mr. Brannan in his office in the Denver Farmers Union Building, he told me that he was interested in procuring the cheapest possible power for citizens of the regions surrounding the Colorado Rockies, and notably for the people of Nebraska, to whom the Rocky Mountain Power Company would sell electricity through public cooperatives at a rate far cheaper than that state, with no rushing mountain streams and no vast coal fields, could otherwise possibly offer it. Nuclear power, Mr. Brannan believes, is not a practical alternative, except when the plant can be built on the seashore, where water without limit is available for cooling the reactor. In short, neither Mr. Brannan nor his company, in its petition presented to the Federal Power Commission, has proposed any alternative to the immediate invasion of an area which has been protected from roads or any other commercial development for thirty-four years.

Yet during his term as Secretary of Agriculture, Brannan approved the reclassification of nearly 2 million acres of National Forest land into more protected categories ("wild," "wilderness," "primitive," etc.) and today he freely admits that he is fighting "a number of old friends in the Forest Service." He also insists that the need for power is critical, and that the site chosen by his company is "one of the finest natural sites in the United States for a pumped storage hydroelectric plant." By "finest," of course, Mr. Brannan means *cheapest* from a power company's standpoint.

Without questioning Mr. Brannan's sincerity, it seems necessary to note that opposing views have come from the same government which, with its Federal Power Commission mouth, declares that our country desperately needs more power. (Now the mastodon begins to seem more like the hydra.) For example, last year the Defense Electric Power Administration of the Interior Department published a study based on statistics from 1,500 utility companies, the conclusion being that the 206 largest power plants in the nation could be knocked out by nuclear bombs, and the country would still have "more than enough generating capacity to meet the post-nuclear demand." The cause of last December's long blackout of the Northeast was not a shortage of power but its poorly engineered distribution. With the recent technological improvements in long-distance transmission, the need to produce energy in a given locality becomes ever more debatable.

Other arguments for invading a wilderness area in order to produce "the most economical" power appear to be equally debatable, if one listens to all of the words of the mastodon—or hydra. Sen. Clinton Anderson claims that a new thermal plant at the "Four Corners" of Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona will soon produce power for sale at 4 mills per kilowatt-hour—significantly less than the 5.5 mills for which Rocky Mountain Power proposes to sell power from the Flat Tops Primitive Area outside the state of Colorado. Even more arresting is the prediction of the U. S. Office of Science and Technology that within ten years nuclear plants will produce power for 2.5 mills.

And to cite still another voice, Commissioner Dominy of the Bureau of Reclamation (and the arch foe of many conservation groups because of his insistence on a series of dams in the Grand Canyon) played into those conservationists' hands in 1963 by testifying before a Senate subcommittee: "I think if we were to put the same effort into nuclear power for hydroelectric purposes and desalinization purposes [which we now put into damming lakes and streams] we could solve this problem in a few years."

The Rocky Mountain Power Company points out that all of its various developments in the area will require only a few hundred acres. But the far-flung *distribution* of those acres would have a devastating effect on tens of thousands of primitive acres. It takes only a few acres of road to change forever the natural character of a roadless area. And once the roads have acquired the status of "established use," it is almost impossible to close them again, as the most superficial study of history of many formerly "roadless areas" will disclose.

The ultimate question put to the Rocky Mountain Power Company—as to all would-be invaders of "preserved" wilderness areas—is now being asked by scores of conservation groups, from the Colorado Mountain Club to the Izaak Walton League: Since eventually we are fated to run out of streams and lakes to dam, wouldn't it be better to concentrate *now* on developing alternate sources of power and water, instead of waiting until the last natural lake has been turned into a fluctuating, muddy reservoir, and the last free-running river has been forever transformed into a series of still-water impoundments, with reservoirs from one dam stretching to the toe of the next dam?

If we can decide to attack the problems of water and power with this kind of foresight, we can probably save many wilderness areas which now appear to be doomed. But we shall have to act quickly; every concerned citizen will have to let his Congressman, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of the Interior, the Federal Power Commission, the President, know how he feels. Otherwise, the mastodon, lumbering about the delicate business of conservation, is almost certain to take a fatal turn.

In the contest between the fish and the Rocky Mountain Power Company, the fish have already lost the first round. The Colorado Game, Fish and Parks Department went to court to find out whether it could require the company to release the minimum amounts of water necessary to sustain fish life in the many streams which would be affected by the various diversions. In two court tests the Game and Fish Department lost. The state courts ruled that the company was required by law to release from its numerous dams only the amount of water which had previously been adjudicated to ranchers along the streams. This previously adjudicated water is not nearly enough to maintain the fisheries, and whether or not the company chooses to release enough water to insure survival of the life in the streams it affects will be entirely up to its own "corporate conscience."

The future for Flat Tops looks gloomy, but recently established precedents give some encouragement. In December, 1965, the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit revoked a license granted by the Federal Power Commission to Consolidated Edison of New York, which sought to build the largest pumped storage project in the world on the particularly "fine natural site" of Storm King, which is also a site of great scenic and historic value, though it was not in a federally protected area. The court found that ". . . [if we consider] a basic concern [to be] the preservation of natural beauty and of national historic shrines . . . in our affluent society, the cost of a project is only one of several factors to be considered. The record as it comes to us fails markedly to make out a case for the Storm King project on, among other matters, costs, public convenience and necessity, and *absence of reasonable alternatives*." (Italics mine.)

Has the Rocky Mountain Power Company demonstrated "an absence of reasonable alternatives" to the invasion of a primitive area? Or, to put the question another way—a way in which it is seldom asked—has the Rocky Mountain Power Company demonstrated "reasonable alternatives" for the wilderness it proposes to destroy?

The stated reason for the existence of the U. S. Forest Service is to "strive, as directed by Congress, to provide increasingly greater service to a growing Nation." The conflicting values of the various sorts of "multiple use" will have to be ever more carefully weighed, if the greatest good of the public owners of the forests is to be served. An aroused and concerned public may well feel that our present 14 million acres of preserved wilderness and primitive areas is too small rather than too large a fraction of the 186 million acres in the National Forest system. An aroused public may even insist, in time, that the Wilderness Act, so watered down in Congressman Aspinall's Interior Committee, have some of the teeth of the original Senate bill restored to it. The more our nation grows, the more we may find ourselves agreeing with those men who, having given their lives to protecting wilderness, hope they "won't live to see those dams."

And the more our nation grows, the more essential it will be for us to let our Forest Service know exactly how it may best "provide increasingly greater service to a growing Nation." Quite possibly, the majority of us might decide that the Forest Service should be given unequivocal support in its efforts to preserve a small mountain lake to which men will drive for four hours through an icy treacherous darkness in order to sit on more ice for six hours and fish.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Profusion of Information

PROPAGANDA: The Formation of Men's Attitudes. *By Jacques Ellul. Translated from the French by Konrad Kellen and Jean Lerner. Alfred A. Knopf. 320 pp. $8.95.*

CHRISTOPHER LASCH

A member of the History Department at the University of Iowa, Mr. Lasch is the author, most recently, of The New Radicalism in America 1889-1963: The Intellectual as a Social Type *(Knopf).*

Modern propaganda, according to Jacques Ellul, is not the work of unscrupulous men acting from evil motives but an inescapable means of governing. In mass societies, the state can neither govern without mass support nor govern in accordance with mass wishes, since the masses, unlike conventional democratic electorates, are politically incoherent and incapable of rationally directing policy. Thus, "even in a democracy, a government that is honest, serious, benevolent, and respects the voter *cannot follow* public opinion. But it *cannot escape* it either." Hence the need for propaganda. By means of propaganda the state tries to give the masses the illusion of participation without the reality. It not only informs them of its decisions but subtly suggests that it is the masses themselves which have demanded them.

The rest of Ellul's argument follows from this analysis of the function of propaganda. Propaganda does not lie, according to Ellul; at least it does not lie as to facts. But neither does the propagandist trust in the critical judgment of the people he addresses. Everything he does has the effect of making it impossible for people to bring critical judgment to bear on the policies which he is trying to promote. He does not withhold or falsify information; he overwhelms the public with it, and the facts themselves demoralize the reader or listener by giving him the impression that he lives in a terrifying world in which the problems of government are too complicated for anyone but experts to understand. At the same time the reader craves to be informed and would object if he were deprived of access to the news. Information accordingly becomes a doubly effective means of propaganda: it sustains the morale of the reader by reassuring him that the state wishes to keep its citizens informed—thus fostering the illusion of participation—while at the same time terrifying the reader with the complexity and danger of events—thus setting him up for more propaganda (the state will protect him from a world of dangers). Outright falsehoods, however, play a very small part in all this.

It follows that the effectiveness of modern propaganda presupposes a certain degree of education—hence a certain standard of living—among its victims. Obviously it presupposes literacy; but more important, it presupposes precisely the "informed citizens" who are commonly regarded as the best resource of self-governing societies. Indifference, next to intelligence, is the propagandist's worst enemy; he needs people to be actively involved in following the course of affairs. Otherwise propaganda has nothing to work on. The poor, whose struggle for existence absorbs "all their capacities and efforts," cannot be very successfully integrated into the nation, but those who follow events—without, however, being able to understand them—become prey to the anxieties and guilts which it is the work of propaganda to palliate (even while reinforcing). "People . . . think that reading is a road to freedom. . . . Actually, the most obvious result of primary education in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries was to make the individual susceptible to superpropaganda."

The purpose of propaganda, finally, is not so much to supplement policies abroad, by undermining the enemy's morale, as to integrate the nation from within, by reminding the masses of the need to resist the enemy's incessant efforts to overthrow it.

It may seem to the reader that none of this is particulaly new. Ellul's ideas about the mass society, the loneliness of the mass man, and so forth, are familiar; nor does it come as a great surprise to be told that modern governments seek to give citizens the illusion without the reality of participation. The only novelty, one is tempted to say, lies in calling these efforts propaganda; and it may be argued that in thus enlarging the definition of propaganda to refer not merely to deliberate efforts to deceive but to "a sociological phenomenon" of mass societies, Ellul confuses things rather than clarifies them. It is certainly true, for instance, that the reader of newspapers is victimized by the way news—given the definition of news as disaster—is reported; but what is gained by calling this condition "propaganda," when all our associations with the word predispose us to think of propaganda as describing not an ethically neutral "sociological phe-

GRACE TO BE SAID AT THE SUPERMARKET

That God of ours, the Great Geometer,
Does something for us here, where He hath put
(if you want to put it that way) things in shape,
Compressing the little lambs in orderly cubes,
Making the roast a decent cylinder,
Fairing the tin ellipsoid of a ham,
Getting the luncheon meat anonymous
In squares and oblongs with the edges beveled
Or rounded (streamlined, maybe, for greater speed).

Praise Him, He hath conferred aesthetic distance
Upon our appetites, and on the bloody
Mess of our birthright, our unseemly need,
Imposed significant form. Through Him the brutes
Enter the pure Euclidean kingdom of number,
Free of their bulging and blood-swollen lives
They come to us holy, in Cellophane
Transparencies, in the mystical body,

That we may look unflinchingly on death
As the greatest good, like a philosopher should.

HOWARD NEMEROV

nomenon" but the activities of people who deliberately seek to manipulate opinion for their own interests? If a writer intends to use a term in a sense radically different from its accepted meaning, he has to show that there is some decisive analytical advantage to be gained from doing so; and it is not yet clear, in this case, what the advantage is.

Whether or not the term "propaganda" helps to describe what Ellul wants to describe, and no matter how familiar some of his general ideas may appear, the reality they describe is still very imperfectly understood; and it is important, therefore, that this book should have been written and translated. Consider, as an example of the general confusion surrounding these subjects, the controversy about "managed news." Douglass Cater (*The Reporter*, March 19, 1959) describes a revealing conversation that took place between James Reston and Dean Acheson shortly before Acheson left office as Secretary of State. Reston regretted that Acheson had not maintained better relations with the press. He complained, as he has complained on so many other occasions, of the secrecy which shrouded the operations of the State Department. Acheson replied that diplomacy was incompatible with publicity. "Reston," according to Cater, "argues that Secretary Acheson failed to understand and make use of the creative power of the press to muster public support for sound policy and, alternatively, to gauge the full extent of public reaction to unsound or unrealistic policy."

In the context of the debate about official secrecy and "censorship," Reston emerges from this colloquy as the champion of the "people's right to know" and Acheson as a man who is actively thwarting it. But from the perspective offered by Ellul's analysis of propaganda, the antagonists appear in a very different light: the liberal, enlightened, "progressive" position appears the more sinister of the two. Reston, whatever his purpose, was urging Acheson, in effect, to exploit the propagandistic possibilities of "information" — "the creative power of the press" in mobilizing opinion. The press, once conceived as a check on arbitrary power, thus becomes one of its instruments, even though Reston's argument is still couched in the imagery of democracy: he imagines that the public has the option of accepting sound policies and rejecting unsound ones. But the choice is illusory, once the "creative power" of the press is used in this fashion; the very choices on which the public is invited to register an opinion will be defined with relation to an overall view of the world which is propagandistic in Ellul's sense—that is, a view of the world as filled with enemies and (as our experts keep reminding us) forbiddingly complex. The public will be invited to choose, say, between "containment" and "victory," while the image of the enemy and the definition of the national emergency confronting us—"Communist aggression"—remain unchanged.

Much of the clamor for a "free press" thus reveals itself as an unwitting demand for more propaganda. The controversy about government secrecy shows once again how the traditional safeguards of civil liberties have broken down in the face of centralized power which presents itself not as power at all but as benevolence—in this case, a government which (with many lapses, it must be admitted) conscientiously keeps its citizens "informed." We still think of the danger to freedom of thought as consisting of "censorship" and "propaganda." It is important to realize that a greater danger, whether or not we wish to discuss it under the heading of propaganda, lies in the very profusion of information which leaves the reader with a total impression of a world "that is astonishingly incoherent, absurd, and irrational," and which lends itself so easily to the promotion, both by government and by unofficial manipulators of mass media, of "sound policy." The withering away of the critical intelligence as a political force, under these conditions, is the subject of Ellul's book—a book that ought not to be ignored.

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To and From Babel

NEW WAYS TO LEARN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE. *By Robert A. Hall, Jr. Bantam Books. 180 pp. 95c paper.*

THE WORLD'S LANGUAGES: Grammars/Dictionaries. *Sales catalogue of Stechert-Hafner. 13th Edition.*

STEPHEN ZOLL

Articles by Mr. Zoll have appeared in Dissent, The Village Voice *and* The Nation.

With the exception of possible professional linguist acquaintances one might know, most Americans' experience with a second language is closer to an old *New Yorker* cartoon showing a tourist husband and wife boarding a passenger liner, one saying to the other, "Pas un seul mot en Anglais from now on, O. K.?" This polyglot nation is, by the second generation, almost implacably unilingual. There has been no one else to speak to. Once, fifth in line at the registration desk of a Swedish hotel, I listened in amazement to the clerk take care of the four ahead of me each in a different language and then make my reservation in perfect English. The German Mozart isn't even sung in Italian at the Met.

Remaining as a relic of a past age of scholarship are Jowitt's translations of Plato, Greek on the left-hand page, English on the right. About twenty-five years ago, this style of presentation was revived for the publication of classic foreign poets. . . . *Du musst dein Leben ändern* is the last line of a poem by Rilke: the sound of the left-hand page and the message of the right, "You must change your life," may have had some responsibility for the Berlitz ad of a little girl from Togo under whose picture the copy reads, "If she can speak Ewe, why can't you?"

The number of "dialogues" that have been urged suggests a poignant desperation of strangers to speak to one another. In fact, a few years ago, there was great excitement at the prospect that a conversation might be engaged with dolphins: and, at this moment, huge radio telescopes trained on the stars are searching for a new word which, expressed in mathematical code, will tell us that there is someone else to talk to.

According to Professor Hall, it is just this sense of the outlandish that defeats us in attempting to learn a new language. The process of learning our mother tongue has ingrained the habits of pronunciation, emphasis and word order, which, of course, are substantially different, and illogically so, in other languages.

If the little girl from Togo appeals to our sense of the outlandish, this sense is stunned speechless by Stechert-Hafner's catalogue in which are listed thousands of exotic grammars and dictionaries. This is precisely Hall's point.

The first impression of *The World's Languages* is that the catalogue is a profile of selfless bookselling that is specialized to the point of suicide. There can't be a very large market, one would think, for a Bambara-Français, Français-Bambara dictionary, or for four Pali grammars, one in Danish, one in English and two in German. Bambara is a dialect of Mandinga spoken by nomads in the Sahara, and Pali a dialect of Sanskrit spoken by Buddha. The catalogue is fascinating as a record of how many languages are spoken—or once were spoken—and of who speaks to whom.

Ewe and Urdu are only casually outlandish; *The World's Languages* is not a casual catalogue. Urdu is a version of Hindi; Ewe alphabetically follows Etruscan, for which there are three grammars, all German. No Etruscan was ever addressed by a German, nor was an Aztec, although entry No. 39 is *Aztekische Schriftsprache; Grammatik, Text und Glossar.* Annamese is a tongue of Vietnam, for which there are two grammars, both French, and five dictionaries: two French, two English and one German. The catalogue is and is not a geography of colonialism. Pascuense, for instance, is the language of Easter Island, and for $30 for a grammar and dictionary combined in one volume, it isn't clear who would be exploiting whom. Pashto is the language of the Kandahar of Afghanistan, and its grammar, in English, is a bargain, unexploitive, at $2. There are six grammars and two dictionaries of Akkadian, befitting its importance as the root language of Sumerian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Aramaic, Hebrew, etc. Balti is spoken in Tibet; Bugotu in the Solomon Islands; Buriat, Uralic and Altaic are Mongol dialects of central Siberia; Ge'ez and Amharic are versions of Ethiopic (grammars are available in German, French and English); an Adamawa grammar and a Fulani dictionary (Adamawa is a dialect of Fulani) can be obtained for the English-speaking visitor to Upper Volta. Etc.

The ultimate of linguistics, a goal linguists despair of achieving, is to solve all known languages to find the original instance of speech. *The World's Languages* is a record of the accumulated case books; a series of quadratic equations from which to eliminate variations to find the oldest common constant, a deductive jump from the full, complicated idiom of the most primitive language to the onomatopoeia of the emotions. The search has led beyond grammar and vocabulary to the methods of one sound voiced after another and to the production of sound itself; it is an earlier logic difficult to examine with the reason of words. The purpose of the search is, since language precipitated from the nature of man's mind and changed it irrevocably, to find what can be recovered of the essentials of that original nature. In a sense, it is the repair of Babel.

Professor Hall confirms Babel — what help is there for it? — there *are* all these languages. His approach is "based on the nature of the language itself and its function in the life of the individual and society." Whatever this means, one cannot, unfortunately, start anywhere in the Stechert-Hafner catalogue and easily become fluent in half a dozen languages this year. Probably, the book is intended for teachers of a language rather than its students for whom, finally, remains the hard work of drill and memorization. The linguistic approach, as Hall calls it—as opposed to the grammatical approach—is to learn a language pretty much as a mother tongue is learned by a child, given the limitations that the student is an adult, has a compromised time schedule, already knows a first language which constitutes an ingrained set of bad habits antithetical to the new language, and hates to be corrected. It is a linguistic approach in that it concentrates, as much as it can and still arrive at intelligible communication, on the production of the new phonemes and morphemes. Beyond imitation of sound, the idea is to by-pass the ingrained habits of the mother language by repeating new patterns until they become habitual, allowing mistakes and accepting correction, finding the systematics (isn't this grammar?) and reapplying them homologously, and using the language within its own cultural framework by drilling on specimen sentences that incorporate what is going on in the "target language's" home country. Perhaps chief among the book's virtues is that it is encouraging to a potential student, whatever help it might be to an actual student.

The thought that to learn a new language would mean that one would change one's life is undoubtedly correct: new concepts would presumably be possible with a new style of conceptualizing. How different these new concepts might be, how

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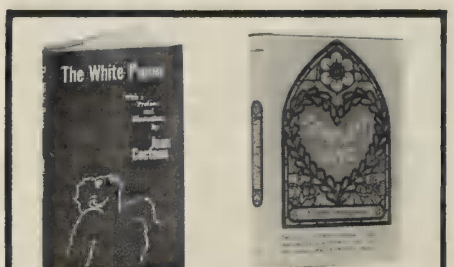

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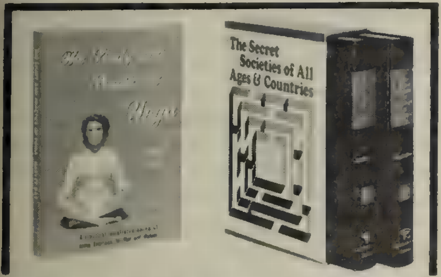

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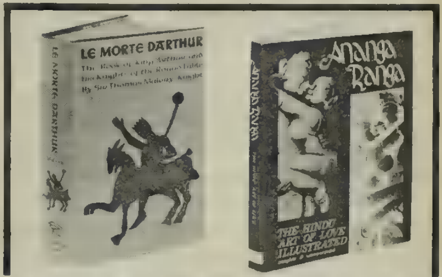

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meaningful the new dialogue, is to argue for practice. Eisley thought that the value of speaking to porpoises would be in communicating with a nonpossessor of an opposable thumb and the resultant grasping nature, a new logic and set of abstractions. The change the development of language itself has caused in man is most violently theorized by Washburn, a primatologist. In this theory, the ability to use language to conceptualize allowed a vision of time: a memory of the past and an expectation of the future: history, autobiography and politics. Such a complicated vision forced the evolutionary increase of the brain by several hundred cubic centimeters of smoking gray matter. The infant head became so large that birth, as a matter of normal procedure, had to be premature, and for the upbringing of the helpless offspring, the family was invented. It is in the family, of course, that the trouble begins that sends us to the head shrinker—or makes us long for someone else to talk to.

On Media Trouble

FCC: ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1964 SUMMARIZING 30 YEARS OF ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATION DEVELOPMENTS AND CURRENT HAPPENINGS IN THAT FIELD.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON BROADCASTING. *(The Fowler Commission). Canada Queens Printer (Ottawa). $5.*

DESMOND SMITH

Mr. Smith is a writer on economics and business who contributes frequently to The Nation.

Like all journalists I have a congenital affection for reports, especially government ones. The diminishing role that hard facts as against wishful fantasy play in public relations handouts is a subject of popular debate; but government reports, however abominably written, continue to inform rather than persuade.

Each of the present reports is concerned with the condition of broadcasting. From each emerges a fairly clear picture of the troubled state of television in the mid-sixties: for the Fowler Commission "the programing of private television stations is heavily dominated by light entertainment, derived mainly from foreign sources and particularly the United States." So much for the private stations. It also has harsh words for the publicly owned Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for "failing to discharge adequately its duties to foster understanding between the two main cultural groups in this country." Moreover, complains the report, "(the C.B.C.) does not produce programs that would assist English-speaking Canadians to understand the attitudes and aspirations of French Canada . . . concerning the 'French Fact.' " In the case of the Federal Communications Commission, the proximity of a broadcaster-dominated Congress (it is conservatively estimated that one-third of Congress owns TV or radio interests) tends to inhibit investigation of programing abuses.

A large proportion of the FCC's work therefore is in the domain of straight legal wrongdoing. A natural impulse takes one directly to "Compliance" to see how the public-spirited broadcasters are doing. Badly, I should say. Although FCC investigators managed only to get into twenty-eight states, they discovered payola, rigged contests, double billing of advertising (a common cheat in which a local advertiser is given two bills, one for the actual advertising charge, the other for a larger sum which the advertiser palms off on the national advertiser who unwittingly pays the bill as part of his cooperative advertising agreement), horse-race broadcasts believed to have been made for the purpose of assisting illegal gambling, obscenity, improper use of ratings, improper sponsor identification and "plugola" (hidden advertising). A high proportion of these violations is never reported in the local newspaper (which may own the TV or radio station).

Listing of such abuses in the FCC report provides an opportunity to survey, however superficially, just how much American broadcasting has improved since Mr. Minow asked the broadcasters to survey their very own "vast wasteland." For the Fowler Commission a broadcasting system should not only reflect a nation's culture but should help create it. "Its guiding rule cannot be to give the people what they want, for at best this can be only what the broadcasters think the people want; they may not know, and the people themselves may not know." This is true. What is perhaps less true is that information and cultural programs should replace the entertainment programs that presently monopolize peak viewing hours. To force-feed culture over the kinds of television networks that presently exist in Canada and the United States would be both stupid and unfair.

The Fowler Commission is wise enough to recognize this. "The general level of cultural life in Canada will not be raised . . . by culturally rich programs that do not win an audience. There is no value or purpose in producing the best programs in the world unless they are seen or heard by a sizable audience." It is all the more pity, therefore, that the authors of the report should write: "The future of Canadian television does not greatly depend on how the signals are produced and transmitted." This kind of naïveté about the medium damages the report's own persuasive case against the souped-up American border TV stations that aim American programing with Canadian advertising at large Canadian markets. Moreover, by discounting technology it weakens the argument for a feasible bilingual national service. In spite of the fact that Americans now own 60 million TV sets and Canadians some 4½ million, I would argue there is a serious scarcity of television. A glance at the television map of the U.S. and Canada shows that nearly half of the U.S. and almost all of Canada is served by single TV stations. Thus with three networks (A.B.C., C.B.S., N.B.C.) in the U.S. and three networks (C.B.C. French Language, C.B.C. English Language, CTV Commercial) in Canada, there are sizable communities that cannot obtain the full range of programs, simply because one or two stations cannot broadcast three network schedules.

The FCC, by contrast, has creditably paid close attention to TV's galloping technology. With the passage of the FCC-endorsed All-Channel TV Receiver Law (in 1964), new TV sets have now the capacity to receive all channels, 2 through 83. By lighting up the previously unused UHF, the FCC hopes to repeat the successful pattern of program improvement set by FM radio. Given the present fiercely competitive three-network situation, "program balance" is a dead issue. Given UHF TV outlets, television will almost certainly gain a new dimension.

The Fowler Commission's report possesses the great virtue of sticking pretty closely to an examination of Canadian broadcasting as it is. It deplores the fact that in 1963, sixty-one private television stations spent $2,435,000 on "artists and other talent fees," an average of less than $40,000 a year, $770 a week, or $110 a day. "We ask, how many writers, producers, actors and musicians can be hired for $110? What kind of program even at the rate of one a day can be produced for $110?" By comparison, the total C.B.C. payments for Canadian talent in 1963 were over three times those of the private stations combined, although its total income was less. The two areas of improvement that the Canadian report appears to give most stress to are, first, acceptance of the belief that program content is "the only thing that really matters in broadcasting." This is now widely agreed to be only the tip of the iceberg, and many students of television would prefer to put the emphasis on the medium rather than the message. The report's second stress appears to be a somewhat fundamentalist view of television, which may seem to regard television largely as a means of producing cultured viewers. Finally, the report recommends the consideration by the Canadian Parliament of a regulatory agency to govern Canadian broadcasting that would be operated broadly along the lines of the FCC. Significantly, despite the Fowler Commission's impact in Canada, the government has taken no further action to implement its chief recommendation.

Now, the heart of broadcasting, its most vital arteries, are not the broadcasting companies: they are the millionfold capillaries, known as the general public. The FCC, above and beyond everything else, is the public's middleman. According to law, it is neither part of the executive branch of government, nor is it (as is often claimed) an "arm" of Congress. It is an independent agency. "Our independence," said Newton Minow, former FCC chairman, "varies with our backbones." Part of a regulatory agency's backbone—apart from its personnel—is the way it is equipped to do its job. The FCC report provides a vivid example of what is today one of the overriding problems in mass culture. Mass communications have literally exploded in the past thirty years, whereas the regulatory agencies have failed to keep pace.

Consider the FCC, which in 1934 had a staff of 500 and a budget of $2 million. In those years it looked after an infant radio industry, the telephone companies, attended a few international broadcasting conferences, and comfortably managed everything else with its field engineering division. In 1934 less than 10,000 applications for various broadcast licenses arrived in Washington. Today the FCC is engulfed in a tidal wave of paper work. In 1964 it received more than one million license applications. Meanwhile it is responsible for everything from electric-eye garage doors to space-satellite communications. In between it is supposed to regulate the giant AT&T (and all other telephone companies), telegraph, business radio, the surging radio and television industries, citizens-band broadcasting, aviation radio and at least a dozen other new communication areas. The FCC has to do all this with a staff numbering just 1,500 and with a budget of $15 million (a budget that was less than half the amount AT&T spent on television advertising alone in 1964).

The failure to regulate appears to be the chief lesson learned from reading both these reports. The quality, the imagination and the responsibility for what travels over our publicly owned air waves will begin when we put our regulatory houses in order. For, as these reports have demonstrated, broadcasters will do what is expected of them, and where expectations differ broadcaster behavior differs.

THEATRE / Robert Pasolli

OFF-OFF-BROADWAY

Mr. Pasolli spent the 1962-63 season at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis on a Ford Foundation grant and was later associated with the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in New York.

An extraordinary event, characteristically without fanfare, occurred off-off-Broadway in March, when a company of five players under Tom O'Horgan's direction performed a repertory of six plays at the Cafe La Mama. The plays were all revivals of off-off-Broadway classics; taken together they constitute a performed anthology of the better work being presented in a milieu that bids fair to become the future past of the American theatre.

Lanford Wilson is one of off-off-Broadway's playwrights whose talents have had the endorsement of commercial production. At La Mama he was represented by *This Is the Rill Speaking,* a re-creation of daily life in a small Ozark town which purports to be kaleidoscopic and microcosmic of rural-rooted America. The five players enact several roles apiece, related in family and acquaintance. Their scenes enfold one into the other, sometimes with transition, sometimes without. Running through the play as a backbone are several episodes involving young Willy Atkins (buoyantly played by Michael Warren Powell), too young yet to be recognized even as a prospective poet, but surely the autobiographical stand-in for Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Wilson has an indefeasibly loving attitude toward his material. The Atkins family at supper, Willy and a friend playing sex games, old crones gossiping on the front porch, a bunch of kids discovering booze and good times, Willy overacting in a pool hall—Mr. Wilson evokes his venue with a tenderness that makes literalness the

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outer limit of his accomplishment. His approach, in short, is sentimental rather than inspirational.

Both the form and the material of *This Is the Rill Speaking* remind one of *Under Milk Wood,* to the extent even of suggesting that the Thomas play served as Mr. Wilson's inspiration. The difference between the two plays, however, is fundamental and inheres in the distinction between poetry and prose. Where *Milk Wood* creates new life (the interior lives of its characters), the essential function of poetry, *Rill* disperses from the storehouse of memory (the exterior lives of its characters), the essential function of prose. *Milk Wood's* life in poetry lifts it right out of its particular milieu; *Rill,* on the other hand, sits gossiping with those crones on the front porch.

This is not to compare an elephant to a gnat. Mr. Wilson's play is eloquent and frequently moving. But its literalness prevents it from entering one's imagination and evoking that cry of recognition which has to do with love, I think, and is in any case the ultimate pleasure of the theatre.

A much more eccentric play is William Hoffman's *Thank You, Miss Victoria.* The central character, a young man, is spending his first day on a new job he has been forced to take in his father's firm. He is in a panic about being thrust into responsibility, the more so for his confusion at just what his responsibility is. An ad in a girlie magazine for a male secretary, with implications in the sexual services department, attracts his attention. It is signed "Miss Victoria," and he phones her.

Partly in response to her brusque demands, partly in willfully precipitous self-denial, the young man proffers an abject spiritual and physical slavishness to his prospective employer. By the end of the long conversation, of which we hear only his share, Miss Victoria has assumed the character of the numinous and the young man that of a groveling dog. Persistent intrusions by his office secretary and by friends who telephone in, representing the reality he endeavors to escape, come to a climax with the arrival of the young man's father for a conference, which concludes the episode. Thus the eccentricity of the action is heightened by its framework of conventional reality, while the imprecise identity of Miss Victoria and the wanton character of the servile frenzy she elicits from the young man make Mr. Hoffman's play a pointed vignette of horror.

In performance Michael Warren Powell gave the young man a languorous quality that caused him to lose me early in the action. The fact that he is required to play his scene to a telephone receiver would seem to me to counsel a more intense characterization. Furthermore, Mr. Powell played it altogether too fruitily for the given material, a factor which further alienated me from the play. Mr. Powell has shown himself in this repertory too intelligent and accomplished an actor for this to have been unintentional, but I am at a loss to understand its significance.

Leonard Melfi's *Birdbath* is such a luminously beautiful play and Mari-Claire Charba's performance of the principal role was so limpidly compelling that I don't know whether to blame text or presentation for the jarringly wrong conclusion to a sequence of events that was otherwise masterful.

Velma Sparrow is a bar waitress, dopey, pathologically shy and impetuous. Frankie is the new cashier, cool, educated and lonely. In the course of their long encounter on his first night at the job, we learn about Velma that she lives with and supports her selfish, lazy mother in the Bronx, that she had a handsome and adored brother who died, and that she has never been within touching distance of a man. About Frankie we learn that he is a poet, that his frequent involvements come to nothing, and that he is accustomed to having what he wants. Velma finds Frankie wildly attractive and it develops that Frankie would like to make love to her, partly out of loneliness, partly out of sympathy for a poor, pathetic, terrified bird. Closing the bar, walking together to her subway, passing his apartment, going inside and relaxing there, Velma is one long outpouring of trivial comment and pitiful self-revelation—all to cover her nervous agitation, rising to fever pitch as she gets further involved with Frankie, who tries to relax her with drink, soft music and sweet talk.

When Frankie, now tipsy, persists in his advances to the point of almost physically overpowering her, Velma pulls a knife from her handbag to ward him off. The shock of this action jars her into revealing that she has that morning murdered her oppressive mother at breakfast for threatening to go away and leave her. As Velma collapses in an exhausted heap, appealing weakly to Frankie for help and understanding, we realize the unsuspected motive for her peculiar behavior throughout the play—her horror and fear at what she has done.

I was quite unprepared for this surprise, and it totally unhinged my pleasure with the play. The role of Velma, at least as performed by Miss Charba, calls for no such event as explanation for her behavior, which is justified merely as a function of her psychology and of the circumstances of her life as she has revealed them in her dialogue.

I don't know whether Mr. Melfi errs by not creating a need for such information to explain Velma's behavior, or whether Miss Charba failed by not conveying a character who could not be accepted fully until that information was given. The play is so skillful and so well contrived up to that point that I hesitate to complain. On the other hand, Miss Charba's performance was so delicately touching that I would not have had her change anything. She gave Velma a series of simple, telling and sustainable mannerisms—the constant nervous undulation of her body, the high pitch of her feverish chatter, the instinctively judicious use of her handbag—that made her radiant performance moving, both to see and to recollect.

Jean-Claude van Itallie, at about 30, already has a body of work representing him—I know of six plays and have seen five of them in production—and yet he is little known anywhere but off-off-Broadway. That he will be discovered at large goes without saying, for his craft and imagination are impressive, but one wonders when. In the meantime, off-off-Broadway nurtures his talent. In particular, he works closely with the Open Theatre, one of the most provocative off-off-Broadway groups, and I understand that his plays are sometimes derived from workshop sessions there.

War, Mr. van Itallie's play at La Mama may have had such a derivation. A free-wheeling, volatile work, it concerns two actors, one middle-aged, the other young, who meet in order to improvise. The older identifies with the paraphernalia of the theatre—its "stuff and appurtenances"—which overflow his apartment, the locale of the play. The younger identifies with the natural human resources of the theatre, particularly with the ac-

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tor's physical gifts, and very soon there develops a conflict based on the differing ages and values. An unexplained woman joins them and they relate to her improvisationally as her children, achieving thereby a provisional harmony in their conflict. By the end of the session, the two men are warring and loving simultaneously, with the woman pictured as the emblem of war.

To arrive at that much understanding of *War* I had to read the script after seeing the production. Still, I am confused between van Itallie's method and his argument. Aspects of reality, fantasy, human relationships, the generations, sexuality and the like are embraced by means of the improvisation device, which links up disparate elements in the action. But I am altogether unsure of what is central, what incidental, what a theme, what a means.

The play, in short, is dangerously unspecific and fails to convey a sense of what level it is working on. In Tom O'Horgan's production the acting was vivacious and evocative (I particularly liked Michael Warren Powell as the older actor), but it didn't help me find a way out of my obfuscation.

Sam Shepard's *Chicago* is the most idiosyncratic play in La Mama's repertory. Mr. Shepard is reported to be 22, which could have something to do with the discretionary character of his play; however, talent alone would explain how, especially at 22, he can so infuse his work with fierce vitality that we can accept an irreferable theatre, a theatre without collateral.

Chicago is a play of vivid stage imagery, slippery symbols and an unbridled indulgence of imagination. It possesses the barest outline of recognizable reality, which I would unscramble here if I didn't think Mr. Shepard intends by it only to lend a minimal credibility to his stage action. The hero, for example, spends all but the final moments of the play in a bathtub, but I don't think the device is meant to do more than locate him and render his existence recognizable. The action of the play has nothing to do with baths, nor does the tub emerge as a symbol more specific than any other locale imaginable in which the hero could be isolated. The tub and the hero in it are stage images, vivid and forceful, and Mr. Shepard gives no indication of wanting them to stand for specific ideas.

Chicago, however, is not without intellectual content, consisting in the interaction between the hero and several acquaintances who wander past his tub and in a long mock-heroic monologue — a quite extraordinary evocation of carnal picnicking on the beach that midway along assumes a life of its own, the story taking control of the storyteller.

From all of this it emerges that our alienated hero is hung up, probably on the lag between his imaginative faculty and his intellectual capability; i.e., the alienation felt by the artist. Beyond that I am less sure, but the hero seems to be calling for a more felt life, both a greater perception and a greater physicality.

These "meanings," it is important to remember, are conveyed by stage images and theatrical gestures which remain unintelligible if approached with the expectation of 1-to-1 equivalency. My hesitation about the play is precisely due to my lack of familiarity with this original technique, on top of which I am indebted to Michael Smith of *The Village Voice* for a provisional understanding of it.

Sam Shepard's theatre is one of dynamic images and the acceptance of their dramaturgical consequences. *Chicago,* with Kevin O'Connor impressively performing the main role, is a wry, often funny, sometimes furious force. Our attention is compelled.

Paul Foster's *The Recluse* received the best physical production of all six of the plays. The lighting, decor and sound effects contrived to conjure up an effective scene of action for the trog of a heroine, living at great depth beneath our world of daylight realities. I particularly liked the use of water sounds, suggesting that the place was enswirled by sewage.

But the production went too far and obscured, with too much sound and too little light, the crucial events which close the play. *The Recluse,* like one long, periodic statement in which all the qualifiers and ramifications (some of them deliberately misleading) are given first, reserves its key element, that which conveys the essential information, until the final moments of the action.

The fascination of *The Recluse* consists in the principal character's peculiar perspective on reality. Her main action, after some preliminary skirmishing with a dead kitten which she treats as alive, and a good deal of complaining about her pains and poverty, is to run a café for two life-sized dolls, "Sir" and "Madam." The suspense of the main action seems to inhere in whether she is raving mad or merely dotty—how far she has got, in short, from our reality. As the tea party progresses, Madam assumes provisional life and the suspense shifts to the question of whether the doll is moving only for the recluse or for us as well. But this too is a false suspense, we realize, as the doll comes fully to life, turns the tables on the recluse and takes over the action of the play. At this point the dimness of the

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light and the loudness of the sound effects rendered what was happening imprecise, but I wouldn't be surprised if the next enactment of the play had Madam running the café and the recluse impersonating a life-sized doll.

Jacque Lynn Colton played the heroine effectively, conveying a felt characterization and specializing in quick shifts of emotion. Miss Colton was skillful at making the recluse alternately endearing and horrific.

The variety of dramatic intentions and theatrical effects bodied forth by these six plays attests to an experimental vitality characteristic of off-off-Broadway. That a retrospective look at these classics was made possible by the Cafe La Mama says a good deal about this important playhouse. Self-described as an "Experimental Theatre Club," La Mama's essential contribution seems to me its willingness to be a *scena rasa,* as it were, for earnestly innovative playwrights, directors and actors. This attribute—an expression, I think, of the personal commitment, at once passionate and disinterested, of its proprietress, Ellen Stewart — gives La Mama its unique character among the off-off-Broadway theatres.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

First with *Breathless,* now with *Band of Outsiders,* Jean-Luc Godard is compiling a dossier on the somnambulist generation. These dreamy heirs of Existentialism are committed to a reality they construct from old Bogart films, "Le Wild-West" and the ethics of cool; their gratuitous act is the senseless crime. Catatonic, they are either inert or violently in motion, and Godard has invented for them a living-statues cinema style that freezes action, omits the initiation of scenes (thus creating the illusion of intermittent amnesia), acknowledges the hallucinated basis of the narrative with sardonic interpolations from the "management," and involves the camera itself in hysterical chases and mock free-for-alls. Role players to a man, Godard's people are playing truth without consequences. Unfortunately, their psychic nursery is not perfectly sealed off from the laws of physics and the imperatives of biology. Accidents intrude.

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In *Band of Outsiders* Claude Brasseur and Sami Frey pick up Anna Karina, who is living with an older woman she calls aunt. She lets out that auntie's lover has stashed away in his closet a formidable stack of 1,000-franc notes (probably to evade income tax). The boys have an old roadster, with which they have been practicing racing turns, but it is clearly more fun to imagine that it is a souped-up getaway car. Besides, girls are impressed by gangsters, as anyone knows who has ever seen a George Raft movie (poor Karina gets knocked around rather briskly when the desperate duo recall George Raft). The Brasseur-Frey attention span is short, and a large part of what they have is spent on maintaining a proper Chicago style; thus, the crime is deplorably executed and entirely unsuccessful. Indeed, Brasseur is gunned down in its epilogue, but under conditions of such exaggerated heroics as to make his demise almost voluptuous. Frey and Karina set sail for South America—penniless, but no doubt Belmondo will be awaiting them in Rio.

There is a lyric grace to *Band of Outsiders,* as there is a sad charm in its young trio. They remind me of 19th-century romantic heroes and heroines, wasting from consumption into ethereal purity. Godard's people are in a decline of fantasy. The disease is authentic enough, and it is international. Walk through Greenwich Village any night, and you will pass stragglers from Lee's Confederate Army, outriders from Brando's motorcycle gang, Edwardian dandies, Chekhovian students, Japanese revolutionaries and transvestites beyond counting.

On the screen, the flavor of this generation is thin, a little diffuse, inconsequential. It seems washed over with an Oriental indifference (Zen is also part of the *mystique). Band of Outsiders* is an ingratiating film; funny, touching and a little boring.

The Sleeping Car Murder, directed by Costa Gavras, and starring Yves Montand, Simone Signoret and Catherine Allegret (the daughter of Mlle. Signoret and Yves Allegret), is a crisp and witty modern example of one branch of the screen tradition from which Godard's dreamers spin their lives. It is a first-rate police film, vividly cast, ingeniously plotted, professionally vernacular, and filmed at top speed. I doubt that many viewers will spot the killer more than seconds before the cops jump him, and anyone whose attention falters from the opening scene to the final execution may be left wondering just how it was done even when he knows who did it. Nothing is spelled out for the slow-witted, and it takes some agility to read the subtitles and keep up with the action. The parts all fit, though; this is honest trickery.

Shakespeare Wallah, which I reviewed when it was shown at the New York Film Festival last fall, has opened in New York on a somewhat shoestring basis. Its producers could find no American distributor and are putting the film on with their own resources. This limits advertising, publicity and the other prerequisites for commercial success, and the run may be short. It is a lovely film—gentle, humane, quietly witty. In other words, don't put it off.

Puzzle Fans

Are invited to meet their favorite tormentor on Wednesday, May 11, from 6 P.M. on. *The Nation* is giving a buffet supper that evening in honor of Frank Lewis at the Overseas Press Club, 54 West 40 Street; all devotees of his puzzles will be welcome guests. Please let us know if you are coming. Write or call Puzzle Dept., *The Nation,* 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 10014. Telephone: CH 2-8400.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1147

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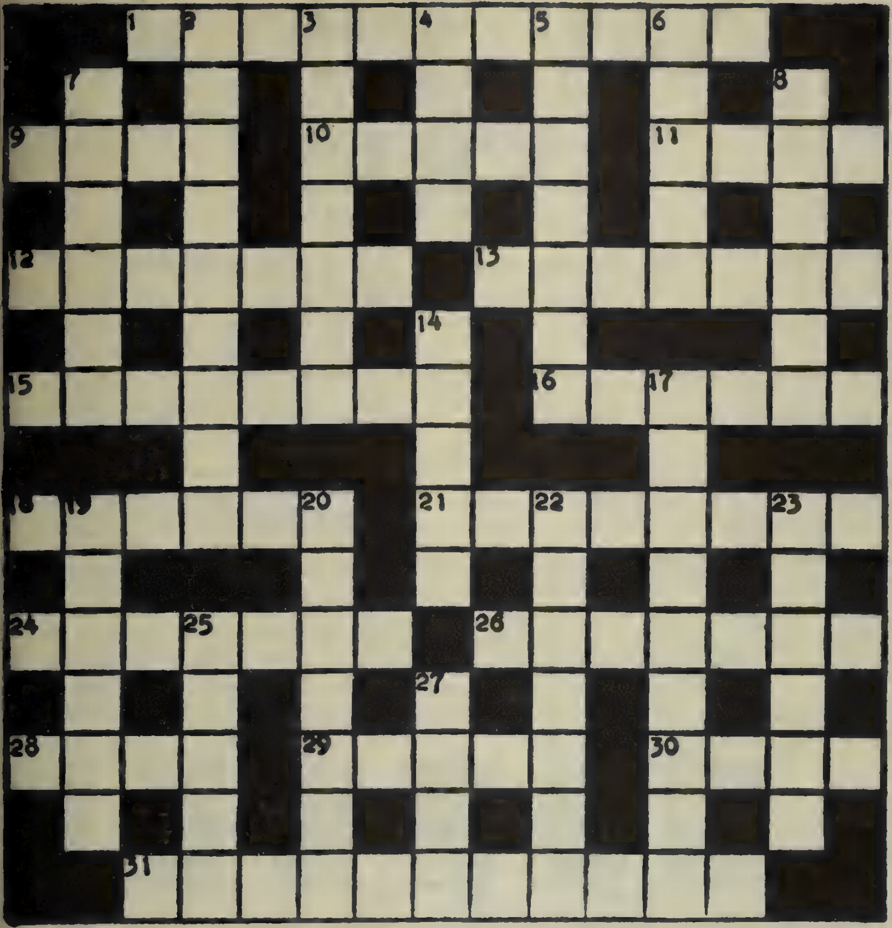

ACROSS:

1 Possibly a politician who puts the works together! (11)
9 The 4 type should certainly be a full man, though this wood is not pleasant. (4)
10 Evidently George Eliot didn't want to be seen dead in one! (5)
11 A man such as 18 would take 8 to be the brains! (4)
12 Discobolus, or "The Wrestler"? (7)
13 Drags a red herring, but acts so entertaining. (7)
15 Tears, it's possible, create public performers. (8)
16 They get around, or at least it's a tenable hypothesis. (6)
18 See 21 across
21 and 18 No confidence in such as Dylan? One needs proof! (8, 6)
24 Where art is pursued, do suits need to be altered? (7)
26 Dry in pieces, so forks might be called for. (7)
28 Reel after 30, but unreal before 25.
29 This finishes ties, or nearly so. (5)
30 and 4 down Instructions for the trumpeter—or would it be too elementary?
31 Permutation of its letters might be urgent. (11)

DOWN:

2 What involves a strike in the pit, by the sound of it, takes belief, and stands for something. (9)
3 Teaches for a term in law school? (7)
4 See 30 across
5 Did one have a rose-colored house?
6 Father William did in each case—with his wife, too! (5)
7 and 23 down The instinct of female parenthood? (6, 6)
8 and 30 across Having a little trouble with the cape? Some have been able to surmount it. (10)
14 One evidently isn't intended to be heard on the stage. (5)
17 There can't be a more confusing thing to watch in "Swan Lake"! (9)
19 They used to need one to fix the top gear. (6)
20 A sign of the slight reorganization of Corps X, if your figures are up-to-date. (7)
22 Early contender for the crown, having only one 30. (7)
23 See 7 down
25 and 27 Vision and craft should name the favorite. (9)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1146

ACROSS: 1 Manifold; 5 Spumes; 10 Darts; 11 Concourse; 12 Chalets; 13 Elusion; 14 Misses; 15 Entices; 18 Enneads; 21 Mounts; 24 Imbiber; 26, 30 and 7 La Belle Dame Sans Merci; 27 Ill temper; 28 Aunts; 29 Ersatz. DOWN: 1 Medici; 2 Narration; 3 Fosters; 4 Locusts; 6 Product; [illegible] Sternest; 9 Inhere; 16 Catalonia; 17 and 25 Medicine balls; 19 Ambient; 20 Strops; 21 Malaria; 22 Umbrage; 23 Versus.

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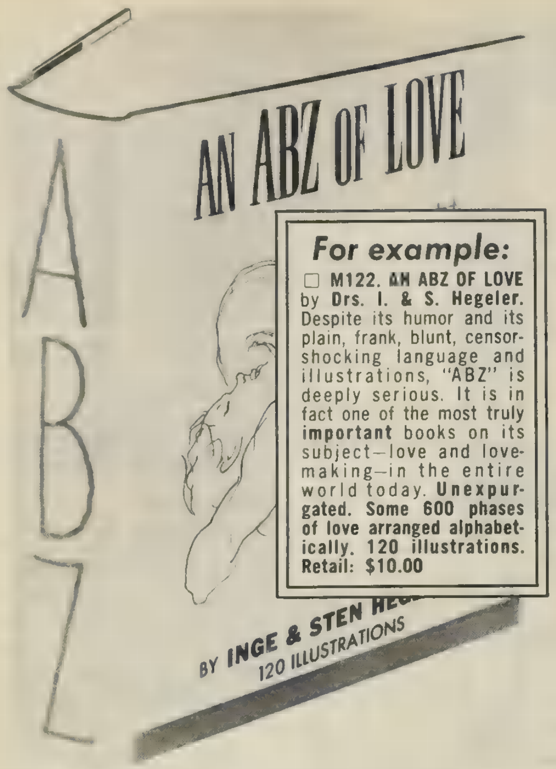

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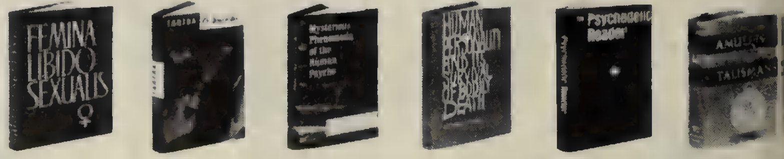

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DEAR SIRS: Of the first ten Amendments, Hugo Black finds the first in order to be first in importance. This was also Martin Luther's discovery concerning the Ten Commandments. Obey the first and you safeguard the rest. Here is a wonderful deliverance from vacillation and pettifoggery. (If I may use the word during Lent, alleluia!) *Rev. George Koski*

Hoover fan

Long Beach, Calif.
DEAR SIRS: Your editorial, "Hoover's Successor" [*The Nation*, Mar. 7], in my opinion was in extremely poor taste. I do not feel that Mr. Hoover is above criticism, but to refer to the lauding of his achievements as malarkey or to insinuate that Mr. Hoover has been pulling wool over somebody's eyes is quite an insult to a man who should be praised, not criticized, for his contributions to the American police service.

In his some forty years in law enforcement Mr. Hoover has guided an organization which has become the very core of professional law enforcement. I cannot conceive why Mr. Hoover should be criticized for attempting to hand pick a successor. . . . *E. M. Svede*
Police Science Program
California State College

the right to shoot

Torrance, Calif.
DEAR SIRS: Although Robert Sherrill's statistics are impressive ["The Big Shoot," *The Nation*, Mar. 7], the misuse of firearms is not sufficient to warrant legislation against our right to bear arms. On a federal level, it would be impossible to distinguish between conditions existing in New York City and, perhaps, Montana or Alaska.

Further, traffic accidents kill more than four times as many people, but there is little federal control of automobiles. The majority of crime control is left to the individual state or city, not to the federal government. Therefore, I am very suspicious as to why firearms would be singled out for legislation supposedly for protection of the public. *M. L. Wyland*

Fargo, N.D.
DEAR SIRS: As a staunch liberal, a long-time *Nation* subscriber, an avid hunter and life-member of the National Rifle Association, I was distressed by Robert Sherrill's article.

Mr. Sherrill is guilty of gross overgeneralization (e.g., the typical NRA letter is defamatory); argument by innuendo (NRA membership is mainly comprised of paranoid extremists, each with a .38-caliber detective revolver tucked safely in a shoulder holster to insure that the bus doesn't miss his stop); argument *ad hominem*: Representative Sikes, arrested for illegal hunting, is a director of NRA (you draw your own conclusions about NRA); false implication in light of contrary evidence (were the Sullivan Act "properly administered" guns would be kept out of New York criminals' hands); and just plain distortion of fact (the rationale and forces behind Senator Dodd's bill).

Dodd, as well as nearly every U.S. arms manufacturer, is from Connecticut. . . . Examination (apparently not conducted by Mr. Sherrill) will disclose that a serious price-fixing situation exists among domestic arms manufacturers. The external pressure provided by

(Continued on page 427)

EDITORIALS

Pearson's Hot Potato

Drew Pearson practices a difficult but necessary kind of journalism. He does not have the power of subpoena nor the right to cross-examine under oath. What he does have are a capable leg man—Jack Anderson—numerous contacts, a good news sense and courage. Sometimes he misses, but there is no denying the unique service he has performed in an age in which newsmen play it safe more often than not.

Now Pearson has flushed out something which on its face would appear to be a matter of major importance and which is not receiving anything like the attention it deserves. It involves the handling by Sen. Thomas J. Dodd (D., Conn.) of campaign funds. What Pearson has had to report about the matter in his "Washington Merry-Go-Round" column is pertinent and revealing; he has named names, cited specific dates, stated precise amounts collected, and indicated the manner of disposition.

The whole affair is now in an inconclusive state that is fair neither to Senator Dodd nor to Pearson, and it will remain in that state until it is thoroughly investigated. Dodd may have a perfectly satisfactory explanation for the apparent discrepancies between campaign funds collected and actual campaign expenditures. But on its face, the material in the series calls for careful investigation. In actual fact, the Department of Justice has launched an investigation—but not of the charges. It is investigating Pearson and Anderson in response to Senator Dodd's complaint that the information used in the articles came from former employees in his Washington office. This seems an odd reaction to charges of such gravity.

But of more immediate moment is the reluctance, to date, of the Senate's Permanent Select Committee on Standards and Conduct, better known as the Senate Ethics Committee, to undertake a thorough inquiry. The committee was set up with great fanfare by a conscience-troubled Senate in July, 1964, in the wake of the Bobby Baker scandal. At that time there were those who expressed doubt that the committee would ever investigate with the rigor that would be needed if a serious effort were made to police the Senate's ethics. Sen. Clifford Case, a strong advocate of Senate reform, questioned the value of the Ethics Committee. "History," he said, "shows that legislatures do not police themselves. Apart from election frauds, only twice in the last 100 years has the United States Senate acted even to censure one of its own members for any cause." The last Senator to be censured was, of course, the late Joseph R. McCarthy.

As Senate committees go, the six-member Ethics Committee is a good one; the Democrats who serve on it are Mike Monroney, Eugene McCarthy and John Stennis; the Republicans are John Sherman Cooper, Wallace F. Bennett and James B. Pearson. But this group has shown no enthusiasm for Drew Pearson's hot potato. If the committee approach does not work now, it is not likely to work in similar cases in the future—there will always be strong political pressures not to pry into the behavior of fellow members, Democrats or Republicans. If the committee ducks its responsibilities in this case, renewed demands will be raised for stringent conflict-of-interests legislation, or for legislation—like that proposed by Senator Case—requiring members of Congress and their employees to make public disclosures of their income, their assets and liabilities and other financial interests.

The Bishop's Hair Shirt

The Reverend Charles Owen Rice is a Catholic priest in the diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa. He is pastor of Holy Rosary Church, a largely Negro "inner city" parish which has suffered from the white exodus to the suburbs in recent years.

He is invested with the title of Right Reverend Monsignor, a designation which usually signifies that a clergyman has "arrived" in the local Church establishment. For several years his weekly column in the Pittsburgh *Catholic* and his Sunday evening radio broadcast have been a recurring needle to both big national corporate money and domestic wealth, such as the Mellons', which have carved a "renascence city" out of the once smoky steel town where you needed two white shirts a day.

Pittsburgh Bishop John J. Wright, who stole a march on Vatican II several years ago with his ecumenical visitation among Protestants and Jews, has never seen fit to restrain the Monsignor. He told an audience once that his weekly mail always brings outraged indignation from some of the faithful over some current controversy involving "Charley Rice."

One such was the $100 fine which the Monsignor recently paid for a 64-year-old unlicensed "jitney driver," who was arrested by city police after a detective had paid him 30c for a ride from Pittsburgh's ghetto, "The Hill," to downtown ("jitneys" provide haphazard commuter service for The Hill's Negroes, who claim that public transit schedules ignore their needs). It was either the fine or thirty days in jail, and the old man had neither money nor a lawyer to throw out an obvious case of entrapment.

Local eyebrows rose still higher last month, however, when Pittsburgh citizens joining in the International Days of Protest held their demonstration in front of the Federal Building. For, sharing the bill with spokesmen for the Committee to End the War in Vietnam, the Students for a Democratic Society and the national president of the DuBois Clubs of America was the Right Reverend Monsignor Charles Rice.

He had joined the ranks of the doves many months ago, in both his column and on the radio, but the rally was his first public participation in an anti-war meeting. Television newsmen were delighted by the contrast he provided with the bearded youths and the lank-haired girls. He said nothing particularly profound. He deplored the war, as did others in similar talks in dozens of American cities that same day. "We are the greatest country in the world," he said, "and we can afford to work and to sacrifice to wage peace."

Some questioned the wisdom of his participating "with *that* crowd." And whatever the wisdom, it did take courage for a Monsignor to share a platform with the head of the

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THE NATION *Volume 202 No. 15*

W. E. B. DuBois Clubs, which a few days earlier had been denounced as Communist-dominated by the Attorney General of the United States, and whose headquarters had subsequently been bombed.

But Monsignor Rice has precedent supporting him all the way back to Rome (see "Anathema Upon War," p. 415). If the Vietnamese war is fashioning the New Ethic, as Bernard Fall postulates, an ethic which will rationalize for Americans the use of genocidal tactics alien to our experience, then it may be that the moral climate of the country must be prodded by those who have staked this as their area of competence.

Bishop Wright indicated that he had accepted this challenge at the recent National Interreligious Conference on Peace, of which he is a co-chairman. The conference, which brought 500 representatives of major religious faiths to Washington, sought a "religious consensus for peace."

It began by condemning the bombing of North Vietnam and calling for a cease-fire on Good Friday. Monsignor Rice, the Bishop's hair shirt, may thus be speaking to a wider audience than the small assemblage at Pittsburgh's Days of Protest.

The Snooping Industry

Snooping, in the guise of investigation, has become not only a tool of big business and government but a big business in itself. Within the government, one department spies on another, and within each department security officers keep the bosses informed on what the employees read, who rides with whom in car pools, and otherwise collects data in areas and by means that Americans of earlier generations would have considered affronts to decency. The same surveillance goes on in corporations, even in those concerned with beauty aids, fashions and items similarly remote from national security. The road to a lifelong, comfortable career is to start as an FBI agent and then hire out to private industry. George Orwell was a prophet, except that his time span was too long.

Even today, however, there are citizens so old-fashioned as to resent these relentless invasions of privacy. The redoubtable Senator Ribicoff of Connecticut is one such, and he scored a coup in the Ralph Nader-General Motors case which *The Nation* discussed in its March 21 issue. GM's snoopers damaged the company far more than Nader had the power or inclination to do. James M. Roche, the company's president, apologized to Nader and to the subcommittee. He had not been aware of what was going on, but took responsibility—as indeed he had to on the principle of responsibility going along with authority. Whether General Motors, and other corporations, have learned anything from the episode remains to be seen.

The attempted surveillance overseas of Dr. H. Stuart Hughes, professor of history at Harvard, is, if anything, even more bizarre. Hughes's reputation as a man and a scholar is unassailable, but in the eyes of the snooping agencies of the government he has a grievous fault: he is opposed to the U. S. involvement in Vietnam. Consequently, when Hughes decided to travel in Europe on a sabbatical leave in the fall, the FBI asked the State Department to instruct the American embassies in Paris and Moscow to send back "pertinent information" on his activities. The messages that were sent to the embassies, through the passport office of Frances G. Knight, stated that Hughes had strong pro-Communist convictions—which is a complete falsehood. Miss Knight, a noted in-fighter and a lady with strong support among right-wing Senators, disclaimed personal responsibility for the particular surveillance order, which was canceled when Sen. Edward M. Kennedy wrote a sharp letter of protest to Secretary Rusk.

That political idiocy often determines the actions of the FBI hardly needs proof by this time, but why requests for snooping should be automatically honored by the State Department is not at all obvious. The Attorney General has technical responsibility, at least, for what the FBI does to citizens. Would it be too much to ask that he take a hand in such matters? And although Dr. Hughes cannot possibly be injured among those who know him or his books, many Americans will have seen his name for the first time in connection with this unsavory incident. He has sustained harm at the hands of those whose duty it is to facilitate his travels. Would it not be in order for Secretary Rusk to apologize to him, if only to discourage zealous bureaucrats in the future?

The Consumers' Rights

In the issue of November 22, 1965, *The Nation* called attention editorially to broadcast racism and what might be done about it. A Jackson, Miss., station, WLBT-TV, was managed by a member of the local White Citizens Council on an openly segregationist basis. The station editorialized against integration, refused Negroes equal time on civil rights issues, offered a lily-white program and, when it found it necessary to refer to Negroes at all, omitted titles of courtesy. These practices came under serious challenge from progressive whites and Negroes alike, including a petition of the United Church of Christ to deny renewal of the station's license. The Federal Communications Commission renewed the license, but for a period of only one year, in effect putting the station on probation. In taking the action, however, the FCC refused to recognize the church's right to intervene, holding that this right extended only to those who were economically involved.

But on March 25, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia ruled that Negro citizens in Jackson must be given a hearing on their charges of racial discrimination in the WLBT-TV case, and on other charges, such as that the station carried "disproportionate amounts of commercials and entertainment," meaning, presumably, that there was not enough entertainment and too much advertising. The ruling was described as "a very sweeping decision" by Henry Geller, general counsel to the FCC. It was clearly so intended. Judge Warren E. Burger, who wrote the opinion, held that the FCC had misconstrued a Supreme Court decision of 1940 by granting "standing" only to parties who had an economic stake in the outcome. "Unless the listeners—the broadcasting consumers—can be heard," Judge Burger pointed out, "there may be no one to bring programing deficiencies or offensive overcommercialization to the attention of the commission in an effective manner."

The opinion was unanimous. According to Mr. Geller, the full commission will decide whether to appeal the case to the Supreme Court, subject also to a final determination by Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall. If the commission should move to appeal, the Solicitor General should exercise his veto. Broadcasting is not for the broadcasters but for the public, which owns the air waves and in the end pays the bills.

Investigate the Martians

Flying saucers (or UFOs) are back in a big way. The present craze started last year ("The Return of Flying Saucers," *The Nation*, September 13, 1965) and will probably reach its peak this summer when the weather is warm enough for millions to stand outside and look up at the night sky. Already one major book and a TV news special are in preparation to exploit and encourage this foolishness. Much of the power of the saucer myth springs from a deep and widespread distrust of authority—scientific, military and governmental. For years flying-saucer organizations have decried "a vast conspiracy of silence to cover up the truth about saucers" and a lot of people are willing, even eager, to believe the worst.

The Air Force, which is charged with investigating strange flying things, has been unusually open about its findings. But since they have discovered no evidence of spaceships, the enraged saucerers are unsatisfied. They want a Congressional investigation, and House Minority Leader Gerald Ford seems willing to accommodate them. *The Nation* suggests that the investigation be turned over to the House Committee on Un-American Activities, a body with unparalled experience in uncovering nonexistent conspiracies. Besides, it would give HUAC something harmless to do. How can you persecute a Martian?

Quick Check

Nothing is so frustrating as observing the right thing being done for the wrong reason. The Miami City Commission recently established a program that works like this:

For two bucks a head, an employer can send all of his people over to the Miami Stadium, where the police department fingerprints and mugs the citizens and runs a record check on them—confidential, of course. So confidential that if the citizen turns up with a police record, the only person notified is the employer. Anyway, if the worker is clean, he is issued an identification card. Now, there is no law that says an employee *has* to undergo this little examination. There is also no law saying that he has an inalienable right to hold down a job at the XYZ Corp. if he chooses to exercise his option on the police check. An employer can make it a condition of employment.

The law was passed mainly to keep degenerates, perverts, mad bombers, and God knows what all out of the hotel business (Miami Beach has a law just like it, specifically addressed to hotels), but in the two months during which the Miami law has been in effect only about 1,500 workers have been processed—few of them hotel employees. The rest worked for companies which agreed with the City Commission that you can't change a leopard's spots (city commissions always think in clichés).

It was learned recently that the Greater Miami Hotel and Motor Hotel Association had boycotted the program. This looked like a bright spot, but it faded quickly when Frank S. Henry revealed that the association did not go for the program because it wasn't compulsory.

"It gives a competitive advantage to those hotels who won't require the check," he pronounced, adding that he once unwittingly hired a convicted murderer as a hotel porter (who presumably has gone back to murdering for a living, since he lost his swell job as a Miami hotel porter).

The program can't be compulsory, the city attorney pointed out, because that would cut it a bit fine with those black-robed men up in Washington. And so the City Commission, which last year tried to pass a "stop and frisk" law, heard Miami City Manager Melvin L. Reese lament that without the support of the hotel industry the program would probably languish and die.

Lieutenant at Liberty

Nation readers will be pleased to learn that Second Lieutenant Henry H. Howe, Jr., has been released from confinement in the U. S. Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth on his own recognizance. (See "Lieutenant on the Peace Line" by John Rechy, *The Nation*, February 21.) After his conviction on December 22, Lieutenant Howe was sentenced to two years' imprisonment (later reduced to one year). When an application for *habeas corpus* was dismissed, a motion was made to the Appellate Court to have Lieutenant Howe released on bail pending a formal application for the writ. This motion was denied. Then an application was made to the Supreme Court for his release on bail pending a determination of the appeal. While this application was pending, the order came for his release. Since the Secretary of War had previously refused to act, the order presumably came from a still higher authority. Whatever the source of the order or the reasons which prompted it, it is good to know that Lieutenant Howe will be free until his case has been settled. Credit is owed to the American Civil Liberties Union for its timely intervention and to its counsel, Melvin L. Wulf, for his fine efforts in Lieutenant Howe's behalf. And we must also note that John Rechy's report helped bring the case to national public attention.

Now Cosa Nostra and the Klan

Once the subject of feverish debate and intense discussion, the McCarran Act has long since been relegated to the fossil museum of the McCarthy period. But two recent developments have placed it once again on the agenda for renewed discussion and debate. One is the Attorney General's decision to compel the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs to register as a Communist-front organization (see "Guilt by Pronunciation," *The Nation*, March 21, p. 317). The other is the first legislative proposal to come out of the investigation of the Ku Klux Klan by the House Un-American Activities Committee. Rep. Charles Weltner, a member of the committee, has introduced H.R. 12302 which would convert the Subversive Activities Control Act into a Criminal Conspiracies Control Act. To the present category of organizations which conspire to overthrow the government by force and violence, it would add organizations which conspire to deprive citizens of their rights by force or intimidation (the K.K.K.), and organizations which conspire to frustrate and evade federal criminal statutes (Cosa Nostra).

The new proposal vindicates those—*The Nation* included—who have consistently warned that failure to repeal the McCarran Act might well lead in time to an effort to revise it or even extend it. If the act is amended along the lines suggested by Mr. Weltner, it will constitute a greater threat to civil liberties than does the original legislation, which has been somewhat emasculated by Supreme Court decisions.

Students for a Democratic Society were, therefore, on the right track in sponsoring a recent teach-in at Princeton on the McCarran Act. Preceding the teach-in, ninety members of the faculty, from many disciplines, including such well-known faculty members as Hugo Bedau, Martin Duberman, Richard Falk, Walter Kaufman, Duane Lockard, Fritz Machlug, Williard Thorp, Michael Walzer and H. H. Wilson, signed a petition calling for outright repeal. This is a much stronger show of hands than could have been secured during the heyday of McCarthyism and a promising omen for a renewed campaign for repeal.

GANGRENE OF VIETNAM

ALEXANDER WERTH

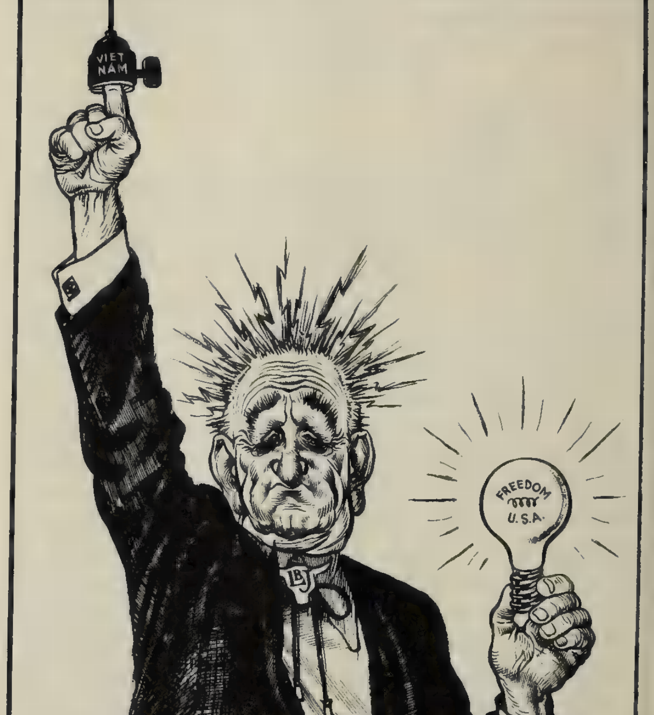
Paris

There have been some excellent first-hand reports on Vietnam in the American press, but even in many of these one has the impression that, to their authors, Vietnam is still part of the proverbial inscrutable East — unless it is (much more simply) a particularly virulent outpost of world communism. The French, on the other hand, have had a painfully long experience of Vietnam, and there are French writers who, when they deal with Vietnam, really give the reader the feeling that they are doing so with twenty or twenty-five years' experience of that highly complicated country behind them. Among such writers are Philippe Devillers, the author of the admirable *History of Vietnam, 1940-52,* and *The End of a War: 1954,* the latter written jointly with Jean Lacouture; Lacouture himself, the distinguished *Monde* correspondent who published less than a year ago *Le Vietnam entre deux paix (Vietnam Between Two Truces)* which Mr. Bundy, Mr. McNamara and other important persons in the United States would find highly instructive; and Robert Guillain, *Le Monde's* Far Eastern expert.

Guillain, who knows Vietnam inside out, has just spent several weeks there and has published a series of four long articles in *Le Monde* under a general title that carries a significant Algerian echo: "Gangrene of Vietnam." One of the recurring themes of his detailed report is the psychological gulf between the Americans in Vietnam and the "Asiatics," including those patronized by the Americans and those deriving the biggest financial benefits from the countless rackets to which the Americans' "presence" in Saigon has given a wonderful new lease on life.

His conclusions, summed up in his last article, entitled "Five More Years of War?" are gloomy. Here are some of them:

The whole political structure erected by the Americans and their South Vietnamese protégés is extremely fragile. Strictly speaking, there is in South Vietnam no such thing as a "political situation"; there is only a "military situation." It suits the American military to have turned the South Vietnamese government into a sort of executive organ, with no political functions to speak of. Not that this means that General Ky can be certain of a great and lasting future, for he is not even sure of American support in the long run. More than a month after the "Honolulu honeymoon," relations between the South Vietnamese junta and the Americans are far from perfect; "after Johnson's statement on elections in Vietnam, Robert Kennedy's advocacy of a coalition government and various other official Washington statements, Ky and his friends have turned rather sour. . . . Behind the mighty and ruthless American military com-



Macpherson, Toronto Star

Statue of Liberty

mitment they detect an American opinion torn by different and contradictory desires."

The Saigon junta, says Guillain, has no support among the population. There are rivalries among Catholics and Buddhists; Ky's colleagues consider his election plans "dangerous and impracticable." All this plays into the hands of the National Liberation Front, since *the NLF alone is in genuine contact with the people.* The Vietcong will fill the existing political vacuum; in practice, it has probably already done so. The Vietcong's agitators are increasingly numerous in Saigon, and their propaganda has a powerful appeal, since its three main themes are anti-Americanism, economic discontent and the desire for peace.

Saigon is a city of contradictions. Part of the population is indifferent to the war and is merely interested in making what dollars it can out of the American occupation; the intellectual elite (mostly French trained) are in a "waiting" mood, careful not to commit themselves openly; and although the American military machine is no doubt strong enough to cope with both a military threat to Saigon and an insurrection inside the city, Saigon remains terribly abnormal and artificial.

The American military activity, says Guillain, is no doubt highly impressive with its five or six major operations a month, with 450 air sorties a day in South Vietnam and fifty or sixty over North Vietnam, two raids by giant B-52 bombers, 10,000 to 15,000 men involved in one particular operation, etc. But the results of this huge effort are disappointing. No doubt serious losses are inflicted on the Vietcong, but usually these dodge a head-on collision, and "neither the Americans nor the South Vietnamese succeed in holding lastingly the 'cleaned-up' territories." Hence the "screams coming from all sides for more and more American reinforcements." In a radius of 20 miles around Saigon, new encampments are being built to house 100,000 more American soldiers.

It may well become an even bigger war, but the results thus far are small compared with the energy applied. Guillain described Operation Utah in which a Vietcong regiment (which, for once, accepted combat) was destroyed with the expenditure of 200 tons of napalm, 15,000 shells, 190 air sorties, 3,000 helicopter flights.

Even at this rate, as Admiral Hyland recently remarked, it will take five years to break the Vietcong. (And will not this mean exterminating a large part of the population?)

Without raising again this horrible question in this particular context, Guillain concludes that the Saigon puppets simply do not believe that they can expect American democracy to remain "faithful" to them for so long. "Or blind for so long, as we might say," Guillain adds.

VATICAN II

ANATHEMA UPON WAR

ELISABETH MANN BORGESE

Mrs. Borgese contributes frequently to The Nation *on European intellectual and political matters. This article is her fourth on the Ecumenical Council, the earlier ones being: "The Church Embraces the Future," January 12, 1963; "Vision of a Modern Church," January 13, 1964, and "Empire to Commonwealth," January 18, 1965.*

"The Work of the Council has just begun."
If you asked one of those elderly ladies who people the half-empty churches in the Holy City whether the conclusions reached by the Ecumenical Council had changed her relation to the Church or to religion in general, she would shrug her shoulders. The relations between the faithful and the Church never change, she would answer. And the little parish priest, who just finished reading Mass, would agree. True, the Mass he celebrated was partly in Italian, which rather complicated his life. True, also, on that Friday they could have had meat for dinner; but they did not, because on Friday there is good fish in the market. That has always been so, and will not change even though the Pope had said it would. These are little things, but also on bigger things—for instance, on the issue of birth control—nothing had changed either. Nothing ever would change.

It will be a long time before the "common man" feels the impact and grasps the nature of the quiet revolution wrought by Vatican II. "The work of the Council has just begun," is in fact what the fathers said as they took leave, on December 8, from St. Peter's and its splendidly solemn pageantry. The accomplishment of these four years is imposing and without precedent. To a larger extent than could have been expected even a year ago, it embodies the innovating theories, the revolutionary hopes we enlarged upon in three previous articles published by *The Nation*. It marks the end of the Constantinian era; the end, that is, of the Church's secular power and ambition and its alliance with states and their rulers. By virtue of its mission and nature, the Church is bound "to no particular form of human culture, nor to any political, economic, and social system. . ." (Decree on the Modern World). A "return to the origins" is embodied in the Constitution on Divine Revelation (November 18, 1965), which stresses the importance of Scripture as source of Revelation.

The return to origins means a return to the essence of faith, to its true universalization, by the sloughing off of accidental accretions. And the recovery of a pre-schismatic spirit, in turn, facilitates relations with the "separate brethren" (Ecumenicism, November 21, 1964), with the non-Christian religions (October 26, 1965) and nonreligious humanity (Church and the Modern World): relations that must be based on freedom of religion (December 8, 1965). Universalization implies decentralization, expressed in a de-Latinization of functions (On Liturgy, December 4, 1963) and organs (reorganization of the Roman Curia); in the conferment of new powers on bishops and Councils of Bishops (October 28, 1965), and in the concept of collegiality: the sharing of the government of the Church between the Pope and a College or Synod of Bishops (De Ecclesia, November 21, 1964). The new unity between Pope and bishops is paralleled by the new unity between priesthood and laity as one "People of God" (Apostolate of the Laity, November, 18, 1965).

Trying to assign to this great Council its place in the context of the twenty that have preceded it in history, one of the fathers (quoted by Hanno Helbling in his excellent series of reports and comments in the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung*) referred to the monastic vows. The Council of Trent, he suggested, stood under the sign of *chastity:* summoning the Church to a more rigorous discipline in reaction to the crisis of the Reformation. Vatican I appeared under the sign of *obedience*: feeling the impact of the social and intellectual revolution then sweeping Europe, the Church ran for harbor in the concept of the absoluteness and infallibility of its head. Vatican II, finally, is under the sign of *poverty*. Confronted with the poverty of the great majority of the world's people, the Church can fulfill its mission only by sharing this condition and sharing in the struggle for improvement.

The motif of poverty does, in fact, run like a leitmotiv through all sessions; it was taken up, time and again, by the Pope, in gestures and speeches which provided a continuous running comment, as it were, to the proceedings of the Council. The trip to India, the donation of the tiara, are illustrations of this aspect of the Council's intentions. To these might be added the rehabilitation of the office of worker-priest and the creation of a special secretariat for the war on poverty. In a speech he delivered before an association of Catholic businessmen on July 4, 1964, Pope Paul made the following extraordinary statement. In the capitalist system, he said, "there is something profoundly mistaken, something radically insufficient. . . . The concept of the unilateral possession of the means of production and of an economy directed prevalently to private profit is not perfect, is not peace, is not justice, if it divides men into irreducibly conflicting classes."

All this is revolutionary. It is also marvelously logical and systematic. But the common man is little aware of it, and "the work of the Council has just begun." To fill in and interpret the new theory, the New Theology, will take decades and require a new generation of missionary and priest, down to the parish level (The Pastoral Duty of Bishops, The Renewal and Adaptation of Religious Life and Seminaries, October 28, 1965; On Christian Education, October 28, 1965). But there is one portion of the teaching of this Council whose revolutionary effect on the masses of Catholics may be immediate, and that is the new doctrine on war and peace.

The foundation of this doctrine is laid in Pope John's Encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*. Published on April 10, 1963, between the first and second session of Vatican II, it really sums up, in advance, the Council's voluminous teachings. Retrospectively, it would seem as though the ailing Pope, aware of the imminence of death and the impossibility of guiding his Council to its conclusion, had left this Encyclical as a personal testament—providing answers to many of the basic questions the Council had to face, and holding forth the aim of a modern Church in a modern world.

The truly revolutionary feature of the Encyclical was the abandonment of the age-hallowed distinction between just and unjust wars:

> Men are becoming more and more convinced that disputes which arise between States should not be resolved by recourse to arms but rather by negotiations. It is true that on historical grounds this conviction is based chiefly on the terrible destructive force of modern arms. And it is nourished by the horror aroused in the mind by the very thought of the cruel destruction and the immense suffering which the use of these armaments would bring. *And for this reason it is alien to reason to suppose that in the atomic era war could be used as an instrument of justice.*

It should be noted that the Encyclical does not say "war waged with atomic weapons," which might leave the door open for Catholics to endorse war waged with "conventional means of mass destruction" as an "instrument of justice." The Pope says *war as such,* in the atomic era, cannot be used as an instrument of justice.

The Pope does not fail to draw the logical conclusion from this fact. He suggests "that the arms race should cease, that the stockpiles which exist in various countries should be reduced equally and simultaneously by the parties concerned; that nuclear weapons should be banned, and that a general agreement should eventually be reached about progressive disarmament and an effective method of control." To achieve this, the Pope, with cogent logic, calls for nothing less than a world government, armed with powers "to tackle and solve problems of an economic, social, political character which are posed by the universal common good."

That may be a problem for the more or less imminent future; but the abolition of the distinction between just and unjust war and the condemnation of war as such present the Catholic with an immediate moral problem. They raise the question of whether the state must or must not be obeyed when it requires of the Catholic service in war, which the Church now condemns:

> Since the right to command is required by the moral order and has its source in God, it follows that if civil authorities legislate for, or allow, anything that is contrary to that order and therefore contrary to the will of God, *neither the laws made nor the authorization granted can be binding on the conscience of the citizen since we must obey God rather than men.* —*Pacem in Terris*

During the second session of Vatican II, the problem posed by the Encyclical was much discussed in Rome in private and semi-public gatherings. Many of the "progressive" Council fathers thought that the Council should make an explicit statement against the use of atomic weapons in particular and against war in general.

Thus at the third session, the issue was brought to the floor of St. Peter's. The atmosphere was tense. The "progressives," who by now enjoyed an overwhelming majority, were sadly divided on this issue. Many of the American and British fathers put the flag before the faith. No conclusion was reached. The discussion was judged "immature" by many observers.

Nothing strikingly new came to the floor during the fourth session. Those "progressives" led by Abbot Butler of Downside, director of the Benedictine order of England, together with French, Spanish and Canadian prelates, held that mere possession of atomic weapons violates Christian morality and that distinctions between offensive and defensive war were today both useless and dangerous. The Church should therefore demand that atomic weapons be outlawed. At the same time they called for stronger recognition of the rights of conscientious objectors. American prelates, on the other hand, insisted on the recognition of the use of "defensive" nuclear weapons, and criticized the "ban-the-bomb" attitude as "unrealistic." It "fails to acknowledge the justice of war to redress wrongs," Archbishop Hannon said. Nor did it recognize that "the possession of nuclear weapons by the West had saved great parts of the world from aggression."

Thus the "hawks" and the "doves" had their say at the Council, but the doves carried the day with the strong vote in favor of the final text of the constitution on The Church and the Modern World. The text reads:

> All these considerations compel us to undertake *an evaluation of war with an entirely new attitude.* The men of our time must realize that they will have to give a somber reckoning of their deeds of war, for the course of the future will depend greatly on the decisions that they make today. With these truths in mind, this most holy synod makes its own the condemnation of total war already pronounced by

recent Popes, and issues the following declaration:

> *Any act of war aimed indiscriminately at the destruction of entire cities or of extensive areas along with their population is a crime against God and man himself. It merits unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation.*

At the same time, the constitution appeals in favor of conscientious objectors: "Moreover it seems right that laws make humane provisions for the case of those who for reasons of conscience refuse to bear arms, provided, however, that they agree to serve the human community in some other way."

The effect of this new dogma on war and peace, reinforced on every suitable occasion by the Pope's personal actions and declarations, from his epoch-making appearance before the United Nations to his exchange of telegrams with the leaders of the Communist world, was bound to be revolutionary and immediate.

Unprecedented things, in fact, began to happen in many parts of the world. It is breath-taking to gauge their growing impact, and the changing attitudes toward them of courts and governments.

In January, 1963, a young Catholic by the name of Giuseppe Gozzini was sentenced to prison for refusal to wear a uniform and to bear arms. Where the laws of men contradict the laws of God, he claimed, the laws of men are invalid. Since war is today a crime against God, no civil authority can force a Christian to make himself guilty of this crime. Since war is based on military service, military service must be refused.

The case was provocative. A few hours after the sentence of the court, a right-wing Catholic, ex-military chaplain, declared in an article published by the Florentine daily *La Nazione* that the young man had violated not only Italian law but also divine law because his disobedience was against the "moral laws imposed by Christ and his Church." Since the chaplain was not speaking merely as a private Catholic but as a spokesman for the Church, it was inevitable that others should take issue with him.

The first to come to the defense of the imprisoned man was Father Ernesto Balducci, an outstanding Catholic philosopher and scholar, from whose writings I have had occasion to quote before in these pages. In an interview, published by the Florentine Catholic daily *Il Mattino* the following day, Balducci said that since the invention of nuclear bombs and other means of mass destruction, the Church had authoritatively declared that war was unjust under any circumstances and constituted a violation of natural and divine law. In the case of total war, therefore, he concluded, the Catholic *"has not only the right but the duty to desert."*

Now a veritable storm broke loose: attacks in the papers, debates in parliament. Father Balducci was prosecuted as an accessory to the crime: "Encouragement to soldiers to disobey the laws and incitement to contempt of institutions, laws, and authorities." Along with Father Balducci, the director of *Il Mattino* was prosecuted for having published the indicated text.

The discussion, at the Florentine Tribunal, jam full of friends and foes of the conscientious objectors, was fascinating. Here are some excerpts:

> *Balducci:* In what concerns conscientious objection as such, for which I have proposed a specific provision on the part of the law—in the context of the Christian perspective in which I have placed myself, it appears as a moral and religious choice, aimed at testifying to an absolute will.
>
> *President of the Court:* But if what you call "total war" came from outside, if it came to us in the form of aggression, in order to impose on us atheism, perhaps?
>
> *Balducci:* Total war is intrinsically unjust, according to the moralists of the post-Hiroshima era. It is intrinsically unjust because of the disproportion between the means applied and the aims supposedly to be reached. In this case the Christian conscience must disobey. Pope Pius XII himself has said that it is better to undergo injustice than to step down to the level of those who perpetrate an execrable action.
>
> *Public Prosecutor:* But in that case—if we are victims of an aggressor and undergo his violence, must we abstain from defending ourselves?
>
> *Balducci:* Yes, we must refuse to fight, if, in order to defend ourselves, we should take recourse to total war.

The court absolved Father Balducci and his co-defendant on the ground that his reasoning, as expressed in the interview, "does not constitute a crime."

However, this episode was merely the beginning of a long story. The Italian authorities could not acquiesce. If Father Balducci was right, the Italian state, and states everywhere, might be faced tomorrow with the problem of thousands, of hundreds of thousands, of Catholic conscientious objectors. The sentence of the Florentine Tribunal was appealed. On November 15, 1963, the Appellate Court condemned Father Balducci and his co-defendant each to eight months in jail.

The terms of the sentence were long and tortuous; digressive and aggressive, insulting even, and insecure. Not content with a condemnation on legal and constitutional grounds, the judges arrogated to themselves a theological condemnation. Thus the sentence degenerated into a theological disputation, and not a very good one at that. While the highest authorities of the Church maintained an inscrutable silence on this matter, the court, more papal than the Pope, got busy digging up outworn phrases by obsolete authorities. The Church has never exposed to question the teachings of the great fathers on any matter, not even on war and peace. But the Church knows that the war we are dealing with today is not only quantitatively but qualitatively different from the war St. Augustine was dealing with. What he had to say remains valid for his type of war. Our wars require new doctrine. The Church knew this. The frightened Italian state chose to ignore it.

The implications were grave. The sentence, a well-known Italian jurist, Giorgio Moscon, wrote in the liberal paper *Il Mondo* (December 17, 1963), confirms "a judicial tendency that seems to be quite dangerous and pregnant with consequences. The tendency, that is, to motivate judicial decisions with arguments which not only are extra-judicial but even theological, concerning doctrinal questions; and, to make things worse, controversial ones: questions of Catholic religious mysticism and morals. . . ."

In the meantime, however, *Pacem in Terris* had been published, and it supported in full Father Balducci's point of view. Pope John had died on June 3. Pope Paul, assuming his inheritance, had explicitly made of peace "the only true program" of his pontificate.

Messages of solidarity reached Father Balducci from every quarter: from high-ranking Catholic prelates in Italy and abroad; from Protestants and Jews; from civic organizations. He was inundated with telegrams, letters to editors, resolutions.

The second session of Vatican II was in course at St. Peter's. Many of the assembled fathers declared in public their disapproval of the decision of the Appellate Court and their full solidarity with Father Balducci. Cardinal Koenig assured them that Schema XIII would contain a clause in defense of conscientious objectors. Cardinals Leccaro, Feltin and Lienart declared themselves in favor of such a clause. The "case Balducci" thus assumed notable importance in the formation of the new dogma on war and peace.

But in spite of this changed spiritual atmosphere, the Italian state did not budge. On June 3, 1964, the Supreme Court rejected Father Balducci's appeal and confirmed the sentence of the Appellate Court. As a result of these counter forces, the spiritual triumph and the legal defeat of Father Balducci were thus sealed.

The number of Catholic conscientious objectors continued to rise. By February, 1965, thirty-one were in jail. Another military chaplain—head of an association of military chaplains—found it necessary to intervene. In the name of his association (whose members, however, he failed to consult) he published a "resolution" in which he heaped insult and malediction on the heads of his religious confreres.

Promptly another priest, Don Lorenzo Milani, came to their spiritual defense. The conscientious objectors, he claimed, are undoubtedly better Catholics than the chaplain who mocks their sacrifice. This letter, first circulated privately, was published by the Communist paper *Rinascita* on March 6, 1965. As in the Balducci case, the state proceeded against the priest and against the paper that published his incitement to disobedience.

The trial was set for October 18, but had to be postponed because Father Milani was ill. On that date, however, he published a lengthy "self-defense"; it is a truly remarkable document that should be translated and distributed everywhere.

The letter is divided into three parts. The first describes Father Milani's life in one of the poorest and most forlorn of Italian mountain villages, where he made the spiritual, civic and economic elevation of its underprivileged and disinherited children his lifelong avocation. Noble and wealthy by birth, Father Milani could have had a brilliant career in the hierarchy of the Church, but he chose to become a parish priest and a teacher. With his own hands he built the little school where he was to carry on his activity until his failing health confined him, recently, to a hospital.

In the second part of the letter, Father Milani speaks as a teacher and civil servant. He quotes the Italian constitution, which "repudiates war." He refers to paragraphs of the civil code which state that soldiers must not obey when the action that has been ordered is manifestly criminal, such as the bombing of hospitals, the use of poison gas, etc. He points to international agreements barring the use of poison gas, for example. Under Italian law, such treaties are considered an integral part of the constitution. Reasoning along lines quite analogous to those recently developed in the United States by David Mitchell in his fight against the draft, Father Milani concludes: "At Nuremberg and Jerusalem men have been condemned for their obedience. All mankind agrees that they should not have obeyed: for there exists a law which men perhaps have not yet transcribed into their law books but which is written into their hearts. A large part of humanity calls it the law of God. Others call it the law of conscience. Those who believe neither in the one nor the other are a tiny, sick minority. It is they who advocate the cult of blind obedience. To condemn our letter is tantamount to telling the young Italian soldiers that they must not have a conscience; that they must obey like robots, and that their crimes will be paid for by those who gave the order."

But it is the last part of this 30-page document that is most important in the context of the present discussion. For here Don Milani speaks as a priest, as "a living part of the Church." More than that, as its minister. *"If I had said anything extraneous to its teaching, the Church would have condemned me.* The Church did not do so because my letter says things that are elementary to Christian doctrine. The doctrine that places the law of God before and above the law of man is accepted, nay, glorified, by the entire Church." There are some theologians, Father Milani continues, who misquote in this context the saying of St. Peter: Obey your superiors even if they are evil. "Certainly," he concludes, "it is of no importance whether the person who commands is personally good or evil. Only *he* will answer before God for his own deeds. It is important, however, whether he orders *us* to do good or evil, because for our own actions *we* will have to answer before God. So much so that St. Peter wrote his wise exhortations in favor of obedience from jail—where he was kept for having solemnly disobeyed."

Father Milani next quotes a precept of the Council of Trent (Catechism, part III, precept iv, par. 16): "If the political authorities command anything iniquitous, they must not be listened to. In explaining this matter to the people, the priest should point out what great and commensurate prize will be in store in heaven for those who obey this divine precept"— that is, who disobey the state!

He then points out that "the Church never admitted that it is licit in a war to kill civilians, except if it happens incidentally, that is, during an effort to hit a military target." In this context he quotes an article by Nobel Prize-winner Max Born, published by the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* in April, 1965: "Born says that during the First World War, 5 per cent of all fatal casualties were civilians; 95 per cent were military (one still could sustain the thesis that the civilians had died 'incidentally'). During the Second World War, 48 per cent of the dead were civilians, 52 per cent military (it was no longer possible to claim that the civilians had died 'incidentally'). In the Korean War, 84 per cent of the dead were civilians, 16 per cent military (one may now sustain the thesis that it is the military who are killed 'incidentally!')." Born's article was published before figures were available for the Vietnamese war. It is not likely that they would have reversed the trend.

"We all know," Father Milani continues, "that generals today study strategy in terms of 'megadeaths' (one megadeath = 1 million dead) that is, that today's weapons aim directly at civilians, and that perhaps only the military will go scot-free. As far as I know there is not one theologian who would admit that a soldier may aim directly (one may even say, exclusively) at civilians. *In this situation the Christian* MUST *object — even if it cost him his life.* I should add that it would seem to me logical that in such a war the Christian may not participate even as a kitchen hand."

Don Milani concludes his document with a challenge: "I cannot help declaring in explicit terms *that I shall continue to teach my boys what I have been teaching them thus far.* . . . I hope that my fellow priests and teachers of all religions and all schools all over the world will teach the way I do."

The ecclesiastic authorities kept quiet. They had no alternative. They were reaping the harvest they had been sowing, from the day *Pacem in Terris* was published to the promulgation of Schema XIII. It was a good harvest.

The trial finally took place on February 15, 1966. Don Milani, gravely ill, could not be present. He, and his codefendant, the editor of *Rinascita,* were absolved. The liberal and leftist Italian press were jubilant.

In view of the proximity of these events to the Holy See and of the particular relations between the Church and the Italian state, the cases of the Italian Catholic conscientious objectors and their spiritual instigators and defenders are, perhaps, of particular interest. But the consequences of the quiet revolution are beginning to be felt elsewhere as well. One of the young Americans who burned himself to death in protest against the Vietnamese war was a devout Catholic. (The adoption of Buddhist techniques such as self-burning and hunger strikes by active Catholics is in itself interesting and certainly not without relation to the Ecumenical open-door policy of the Council.) The Church condemned the act of suicide. The dying boy repented, and was absolved. The Church did not object to his conscientious objection. Such news items as that 126 prominent Catholic priests and laymen published an advertisement condemning the Vietnamese war, or that a group of Roman Catholic college students picketed Cardinal Spellman's chancery to protest what they called the muzzling of three priests who had been active in the anti-war movement, would have been incredible as recently as two years ago. There has indeed been "an exhilarating change in atmosphere" in the Catholic Church, as the Jesuit Father Daniel Berrigan recently said in an interview, announcing the resumption of his own activity in favor of peace. There are approximately 60 million Catholics in the United States. If they unite to enact the Church's new teaching on war and peace, the Administration's Vietnamese policy is in for trouble.

In a pastoral exhortation of November 7, the Pope appealed to the Catholic laity to lay aside old habits of thought and accept the revolutionary changes the Council brought about. Earlier, when he returned to Rome from his historic peace pilgrimage to the United Nations, he said (October 5): "You know that the pronouncing of a word binds to grave obligations him who offers it: the obligation of coherence, the duty of solidarity, the duty of example. . . . A grave consequence therefore flows from the fact of our having proclaimed peace. The Catholic Church has assumed a greater obligation to serve the cause of peace by the fact that through our voice she has solemnly pleaded the cause. . . ."

OPEN COURT & FAIR PRESS

RAYMOND SPANGLER

Publisher of the Redwood City (Calif.) Tribune, *Raymond Spangler was recently elected national president of Sigma Delta Chi, the largest professional journalism society in the United States. He delivered this year the annual Carlos McClatchy Lecture at Stanford University.*

When a crime is committed by someone else, the average citizen wants to know all about it; he calls that Free Press. But when he is himself involved in a crime, the average citizen wants it kept out of the papers; he calls that Fair Trial. Question: can we in this country honor the principles of both Free Press and Fair Trial?

The Bill of Rights provides (Article I): "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press. . . ."

And the Bill of Rights provides (Article VI): "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense."

At first blush there seems to be no conflict between these two; but there is (note that word "impartial") and the discussions between the press and the bar have been going on for decades. We, the press, are accused of poisoning the font of justice before it begins to flow by publishing prejudicial material.

Recently, the argument has been heating up. A series of exceptional judicial actions barring pre-trial and trial coverage erupted in several Western states in November and December, prompting the Freedom of Information Center at the University of Missouri to issue a special situation paper on the chronology of curbs (suggested and enforced) on the release of information about, and the reporting of, criminal proceedings, 1963 through 1965.

One of the most interesting of these cases occurred in Tucson, Ariz. Gretchen and Wendy Fritz, teen-aged daughters of Dr. and Mrs. William Fritz of Tucson, disappeared last August 16. Their bodies were found in the desert north of the city on November 10. Alleen Rowe, 15, disappeared May 31. Her body has not been found. Charles Howard Schmid, Jr., 23, of Tucson, is charged with the murder of all three in two separate actions. Two other defendants were charged in the Rowe case. They have pleaded guilty, have been sentenced and have offered to testify against Schmid.

The attorney for Schmid requested the court to restrain the district attorney, the sheriff and the chief of police from making any comment, written, oral or visual, about the case to the press. The judge issued the order but crossed out the words "to the press." He thus muzzled the officers completely except in preparation of the case to court trial, or further investigation related to law enforcement. The order was issued November 23. The press and the public were barred from the preliminary hearing.

George Rosenberg, managing editor of the Tucson *Daily Citizen*, went down fighting. He called upon the spokesmen for the press throughout the country to issue statements. They complied. Most of them denounced the judge. However, the issue was at a stalemate until a college editor named Sotomayor at the University of Arizona printed a fiery editorial demanding to know where are the fighting editors of Arizona today. Sigma Delta Chi, the professional journalism society of which I am president, then got into the act through its Southern Arizona Professional Chapter at Tucson. It voted to fight the judge's order all the way to the Supreme Court.

The danger of the Tucson order—unlimited in either time or scope—is that it establishes a precedent. By way of illustration, I cite a recent Associated Press story from Bastrop, Tex.: "District Judge Leslie D. Williams warned officers of his court from the sheriff up or down against saying anything about any case, any crime, anything until it comes into this court. The judge told news reporters they could use what they heard coming from the witness stand in open court, but that was all."

That is the judge's interpretation of a Texas law which went into effect on January 1. It says in part: "It is the duty of the trial court, the attorney representing the state, the attorney representing the accused and all officers of the law to so conduct themselves as to insure the defendant of a fair trial upon the presumption of innocence and at the same time afford the public the benefit of a free press." That masterful restatement of the problem entirely ignores the dilemma, but the Texas judge evidently believes that a free press has the right to print news, but no right to gather it.

In our era, the rise of broadcasting as a news medium has intensified the conflict between free press and fair trial. The California Judicial Council, which exercises certain delegated authority in the administration of state courts, met in San Francisco on November 16 and voted to prohibit newspaper photography, recording for broadcast, and broadcasting within a courtroom while the court is in session or during any mid-morning or mid-afternoon recess, except for ceremonials. The vote was 17 to 1.

The single "no" vote was cast by Assemblyman George Willson of Huntington Park. He is chairman of the Assembly Judiciary Committee, which is conducting state-wide hearings on the very issue of fair trial and free press. Before the committee could complete its hearings, the Judicial Council acted with the force of law.

In practice, the Judicial Council rule has caused no great change in the reporting of criminal trials in California. That is because of Canon 35 of the American Bar Association, adopted in 1937 and amended in 1952. It is advisory only, but it is part of the code of ethics and has prevented almost entirely photography, broadcasting and telecasting in the courtrooms.

Canon 35 was instituted after one of journalism's most notorious debauches—the coverage of the trial of Bruno Hauptmann for the kidnap-murder of the Lindbergh baby. Photographers climbed on counsels' tables and shoved their flash bulbs in the faces of witnesses. The judge lost control of his courtroom and the press photographers lost control of their senses.

For thirty years the press has been fighting Canon 35. On rare occasions it has succeeded in taking pictures of criminal trials, with permission of the judge, and without any evident disruption of the trial or contamination of justice.

But meanwhile another famous trial has intervened, this one involving a fellow journalist, Billie Sol Estes, and illuminating both sides of the free-press, fair-trial issue with peculiar clarity. In 1962 Mr. Estes was president of the Pecos Printing Company, publishers of the Pecos (Tex.) *News.* The rival newspaper was the Pecos *Independent,* whose editor was Oscar Griffin. In 1963 Sigma Delta Chi presented Mr. Griffin with a citation "for his initiative, persistence and courage in first disclosing and then diligently reporting the illegal activities which have since become known as the Billie Sol Estes case; for conducting and reporting his investigations with thoroughness, clarity and a high sense of civic and journalistic responsibility, and for demonstrating memorably the benefits of a free and independent press."

In 1963 Billie Sol Estes was sentenced to fifteen years in prison for mail fraud and conspiracy in manipulating worthless fertilizer tank mortgages worth $24 million. U. S. District Judge R. E. Thomason described the one-time millionaire financier as the most gigantic swindler in history. In 1952, a state trial jury had convicted the promoter on a charge of swindling and set his sentence at eight years in the state penitentiary. The federal and state terms were to run concurrently.

The state conviction, however, was appealed to the United States Supreme Court. The entire issue was the televising and broadcasting of a two-day pre-trial session of the trial court in Tyler, Tex. A decision handed down June 7, 1965, reversed the state conviction by a vote of 5 to 4. Mr. Justice Stewart, Mr. Justice Black, Mr. Justice Brennan and Mr. Justice White dissented. Mr. Justice Clark delivered the opinion of the Court. The Chief Justice gave some views of his own, and Mr. Justice Harlan cast the deciding vote in an opinion which concurred in a limited area.

It is not likely that any one of the Justices has had experience with a televised or broadcast trial. Lacking that experience, the majority Supreme Court opinion reflected a great deal of speculation. The following quotations indicate the Court's confessed lack of knowledge on the critical point involved: the influence of television and newspaper cameras and radio microphones on the jury, the witnesses and the court.

Eric Lundgren

Said the Court: "Still *one cannot put his finger* on its specific mischief and prove with particularity wherein he was prejudiced. . . . The conscious or unconscious effect that this may have on the juror's judgment *cannot be evaluated.* . . . The impact upon a witness of the knowledge that he is being viewed by a vast audience *is simply incalculable.* . . . And even in the absence of sound, the influences of such viewing upon the attitude of the witness toward testifying, his frame of mind upon taking the stand, or his apprehension of withering cross examination *defy objective assessment.*" (Emphasis supplied.)

Mr. Chief Justice Warren detected the speculative weakness in the majority opinion and submitted his own opinion (in which Mr. Justice Douglas and Mr. Justice Goldberg joined): "I wish to emphasize that our condemnation of televised criminal trial is not based on generalities or abstract fears. . . ." Then, in what may be the Freudian judicial slip of the century, in a decision denying pictorial description of a criminal trial, he appended seven photographs taken in the criminal courtroom of Texas where Billie Sol Estes was convicted.

A great dissent was written by Mr. Justice Stewart:

> What ultimately emerges from this record, therefore, is one bald question—whether the Fourteenth Amendment of the United States Constitution prohibits all television cameras from a state court room whenever a criminal trial is in progress. In the light of this record and what we now know about the impact of television on a criminal trial, I can find no such prohibition in the Fourteenth Amendment or in any other provision of the Constitution. . . .
>
> While no First Amendment claim is made in this case, there are intimations in the opinions filed by my Brethren in the majority which strike me as disturbingly alien to the First and Fourteenth Amendments' guarantees against federal or state interference with the free communication of information and ideas. The suggestion that there are limits upon the public's right to know what goes on in the courts causes me deep concern. The idea of imposing upon any medium of communications the burden of justifying its presence is contrary to where I had always thought the presumption must lie in the area of First Amendment freedoms—and the proposition that nonparticipants in a trial might get the wrong impression from unfettered reporting and commentary contains an invitation to censorship which I cannot accept.

No doubt the California Judicial Council was influenced by this decision. There is nothing specific in its report to indicate why it felt the need to strengthen Canon 35 with Council Rule 980, but it was done and the canon now has the force of law.

Assemblyman Willson's committee continues its work. On January 31, I appeared before it in the San Diego City Council Hearing Chambers. This room, on the twelfth floor of the City Hall, has special balcony accommodations for still and television cameras. Although Willson announced at the start of the hearing that the proceedings were being televised and taped for radio, none of the witnesses was aware of any special equipment except a peculiarly shaped microphone at the press table which picked up the sounds of the proceedings. The broadcasting, picture taking and sound recording were entirely unobtrusive.

Even more important was the testimony of Roberta Butzbach, judge of the municipal court in Bellflower, Calif., who, prior to the effective date of Rule 980, had had an ordinary criminal trial televised in her court. She testified:

> The universal comment was that once the trial began, the presence of the news media was forgotten. All the dire predictions and suppositions as to the manner in which people would behave in such a situation simply did not happen. There were no attempts to play Hamlet or to outdo Bob Hope.
>
> If there was any effect at all, and I'm not certain there was, it was in the direction of a slightly greater restraint and dignity. If this was the effect, it was not only contrary to prediction, it was salutory.

And she added this philosophical note:

> None now says: "Let us conduct trials in secret." They merely say: "Let us protect accused persons from excessive publicity."
>
> None now says: "Let us remove society from participation in the judicial process." They merely say: "We doubt the ability of society to understand the judicial process."
>
> Without publicity there can be no understanding. Without understanding there can be no intelligent participation. Ultimately there can be no informed electorate.

An attempt will be made to repeal or suspend Judicial Council Rule 980, but not in any hope that television of criminal trials will spring full-grown from the present void. We shall still have Canon 35.

Many members of the bar openly advocate the system in England, where newspapers have been held in contempt for discussing evidence which was later ruled inadmissible; for publishing the results of their own detective work; for revealing facts not brought out in open court, or for carrying pictures of the accused. Only by limiting his account to a fair and accurate report of trial proceedings as they progress can a newspaper man in England feel safe from judicial retaliation. The law is almost entirely judge-made and judge-controlled, and I believe that is what is now evolving in the United States—despite the First Amendment. The English newspapers sat on the Christine Keeler-John Profumo case for six months; in this country, at least until recently, that conspiracy of silence would have made the press partners in the crime.

Of the more recent developments in the free-press and fair-trial controversy, perhaps the most serious is the United States Supreme Court's decision to review the murder trial in which Dr. Sam Sheppard of Cleveland was found guilty in 1954. Five volumes of newspaper clippings will be submitted to determine whether pre-trial publicity was so prejudicial that no impartial jury could have been empaneled.

The clippings have already won a reversal and freedom for Dr. Sam, but the reversal was itself reversed by the U. S. Court of Appeals in Ohio when it said: "Our jury system cannot survive if it is now proper to presume that jurors selected with the care taken in this case, are without intelligence, courage and integrity necessary to their obedience to the law's command that they ignore the kind of publicity here involved."

Four Supreme Court Judges believe that a constitutional question is involved, and this may intensify the press-bar conflict—particularly if it disturbs the *status quo* on contempt. The landmark cases protecting both individual and press from punishment for contempt have thus far concerned prejudicial publication as it concerned judges only. The Pennekamp, Bridges, Los Angeles *Times-Mirror* cases and others brought the "clear and present danger" concept into play: a constructive contempt—that is, one away from the immediate presence of the court—would not be punished unless it could be shown that a clear and present danger existed to the administration of justice. The theory is that judges would not be so endangered because, forsooth, they are judges. Yet judges have been throwing newspaper men in jail for generations.

Ralph Conley is a 53-year-old reporter for the Wheeling (W. Va.) *Intelligencer*. He is a ten-year veteran with that paper, and a twenty-five-year senior in newspaper work. He was assigned to cover the New Martinsville area. On Saturday, January 15, of this year, he wrote a story listing five civil actions which had been set for trial on Tuesday, January 18, in the Wetzel County Circuit Court by Judge Lloyd Arnold. After listing them he wrote:

> Probably the most interesting case is that of *Mrs. Frances Ripley* vs. *the City of Paden City.*
>
> Mrs. Ripley, a resident of Paden City, and wife of Leo Ripley, fell into an open sidewalk grating on January 22, 1965, and seeks recovery of damages for $24,000.
>
> In her petition, she claims permanent injury and that the fall resulted in a compound fracture of her left leg, and other injuries.
>
> The city carries a $100,000 liability insurance policy and the city council acknowledged fault and recommended in a letter to the insurance carrier that the claim be paid. However, no payment has been received and the suit followed.
>
> Attorney Jack Hawkins represents the plaintiff, and Hassig and Snyder are attorneys for the defendant.

On Monday, January 17, Judge Arnold prepared a rule of contempt directly to Conley. A courtroom hearing before Judge Arnold was scheduled at 2 P.M. the same day.

Judge Arnold concluded the hearing by finding that publication of the news story obstructed and impeded the operation of his court and that accordingly Conley was in contempt. (The city council action was a matter of record.) The judge sentenced him to five days in jail, fined him $10, and ordered the sheriff to place him in jail immediately.

Attorneys for Conley appeared before Judge Arnold the next morning and orally moved that the judgment of contempt be set aside, that a new hearing be awarded, and that Conley be discharged from jail. Arguments on these motions were heard at 1 P.M., Tuesday. The attorneys submitted four grounds for the motion, including the First Amendment, but the judge overruled the motion. Thereon the attorneys for Conley moved for a stay of the proceedings in order that they might appeal the judge's decision to the Supreme Court of Appeals. Judge Arnold granted a sixty-day stay, setting bond in the amount of $50. Conley was subsequently released after twenty-four hours in jail, and went back to work. The case is pending.

Then there was the 1964 case of Will Harrison, a 50-year-old columnist for *The New Mexican,* 14,000 circulation, published at Santa Fe. He made an adverse comparison of two drunk-driving cases before a Santa Fe judge.

In one case, a Mexican-American boy, befuddled by wine, killed three persons. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for one to five years. In the other case, a former assistant district attorney wiped out a family of five while driving under the influence, but was given a $500 fine; the fine was suspended and the judge announced that at the end of the year he would pronounce further sentence. Will Harrison cried "outrage" and was convicted for contempt of court on the ground that since the lawyer defendant was still on probation, the case was still before the court.

Harrison, who died a couple of months ago, was in my opinion an unsung hero. He had been vindicated by the State Supreme Court, October 4, 1965, on the ground that no clear and present danger to the administration of justice had been shown.

As an example of constructive contempt, however, consider this: In December, 1965, in Montgomery, Ala., three Ku Klux Klansmen were convicted of criminal conspiracy charges in the death of the civil rights worker, Viola Liuzzo. The judge held the jury in deliberation for eleven hours over the protest of the defense attorney, and the defense attorney announced that an appeal would be filed and bond for the three men was set at $10,000 cash.

Whereupon the President of the United States said: "The whole nation can take heart from the fact that there are those in the South who believe in justice in racial matters and were determined not to stand for acts of violence. . . ."

Many of us joined him in cheering that verdict in a great national example of constructive contempt of court for commenting on a case still in the process of adjudication.

Where was the voice of the bar when that transpired? And where was the self-restraint of the press? Both were lacking, and both must be supplied before we know whether we should be talking about Fair Trial *and* Free Press or Fair Trial *versus* Free Press.

Today it is necessary to recognize that the hunt for the uninformed juror is fruitless, and that our reliance on the integrity of our peers is not misplaced. Just as the Scopes trial challenged the theory of evolution in Tennessee, so have the Judicial Council and the Supreme Court challenged the evolution of communications between the courts and the public. That is the nub of the problem, and it will not be solved by speculation; rather by careful research.

including the high command's disreputable fiddling of the casualty statistics in its official history. Throughout the book, Taylor gives special and detailed attention to the development of the British obsession with aerial bombardment: "the most permanent, certainly the most disastrous legacy of the first World War." It is an ugly story in which one is treated to the spectacle of Jan Smuts, the would-be statesman-philosopher, as early as 1917 recommending the mass bombing of civilian populations. From Smuts's report, Taylor reminds us, "stem . . . all the great achievements of our contemporary civilization: the indiscriminate destruction of cities in the second World War; the nuclear bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki; and the present preparations for destroying mankind."

Taylor's sense of humanity extends beyond his writing. In February, 1958, at what was to be the seminal public meeting from which the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament grew, Professor Taylor was among those who shared the platform at Central Hall with Bertrand Russell. Taylor's address that evening almost perfectly captured the rebellious, morally outraged spirit of the "Aldermaston generation." Reminding his audience that the suffragettes had never allowed a politician to speak without harassing him with the cry, "Votes for women," Taylor recommended that the politicians of our day should, so long as they practiced the balance of terror, be greeted with the cry, "Murderers!"

There are only a few figures who come off well at Taylor's hands. He finds more than a few good words for Neville Chamberlain—mainly with respect to his gifts as a domestic administrator. The very vulnerable pacifist-Socialist George Lansbury emerges unscathed as "the most lovable figure in modern politics." Churchill, whom Taylor is willing to credit with being "the saviour of his country," actually comes in for extremely severe criticism throughout — especially for his eccentric war strategies. If Taylor admits to any heroes among prominent public figures they are Lloyd George and (surprisingly) Lord Beaverbrook. Surely Taylor is simply taking a swipe at his own profession (which he complains in his preface has "slighted" him—as indeed it has) when he credits Beaverbrook, a writer who never got beyond journalistic memoirs, with being a "historian."

Significantly, Taylor describes Lloyd George as "the master of improvisation" and Beaverbrook, Churchill's very effective minister of aircraft production, as "the improvising individualist." They function in the story as the unorthodox outsiders, the brash mavericks who take it on themselves to shake up the stodgy ruling circles into which they have brazened their way. More important, they are, for Taylor, men of the people: Beaverbrook, the press lord of "impish spirit" who perfected the mass-circulation newspaper, the literature of the streets; Lloyd George, the Welsh nonconformist poor boy who became a great war leader by breaking all the rules, and survived on sheer popularity, "the first son of the people to reach supreme power."

It is at this point, where he becomes so concerned for popular appeal and popular taste, that Taylor's history begins to take on a new depth—and to raise important questions for the study of history. For it is ultimately because of its indifference or insensitivity toward "the people" that Taylor lambastes the British power elite. "While political leaders fumbled toward new outlooks, the English people were also changing, but in ways quite different from those toward which even the most enlightened politicians were moving. . . . Unconsciously, the people repudiated [the] aims [of their leaders] without admitting or understanding what they did."

Thus, politicians (mainly the Tories) still celebrated the empire. But "the people [in the thirties] lost interest in the empire and showed it in a practical way," namely by returning "home" from overseas in greater numbers than those who left. "Politicians strove to revive the depressed areas; the inhabitants left them." Governments struggled to improve export industries, but capital and labor rushed toward new industries geared for domestic consumption. Taylor quotes Geoffrey Crowther to the effect that the people seemed to be more and more "planned against than planning."

This folk motif is new to Taylor's work—and so pronounced throughout that one is reminded in reading the book of nothing so much as of the famous second epilogue to Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. Along with Tolstoy, Taylor is reminding us that history is made, at last, by people, by *all* the people—and not by the self-styled "leaders." There are surely limits to how far one can press such a thesis. This is obvious enough in a day when a handful of anxious decision makers in a locked room are in the position to press buttons that can terminate human history. But there is, I think, no denying Taylor's Tolstoyan point: that the essential richness of history and the character of nations derive from the disorderly, collective activity of the anonymous millions.

But, for Taylor, it was not only the politicians who were out of touch with the popular pulse. So were the intellectuals and artists with their gloomy, alienated and incomprehensible visions. The high literature of the period between the wars gets scant coverage by Taylor, far less than the newspapers and cinema. "The cinema was the greatest educative force of the early twentieth century. Yet the highly educated people saw in it only vulgarity and the end of old England." The novels of the time "are irrelevant for

SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BRING THE TIDES IN ANY MORE

Every time she tugs the sun across the sky
some old wound
comes apart at the seams.
But housekeeping by the clock means keeping
every star prompt. She puffs along,
blowing a strand of graying hair out of her eye.
But she gets each planet to its place
on time. She bruises a hip
moving all this furniture around.

She steers clouds, fans winds, and slices
or mends the moon, according to the day.
Worst of all is bringing in the tides.
One hand brings them in on one side,
the other pushes them away;
                                        while her knee
keeps the tipped earth spinning on its axis
precariously.

No wonder she went away and sat down on a sand dune,
wishing she were grass.
If she sits still long enough,
rain will come to her.

RUTH WHITMAN

the historian." Instead, Taylor gives his attention to Charlie Chaplin who (born an Englishman, remember) is "likely to be remembered when [England's] writers, statesmen, and scientists are forgotten, as timeless as Shakespeare and as great." Similarly, it is Tommy Handley, the World War II radio comic, who "deserved, though he did not receive, a place in Westminster Abbey."

But this approach can overreach itself. It is one thing to score off the politicians for their lack of connection with human realities. It is another thing to dismiss the poets and artists so lightly. It is true enough that the Eliots, the Huxleys, the Waughs, the Joyces, the Audens, were not writing for the people. But their dismal forebodings and aristocratic discontent anticipated Dachau and Hiroshima, the lonely crowds and the affluent wastelands that are the grim, ineradicable stuff of 20th-century life. Auden was of course right: "Poetry makes nothing happen." It counts for far less in the way of historical influence than the popular consciousness. But it can give a face and a voice to truth that the millions seek to elude as perversely as any politician—and as futilely.

In addition, I was disappointed that he makes no mention whatsoever of a mass movement as impressive as the Peace Pledge Union—the leading voice of British pacifism during the thirties. He does give space to a group like the Left Book Club, which he credits with a following of some 60,000. But the PPU signed up over 100,000 young idealists in its anti-conscription drive, plus perhaps one-third that many female supporters. Perhaps the movement ultimately had no greater political impact than the Left Book Club; but both were important signs of the times, and the PPU's charismatic organizer, Rev. Dick Sheppard, was surely among the most colorful personalities of the period. Similarly, while Taylor is himself admirably severe in criticizing the RAF's barbarous saturation bombings of World War II, he neglects to credit British pacifists like Vera Brittain with having braved popular and official scorn to force the issue on the public conscience. One wonders too why he chose to deal so skimpily (in less than one paragraph) with Churchill's disreputable treatment of Greece at the end of the war: one of the opening gambits of the cold war.

But such criticisms count for little beside Taylor's overall achievement. His chapters on the two World Wars (they make up nearly half the book) are, by themselves, models of the best sort of military history: a magisterial blending of battle operations, political strategy and administrative-financial analysis. Above all, he has succeeded in tracing the complex and often ironic counterpoint of people and politicians. So he has given us a book that is meant to be *read*, not simply referred to. What higher praise can one offer: even his footnotes and bibliography are enjoyable.

For those who miss the "history of ideas" that Taylor so scrupulously avoids, Professor Beer's book will be a useful supplement. It is very largely worked up from the party manifestoes and campaign rhetoric of Labourites and Tories; hence it rather gives the impression of being the sort of unreal view of British politics an American observer might gain by subscribing to several very partisan British periodicals.

Perhaps this is a bit severe. Samuel Beer is certainly among the most distinguished American students of British affairs, and he handles British political controversy with great sophistication. Moreover he can, when he sees fit, deal with admirable knowledgeability in the hard economic realities of the welfare state and the tangled political in-fighting that has marked its evolution. He offers some excellent and authoritative chapters on the Attlee government's painful postwar struggle between "physical" and "financial" planning. Beer is at his best here, investigating one of those beautifully ironic dilemmas where Taylor would probably delight in depicting the Labour Party's fumbling efforts to readjust an ideological superstructure that no longer fits (if it ever did) social realities.

But Beer's emphasis *is* on party ideologies. For it is his contention that parties generate their own "political culture," a "dynamic of ideas" which can function as an "independent force" in a society. Politicians are not simply opportunist vote brokers; parties are not simply shapeless containers waiting to be filled by coalitions of interest groups. Tradition and ideology continue to divide the parties and leave Socialist democracy and Tory democracy "deeply opposed."

Beer makes as strong and ingenious a case for this thesis as I think anyone could. But I find his argument ultimately unconvincing. There are, of course, factions on the fringes of both British parties for whom ideas and ideals are of supreme significance—and they must be catered to from time to time. Moreover, British politicians, on the whole, talk a better ideological case for themselves than most American politicians—and so give the impression that "political culture" has more vitality for them than for their American counterparts. And yet the closer one looks, the narrower and less predictable seems the range within which party ideals have any effect on the decisions made by the leaderships of the parties. This is certainly so with respect to foreign and military policy, where Harold Wilson's government (like Attlee's postwar government) remains quite as much of an American tag-along as ever the Tories were. And while Beer feels confident that the Labour leadership is more democratically responsible to its party conference than the Tories, the fact remains that in 1960, after a neutralist-unilateralist policy had been carried by conference, party leader Hugh Gaitskell simply refused to be bound by it. No one who has read the reports of the 1965 party conference, where those who raised questions regarding Labour's policies on colored immigration and Vietnam were crushed by the platform, could possibly believe the Labour leadership possesses any more decent respect for democratic practice than can be forced upon it.

Even in the area in which Beer's study focuses—domestic policy—it is difficult to see that the British parties are not playing tweedledum and tweedledee. This is certainly most outrageously so in the area of race relations, where the Labour government has mercilessly sacrificed its great Commonwealth ideal in order to compete with the Tories in pandering to popular bigotry. Beer gives us one detailed example of a problem he thinks the parties would have handled differently: the balance of payments crisis of the mid-fifties. After reviewing the Conservatives' deflationary approach, he concludes that Labour would have taken another course, *if* it had been in power. The Tories had made "a choice, a distinctively different one, from what Labour would have made." Unfortunately, Beer's book was completed before the Wilson government had gotten into full swing. Ever since the "run on the pound" of November, 1964 (when Harold Wilson turned to American bankers to be bailed out), there has scarcely been any discernible difference in the way Labour has handled this problem. Much to the chagrin of those Labourites who do take the party's traditional values seriously, Wilson and company have been doing a smashing good job of demonstrating their economic orthodoxy. As the highly touted (and highly disappointing) "National Plan" of September, 1965, puts it: "Care will be taken not to destroy the complex mechanisms on which the market economy is based." When is a Socialist party not a Socialist party? When it's a Socialist government.

In Britain today the government—whether Labour or Tory—is so much the prisoner of entrenched and institutionalized interest groups (the unions, the trade associations, the city, the farmers, the Old Age Pensions Associations, etc.), of a delicately counterpoised electorate, *and* of an embarrassing dependence on American military and financial support that it is really impossible to see how party ideologies can do much more than sway policy the merest hairbreadth off dead center. Such is the bogged-down, uninspiring stodginess of British politics that, among other things, the Angry Young Men have been so angry about since the mid-fifties. Beer actually does an exceptionally fine job of depicting the restrictive mechanics of this "new group politics." So fine a job, in fact, that his own thesis grows progressively more subtle—until it seems almost inconsequential. He does, however, make the shrewd point that it is the parties themselves, with their massive intervention in the economy and their marvelous claims of total competence in social management, that have played a major part in creating the congested "group politics" they find themselves trapped in.

For all the tenuousness of its main thesis, Beer's book is brimming with keen insights and sharp analyses. There is also the entertainment of observing how ingeniously British politicians can trim and bend some fine old ideals to suit their own confused, contemporary purposes. Those with some interest in English intellectual history will enjoy hearing Harold Macmillan solemnly celebrate the industrial cartels of the 1930s as a form of "that organic conception of society which was the distinct contribution of medieval thought," or "Rab" Butler invoking the Viscount Bolingbroke to sanctify the Conservative "Industrial Charter" of 1946. That's almost as much fun as watching an embarrassed Harold Wilson (who has apparently dropped the word "socialism" from his political vocabulary) grope his way through "the Red Flag" at the end of a Labour Party conference.

No doubt about it: the British can really lay on the tradition when they have to. Last year the Queen bestowed the MBE upon the Beatles: that was also a way of swaddling the unaccountably new in a cloud of familiar heritage. Professor Beer thinks the habit is a source of strength and has significant political relevance. I am inclined to regard it, rather, as quaintly colorful at best; and at worst, a form of cynical obfuscation and self-deception.

Tidying Up The Emotions

SWANS ON AN AUTUMN RIVER. *By Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press. 222 pp. $4.50.*

MARY ELLMANN

Mrs. Ellmann is currently preparing a book about women novelists for Harcourt, Brace & World. Her articles on fiction have appeared in Commentary.

Ordinarily, our sensible parent, *The New Yorker,* doles out Sylvia Townsend Warner's stories one at a time. But her collected stories, like her favorite sweets, *marrons glacés,* make way for immoderate consumption and some indigestion.

The unfaltering texture and taste of the latest in *Swans on an Autumn River* are admirable, but disconcerting too. Small talents seem properly more restless in the United States than in England. Truman Capote feels new literary forms thrust upon him; both he and we envisage the writing career as an infinite beanstalk to climb, an ascent which Miss Warner would snub as otiose, also ungainly. She herself minds her neat, confined talent like a shop for gourmets; her products aim at the choice modesty of kumquats and button mushrooms. Her novel *Lolly Willowes* was published in 1926 and became the very first, and far from the worst, choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Its pert little sentences—

> These fine natures, she knew, always found comfort in cutting bread-and-butter.
>
> "Weather like this," she thought, "would never be allowed in London."

could slip into place beside almost any sentence in the new book:

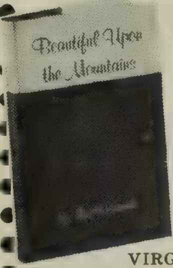
> Belinda was one of those fortunate persons who fly into a rage as though into a refrigerator.
>
> She had never seen a dead body before—except on food counters, of course.

Precisely the same amusements are assembled for us. A collection of such stories is like an annual surprise party: within the total predictability of the gathering, each story calls out, in its well-bred accent, "Surprise! Surprise!" And we experience, against our will, the same small ridiculous sensation of pleasure we felt the year before. In the past, Miss Warner's interest in the preternatural was more distinct, but it is sensed still in the titivations of her new stories. Across the placid surfaces of her characters run inexplicable tremors. Minute unseen forces play minute tricks, equivalents of curdling milk and dropping stitches and hiding best umbrellas. Each story is allotted its moment of witchery: a sudden, often mischievous, seldom malign, and never prolonged interruption of the habitual state.

And how it is told fits like hook and eye what is told. Each sentence too executes its tweak of the mind. A shock, slightly more emphatic than others to come, sets the story in motion. Miss Warner likes to make the start startling and seemingly disconnected, a shopping list, a notice posted in a French dining car. (Eventually, of course, these things will be unremittingly connected.) A short, level plain ensues, time to cross our legs and wind our watches. Then come the dips and turns of observation ("Dissatisfaction is a mildew, and creeps"), the near crises ("An instant later, deftly and deliberately, she knocked over her coffee-cup"), a dark tunnel with small shrieks, moments of birdlike suspension above beechwoods and bungalow roofs. The pace quickens, to outdistance ennui, and then we absorb the sharp, conclusive jolt, the laconic solution of a telegram: MOTHER DIED CLIMBING BOX HILL.

The stories are mostly about adults, often disagreeable adults like the exhausted Mother Drew, and yet their impact is light, their very skill is a simplification. The clipped witticisms, like hedgerows, exclude concern. The large, untidy bulk of adult emotions is pressed back by so much neatness. Perhaps the most eloquent story is "Total Loss," in which a vet does in an old cat. Human pains such as greed and rivalry and discontent diminish to triviality. In "One Jump Ahead," a woman anticipates old age: it would be, she says, "like sitting on a mountain and seeing, far, far below you, a minute bull chasing a minute man." But this has always been the effect of Miss Warner's characters: they have always been too distant, too weightless for us to care when one of them is gored. The incident amounts to no more than mishap, the anguish of discovering a

A brilliant Negro girl
A young Virginia aristocrat
BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS
by MURRELL EDMUNDS



This powerful novel articulates a new spirit beginning to emerge from the South's troubled past. It is the story of Marva Jackson, beautiful Negro teenager, the first of her race to be awarded a scholarship at a famous and exclusive all-girl college in Virginia, and of her sensitive and dramatic struggle toward pride and understanding and maturity.

VIRGINIUS DABNEY, Pulitzer Prize winning author-editor of the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch, wrote of this author's *Passionate Journey to Winter:* "It is one of the finest novels I have read by an American." **$4.50**

THOMAS YOSELOFF
New York *London*

blood spot on the hall carpet. Lemon juice will take it out.

A couple, having divorced "in amity," meet for lunch. Over his *escalope de veau,* he admits to general decay; over her chicken Maryland, she admits to leukemia. A 10-year-old boy with a head cold hates his father; he says: "I want you to burder Dad" and "Burder hib, burder hib!" Even incest in "A Love Match" is bite size: between the two wars, Mr. and *Miss* Tizard spray roses and eat potted shrimp and fornicate together. Shocking! But nothing, we feel, that a little walk and a little talk with a rural dean wouldn't put right. Pity the old dears have to die for it, and Miss Warner does come down on them, on the last page wrapping their tea-logged corpses in separate tarpaulins with a quite Sophoclean severity.

But this is rare. For the most part, all members, actors and audience alike, feel no more than a purposeful pinch. They glance around, see no one to blame, and go straight back to stamping their letters and dusting their stuffed owls.

Victims and Witnesses

HEROES' TWILIGHT: A Study of the Literature of the Great War. *By Bernard Bergonzi. Coward-McCann. 235 pp. $5.*

FLORENCE HOWE
Miss Howe teaches English at Goucher College.

No subject is more relevant to "our prematurely afflicted century" than war. And yet, Bernard Bergonzi's book about the literature of the First World War seems strangely irrelevant. His problem is one that all of us who would write about literature—instead of writing it—share. Our obsession with literary categories or with literary hierarchy leads us into technological quarrels, inessential displays of literary erudition or fastidiousness. Compulsively, we pigeonhole works into genre; or we label this poet or that novel as the best of some group. We become abstract, disconnecting literature from its supreme union with life. We play a parlor game; we are left holding our category, with only the poet's name echoing in our ears.

Not that Bergonzi is wholly unaware of the problem. As he says in his preface, "I have been concerned, principally, with literary analysis and assessment; but I have also been very much aware that these writers were all, in different ways, victims and witnesses of a unique crisis of British civilization." He modestly admits to making a "small contribution to a large subject." But it is too easy to apologize in this manner. For the author makes his choice: he writes a literary book about the literature of war, and only by the by does he probe the minds and hearts of "the victims and witnesses" of the "unique crisis." He involves himself only in literary criteria; he tries to survey the poetry, fiction and autobiography of "a number of British writers, most of whom fought in the Great War, and some of whom did not survive it."

His book emerges as literary survey, with all the strengths and weaknesses thereof. So much of the literature Bergonzi must include is not even second rate, and yet his avowed purpose is to judge its merits as art. He spends pages on obviously bad poetry, on popular fiction, on many minor writers, and then when he gets to Robert Graves, for example, brevity forces superficiality. On the other hand, the book is an orderly arrangement that will prove useful for future students of the period. The bibliography is helpful in its inclusiveness. Because of the author's preoccupation with rating, and because he consistently enlists the support of other authorities, the astute student will also learn something about the reputation of individual authors and works.

But the student will learn little beyond easy generalizations about the subject that engaged all of the writers discussed: man at war. Bergonzi patiently discriminates between fictionalized autobiography, fiction and autobiography. He discusses at length the question of whether Ford's *Parade's End* is a three- or a four-volume masterpiece. He is engaged in other finicky distinctions that in particular cases, and especially in the brevity of a survey, prove impossibly elusive as well as irrelevant. But in his opening chapter, he sets up a philosophical frame in literary terms that precludes any complexity whatever. As he puts it simplistically and categorically, only two attitudes toward war are possible: Hotspur's heroism and Falstaff's cowardice (later transformed into something more palatable, usually called "anti-heroic"). Hotspur's "single-minded pursuit of honour" spells for Bergonzi war's "glory"; Falstaff's placing life before honor spells war's "sickness." You either glow with the virtue and bravery of fighting or you gasp at "the physical horror of death." Bergonzi labels each view "an unacceptable extreme, though stemming from a genuine value. . . . " The words "unacceptable extreme" and the effort to avoid judgment set the book's tone. We are to be guided through an abyss of pain and death by a judicious literary palate. Not too much of this or that is the requirement.

But instead of literary analysis in depth, we are treated to labels and categories. Crucially misleading is the artificial distinction between art and propaganda. Bergonzi uses the word "protest" pejoratively. If it's *art,* it must be something higher, better, finer than protest. In discussing Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero,* he says: "The danger with didactic fiction is that one's attention is inevitably deflected from its quality as literary art to the nature of its argument." The artificial separation—the either/or idea—is fundamentally false to literature. For the significant literary question asks *how* "the nature of the argument" informs the "quality as literary art." False categories—art vs. protest—blind the critic to his job: seeing how the work's idea images its existence, how emotion breathes life into language.

Instead of trying to discuss the satirical attitude in some of Sassoon's poems in terms, for example, of rhetorical and prosodic success or failure, Bergonzi can suggest only that the satirist's bias precludes art or at best allows a kind of "good poster art." When he attempts to distinguish art from the "poetry of protest and revolt" he uses the terms "detachment and impersonality." And he provides us with examples from the poems of Isaac Rosenberg, held up as artist:

None saw their spirits' shadow shake
the grass,
Or stood aside for the half used life
to pass
Out of those doomed nostrils and the
doomed mouth,
When the swift iron burning bee
Drained the wild honey of their youth.

In my ears, the cadence chants dirgelike; the imagery shocks my consciousness to horror and pity. I find nothing detached or impersonal in these lines or for that matter anywhere in Rosenberg's poems. Bergonzi's simplistic terminology distracts and misleads.

The abuse of critical vocabulary is equally marked with regard to the complex world of political reality. Bergonzi uses the word "pacifist," for example, to mean those who would not go to war at all, as well as those who fought without much relish. In one place he stops as though to discuss the idea. Byron, he tells us

> . . . runs up against the hard paradox that to be a complete pacifist is to acquiesce in tyranny. *Some* wars—

> wars in defence of freedom, as opposed to wars fought for mere empty glory—are just. And here the paradox closes its jaws, for *all* wars are claimed as being in defence of freedom by those who initiate them.

The analysis seems neat, clever. But what it includes by way of undercutting the just-war theorists, it misses by misunderstanding the pacifist. For a pacifist—English, American, Indian, whatever—not acquiescence but *resistance* to tyranny is primary. And as Mr. Bergonzi mentions later in passing, war is the greatest tyranny of all. Of all the matters left unargued, of all the book's easy generalizations, none is more imprecise than its central nonliterary thesis. For Bergonzi's literary purpose seems merely to distinguish this or that poet or novel as the "best" of the pack. But early in his book he drops a nonliterary generalization based on the categories of Hotspur and Falstaff: "Amongst those who fought [in the Great War]," he tells us, "the Hotspurian mode in time gave place to the Falstaffian, or something rather like it." More crisply put, "anti-heroic attitudes to war have become dominant" in 20th-century British literature. More ambitiously, and later in the book, he labels the change of attitude "a basic change in human sensibility." And we learn why this change occurred:

> Hulme may have vigorously defended the traditional heroic virtues, which had been so nobly upheld at Thermopylae and even, in Tennyson's vision, in the Crimea; but after the mechanized, large-scale slaughter on the Somme in July 1916, a certain necessary balance and proportion has been lost, and these virtues were increasingly devalued.

The villain is mechanization, not man. And once again, Bergonzi suggests, in the words "necessary balance and proportion," that the associated villain is extremism. A little war, a bit of manly destruction of other men is not a bad thing. Wars may have been glorious in the past, but artillery and air power have pushed glory's face into the mud. Wilfred Owen's poems, we are told, "have done more than any work in English to form a sensibility that can grasp the nature of technological war."

Whose sensibility is Mr. Bergonzi making claims for: the poet's? other, later writers'? the general public's? On his last page, he would include everyone: "This much we have learnt from the writers of the Great War, who absorbed its shock and employed their art to change a generation's modes of feeling."

Certainly most of us make the easy assumption that the First World War changed a great deal. But as I see it, the picture is not the myopic, rosy one drawn here. It is not simply that delicate sensibilities were disturbed enough by the brutality of war to write feelingly about it. It is rather that the rest of us grew more and more accustomed to the more and more distant slaughter. For certainly the world has gone to war again and again since 1918—and to wars more and more impersonally, more and more inhumanely devised. But how can one argue about a thesis that is never argued?

This should have been a significant book. The literature of the 20th century *is* the literature of war. We celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Verdun even as we engage in the same kind of senseless violence in Vietnam.

More Or Less Plagiarized

THE MINE AND THE MINT: Sources for the Writings of Thomas DeQuincey. *By Albert Goldman. Southern Illinois University Press. 206 pp. $5.95.*

DAVID J. GORDON

Mr. Gordon teaches in the English Department at Hunter College. He is the author of D. H. Lawrence as a Literary Critic *(Yale University Press).*

The idea of plagiarism seems to have been unknown before the onset of the age of revolution and Romanticism in the 18th century. Stealing, of course, is nothing new in human affairs—we have a Biblical commandment to remind us of that—but there is scarcely anything in ancient, medieval or Renaissance literature to suggest that the act of borrowing from other writers without careful acknowledgment was regarded as reprehensible.

During the 18th century there was a radical change in man's attitude toward authority. Writers began to question the authority of custom, institution and God, and to relocate ultimate sanctions in the self: in reason, emotion and imagination. Originality became a dominant political and aesthetic value.

The modern spirit ever since has been passionately defended and attacked; by the more thoughtful it has been seen as problematic. The freedom which classical writers believed must come through obedience to external authority Romantic writers believed must come through independence, and they felt this to be a gain in human dignity. But the achievement of real independence—i.e., autonomy, emotional as well as intellectual—proved very difficult. Many of the most sophisticated and creative minds of the past 200 years have been trapped in a state of incomplete freedom, in a pattern of defiance and guilt.

The fact is that even the most original writer, whether he knows it or not, must borrow extensively from tradition. If his culture does not fully enough sanction this need, he may come to experience the creative act as a theft, and may be troubled by powerful primitive excitement accompanied by equally powerful guilt.

The writings of the Romantic essayist, Thomas DeQuincey, as discussed by Albert Goldman, provide a fascinating case in point. Mr. Goldman demonstrates conclusively that about 60 per cent of DeQuincey's essays were adaptations from unacknowledged or dishonestly acknowledged sources. DeQuincey's general practice was to take facts and ideas from some scholarly source—usually a single source in a foreign language—and to recast them, by means of his "extraordinary stylistic ability and remarkable talent for description" into lively journalism. The picture that emerges is of a man who, forced into journalism by financial need, "could only be stimulated creatively by an outside source" but who, thus stimulated, had to exaggerate or conceal his achievement in various defensive contortions.

One such defense was his habit of presenting his more or less plagiarized work as entirely original and of adopting a tone of authority and omniscience to silence any doubt. Another was to "lose" his source or his notes so that he would have to trust his vaunted memory and would feel "compelled to be original." Still another, superficially contradictory, was his practice of casually slipping the

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actual source into his essay and then burying it with contempt. Finally, and perhaps most interesting, there was his tendency to deny even what was truly original in his work by passing it off as authentic scholarship. Mr. Goldman writes:

> It is one of the peculiar traits of DeQuincey's character that he must invariably work as though behind a mask; and even when he has expended the most enormous efforts in recasting some wretched piece of historiography or biography, he must perforce claim that his original and highly imaginative work is an authentic and scholarly document. This strange and perverse passion for truth — or at any rate for an appearance of truthfulness—can be ascribed . . . either to his practical sense that a romanticized version of historical fact would not be acceptable to his English readers or else to some deep peculiarity in his nature which made the act of creation something secret and furtive, something that must never be openly avowed.

Mr. Goldman goes on to show that DeQuincey's dishonest claims of presenting in one case something entirely novel and in another something entirely factual were not those of a scheming journalist, but were instead the workings of private fantasy aroused by the situation of writing for a popular audience.

In demolishing DeQuincey's pretensions to vast scholarship, this study drastically alters his reputation; for previous studies have accepted them, noting his dependence on printed sources only in a few instances, not as "a key to his literary career." With this key Goldman is also able to throw new light on DeQuincey as an imaginative writer. Previous scholars have tried to explain "the exaggerations, forced emphases, and bizarre points of view" in DeQuincey's expository essays as "the result of a learned man writing down to a popular audience." But Goldman explains these characteristics more convincingly in relation to the adequacy or inadequacy of DeQuincey's source. When the source is inadequate we see DeQuincey padding to conceal his ignorance and maintain the illusion of "polyhistor"; when it is more than adequate, we see him tacking and veering to find an opening for his balked creative needs.

Goldman concludes that DeQuincey is "essentially a journalist" rather than a scholar, but a highly imaginative one. Since journalism is today such a lively art and the relation of fact and fancy such a lively aesthetic question, the scholarship of this study, though scrupulous and of value to specialists, is itself, in a significant sense, imaginative. Goldman is not a "popularizing scholar" like his subject; he is that too rare person, an authentic scholar who writes with a sense of the contemporary in his bones.

APRIL LIGHT

Lined with light
the twigs are stubby arrows.
A gilded trunk writhes
upward from the roots,
from the pit of the black tentacles.

In the book of spring
a bare-limbed torso
is the first illustration.

Light teaches the tree
to beget leaves,
to embroider itself all over
with green reality,
until summer becomes
its steady portrait,
and birds bring their lifetime
to the boughs.

Then even the corpse
light copies from below
may shimmer, dreaming it feels
the cheeks of blossom.

MAY SWENSON

My Life in the New Novel

VIVIAN MERCIER

A member of the English Department at the University of Colorado, Mr. Mercier is the author of The Irish Comic Tradition *(Oxford).*

"A literary movement is five or six writers who live in the same city and detest each other cordially." I went to Paris last summer to meet some of the authors of *le Nouveau Roman*—about which I am writing a book—with this famous remark very much on my mind. I could not forget, either, the age-old notion of the critic (myself!) as the natural enemy of creative writers (the very people I had the temerity to want to meet). In actual fact, *les Nouveaux Romanciers* treated me and one another far better than I had any right to expect: the real dangers proved to be not malice and hostility but ambiguity and mutual misunderstanding—things which, by no coincidence, figure prominently among the chosen themes of the New Novel.

As it happened, I met only male New Novelists, and the nearest thing I found to mutual animosity was a curious masculine "cattiness" toward Nathalie Sarraute, the lone female of the group. One writer assured me that Mme. Sarraute cannot abide Samuel Beckett—*C'est vraiment une haine* ("It's really a hatred") that she feels for him. Another told me with a sly smile that he had recently seen a catalogue offering for sale, among other literary autographs, a letter of Mme. Sarraute's in which she stated categorically that she was the inventor of the New Novel. Some less prejudiced observers might be willing to grant at least a share in the patent to Beckett, Alain Robbe-Grillet, or even—on the strength of *Le Chiendent*, published over thirty years ago—Raymond Queneau.

At first, during the most miserable Paris July on record, everything except the weather seemed to be working in my favor. I telephoned the *Editions de Minuit* on exactly the right day to catch Robbe-Grillet during one of his fortnightly visits to his publishers. He was using a little office that belonged to someone else and didn't know where to find an ash tray, but in no time at all he put me completely at ease. His introverted novels had not prepared me for such a thoroughly extrovert personality; the vigorous growth of his black curly hair and mustache is entirely in keeping with the vigor of his speech and manner. A native of Brest, he has something nautical about him and might in another century have been the captain of a privateer from that Breton port. His whole outlook on his work has a privateering quality about it. Referring to a fellow New Novelist whom he had tried to advise prior to an American lecture tour, he said, "Robert Pinget insisted on lecturing about the poet Max Jacobs, whereas one should always lecture on oneself—I always do!"

When I told Robbe-Grillet that strange as it may seem my previous critical book was entitled *The Irish Comic Tradition,* he promptly said that it wasn't strange at all for me to write next about the New Novel; a German critic had recently written about himself and Beckett as symptomatic of a Celtic revival of humor (Breton is a Celtic language, though I don't know whether Robbe-Grillet can speak it) in French literature. "You know," he added, "there are pages in my books which make me laugh like crazy *(me donnent le fou rire)* when I reread them." After all, his first book, *The Erasers,* was a parody of a certain type of detective story, even though it did also contain a re-creation of the myth of Oedipus.

Learning that I knew Beckett, Robbe-Grillet laughingly accused me of being a character in Beckett's unpublished novel, *Mercier et Camier*, which we both happened to have read in typescript. He was delighted to learn that Ernest Camier, my former math teacher, and I were about the only alumni of Beckett's Irish prep school to bear recognizably Huguenot names. One soon learns that when Robbe-Grillet's mustache twitches, the remark he is about to make should not be taken altogether seriously; his mustache twitches frequently. He introduced me to Jérôme Lindon, the president of *Editions de Minuit*, with another version of the Mercier-Camier joke. Lindon is a big man with a big, handsome head, and he towered over the compact figure of Robbe-Grillet, but they matched each other in quickness of speech and wit. I had to speak French faster than ever in my life before in order to get a word in edgewise.

Later, I talked to Lindon alone about his authors and about humor. "The average Frenchman still doesn't know what humor really is," he remarked. "To him it's nothing more than *des histoires des cocus* (stories about cuckolds). The subtleties of Anglo-Saxon humor are a closed book to him." To Lindon I owe the story of the small firm which publishes some of the New Novelists and is reluctant to admit that so distinguished an outfit is really a one-man operation. As a result, half the correspondence is signed with the real boss' name, the rest with a pseudonym derived from the name of a character in one of the house's less celebrated New Novels. We both agreed that this was a New Novel situation occurring in real life; as the recipient of one of the pseudonymous letters, I got a slightly eerie feeling that was to recur before my stay in Paris was over.

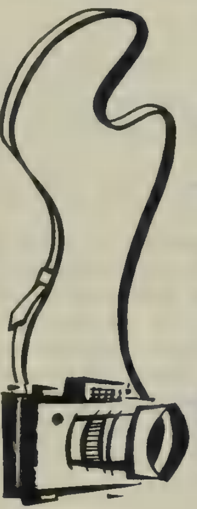
Thanks to Lindon, I managed to catch Claude Simon, author of *The Flanders Road*, on his way through Paris to the south, where he owns a vineyard at Salses. Like Robbe-Grillet, Simon is compact, lithe, virile and an extrovert, but he looks utterly different from his fellow novelist, being clean-shaven and somewhat bald. He received me with great kindness and courtesy, pouring me glass after glass of the dessert wine produced by his own vineyard and answering all my questions with the utmost frankness. Most of the New Novelists insist that their work is the purest invention, but, as Lindon said to me, "Simon still almost believes in memory." According to Simon, there is no "almost" about it. As Joyce used to, he claims that he cannot invent anything; the extraordinary diary in his novel, *The Grass*, he insists, was copied word for word from one kept by a relative of his, now dead. Eventually he admitted that he recombines events and characters, fills gaps with his imagination, imposes a form upon the formless, and in general does the novelist's indispensable work in his own way.

He spoke of his admiration for Faulkner, Joyce and Proust, but in the course of two and a half hours of talk, we often strayed very far from literature. I remembered a Rugby match in one of his early books, and we must have discussed *le rugby* for nearly half an hour. The game was an essential part of his growing up in the south of France, as of mine in Ireland, and he had played several positions on the field in his time. After some bilingual backing and filling, I managed to identify the positions as "hooker," "out-half" (picturesquely called *le demi de l'ouverture* in French) and "center three-quarter." It became a bond between us that I too had played "hooker," though I did not attempt to explain the ambiguity of the term in American usage. When I mentioned that Beckett had played "scrum-half" for Portora, our prep school, in the 1920s, Simon recalled that he had coaxed Beckett into attending a Rugby game with him about five years ago; to Simon's delight, Beckett showed more animation in discussing the finer points of Rugby than Simon had ever seen him display in conversation about life or literature.

My interviews with Robbe-Grillet and Simon filled me with euphoria and, although Pinget had been described to me as a solitary, sensitive man, unable as well as unwilling to discuss his own work, I felt no serious qualms about meeting him. Our first interview went off very well, so I asked him to read my chapter on him and correct my errors of fact and emphasis. Pinget is not as well known in this country as he deserves to be, *Monsieur Levert* being the only translation of a novel by him yet published here; a one-act play, *The Old Tune*, translated by his friend Beckett, has been performed off-Broadway. I admire his work greatly, especially his last novel, *L'Inquisitoire*, now available in translation in England and soon, I hope, here. Unfortunately, I had written that certain aspects of his work were "reminiscent" of other novelists and playwrights — meaning to suggest resemblances rather than any imitation. The result was a rather severe letter from Pinget, denying any similarity with the work of anyone whatsoever, returning my typescript, and regretting politely that he could not keep his appointment to see me again for pressing but unspecified reasons.

At once my cozy world collapsed in ruins around me; I found myself an inhabitant once more of what Nathalie Sarraute has called "The Age of Suspicion." I had been expecting to hear from Beckett as soon as he returned to Paris from vacation, but the date of his promised return had long gone by. A telephone call to Lindon made me aware that Pinget had told him of his dissatisfaction with my chapter. Was Pinget also responsible for Beckett's silence? I fired off a letter to Beckett which showed all too plainly that my ego as a critic had suffered just as much as Pinget's creative ego. I was beginning to feel very much like the frustrated, baffled protagonist of a New Novel when a patient, soothing reply arrived from Beckett to say that he was ill and not equal to seeing anybody at the moment.

But I still had worries: though my Robbe-Grillet chapter was still unwritten and Simon had luckily regretted that his English was no longer good enough to read my piece on him, Queneau was reading my chapter on himself right now. To me the Queneau chapter had seemed full of admiration for a remarkable writer and polymath—poet, novelist, critic, writer on science and philosophy, rejuvenator of the French language, editor of the *Encyclopédie de la Pléiade*. But if Pinget could take offense at what I had written, perhaps Queneau would be indignant at my calling *Zazie*, his best-known novel, a routine performance by comparison with the dazzling originality of some earlier works from his pen. As it turned out, I needn't have had a moment's uneasiness. Queneau, at 62 a long-established member of the



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Académie Goncourt, is too seasoned a professional to care what anybody writes about him: not only does he pay no heed to the critics but he almost never rereads his own books. "It was a curious experience," he remarked to me, "to read what you had to say about *Les Enfants du Limon*. I remembered that when my psychoanalyst read it, she sent me an urgent message. Earlier in 1938 she had terminated my analysis, but after a look at that book she kept me on the couch until I was mobilized for World War II." He gave a characteristic chuckle and passed on to another reminiscence.

Queneau is an utterly charming man but one not much given to committing himself; a mutual friend says that he is a typical, cagey *Normand*, the French equivalent of a Vermonter. When asked if I had done right in including him among the New Novelists, all he would say was "perhaps." Not much comfort for the ego there! In autographing his latest book, *Les Fleurs Bleues*, for me, he wrote, *"Avec toute ma sympathie*, R. Queneau." This doesn't in fact mean "With all my sympathy," but that was the interpretation I put on it.

Claude Mauriac, eldest son of François and a frequent contributor to the *New York Times Book Review*, comforted me more by telling me that a piece of mine in *The Nation* was the most perceptive yet written about his novels anywhere, France included. He was obviously anxious to be kind to me but had his own problems, including that of financing a film that he very much wants to make. In his less preoccupied moments, he passed on some interesting bits of gossip about the other New Novelists, as well as the information that the *Editions de Minuit* were partly housed in a former brothel.

But where was Beckett? By now my wife and son had cast me as the hero or victim of a drama of the absurd entitled *Waiting for Beckett*. Sure enough, on the last afternoon of my month in Paris I got a letter from Beckett saying that he would be well enough to see me on Thursday—the day after my unpostponable departure for Ireland, where my widowed mother was impatiently awaiting me.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

During the first act of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* (Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center) the title of one of the author's poems recurred to me: "Concerning Poor B.B." Poor B.B. indeed: he has no luck in New York. As the evening progressed, I wondered if B.B. might not be read "Bloody Bore."

The thought shocked me more than it might please those who still resist Bertolt Brecht. For I admire Brecht. He is first among the dramatists of the past forty years, as well as the outstanding theatrical figure and influence since the founding of his Berliner Ensemble in 1949. In a review I wrote of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* when it was produced at the Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa., in 1948, I said: "I have a feeling that postwar Europe may acclaim Brecht."

That production, directed by Eric Bentley (his translation was used then as it is now), was wholly unadorned. For that reason, I could not approve of it wholeheartedly, any more than I could approve the similarly stark 1947 production of Brecht's *Galileo* with Charles Laughton in the central role. For while Brecht's art has its aspects of austerity, his own productions prove that he means his stylistic reticence to dress itself in an aristocratically subdued splendor.

Galileo is staged in Berlin against a background of burnished bronze that lends the play a ground tone of noble opulence, while *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*—its various scenes played against a scroll painting—is rich in the manner of that Chinese art. To confuse Brecht's sense of the visually pleasurable with the ornate is as aesthetically ignorant as to mistake his restraint for poverty.

The Caucasian Chalk Circle is an epic or picaresque unfolding of the Chinese as well as the Hebrew tale of the wise man who must determine which of two women is the real mother of a "foundling" child. In Brecht's version the rascally but canny judge awards the child to the one who has cared for it rather than to the one who bore it. The moral is stated cryptically yet nevertheless tellingly in the play's concluding lines: "—what there is shall go to those who are good for it, Children to the motherly, that they prosper, Carts to good drivers, that they be driven well, The valley to the waterers, that it yield fruit."

There are many characters and numerous episodes—largely humorous—all of them providing folk-adage comment on government, rule by the wealthy, the law, war and maternal love. The pace is leisurely though the writing is terse; the play seems to approach its destination on a long, circuitous path. But that is Brecht's way: he is not concerned with achieving a sharp, climactic conclusion, or even a compact message, but with the elaboration and scenic visualization of an attitude. That attitude is one of ironic doubt, a shrewd peasant withholding of final assent to accepted dogmas as in such old saws as "blood is thicker than water." Almost every play of Brecht's maturity reveals this trait. I ended that 1948 review of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* with the observation: "The virtue of Brecht's plays is good sense carried to the point of grandeur."

If we regard *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* as a drama which continuously presses on to an apex of excitement, Brecht's procedure will inevitably seem tedious. Two factors not only circumvent this danger but make Brecht at his best constantly engaging: his writing and his staging. For besides being a poet of great originality, Brecht was a master theatre craftsman. English-speaking audiences rarely appreciate the first attribute because he is devilishly difficult to translate. His writing is a magical transcription of vulgar street lingo into an elevated, almost Biblical purity; it possesses a special elegance. Bentley is faithful to Brecht's text; one cannot blame him for not being altogether successful in recreating this Brechtian transfiguration. What may be required is an "imitation" in the vein of Robert Lowell's treatment of Villon. Meanwhile, it may be possible to stage fine productions with the Bentley translations.

Brecht wrote his plays with his own staging in mind. He was a great director surrounded by assistants and colleagues of like stature. And in all fairness to the Lincoln Center company, and to other American and English organizations which embark on a Brechtian enterprise, the facilities at the Berliner Ensemble are virtually utopian. For this reason I often despair that any production outside the "parent" institution can do Brecht full justice. Still, I thought well of the Actors' Workshop production of *Galileo* in San Francisco (directed by Herbert Blau) and was very much impressed by *Arturo Ui* as done at the Contemporary Theatre in Warsaw.

The Hedgerow production I have referred to was stripped to the bone. Yet the quality and charm came through: it was in touch with the play's spirit. The production at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theatre, directed by Jules Irving, is lavish and diffuse. It is spread all over the stage, making a gaudy show which obscures the impact of the words and blunts the style of the work. The *heart* of the play—the young peasant girl's feeling for the abandoned child—is absent, if for no other reason than that it is overwhelmed in the general display.

The effect produced justifies those who complain that at least the first two acts of the play—except for their broad comic moments—are barren.

In the first place, most of the acting is neutral. There are minor exceptions: the funny Monk, the cadaverous "Bridegroom," one or two others. I am not sure whether the masks (striking as such) that are worn by all the unsympathetic characters hide or heighten the uncommunicativeness of the performances. But it may not be proper to find fault with the players. Just as Brecht's writing requires a certain reserve, so the objectivity or "anti-emotionalism" associated with his theories is not to be equated with inexpressiveness. The greater the formal restraints Brecht prescribes for his actors the greater the need for feeling, power and precise characterization.

The costumes are elaborate but signify little apart from the wealth of the wearers. The musicians and singers are too much in evidence, as is the Storyteller who introduces the scenes and comments on the action, though all are placed at the extremity of stage left. The music itself is fake folksy or "popular" rather than the discreet and delicate framework for the subtle and sage narrative picture of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. It is a condiment or side attraction rather than integral to the play.

It may seem that I am being too severe, considering the genuine distinction of Brecht's work and the bravery of the Repertory Theater in undertaking it. But a play does not exist in the theatre except as a performance, a thing done, enacted. And courage is not art. For the most part the production now offered on the stage of the Vivian Beaumont struck me as a spectacular dud.

MUSIC / Benjamin Boretz

One has to travel out of New York to realize fully the extent to which the orchestra dominates public musical life in America. Our musical tradition is, in fact, almost entirely orchestral; we have nothing comparable to the European complex of smaller-city opera houses, for example; and in Europe most of the functioning orchestras originated, and often have remained, primarily as opera-house ensembles. The musical life in New York is focused on the unsurpassable elaborateness and glamour of big-time opera at one extreme, and at the other on a continuous and intensive recital and chamber music activity that ranges from stellar celebrities through various forms of historical and interpretive cliquism to serious and sophisticated performance of traditional and contemporary literature. In these surroundings, the Philharmonic, despite Leonard Bernstein's enormous personal cachet, functions only as a kind of tourist-commuter activity. The configuration of emphases that results is totally unrepresentative of American music as a whole.

Because of this disparity of experience, no amount of chamber music activity in New York will ever be reflected in a general availability of contemporary musical culture to the American listener. The scarcity of activity in other musical media may also explain some of the energy recently displayed by some of the smaller-city ensembles in attempting to salvage a vital musical function for the orchestra by extending its available repertory, and preserving standards of ensemble performance no longer perceivable among our "big three" (New York, Boston, Philadelphia). New York itself has become almost completely dependent on the Carnegie Hall International Festival of Visiting Orchestras for significant 20th-century orchestral experience, and especially for any contact with recent "advanced" American composition in that domain.

At best, the "major" ensembles have been following several years behind the smaller ones: three or four years ago, groups like the Chicago and Minneapolis Orchestras were giving the first New York performances of the Schoenberg-Berg-Webern-Stravinsky literature since the Mitropolous days, while recently we have had the Schoenberg Violin Concerto from the Boston Symphony (fresh from the first Boston performance ever!), and the Webern Symphony and other "symphonic" works of the 20th century from the Philharmonic. But in the meantime, the more important "provincial" orchestras have begun to explore the newer American repertory: Milton Babbitt's *Relata I* by the Cleveland and Minneapolis Orchestras, Gunther Schuller's Symphony by Houston, his *Gala Music* by Chicago, and his *American Triptych* by Cincinnati, and Elliott Carter's Variations by Minneapolis, as well as the regularly exploratory programing of such rather less prominent groups as the Buffalo, St. Louis, Louisville, New Haven and New Jersey Symphonies.

From his insular vantage point, the New Yorker's initial reaction to these observations is likely to be a euphoric expectation of enriched musical experience, in New York and elsewhere. But when one approaches at first hand those areas where the orchestra is the only musical force in view, the real seriousness of the total orchestral situation becomes terrifyingly obvious, and is brought into glaring focus only by the desperation represented in these attempts to realize a viable contemporary function. Thus, when I went to Cleveland in February to hear an all-"contemporary" program conducted by Gunther Schuller, I suddenly saw in a newly ominous light such familiar facts as that the composers who most significantly represent recent American composition have been least productive in the orchestral domain; that Elliott Carter's first mature orchestral work was composed in his late 40s, and that Milton Babbitt's only orchestral work since the teen-age *Generatrix* was composed in his 50th year; that Arthur Berger, Andrew Imbrie, George Perle, Mel Powell, George Rochberg, Ralph Shapey, Seymour Shifrin, to name only an obvious few, have composed no more than one or two representative orchestral works each; and that, therefore, with the sole exceptions of perhaps Sessions, Copland, Gunther Schuller and Leon Kirchner, there was virtually no literature through which the American listener, dependent entirely on an orchestra for his musical awareness, could become familiar with the entire range of recent American composition, regardless

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of the degree of benevolence or responsibility manifested by his orchestra's direction.

Moreover, it became evident what was bound to happen when an orchestra capable of quite superior playing in the traditional repertory (up to Richard Strauss) was confronted by a formidable new score — in this case, Milton Babbitt's *Relata I* — whose performance required, first of all, a total readjustment of musical hearing to a kind of orchestral articulation that is a new departure, even in Babbitt's language, and of which not a single previous instance had ever been encountered by a member of the orchestra. All of this, furthermore, was to be taught to the players by an outside conductor whose technique and approach were being met for the first time, over a total rehearsal time—more than usually generous — of five hours. This, by the way, was to be accomplished along with the study of four other 20th-century works: the Webern Symphony, Schuller's *Spectra,* Prokofiev's *Scythian Suite* and Messiaen's *Ascension.* All of these turned out to be unknown to the orchestra—but then, so was Debussy's *Jeux* when Boulez conducted it earlier this season. And equally evident, as well as most alarming, were the implications for the audience's present and perhaps permanent understanding of *all* the work and activity of the composer involved. For the inescapable misrepresentation and near chaos in a performance attempted under such conditions was the one contact they had ever had or were ever likely to have with any aspect of Babbitt's ideas or creative personality.

To say that *Relata I* "triumphed" even under these circumstances would not only be a silly exaggeration but would contradict the essential point that whatever triumphed or failed could hardly have been *Relata I* for the scoreless, contextless audience . For those of us present with both scores and contexts, it was difficult enough to correlate what was going on sonically with what one could read, even though Schuller's usual remarkable perception of long-range projection of sense and shape made many things evident that seemed barely to be played. And while I scarcely feel prepared to characterize *Relata I,* after such a brief and minimal encounter, I had the impression from its apparent realization of an extraordinary multiplicity of dimensional relations latent in the orchestral medium that a new orchestral language—until now missing from the orchestral works of even the composers of the most original recent chamber music—appears to have been, if not discovered, at least revealed as a possibility. What makes this all the more exciting from the point of view of future musical development is that all those things described by Schuller as "happening [here] for the first time in orchestral music" were so clearly derived by imaginative insights from suggestions in earlier music, chamber and electronic as well as orchestral, of Babbitt himself and of his colleagues from Stravinsky to Carter. Thus a striking idea that appears in both *Relata I* and the Carter Variations for Orchestra, in totally different articulative contexts, is the juxtaposition of a series of reiterated staccato trumpet attacks (significantly at regular time intervals in Carter, significantly at differentiated intervals in Babbitt) over a sustained line (a multi-pitched texture in Carter, a single "reference" pitch in *Relata I*).

It should be said, too, that the Cleveland audience seemed quite unusually courteous, and even rather proud that it had not only endured but survived an experience whose full complexity must undoubtedly remain inconceivable to an outsider; this at least leaves room for rather more optimism than the crashing ennui of Boston and New York audiences that used to envelop some of the less scintillating modern-music performances of one's youth. And lest this be misunderstood, the orchestra itself posed no untoward complications of its own beyond bewilderment and disbelief that life could be this different, all at once. A convincing demonstration of its basic professionalism in attitude and competence (if not virtuosity) was the superb performance of the Webern Symphony that Schuller evoked, in stunning contrast to the quite dismal one at the Philharmonic last fall.

But what such rare events as this conjunction of Babbitt, Schuller and Cleveland ought primarily to demonstrate to the Ford or any other relevant foundation, is that an absolute requirement for the salvation of American orchestral activity is the establishment of a true virtuoso ensemble, a specialized "elite" orchestra, devoted exclusively to learning and performing new works. This must be accomplished under the regular guidance of a knowledgeable and competent conductor such as Schuller, who would thus not have to waste time and effort becoming involved in the International Conductor circuitry and other professional marginalia in order to snatch a few meager chances to conduct performances of new pieces under inadequate and inappropriate conditions. Such an orchestra, by creating a cohesive repertory and touring nationally with it, would not only make available the real sound of new orchestral music for listeners but would also provide an essential model for any orchestra to follow in learning these and other new pieces on its own. The result, even at this frighteningly late date, might be the reversal of the contemporary orchestra's precipitate descent into musical oblivion.

(A later column will deal with some of the other new orchestral works introduced this season in New York and elsewhere.)

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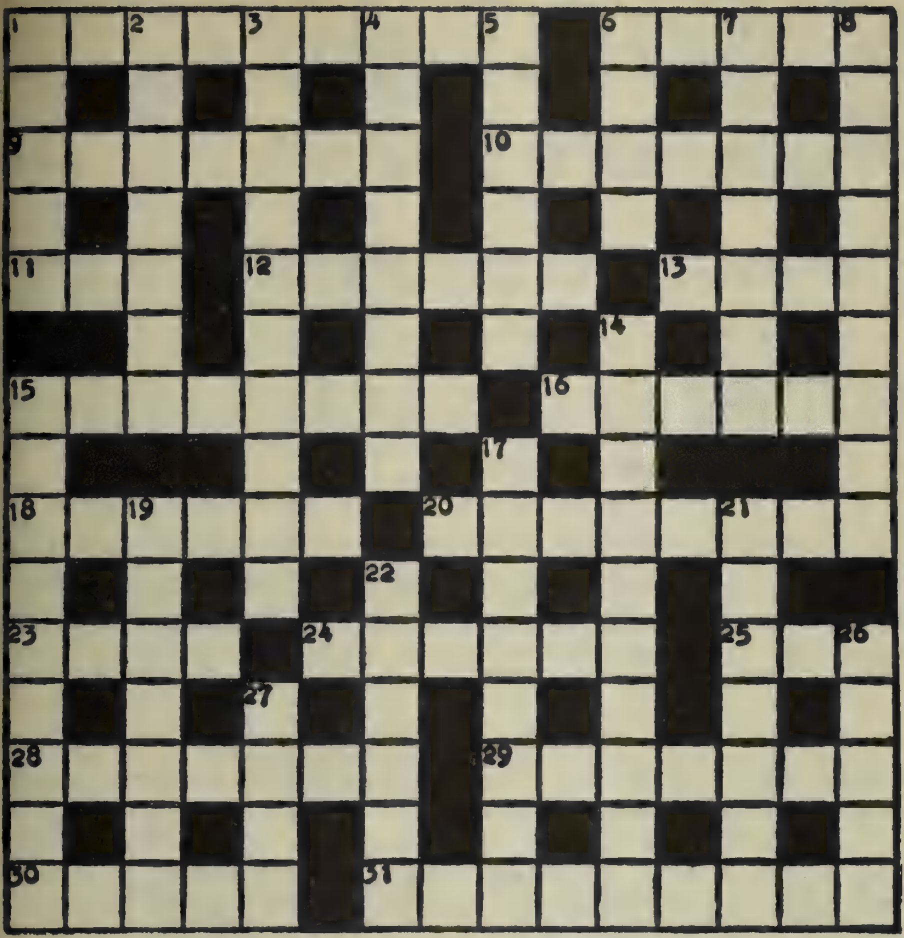

ACROSS:

1 A really hard-finish suit during dinner should look like marble! (9)
6 Such 1 down should certainly involve current tunes! (5)
9 Enlists a conventional figure to dine? (5, 2)
10 One doesn't play at home. (7)
11 and 23 Part of the machine ages? Their first results are often negative.
12 Either 6 down, or 30. (6)
13 Browning's went together with 6 down first. (4)
15 Helps what might be put on by many groups. (8)
16 A pole is bound to be looked for here.
18 Runs the meeting like Windsor or Morris. (6)
20 When the British 30 for this, they're not just putting up with local politics.
24 His 30 was the 6-down type. (6)
25 and 7 down Not remembering what some think Christmas should be? (10)
28 In one short month a girl will get to exaggerate, in part. (7)
29 One might not want to be so caught, if short on diamonds. (2, 5)
30 You've seen enough of this puzzle, so you won't have to this any more. (5)
31 Evening dress? (9)

DOWN:

1 One might find this 30 on the 27 30. (5)
2 The sort of rule surrounding me that makes for system. (7)
3 Carroll characters might have appreciated the beds there. (6, 4)
4 Dispatch. (8)
5 Journeys end in such meetings, poetically. (6)
6 A tradesman might be told to stick to it. (4)
7 See 25 across
8 Turn around the chopped steak — it covers a lot of area. (9)
14 Agreeing to study the flower? (10)
15 and 22 down Those with a first degree fastener, perhaps in bed. (9-6)
17 Accidentally moving down. (8)
19 Even a lame dancer should be able to start for town. (7)
21 This might be changed for 9, when written in the underworld. (7)
22 See 15 down
26 The fate of the television sufferer, unless self-contained. (5)
27 The type of 1 down which has few strings attached, if any! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1147

ACROSS: 1 Assemblyman; 9 Worm; 10 Choir; 11 Gray; 12 Thrower; 13 Diverts; 15 Artistes; 16 Theory; 21 and 18 Doubting Thomas; 24 Studios; 26 Bisects; 28 Pipe; 29 Photo; 30 and 4 Hornbook; 31 Importunate. DOWN: 2 Symbolism; 3 Escheat; 5 Yorkist; 6 Argue; 7 and 23 Mother Nature; 8 and 30 Matterhorn; 14 Aside; 17 Entrechat; 19 Hatpin; 20 Scorpio; 22 Unicorn; 25 and 27 Dreamboat.

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LETTERS

from Justice Black

Washington, D.C.
Dear Sirs: I am writing you to express my own appreciation for the editorial that appeared in *The Nation* concerning Clifford Durr ["Conscience of a Lawyer," Feb. 21]. Cliff is one of the best men I have ever known. All of his life he has been the personification of gentleness, kindness and tolerance. His course in life has been marked by courage, not by expediency. He has never been afraid to advocate what he believed to be right or to oppose what he believed to be wrong. He has never compromised with what he believed to be evil and against the best interests of his country. As a public servant he fought valiantly for the public interest and not for what he thought was the best interest of Cliff Durr. I join you and others in paying tribute to Clifford Durr—a man without greed and without guile—and without ambition except an ambition to help promote equal justice for all men and women without regard to their race, creed, faith or their position in society.

In your editorial you state that "Durr's career in Washington came to an end when he boldly quoted the Constitution to Harry Truman, who was then setting up his Loyalty Review Board." This implies that President Truman refused to let Cliff stay in government service. President Truman did his best to persuade Cliff to accept reappointment to the Federal Communications Commission. He did this with full knowledge that Cliff was opposed to the loyalty program. The President talked to me in an effort to get Cliff to accept the reappointment. When I told the President that Cliff felt he should not accept reappointment because he was opposed to the loyalty program, the President said that made no difference. When told that Cliff's views were so strongly against the program that he might not even vote the Democratic ticket, the President again told me that that made no difference in this appointment. He said that whatever his views, he knew Cliff was a man of sturdy honesty and courage, and for that reason alone he wanted him to continue serving as a member of the Communications Commission. The President not only said that he would reappoint Cliff despite his views but added that he would fight to the last ditch for his confirmation by the Senate. Cliff's refusal to serve, as I understood it, was not due to any lack of respect or admiration for President Truman, but rather to his belief that it would somehow be wrong for him to accept the Presidential appointment and then fight the loyalty program policies as he was determined to do. I came out of this experience with the belief that there was something strikingly alike in the character of these two men—that both profoundly believed in plain, simple, homey honesty, and that neither could be swerved from doing that which he thought would best serve the public interest. *Hugo L. Black, U. S. Supreme Court*

conscientious Marines

Oakland, Calif.
Dear Sirs: The undersigned have sent the following letter to Gen. Lewis Hershey, Director, Selective Service, and to Gen. Wallace Greene, Commandant, USMC, Washington, D.C.:

We are two Marine reservists who have served many months in this country's forces. We now form part of the vast pool of trained manpower the military establishment holds in readiness.

After long and agonized soul searching, we have decided we can no longer in good conscience support the Vietnamese war. We have informed our reserve commanders of our decision and of our intention in event

(Continued on page 459)

EDITORIALS

Straws in the Wind

Paris

It has been a common saying, ever since 1945, that all too many Germans have really only one thing against Hitler—he *failed*. But are there not now a growing number of Germans who are prepared to forgive him even that?

Do not the German local elections in Schleswig-Holstein in the north and in Bavaria in the south last month indicate a certain rehabilitation of Hitlerism? No doubt the two great parties, the Social Democrats and the Christian Democrats, have not been affected by these elections. But whereas one of the principal losers in the contest is the GDP, which used to thrive on the grievances of the refugees from the East (i.e., from areas taken over by Russia and Poland)—and most of these people have been thoroughly assimilated and integrated in West German society and economy—a relatively new political formation, the NPD (the "National Democratic Party of Germany") has, this time, succeeded in crystallizing much of the vague nostalgic Nazism still floating about. More important, it is more virulently right wing than practically anything seen in official postwar German politics up to now.

Taking Schleswig-Holstein and Bavaria together, the party's total poll amounts to only 2.1 per cent. But, significantly, in Nuremberg, the "capital" of Hitlerism (for here the Nazis held their giant cannibal congresses, and here the top Nazis were tried and hanged, and here was also the stronghold of the top Jew-baiter, Julius Streicher), 7.5 per cent voted for the neo-Nazis; in Bayreuth, with its intertwined Wagner-Hitler mythology, the neo-Nazi poll was 10.6 per cent. The "martyrdom" of those hanged at Nuremberg is one of the neo-Nazis' favorite themes.

No doubt Nuremberg and Bayreuth may be regarded as "special" cases; and an overall 2½ per cent neo-Nazi poll need not perhaps be regarded as a danger signal; but it is worth remembering that in 1928, during the period of the artificial pre-depression prosperity of the Weimar Republic, the Nazis scored only 800,000 votes out of a total of 31 million, which is a proportion roughly corresponding to that of the present neo-Nazi vote. Two years later—in 1930, with the depression having already severely hit Germany—the Nazi poll shot up to more than 6 million votes, and the Reichstag seats from twelve to 106. No parallel development need be feared under present conditions, but there is little doubt that not only among older Germans but also among the young generation the hero image of Hitler is being revived.

This rehabilitation of German right-wing nationalism (as it is being euphemistically called by some) has caused a great deal of discussion in France. Several Germans have written to the French press saying that it is all the fault of de Gaulle; if he were pursuing a federalist "European" policy, instead of a French nationalist policy, there would be less encouragement for the German people to return to their old evil ways. Much is being made of this by "Europeans" like Lecanuet in his campaign against Gaullism. *Le Monde*, the most influential French paper, and increasingly "European" and anti-Gaullist in its outlook, has published many of the German letters. It may well become a major political issue in France, especially if the neo-Nazis make further progress before the French general election less than a year from now.

ALEXANDER WERTH

God Makes the News Weeklies

In flaming red type against a black background *Time* (April 8) asks on the cover: "Is God Dead?" It is the first cover in *Time's* history to use no illustration. In *Look* (April 19) the noted theologian, John C. Bennett, writes "In Defense of God," and is featured on the cover. *Newsweek* (April 11) also discusses God's demise, just ahead of the obituaries of six mortals.

Although it has obtained so much precious space in the most topical of publications, the "Death of God" controversy is not nearly as widespread as it is made out to be. *Time* points out that according to a Harris poll last year, 97 per cent of the American people say they believe in God. They attach different meanings to the word, but the proportion of avowed atheists is small. It was to be expected that the concept of God, whether naive or sophisticated, would be transformed in the kind of age we live in. To illustrate, *Time* reproduces Raphael's concept of God, which shows an elderly bearded gentleman in a black robe flying over an earth which, by the scale of the trees in the picture, seems to be about a mile in diameter. This representation of God could scarcely be expected to survive the Sputniks, or, for that matter, the airplane. Centuries earlier, in fact, philosophers like Spinoza had abandoned the Judaic God, who was represented as really nothing but an old man sitting barefoot on a throne up in the sky.

Gabriel Vahanian's *The Death of God* grew out of an article that appeared in *The Nation* (December 12, 1959), but we prefer to leave the theological aspects to the theologians. What interests us is the mass media's fascination with the subject, transitory as that may prove to be. We suspect that the "Death of God," in addition to its attractions as somewhat sensational journalistic subject matter, has the tactical merit of diverting public attention from the genuine ferment going on in the churches on such issues as community organizations, ghettos, slums, civil rights and, above all, peace and the war in Vietnam.

What this activity seems to indicate is that many ministers, and the young ones especially, feel that the Church should be increasingly concerned with the patent evils and horrors of the world about us. To many ecclesiastics this is a most unwelcome development. Harvey Cox, in "The New Christian Soldiers" *(The Nation*, October 11, 1965), quotes Bishop Thomas J. Toolen of Birmingham and Mobile, who told the priests and nuns who were marching in Selma to go home and tend to "God's business." They refused; they felt they were attending to His business right there in Selma. It is this attitude—from *The Nation's* viewpoint wholly admirable—that might well be discussed at Easter, and throughout the year. Among people like these priests and nuns, God is not dead. They are proving it not by talking about Him but by expressing in action what is in their hearts. And has God ever been anywhere else?

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THE NATION

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The Cost of Change

Ours is the country most advanced in technology and automation, and most eager to press further advance to the utmost. From an employer's standpoint, the most attractive form of progress is that which eliminates jobs. This is the setup which led to the recent railroad firemen's strike, and which will in all probability result in a strike against the newspaper merger in New York City. It is a recipe for labor-management conflict which is more costly than humane methods of dealing with the problem of what to do with people when machines take their jobs away.

The firemen's strike was absurd; it was also inevitable under the conditions the union faced. The history must be taken into account. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen is no aggregation of hastily organized, downtrodden workers. It was founded in 1873, at the height of the railroad age, and American labor generally owes much to it and the other rail unions. But it has fallen on evil days. The membership has dropped from 55,000 in 1957 to about 30,000, and the leaders felt that "something" had to be done. All that was left was to strike, and all the strike accomplished was to call attention to the firemen's plight, at the cost of serious annoyance to the public. And now the decline of the union will continue, perhaps at an accelerated pace.

If anything is to be salvaged, it will be in the form of lessons for labor, management, government and the public to keep in mind. And for the press—especially the press because a more obtuse, myopic treatment of a labor dispute can hardly be imagined than that which was meted out to the firemen's union.

(*1*) Labor cannot fight technology; from the Luddites on, it has never succeeded in stopping mechanical and technological innovation. The railway unions have been the most tightly protectionist; to some extent, the present plight of those railroads which are losing money is the result of union policy. It enabled railroad management to raise a tremendous fuss about "featherbedding"—a charge particularly effective against the firemen. By sedulous propaganda, the railroads made it appear that there was nothing to the union's case except a desire to get something for nothing in sinecure jobs. The propaganda was so successful that hardly anyone but the firemen realized that they were fighting for existence, that when they were ousted from the locomotive cabs, many would have nowhere else to go.

(*2*) When technological change portends the elimination of jobs and sizable numbers of people are involved, *the time to negotiate is before the jobs are lost, not afterward.* Afterward is too late. This implies that (a) in collective bargaining agreements, or (b) by law, employers or industries shall be required to give notice long in advance of their intention to eliminate jobs. A long lead time is vital. Given time for adjustment, a decent degree of amelioration is possible, through retraining of those who can be retrained, attrition (retirement of older employees), relocation, etc.

(*3*) Social Darwinism—the survival of the fittest and throwing human beings on the scrap heap—should be discarded as the ruling principle in industrial progress. The principle that should be applied is well stated by Herbert A. Simon in *The Shape of Automation*: "The general society which stands to benefit from the change should pay the major cost of introducing it and should compensate generously those who would otherwise be harmed by it. . . . There is no reason why the many should benefit from increases in productivity at the expense of the few who are displaced." According to this principle, in such cases a labor-management fund, probably with government participation, should be established, to take care of workers who are no longer needed in the industries they have served.

Today the firemen, tomorrow—almost any craft or trade. Predictably, it will be some time before Congress can be made to see the wisdom of applying some such formula as that advocated by Simon. If we prefer the present system—futile, costly, frustrating industrial conflict—we should understand that we are sabotaging that very "freedom" which we insist is our ideal, and which we are trying to promote all over the world. If we cannot do better, no one will wish to emulate us, and the time will come when we will not be satisfied with ourselves.

Life in the Elephant

Appearances to the contrary, there are some new stirrings in the Republican Party: nothing to toss hats in the air about just yet, but worth noting and deserving the encouragement of two cheers. Recently we applauded the initiative of thirty Republican Congressmen who signed a statement calling for an investigation of the draft (*The Nation*, March 14). Still more recently, a group of twenty-five Republicans—many of them signers of the draft statement—have issued an excellent position paper on foreign aid. Aid must be based, they insist, on defined criteria "to assure that aid recipients are interested in encouraging broad popular participation in government and development." Unless the people not the regimes benefit, the United States is wasting its money. There is no sovereign road to success in foreign aid; it must be extended on a case-to-case basis, for the circumstances differ so widely that what is practical in one country may be completely useless in another. Increased emphasis should be placed on rural and agricultural development through a more positive food-aid program and aid to agricultural technology. Greater care should be taken in selecting countries to receive foreign aid, with special emphasis on Latin America. We must not insist on carbon copies of Western political institutions, but only on the principle that government-to-government aid should not be extended to any country that fails to show interest in establishing broad suffrage, holding popular elections, and creating a civil service based on merit.

There are other recommendations in the same vein. Another exhibit of interest is the Ripon Society's current statement urging a new China policy. The specific proposals: that the United States should adopt a "less hostile" attitude toward China in official pronouncements (why "hostile" at all?); insistently pursue increased exchange of newsmen, scholars, doctors and cultural groups; cease trying to keep China out of the UN; adopt a more flexible trade policy; encourage Chinese participation in international conferences dealing with nuclear proliferation; and consider "a specific reappraisal of the nature and extent of the American commitment to Nationalist China and to Chiang Kai-shek."

Here again the proposals are not particularly startling but they do represent an attempt to push the party out of the Halleck-Dirksen-Goldwater trenches. Mark Hatfield in Oregon, Charles Percy in Illinois, Mayor Lindsay in New York, and Edward Brooke in Massachusetts are typical of the young leaders who, with the help of the Ripon Society and similar groups, and of the Congressmen who signed the draft and foreign aid statements, could yet bring new life and vitality to the GOP. Caught between the Far Right and the Lethargic Center, the GOP needs to fight its way through to the open areas where the people are to be found. Any movement in this direction is a good omen. The elephant is not galloping or trumpeting, but is slowly rising to its knees and may yet run again.

Snow from the Planets

To celebrate the opening of the 23rd Party Congress, the Moscow *Literary Gazette* of March 29 published the following poem:

THOUGHTS AT THE MAUSOLEUM

On Lenin's marble the snow is having a rest.
It was sent from distant planets.
And I seem to hear the snow gently sighing
Because Lenin isn't with us.

Gently the snowflakes come down on the marble,
And softly they mourn.
But what can you do? Death is inevitable,
And the years go by.

We can omit the next few lines, and just quote the conclusion:

Over the marble the snowflakes circle and whirl,
And sing their inaudible song,
And gently they declare how much they love Lenin,
And swear their loyalty oath!

The author of this poem is Victor Bokov, one of Russia's more sophisticated younger poets. One can only suppose that the bureaucrats of the *Literary Gazette* were so touched by the perfect party spirit of his verses that they even passed (without consulting any cosmonaut) the stunning scientific novelty of snow that came from "distant planets." But even the dutiful reader could hardly fail to suspect that these "distant planets" were intended to show him that the whole thing was a hoax. There are ways and ways of being nonconformist. We gather that Bokov's poem has raised a huge laugh in Moscow.

Phone Pollution

The wives—often the widows—of Americans serving in Vietnam have been receiving in recent months abusive, jeering and threatening phone calls. The incidents have risen into the hundreds, but thus far not a single one of them has been traced, and in the absence of information it is difficult to conceive what sort of diseased personalities are perpetrating them. The assumption among Army personnel is that they are the work of leftist agitators, but it is at least as plausible that they are a device employed by right-wing extremists who wish to defame the peace movement.

Whatever the motivation, the calls are obscene—often in content, always in intent—and it is both distressing and surprising that the electronic marvels of telephone technology do not include trapping those who heartlessly misuse the facility. And even if the callers were identified, there is great uncertainty about what legal action could be taken against them. State laws vary widely in the matter, and there is no federal statute. Senator Dodd of Connecticut has introduced a bill that would make it a federal offense to threaten or abuse servicemen or their families, but this seems an *ad hoc* measure, conceived in anger and perhaps with an eye to headlines. (Why, for example, should such a law discriminate between service families and the general public? *All* such expressions of anonymous malevolence are intolerable.)

Controversy in this country over the war in Vietnam grows more bitter week by week, but we have yet to hear a responsible voice raised against the individual American soldier in the field. It is not the sort of attack that can in decency be made.

CAMBODIA BESET

GAIL D. STARK

At present a member of the French Department at Southern Illinois University, Mr. Stark taught English for three years in Cambodia and for one year in Laos. He has written for Cambodian journals, and is at present completing a book on developments in Cambodia since independence.

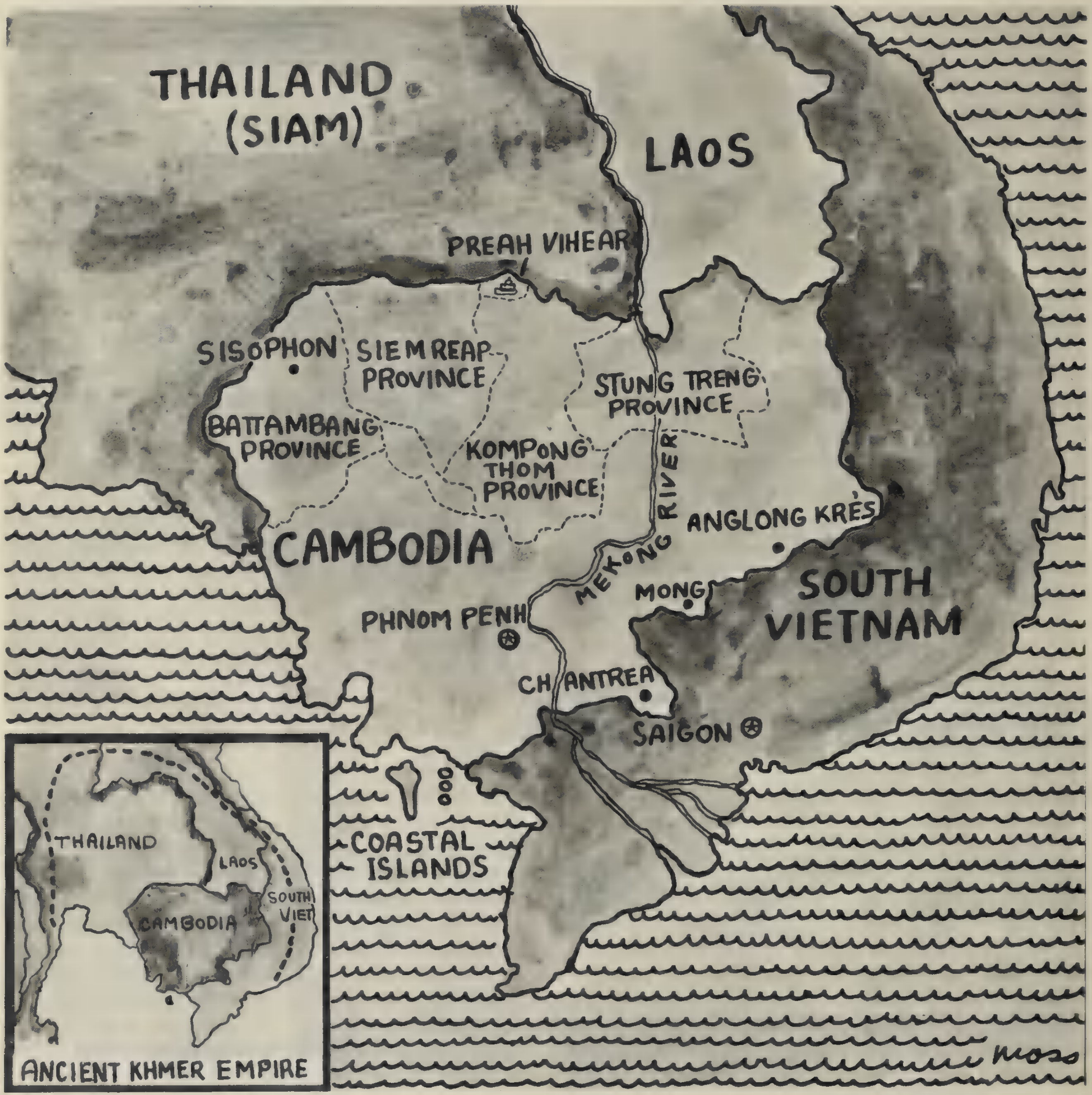
The American press is full of articles on, or references to, the "slide," some journalists say "rush," of Cambodia into the waiting arms of China. Various evidence is put forth; the substantial and increasing Chinese aid to Cambodia, the rejection of American military and economic aid (November, 1963), the final break in diplomatic relations with the United States (May, 1965), and Sihanouk's many trips to Peking.

What is the truth behind these allegations? Is Cambodia really the vanguard of further Chinese penetration of the Indo-Chinese peninsula? Has Phnom Penh really become the center of Chinese espionage and subversion in Southeast Asia? A closer examination of the facts and an elementary knowledge of Cambodian history do not lead to this alarming conclusion.

Cambodian foreign policy is based, according to Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the head of state, on "reciprocity and retaliation." Thus far, China has proved itself a good friend of Cambodia, and Cambodia "reciprocates" by supporting Chinese admission to the UN and praising China's "understanding" of underdeveloped countries. Cambodians see U. S. influence in Southeast Asia as on the wane, think we are embarked on a disastrous course in neighboring South Vietnam, and that we scorn their neutrality. Thus, the "retaliation" of ending American aid and the cooling of relations between the two countries.

Historically, Cambodia has never quarreled with China; indeed, the two countries have enjoyed good relations from the beginning of the Christian era. By contrast, Cambodia's immediate neighbors, Thailand and South Vietnam, closely allied to the United States, at least for the time being, have been sources of fear and worry almost from their beginnings as organized states. The ancient Khmer (Cambodian) empire included large parts of what is now Thailand, Vietnam and Laos. The southward march of the Thais and Vietnamese, both of whom came from south China, put increasing pressure on the empire, until, by the middle of the last century, Cambodia was reduced to a virtual vassal state of Siam (Thailand) and Annam, as Vietnam was then called. Finally, in 1863, King Norodom I asked France's help in preserving the independence of his shrunken kingdom. The French turned what had originally been a "gentlemen's agreement" into an out-and-out protectorate. However, they managed to get back for Cambodia the provinces of Battambang, Sisophon and Siem Reap which Siam had annexed, and Cambodia was established, more or less in its present frontiers, by the Franco-Siamese Treaty of 1907.

During the protectorate, Siam and Annam held their aggressive designs in check but, as later events were to show, they did not forget them. With the outbreak of World War II and the subsequent defeat of the French in Europe, Thai-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THAILAND
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Moss

land, allied with Japan, pressured the Vichy administration in Indo-China into ceding, once again, the province of Battambang, one of the richest in the kingdom, and parts of the provinces of Siem Reap, Kompong Thom and Stung Treng. It was only by the Treaty of Washington in 1946, that Cambodia managed to recover these areas.

In 1953, with the withdrawal from Cambodia of the French troops and the end of the protectorate, Thailand once more seized Cambodian territory. Thai police and soldiers occupied an old temple in northwestern Cambodia, Preah Vihear. The area occupied was inconsequential, but the incursion was particularly significant for the Cambodians not only as a new manifestation of Thai imperialism but because Preah Vihear is a supreme example of the ancient Khmer art of temple building and, as such, belongs to the Cambodian cultural heritage. The dispute was taken to the World Court, and the temple was returned to Cambodia in 1962.

On the Vietnamese side, things were scarcely better. When they withdrew from Indo-China in 1954, the French had awarded Cochin-China to Vietnam. This area, comprising all of lower Vietnam and including the Mekong Delta and the city of Saigon itself, had, for almost 2,000 years, been Cambodian and is still today inhabited by a large Cambodian minority. This loss was bitter enough, but when, a few years later, President Diem demanded coastal islands which were obviously Cambodian, it was hard to believe that the Vietnamese had discarded their plans for expansion at the expense of their neighbor.

In 1958, the troops of Diem occupied a part of Stung Treng province in northeastern Cambodia, and were dislodged only by a stern warning from the Chinese leaders. From 1958 to the present day, Cambodia's Vietnamese border has been subject to more than 300 violations by the troops and aircraft of Saigon, recently in company of their American "advisers." The border villages of Chantrea, Anglong Krès and Mong, to name only a few of the more tragic examples, were strafed, bombed, mortared and napalmed, causing widespread death and destruction.

To this day, Thailand and South Vietnam both refuse to recognize not only Cambodia's neutrality but its frontiers, making it, in effect, a state without borders.

The above history makes it easy to understand why Cambodia fears its neighbors much more than it does China. Indeed, the support China has promised in the event of an armed aggression is probably the only thing that has prevented Thailand and South Vietnam from trying to satisfy the centuries-old desire to divide the country between them, and establishing their common border at the Mekong. The Cambodians can hardly fail to appreciate this support, the more so since the United States has refused to recognize formally Cambodian territorial integrity. We are thus in the position of seeming to condone the brigandage of our allies and, if any one factor can be said to have contributed most to the rapid deterioration in Cambodian-American relations, it is surely this feeling, now a conviction, that we are behind Cambodia's two most mortal enemies.

In addition to the support China offers Cambodia against its neighbors, there is a difference in the ways that the Chinese and the Americans have given aid to that country.

Prince Sihanouk says: ". . . the capacity for gratitude is part of the stuff out of which the Khmers are made. They could be just as grateful to the Americans for the aid they used to furnish if the Americans—for their part—had not seen fit to attach humiliating conditions to its provision and the CIA had refrained from hatching plots against our national regime, and our eternal enemies in Saigon and Bangkok had not been provided with unwavering American support in their armed incursions into our national territory against a people ill equipped to resist them."

American economic aid to Cambodia began in 1951 and military aid in 1954. The total value of these two aids had reached $300 million by November, 1963, when both missions were asked to leave the country. If, as Prince Sihanouk said at that time, "this represents a very important contribution to our national development," why then the decision to terminate both missions?

When, after the 1954 Geneva Conference, America agreed to furnish arms for defense to Cambodia, it did so with the explicit provisos that Cambodia accept no arms whatsoever from a Communist-bloc power and that the American arms were to be used exclusively against Communist subversion. We were also to maintain a military mission (MAAG) in Phnom Penh to instruct the Royal Army in the use of the arms, and to pay a good portion of the salaries of the FARK (Forces Armées Royales Khmères).

Difficulties arose because the arms supplied were too often so old and in such bad repair as to be of doubtful effectiveness, and because the Cambodians were expressly forbidden to use them against the only people who subsequently menaced them, the South Vietnamese and Thais.

When, in 1958, in the incident alluded to above, Diem's troops invaded and occupied a portion of the Cambodian province of Stung Treng, the American Ambassador in Phnom Penh hurriedly demanded audience with Sihanouk to warn him solemnly that none of the trucks furnished the Cambodian army by MAAG could be used to transport troops to the occupied zone and that, furthermore, none of the ammunition provided by the U. S. could be fired at the South Vietnamese invaders, our loyal allies.

The Cambodians were forced to requisition buses and any other means of transport available to get their troops to the zone in question. In the wake of this humiliation, Sihanouk admits that "from that moment on, I swore to get rid of American aid as soon as possible," since it was "clearly incompatible with our national sovereignty."

Economic aid was more of a success than military aid. It encompassed several sectors, including education, agriculture, administration, police and public works; and even while giving his reasons for ending it, Sihanouk said: "Our American friends had, in spite of all, oriented their aid toward the areas where it could really serve the interests of the people."

Two of the most striking examples of the good use to which American aid was put are the irrigation system near Angkor Thom, the old capital of Cambodia, and the Teacher Training Institute at Kompong Kanthuot.

In the days of the great Khmer empire, the Cambodian kings had constructed a vast system of canals and reservoirs in the north of Cambodia, which permitted two or even three harvests a year. After the Siamese invasion in the middle of the 15th century, the kings abandoned Angkor and the irrigation system fell into disrepair. Working on the original plans, the Americans restored a great part of the system. The huge reservoir at Baray Occidental, just outside the gates of the ancient city, is once more functioning in its original purpose.

The Teacher Training Institute was intended to reduce Cambodian dependence on foreign (mostly French) teachers in the national schools. Located only a few miles south of Phnom Penh, the school was completed in 1957, and is equipped with many modern teaching aids, including a splendid language lab. The course of study is for four years and, in time, Cambodia should produce enough well-trained teachers to staff its secondary schools.

In addition, American aid has contributed wholly or partially to the construction of primary and secondary school buildings throughout the country. The modern and beautiful *collège* at Angtassom, halfway between Phnom Penh and Kampot, on the Gulf of Siam, is an example.

USIS, being essentially a propaganda organization, was suspect. The most successful USIS programs were the groups of two or more American folk singers or balladeers who made the rounds of the provinces in one-night stands. The touring movie vans probably ran a close second. Quite a few of my students at the Lycée were interested in receiving USIA publications, but were prevented by Cambodian law from getting them by mail at the school. I hesitated to turn my apartment into a reading room, as I did not want to be identified as just another USIS man who had gone to the "boondocks," but I willingly contributed books, usually quite excellent ones, distributed by USIS, at the annual awards convocation of the Lycée.

By contrast, the Khmer-American Friendship Highway, the major American aid project in Cambodia, and the one that was to be our "showpiece" (the Russians had just built a magnificent 500-bed hospital), was less than a success. The road was to link Phnom Penh and the new port of Sihanoukville on the Gulf of Siam. The port itself had been built with French aid to reduce Cambodian dependence on the whims of the Saigon government. (Until it was finished in 1960, all ships had to pass through South Vietnam going upstream to Phnom Penh.) Within the first year, the highway was practically unusable for a length of 80 kilometers, with great potholes and slides due to faulty construction and engineering. The Cambodians are still making repairs on it, and point out that similar roads we have built in Vietnam and Thailand have not collapsed.

Three major reasons led the Cambodians to decide that American aid was no longer "compatible with national sovereignty":

(*1*) The Cambodians claimed, and rightly, that the vast majority of the American press maintained a continuous campaign of humiliating disparagement against Cambodia, accusing it of "eating at the American trough" while opposing American policies, especially in Southeast Asia. But must a state which accepts aid necessarily hew to the foreign policy line taken by the donor? It would perhaps be convenient if this were the case, but there have been too many examples to the contrary. Then, the Cambodians say that the very real sacrifices of their own people were rarely, if ever, mentioned, and all progress was attributed to foreign, particularly American, aid. The American press holds a great share in the responsibility for the cool relations not only between Cambodia and the United States but between the United States and many other countries, particularly of the Afro-Asian bloc.

(*2*) The Cambodian Government was convinced that the CIA was supporting a small band of rebels, the Khmer Serei (Free Cambodians) led by one Son Ngoc Thanh, who is violently anti-Sihanouk, and has since 1942 plotted, connived and intrigued with first one foreign group and then another in his avid quest for power. The rebels have recently moved from South Vietnam, where they led a precarious jungle existence, to the relative security of Thailand, but continue their daily insults and threats through radio broadcasts beamed into Cambodia by a powerful transmitter. Son Ngoc Thanh and his followers are detested by the vast majority of Cambodians as traitors to the nation and have no following whatsoever inside the country. The Americans disclaimed any knowledge of the rebels or their activities, but recent disclosures have shown they were actively supported by Diem. It is also interesting that *U.S. News & World Report,* in a late December issue, claimed that some of the rebels bear American arms. If that is true, the Cambodians are justified in thinking our dealings with them were cynical.

(3) Perhaps the major reason for the break was the harmful nature of what Prince Sihanouk calls "commercialized aid." Under the counterpart fund system, merchants could apply for dollars to import certain articles necessary for the industrialization of the country. The importer then reimbursed the Aid Mission in local money at the official rate of 35 *riels* to the dollar. Since the free-market value of the *riel* was about 70 to the dollar, the importers were in effect, obtaining supposedly essential machinery at half the cost and, at the same time, were sparing the state its reserves in hard currency. It is easy to see how this system led to corruption, intrigue and jealousy.

Prince Sihanouk cites the case of a Chinese who asked for dollars to import machines for the manufacture of matches. When the cases containing the supposedly new machinery arrived, they proved to be full of nothing but scrap iron. Instead of demanding reimbursement from the importer, the Americans insisted that the royal government make good the loss. The Cambodian Government then asked that it be allowed to import items of this nature in the future to avoid a recurrence. Their request was met by a categorical refusal since the American aid officials maintained that this would constitute aid to a state enterprise (socialism!) which they could not sanction.

More than ever, the Cambodians became convinced that the Americans gave their aid chiefly to create a "clientele" devoted to them and to the capitalist system. There was but one answer according to Sihanouk: "If we wanted to avoid the fate of countries like Thailand, South Vietnam and Laos, prisoners of a suffocating aid: cut off this aid."

On the other side, Chinese aid has been extended in such a fashion as to flatter the Cambodian national pride at the same time that it makes definite, and clearly visible, contributions to the welfare of the people, by providing jobs. Chinese aid has gone largely to establish state-owned industries, a necessity in a country like Cambodia where private capital is scarce. A textile factory at Kompong Cham, a cement factory at Chakrey Ting, a plywood factory at Dey Eth—all are calculated to advance substantially the industrialization of the country. Being able to manufacture these basic articles at home has the added advantage of allowing Cambodia to save the hard currency it had previously been forced to pay to import them.

With all this obvious friendship for China, what of the internal situation of the country? Is there a prospering and influential Communist party?

In 1955, Sihanouk, seeing the chaos created by the proliferation of political parties, abdicated the throne and founded the Sangkum Reastr Niyum (Popular Socialist Community) which he described as a "movement" and not a party. Cambodians from the whole political spectrum were invited to join this national union to work more efficiently for the development of the country. The only party refusing to join was the pro-Communist Pracheachon which was soundly defeated in the nation-wide elections of September, 1955, and has never been able to elect a deputy to the National Assembly. While the party is still legal in Cambodia its influence is negligible. In fact, Sihanouk seems to be practicing, with a great deal of success, the policy of support to the Communists, externally, while keeping the home-grown variety on a close tether. While I was in Cambodia in 1962, one of the leaders of the Pracheachon, Non Suon, was arrested with twelve other Communists. The Cambodians claimed to have found on them documents incriminating them in a plot against the state.

Prince Sihanouk has, for all intents and purposes, cut the ground from under the Communists' feet by initiating sweeping administrative and financial reforms himself. As there has never been a problem of absentee landlordism in underpopulated Cambodia, where anyone can have his "40 acres" for the asking, the peasant population remains firmly attached to the monarchial principle and to its Buddhist religion. The Prince's policy of absolute neutrality, peace and union in the country, and an economic system based on private as well as state participation, undoubtedly appeals to the vast majority of the population.

What will happen to Cambodian neutrality when, as Sihanouk is convinced, Vietnam is finally reunified under the Hanoi regime, and Cambodia finds itself, as the Prince says, "face to face with the worst kind of communism . . . Vietnamese," is difficult to say. It is, however, certain that Prince Sihanouk, believing that the United States must sooner or later withdraw from South Vietnam, is counting on the Chinese to use their influence to force the Vietnamese to respect Cambodian neutrality and territorial integrity. A calculated risk? Perhaps, but the Cambodians see no alternative.

PRIVATE ACTS & PUBLIC GOALS

THE IDEOLOGICAL VACUUM

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It has become increasingly fashionable to dispense with ideological considerations as we try to understand our own public policies. This is perhaps due less to the belief that with the attainment of a certain level of affluence all ideological conflict has been resolved than to a political "realism" which commands us to respect the intractable facts of economic, military and geopolitical life. Power, not ideology, is thought to be the effective key to action. American public policy is to be understood, not in terms of ideals which motivate it, but more "realistically" by appraising the elites competing for the power to govern and by the material resources they control.

I think it is possible to dispute the respectable notion that it is the American genius to be nonideological, that the all-illuminating terms of American history are irony, ambiguity and inconclusiveness. Beyond America's celebrated inconclusiveness, there remain some unexamined but by no means hidden certainties which bedevil us today. They are the calcified residues of the ideology of the Enlightenment—its stress on the rational pursuit of selfish interest, its faith in salvation through private gain. To identify them should sober and embarrass us. More than that, it should explain how the weaknesses of our contemporary political style generate an irresponsible romantic activism within our own society while depriving us of the opportunity to lead revolutionary movements abroad.

We have scarcely been articulate about the premises of our conduct. With characteristic vagueness we are committed to freedom, self-determination, individualism, opportunity, achievement and enterprise. If we want to see what these terms mean, however, we must turn to writers who had to defend them under pressure; that is, to the political thinkers of the Enlightenment. By reviewing the political theories of Hobbes, Locke, Adam Smith and Madison, we can in effect get a full view of our own thinking—or rather the thinking we might do if we felt ourselves under pressure. They derived their position from their beliefs about human nature. They knew man to be essentially selfish: he was considered to be self-aggrandizing, acquisitive and power striving. Yet on the other hand, he was endowed with reason: he was rational, calculating and cunning. Thus he was not only self-interested but could also take rational account of his interests, consider their consequences, and act prudently for his best advantage.

Hobbes put the case most clearly. He saw man as a creature of his appetites, which nature drives him to satisfy. Nature will not freely yield everything we want. Nature is niggardly; the economy is one of scarcity. Within nature, men struggle with one another to survive. In a fine passage, Hobbes noted that in the state of nature everyone is at war with everyone else, and "there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain; and consequently no culture of the earth; no navigation . . . no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society and, which is worst of all, continual fear, and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." Fortunately, men use their reason to escape such anarchy. They can agree with one another to accept the authority of sovereign power. That is, according to Hobbes, men are sufficiently rational to permit some sovereign to uphold the peace, maintain order and thereby make life less nasty and more civil.

But before considering how Hobbes continues to guide us today, it is necessary briefly to turn to John Locke. Adding a democratic ingredient, Locke amended Hobbes's vision and made it palatable in a world in which the masses were beginning to crash into the political arena. Hobbes had come to the conclusion that men needed to be subjected to an authority of virtually unlimited power; he stressed the need for the absolute, irrevocable power of civil government. Locke made this authority revocable, dependent on the free consent of the governed.

Locke could trust the people because he believed that individuals would use their reason not only to calculate their own best interests (as Hobbes had insisted) but also to reflect on what is morally right. They would consider the moral law of nature, consult their consciences, and then act accordingly.

Thus, the thinkers of the Enlightenment were not fundamentally worried about permitting men to pursue their own interests; they could simply plead for freedom. In fact, they argued for the destruction of all political, economic and religious monopolies, against all establishments, and were not concerned about the consequences of social dynamism. Locke, Smith (who applied this doctrine to economic life), and Madison (who applied it to the New World)—none of these worried about the consequences of private ambition. None felt that the passionate pursuit of private interest would lead to Hobbes's state of nature. None feared that the selfish pursuit of private interest would destroy the public interest, the general welfare, the common good. In their minds, there was no need for anyone to be directly concerned with justice, with the public interest. Such concern was dispensable because they assumed (*1*) that in these areas man can do only so much anyway—given the hostility of nature and man's limited capacity to control the elements; (*2*) that within the limited sphere they occupy, men will behave reasonably enough, governed by what Locke called "right reason"; and (*3*) that while men would be kept in their place in private life by nature and their consciences, in public life—in the economy and in the polity—it was possible to establish a constitutional system to prevent individuals from becoming overbearing and tyrannical.

Private life would take care of itself. And a constitutional system of checks and balances would take care of public life. If you but pursued your own interests, the public interest would ineluctably be produced. And the community's welfare would be attended to not by men individually but by the constitutional system. No one would have to exercise positive, coercive power to achieve the public interest. It would be sufficient for government to restrain ambitious men.

It is not faint praise to note that these ideas have served above all to free the private sector, to make our economic life dynamic and entrepreneurial—whatever the social costs. Subscribing to the creed of individualism and inspired by the myth of Horatio Alger, we esteem the self-made man. By making the best of ourselves—working on ourselves, improving ourselves—we assume that all will come out well in the end for everyone.

This view has made us venturesome and enterprising. It liberated energies and provided us with our spirit of optimism. Progress is inevitable, if not for this generation then for the next. We *can* succeed, and there is no honorable substitute for victory. By being duly energetic, by truly committing our resources (in school, in business, in Cuba, in the Dominican Republic, in Vietnam), we are bound to make it. It may take the Marines, the FBI, or some well-accredited group of experts (like the College Board or the AMA)—but the Great Society can be instituted sooner or later, here and abroad.

My observations may not describe our behavior, but I think they do justice to our rhetoric. Certainly they help explain why so many visitors from abroad (and so many Americans visiting abroad) find our ideology embarrassing. Again and again, an honest look at the facts puts our beliefs in jeopardy. Because so much in our economic and political experience simply is not comprehended by our ideology, it appears irrelevant and empty.

Though we rarely find the words to say so, we know to what extent our ideological assumptions have been collapsed by the facts. The notion that nature limits our span of control has been made obsolete by technological developments. In the sphere we still call private, technology has empowered us to consolidate what rivers, mountains and deserts once kept apart. We may still speak of the free individual making his own way under the open sky. But the fact is that it is simply not economical to remain individualistic and competitive. Nature, in any case, no longer poses barriers to consolidation, to men scheming and cooperating. For good or ill, nature is at our command.

Those who expressed our ideology in the 18th century might not be concerned about this state of affairs if only a second ingredient of our ideology remained in touch with experience. That notion was that if you left men alone, free from social and governmental restraints, they would be guided by their consciences, by right reason—perhaps aided by such private associations as family, school and church. Private sanctions would keep us virtuous and upright and civil. They would make us charitable, solicitous for the community, the common good, for one another.

I needn't labor the point that the moral law called on to govern private conduct has lost its authority, along with the institutions that were supposed to uphold it. There are few effective institutions concerned with the public consequences of private action. As we pursue our private ambitions in a market economy, we are not directed to achieve public goals. Reluctant even to insist on seat belts, we make no effort to control our technology. Beyond seeking to provide "decent" housing, medical care and schooling, we do not inquire what public ends are to be served by our growing economy. As Reece McGee has recently pointed out in these pages ["Welfare in Affluence: The Mirage of Rationalism," February 14], our public criteria are purely quantitative. The only depression we recognize as real is economic. We want growth, development, progress, material wealth—but we do not specify what for.

Nor may public goals be provided by government. Our ideology dictates that government be frustrated, its power divided geographically and separated functionally. Public government is to be checked and balanced, kept feeble lest it become tyrannical. It was Madison who rationalized our elaborate political system—one which was to guarantee that no majority could ever act in unison to fulfill ideals transcending the lowest common denominator of group interests. Thus we were to be kept from doing anything good for fear we might do evil.

In the private sector, man had the opportunity to make something of himself—lead a richer, more abundant life. In the public sector, he was to be inhibited. One could never trust him to exercise public power: he might become a passionate idealist and get carried away.

Here, too, the facts have collapsed our ideology. The gates to an irresponsible activism, in or out of government, were opened long ago. We have permitted a welter of groups to pursue interests that were anything but private, without subjecting them to political checks. Our governmental system (private government more so than public government) has become consolidated. Changes in the party system and in Presidential nominating politics reveal the rise of majoritarian rule. We properly speak of a consensus and a mandate; we roll back copper prices and escalate commitments in the name of public opinion. And even though our so-called private corporations, unions and professional groups appreciate profits and wealth, they are not altogether insensitive to public needs. Not all so-called private conduct can be explained as an effort to remain competitive.

Because the prevailing intellectual model for coming to terms with our world is no longer tenable, we are the victims of forces we cannot control. The point can perhaps be illustrated by an analogy. Boyle's Law of Gases is based on their molecular nature, and affirms (in part) that any gas will fill uniformly whatever space may be available to it, exerting uniform pressure in every direction. An increase in temperature will cause this pressure to rise in a uniform manner in every direction. The situation is stable and vectorless. The assumption, of course, is that the size and mass of the individual molecules is so small that for all practical purposes the gas may be considered a continuum. Now, the political model of 18th-century liberalism may be seen to apply to humanity in the same way Boyle's Law applies to a gas. Humanity is seen as an aggregation of individual molecules whose aggressive pressures, expressed as discrete individual forces, are so small and diffuse as to effectively cancel one another out. The whole is in a stable state. But the moment large-scale organizations and mass media emerge, something undreamed of in the 18th century happens: the body politic loses its molecular structure. As vectors are introduced and as connections are made, the old model ceases to be applicable. The bombardment of the larger units against one another and the container's walls produces shocks and patterns with which the old model fails to cope.

If the available ideology fails to cover the facts, if much in our experience remains unexplained and uncontrolled by our basic assumptions, it is no wonder that we cannot act with composure in the face of crisis. We find it hard to respond to emergencies with the maturity of a nation that knows its power, and commits it in proportion to the need that calls for its exercise. We ignore technological, medical and social developments until they become critical—and then overrespond. Ours is a policy-making cycle of paralysis, drift and spasm.

One result of this, aside from the opportunities it provides for the most grasping elements within the society, is the rise in credibility of ideologies that move in to fill the gap. Ideologies that do not seek to foster diverse interests but instead celebrate some unified community become attractive, whether we like all of their components or not. Where liberalism has no relevant community theory, no theory of the public interest, ideologies departing from liberalism supply the need. They fill an emotional vacuum, providing for the establishment of social ties by taking account of our yearning for something more than egoism in public life. They acknowledge man to be something more than a calculating, selfish creature who enters politics merely because it is prudent, who is public-spirited merely because it is tax deductible and image building.

It is precisely under the banners of totalitarian ideologies —under the labels of fraternity, brotherhood, community,

Elmer Jacobs

solidarity, consensus, patriotism and nationalism—that individuals can be mobilized both abroad and at home. Domestically, there is little reason at this time to be concerned about the romantic activism engendered by our irrelevant ideology and our truncated public policies. I doubt that the radical movements which have reacted against the petty greed of an acquisitive society pose a threat to our constitutional order in the absence of basic dislocations, such as those brought on by war or depression.

But there is reason to be concerned where people are in fact in a state of war or depression, where they are dispossessed, desperate and resentful. It is not impossible even in Chicago, Watts or Birmingham to enlist masses of people in movements that promise relief and have the resources to deliver. Under conditions of war and depression, such movements are likely to be more ruthless and thoroughgoing than those we are familiar with at home. When all is said and done, the members of the Klan are not French paratroopers dislodged from Algeria, men of resentment who conspired to assassinate—not impeach—de Gaulle. Students at Berkeley can scarcely be confused with those at the University of Indonesia. Both the Black Muslims and the John Birchers present tamer challenges than the one-party states of Africa or Southeast Asia.

Still, we have learned what sacrifices in general education, leisure, money and blood men will make in behalf of their ideals. Despite our liberal ideology we know that men crave public recognition for their projects; they are prepared to live not only for themselves but for some higher goal, whether it be for the logic of history, the victory of the proletariat, the purity of the race, or the grandeur of the nation. Men would seem to be capable of more selfless action than Locke or Smith or Madison ever contemplated. And there is no question that the collectivist movements of this century have successfully made the most of this very capacity.

To remain viable, our ideology must accommodate a greater range of experience than it now recognizes. At the moment, it serves merely to constrain and confuse. Hostile to fraternity and idealism, it fails to comprehend revolutionary movements from South America to Southeast Asia, movements prepared to use what power they have to implement their ideals. Guided by Locke, Smith and Madison, we find it intellectually impossible to acknowledge the validity of impulses expressing dissatisfaction with a merely private existence. We cannot give moral credit to the idealism which drives men to discover such enemies as the liberal establishment, the publishers of pornography, the friends of fluoridation, the rulers of Red China. To be sure, these are mistaken identities: worthier enemies abound. Yet these very stirrings give intimations of what our ideology represses: our capacity for self-fulfilling collective action. What Senator Goldwater told Americans in a disorganized way, what civil rights leaders have not found time to express, and what the Peace Corps vaguely symbolizes, revolutionary movements abroad communicate with unmistakable clarity. If it would explicitly recognize the validity of their grievances—especially their stifled cry that they are denied opportunities for political participation—our ideology could hardly fail to become more comprehensive, to accept a less restrictive view of human nature, and to initiate a more generous attitude toward public policies.

NEVADA: THE ROTTEN BOROUGH

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The Supreme Court, with its one-man-one-vote criterion of democratic practice, has declared it unconstitutional for state governments to be based upon any principle other than proportional representation. However, the United States Senate still operates on a very different principle. It is what it is because that was what delegates from small-population states insisted upon in 1787. With the passing of time, the "monstrosity," as John Adams called the Senate, has come to be accepted, along with the rest of the Constitution, as a product of the wisdom of the founding fathers. Also, with the passing of time, the Senate has become even more monstrous than it was originally. Today, for instance, about the same number of people live in the single county of Los Angeles as live in New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana and both Dakotas, with between four and five Nevadas thrown in to make up the difference.

Nothing is apt to be done about this situation, for, as the Declaration of Independence pointed out, "mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed." Therefore, since the system will probably continue, it is worth something to know how it has been operating.

Through most of its history, Nevada has been the least populated state of the nation, and the use it has made of its power in the Senate illustrates the small-state political action which the Constitution encourages.

Nevada's first Senator was William M. Stewart, the leading lawyer on the Comstock Lode for the principal Comstock mining companies, which were incorporated in San Francisco. Nevada had won statehood in 1864, during a period of ruinous litigation among the mining companies, and also at a time when the claims of all of them were entirely unsupported by federal law. According to the state's first attorney general, "Nevada became a state to escape the dead-fall of her Territorial courts." An equally pressing reason was to get passed in Congress a law validating the local miners' regulations, upon which the claims of the mining companies were based.

Stewart had to work fast when he got to Washington, for the House of Representatives was already considering a bill to authorize sale of public lands, including those lands with minerals. He failed in his first attempt, when he tried to add provisions concerning mining land titles to the bill providing for a district and circuit court for the federal district of Nevada. He failed a second time, when a companion bill in the House of Representatives went to the hostile Committee on Public Lands, rather than to the favorably disposed Committee on Mines. His third attempt was successful, when his bill was attached to one dealing with the digging of ditches. Passed without amendment as "An Act granting the right of way to ditch and canal owners through the public lands, and for other purposes," that act was thereafter referred to as the Mining Law of 1866.

Subject to "the local customs or rules of miners in the several mining districts," the locator was given possessory rights to his claim, "together with the right to follow said vein or lode with its dips, angles, and variations to any depth, although it may enter the land adjoining." That was the provision the mining companies wanted, for it was the basis on which the miners' regulations were set up, and their claims were based upon it.

As the *Alta California* pointed out, "No system could well be worse than that of local resolutions adopted by miners' meetings." Consequently, no system could well have been worse than the Mining Law of 1866, which has, according to an editorial some years later in the *Mining and Scientific Press,* "corrupted and debauched lawyers, judges, jurors and legislators, has sent thousands to suicides' graves, has wreaked ruin on thousands of others, and has deterred millions of willing dollars from mining investment." This list of disastrous consequences, rising in crescendo through corruption and suicide to actual loss of potential investments, is marred by hyperbole. Yet it is a statement by the leading journal of the industry.

Stewart stepped down from the Senate in 1875 to make room for William Sharon, the original Comstock agent of the Bank of California, and one of the richest men in the West. For the next twelve years, Stewart worked as a lawyer for the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads. Then he returned to Nevada in 1886, in time to run for Senator in the coming election. Collis P. Huntington of the C.P. and the S.P. Railroads went to Nevada to help personally with the campaign, and Stewart was launched on a second Senatorial career, which lasted until 1905. By then, the railroads were no longer interested in controlling Nevada's Senators, and Stewart was forced out.

But in 1886, the Central Pacific had been desperately concerned about Nevada's Senators, because year by year it was slipping deeper in debt to the federal government, and that amid a storm of anti-railroad sentiment which expressed itself a year later in the Interstate Commerce Act. Stewart supported the interests of the railroad loyally, and by the time he was forced from office the crisis was past.

In addition to supporting Huntington, Stewart was active in the cause of silver during his second career in the Senate, but no legislation resulted. The Mining Law of 1866 remained his one major contribution. He, himself, looking back over a long political career, saw as his crowning achievement the fashioning of an enduring national statute which—however it may otherwise have affected the nation—placed the Comstock mines on the right side of the law.

Stewart's original colleague in the Senate had been the former territorial governor, James Nye, who had supported the interests of Central Pacific Railroad but who was no match, in 1872-73, for John Percival Jones, one of the first of the Nevada silver kings. Jones had been active in California politics before coming to the Comstock, and as soon as he struck it rich in Nevada, he made his play for the Senate. The Bank of California's William Sharon wanted the office in the same year, but he decided to withdraw and bide his time until 1874-75, and Jones won, at an estimated cost to himself of half a million dollars.

Until the Seventeenth Amendment provided for direct election of Senators in 1913, being elected Senator of Nevada involved paying voters to elect the right legislators and then, the next spring, paying the legislators to make sure they voted for the right man. Jones was popular in the state, but as one political manager put it, "coin counts with the Irish and Cornish miners and nothing else."

It turned out that, once in office, Jones was able to stay there for thirty years, without having to resort to such expensive election tactics again. He worked conscientiously for the silver interests and also for the C.P. Railroad. William Sharon, for whom Stewart stepped aside in 1874-75, did not even go to Washington during his first year in office. Then, after attending one session, he returned to California and remained there for the next two and a half years.

In James G. Fair, the Democrats found a man who was willing to outbribe Sharon to win. Fair didn't care much about politics. He later commented: "I hardly knew which party I belonged to—I never did tell them which I belonged to." But the Democrats worked on his ego and he went into the contest heart, soul and wallet.

That great campaign of 1880-81 was never equaled for the prodigality of the "sack bearers," as the ubiquitous bribe distributors were called. The two candidates were not only among the richest men the lode had produced; they were also among the most hated. The price of votes rose to $80 a head, which represented more than three weeks' wages for the miners. (Voting was by open ballot.)

The legislature went Democratic, only to be bribed by a rival of Fair, Adolph Sutro, to the extent of an estimated $250,000. However, the legislators insisted that, along with the money, Sutro provide moral grounds of a gravity sufficient to release them honorably from their obligations to Fair. Plans to establish this went awry, and Fair was elected. Later, when asked by a newspaper man how much he thought it had cost Leland Stanford to win his California seat in the Senate, Fair replied, "Well, I can judge of that only by my own experience. From what it cost me in Nevada, I should say it must have cost Stanford not less than a million."

Fair spent more time in Washington than had Sharon, and he answered his mail; but he made no attempt to participate in the governing of the nation. He achieved fleeting notoriety for paying $250 for some nightshirts. Otherwise all was silence. Then, in 1886-87, he came up against the returning Stewart and Central Pacific and lost.

Senator Jones's retirement to Southern California in 1903 opened the way for a kind of Senatorial career which was brand new to Nevada. William Sharon's son-in-law, Francis G. Newlands, had moved to Reno in 1888 for political purposes, and had already served with distinction for four terms in the House of Representatives as Nevada's lone member when the opportunity for the Senate came up. Newlands was using Nevada as a rotten borough (a term that had early attached itself to Nevada politics) in the best English tradition. Just as, in the 18th century, Old Sarum had sent the William Pitts, father and son, into Parliament and into history, so Newlands used the narrow base of Nevada to support him in a career of broadly national statesmanship.

Newlands spent money generously to win four elections to the House and two to the Senate. Then, by the time of his third campaign for the Senate in 1914, the Seventeenth Amendment was passed, and the direct election of Senators by secret ballot went into practice. Newlands was still expected to foot a large part of the bill for the Democratic Party in the state but, with a long and distinguished Congressional career behind him, he refused to do so. He told his political lieutenant, Will Sharon, that he had earned reelection and would suffer defeat rather than feed those hungry wolves any longer. He won by thirty-eight votes.

Newlands is chiefly remembered for the Newlands Reclamation Act of 1902, which provided for federally financed irrigation projects in the arid regions of the West. Though a Democrat, in the area of conservation he remained the strongest ally in the national legislature of the Republican President Roosevelt. Furthermore, he interested himself in almost all major aspects of legislation, and at least two important measures of the Wilson administration should probably be credited mainly to him, as chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee: the Federal Trade Act and the Transportation Act of 1920.

A brilliant, independent and reasonable man, Newlands envisioned an American democracy operating through politically disinterested agencies of experts, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission; they were to be held in check by Congress but, within that democratic limitation, able to initiate policies on their own authority. Newlands has been generally ignored by historians of the Progressive period, except for his efforts on behalf of conservation; yet he was perhaps the single most important advocate in the Democratic Party for the comprehensive transition from the New Freedom of the early Wilson to the New Deal of FDR.

Compared with other Nevada Senators, Newlands appears to have troubled himself very little about personal requests from his constituents; yet, despite his absorption with national affairs, he did far more for Nevada than had any of his predecessors.

Gold and silver strikes at Tonopah and Goldfield at the turn of the century had brought new economic life to the state, and for more than a generation, all the leading politicians of the state were men from Tonopah, including George Nixon, Key Pittman and Pat McCarran. Nixon made his millions in Goldfield, but he had already been highly successful on a smaller scale in Winnemucca, after a fashion familiar to all lovers of Western drama. According to the district attorney of Winnemucca, writing in 1899:

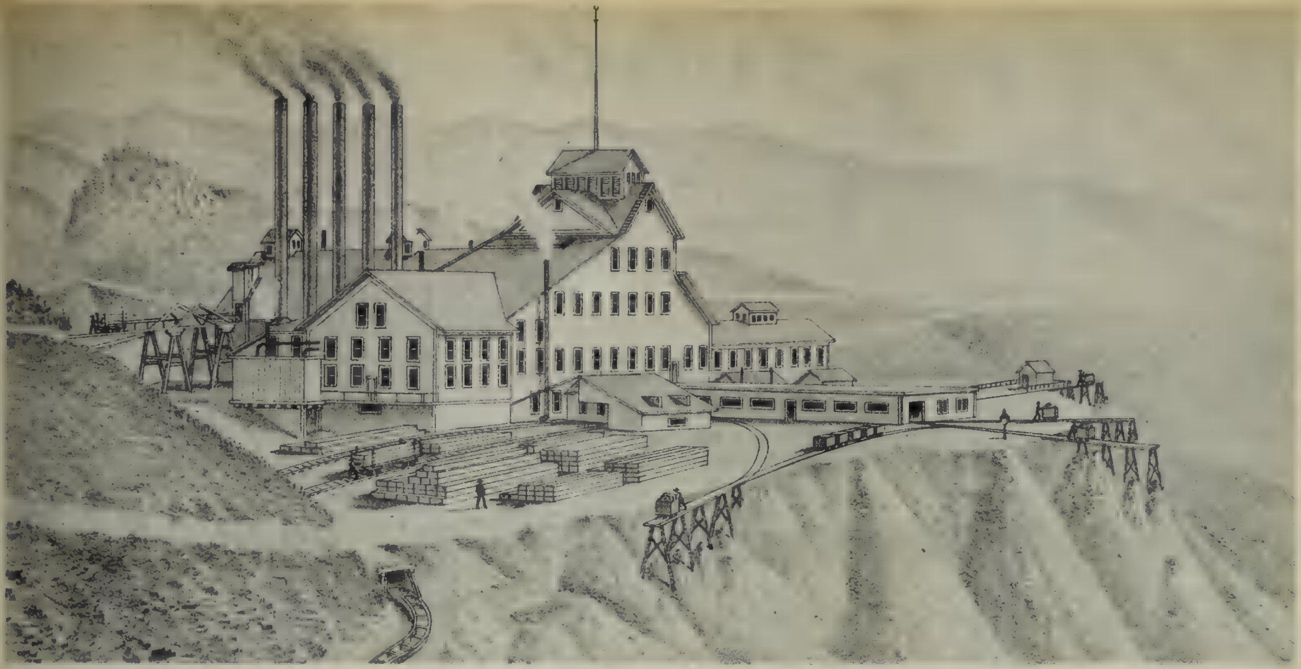
> Mr. Nixon is a cashier in a bank, a stock man, runs a saloon and hotel, has gone into the merchandise business, is an insurance agent, and sells stock, cattle, wool, etc., on a commission and monkeys with mines. . . .
>
> Nixon is foreman of the Grand Jury now in session. Victor Bouton stole fifty head of cattle and sold them to Thies. Thies knew they were stolen cattle yet he bought them and I have proof that Bouton rode Thies horses while doing the stealing. . . . Yet when it comes to indicting Mr. Thies who is a director of the First National Bank we meet the opposition of Mr. Nixon who naturally desires to protect his friend.

A close political associate of Newlands, Nixon deferred to Newlands' Senatorial ambitions in 1902-03, and then moved into the U. S. Senate himself when Stewart retired in 1905. Re-elected in 1910-11, he died in 1912, having served with that absolute lack of distinction which was normal for Nevada Senators.

Tough as he was, Nixon ran scared in the campaign of 1910-11 against the wildest man whom Nevada ever raised to political eminence. Key Pittman, who established himself as the leading lawyer of the Tonopah region in the first years of the century, was a capable lawyer and also a violent drunkard with homicidal tendencies. He wrote his wife that when he was drunk, he "longed to murder, kill and howle with delight at the sound of death dealing instruments and the sight of human blood." While serving as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, he would go on sustained binges in Washington, and when he was refused service in bars and restaurants he would whip out a six-shooter and threaten to blast away at the place. He had a liquor cabinet installed in the committee chamber, and during his final years in office was apparently rarely, if ever, entirely sober.

Pittman won his seat in the Senate in 1912-13, following the death of Nixon, and thereafter, during five successive elections, he was unbeatable. Nevadans appeared to take pride in Pittman's wild Western ways, and he worked hard for his few constituents and for the state's one main political cause of silver. In 1918, President Wilson asked him to sponsor a bill authorizing the sale of huge amounts of silver to England, requested by the British for their increased wartime trade with India. Back in Nevada, that Pittman Act made "Silver Key" his reputation for life.

In 1916, Pittman had taken a position on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee because, as he explained, he thought being on some big committee would impress the Nevada voters. Seniority did the rest for him, and in 1933 he became chairman. Amid the Spanish Civil War, Ethiopia, the Japanese war on China, *Anschluss*, Munich, Poland and the outbreak of World War II, Pittman, holding the third most important post in American foreign relations, persisted in viewing American foreign policy primarily as an aspect of the silver question. In 1933, when he attended the London Economic Conference, he did so, as he wrote to a friend, in order to "do something for silver," and he was thoroughly successful. In a purported effort to achieve price stability, purchasing agreements were drawn up by eight nations, seven of them promising to follow the policies they were currently following, and the United States promising to purchase 24 million ounces of silver—or somewhat more than the total current domestic production—annually. In America, the agreement was hailed as a milestone in inter-



The Yellow Jacket Silver Mine, Gold Hill, Nev.

national cooperation. Pittman was also chiefly responsible for the Silver Purchase Act of 1934, which served no clear monetary purpose for the nation but which was pleasing to Rocky Mountain Senators.

Pittman had his final opportunity to do something for silver in 1939. With war in Europe looming, Roosevelt wanted immediate repeal of the mandatory arms-embargo provision of the existing legislation on neutrality. The price of silver had recently been lowered, and Pittman demanded that it be raised again. According to Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, Roosevelt asked Pittman whether he would withhold his support from the administration's measure if the price of silver was not raised, and Pittman replied: "We have got eighteen votes—and what are you going to do about it?" Roosevelt raised the price of silver to 71c an ounce, and Pittman defended the administration's measure on the Senate floor.

Pittman's colleague, Pat McCarran, after repeated, futile lunges for the Senate, had been swept into office on FDR's coattails in 1932 with the slogan, "A New Deal for America: Roosevelt, Garner, and McCarran." He had trailed embarrassingly far behind the other two men on the team, but he got to Washington ahead of most of his fellow Senators-elect, and gained for himself seats on the Judiciary Committee and the Appropriations Committee.

He survived Pittman, who hated him as a "double crosser" and who had once vowed that he would fight McCarran "now as well as for every nomination that he ever seeks." With Pittman dead, McCarran faced Pittman's brother, Vail, in the Democratic primaries in 1944 and won in an election which he called "the nastiest I have ever seen in this section of the country." Thereafter, McCarran's control over Nevada became almost absolute, and with the election of 1948 and the Democratic capture of Congress, he entered his days of glory.

In 1949, McCarran became chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, chairman of the State Department subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations, chairman of the watchdog committee on foreign aid, and chairman of the Senate Internal Security Committee. At the same time, he held positions on committees concerned with irrigation, silver, reclamation, wildlife and the like, and he kept his hand in on all of them.

During the war, following Pittman's death, McCarran had taken over leadership of the silver cause, fighting the efforts of Morgenthau to lend all of the government's silver stocks to the Defense Plant Corporation for nonconsumer uses. He had lost this fight and into the bargain had been charged with unpatriotic conduct by the press. Once in command of his committees in 1949, however, he set out to create monuments to his patriotism. The results of his endeavors were the Subversive Activities Control Act and the McCarran-Walters Immigration Act.

The Subversive Activities Control Act worked out badly in unexpected ways and had to be changed, but the McCarran Act earned for its author some immortality. Its main idea was to keep America, so far as possible, Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic and Celtic. To achieve this goal, McCarran's bill went beyond retaining the national quota system of the 1924 immigration law by rejecting the pooling system whereby southern and eastern Europeans and others had been able to take advantage of the unused quotas of the British Isles and Germany. The measure was passed 2 to 1 over Truman's veto in 1952. McCarran died in 1954.

Neither his like nor that of Newlands has since emerged from Nevada. McCarran was followed in office by his protégé, Alan Bible. In 1959, Bible was joined by Howard Cannon, and there they sit today. They have not done much of anything, those two Senators of the Sagebrush State. They have not had to and, since they occupy 2 per cent of the Senate's seats, but represent only one-fiftieth of 1 per cent of the nation's people, it is perhaps the most decent course for them to pursue in a democracy.

THE POLITICS OF SMUT

CALIFORNIA'S DIRTY BOOK CAPER

WILLIAM WINGFIELD
Mr. Wingfield is a California free-lance writer whose special field of interest is communications.

Los Angeles

One almost has to admire the tenacity of some members of the extreme Right.

Despite setbacks that would stun persons of more orthodox persuasion, they never retire from the fight against their favorite devils: the United Nations, mental health, civil rights, fluoridation, cultural exchanges—and "dirty" books. In California today, they are back on their feet again, as strong and bullying as if Goldwater had never been defeated, rousing the citizenry against alleged pornography.

California League Enlisting Action Now is a relatively meaningless title, but it has the virtue—surely not coincidental—that its initial letters spell CLEAN, which sounds like a detergent but is in reality the name of a group that is trying to ram through an initiative measure in California, presumably to outlaw smut. The CLEAN campaign brings out the old evangelical fervor that rightists always show when they get keyed up for a great cause. ("I've never found a cause more wonderful to support!" exclaimed one enthusiastic young woman in the rightist California Federation of Republican Women.)

Members of CLEAN and their allied groups, such as the Republican Women's Federation, are now valiantly crashing meetings of city councils, churches, service clubs and other organizations, up and down the state in search of support. They are getting it, too, because everyone is against pornography in the same way that everyone is against crime and ragweed.

The resolutions that city councils are now passing resemble the one adopted by the California Federation of Republican Women on February 2, 1966:

> The present California law on obscenity is so weak that it provides the smut publishers and peddlers with escape hatches and virtual immunity from prosecution. The evidence is overwhelming that the situation concerning obscenity and pornography has grown much worse in recent months. The legislature has failed to take action to improve the law in the General Sessions of 1963 and 1965, and district attorneys are not prosecuting obscenity cases now because the present law is inadequate to secure convictions.

These resolutions largely rehash an organizing and fundraising letter sent out by California State Assemblyman E. Richard Barnes, founder of CLEAN. It said in part:

> In spite of the fact that you and thousands of your fellow citizens signed petitions urging legislative action, the California Legislature has utterly failed to come to grips with the critical problem of obscenity in this state. All corrective legislation in 1963 and 1965 was killed in committee. . . .
>
> Widespread appeals have been made to me to lead in a statewide initiative to place a corrective law on the ballot for adoption by the people in the 1966 general election. After much prayer and consideration, I have consented to lead such a campaign, and the task of drafting a proper, legally drawn ordinance is in the hands of a group of California attorneys. . . .

However, despite the enthusiasm of the smut chasers, despite their ability to enroll support from city councils and churches, despite the fact that hard-core pornography may be a very real problem (as anyone who has visited Main Street in Los Angeles or Mission and Mason Streets in San Francisco might agree), despite their assurances that their initiative is perfectly in accord with recent Supreme Court decisions, the spokesmen for CLEAN are singularly evasive and vague as to how their initiative is worded and what they hope it will achieve. I wrote Assemblyman Barnes, asking what he proposed and how the initiative fits in with the Supreme Court rulings; he failed to answer. Efforts to get similar information from other members of CLEAN and from allied groups such as the Republican Women's Federation, the United Republicans, the Young Republicans and the California Republican Assembly have been as futile.

The woman who had "never found a cause more wonderful to support" spat out: "I can't understand why the leftist press won't give us any publicity." She guessed that the "leftist press" would fight the initiative as it fought Goldwater. But she refused to divulge anything about the initiative itself.

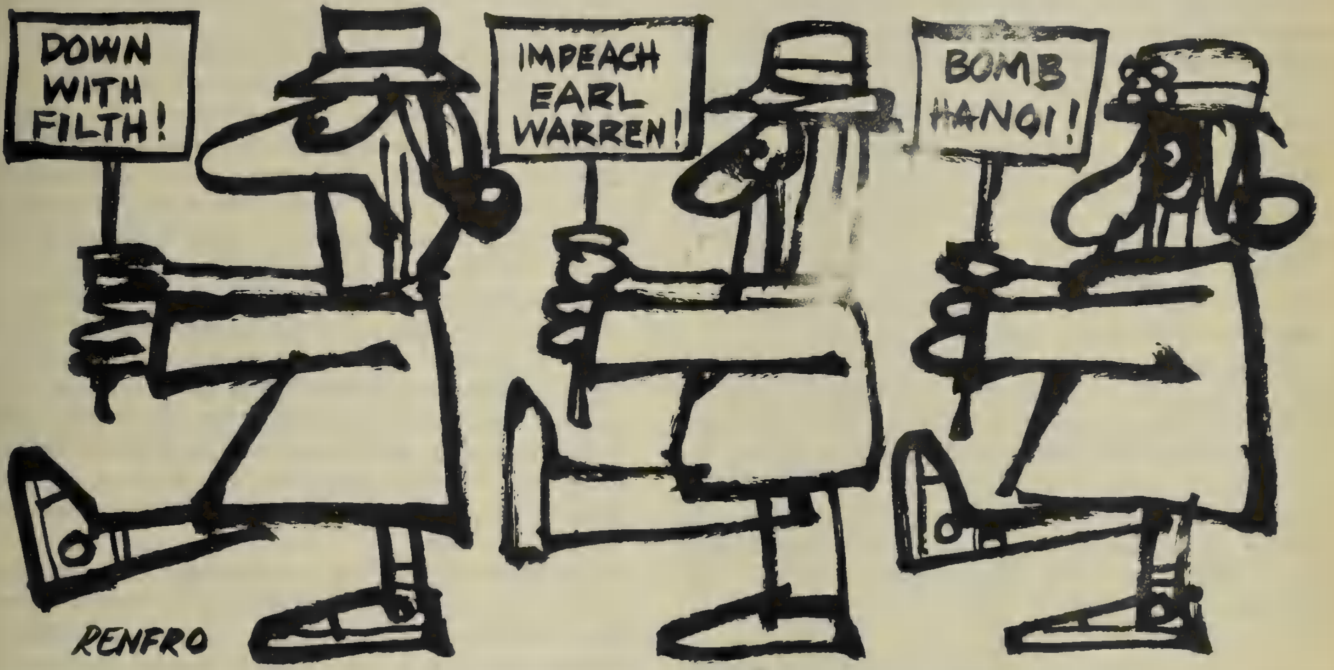
Finally, I received a copy of it from the Los Angeles County District Attorney's Office. Jack Alex, a Los Angeles County deputy district attorney, holds the national record for felony convictions, his number of successful prosecutions well surpassing that of Thomas E. Dewey. Alex has been personally concerned about the problem of smut and made it the major plank of his platform when he sought the Republican nomination to Congress two years ago. In his spare time, he gives lectures to churches and the PTA on the menace of pornography.

Yet Alex shudders to think what might result if the voters pass the CLEAN initiative. He points out that it would place all law enforcement at the whim of pressure groups. It would, he said, be an instrument of censorship reaching almost to the level of Orwellian thought control.

Some provisions of the proposed law come dangerously close to setting up kangaroo courts contrary to the Anglo-American legal principle of government by law and not by man. The initiative forbids a judge from dismissing a pornography case. It provides that a jury, which might be swayed by social pressure, rather than a judge skilled in jurisprudence, shall have full jurisdiction and authority, even to the point of determining fines and punishment. It also provides that if prosecuting attorneys feel that a case lacks sufficient grounds to be taken to court, then individuals may file a civil suit to compel the district attorney either to prosecute or be removed from office.

One of the more curious provisions of the initiative states that a person may be excused from prosecution if he possesses obscene material for "research" or "study." We are not told what would constitute research or study. Perhaps it would cover professors and students reading Henry Miller and D. H. Lawrence in college literature classes; more likely, it means Birchers and self-appointed members of CLEAN.

Deputy District Attorney William McGinley, adviser from the District Attorney's Office to the Los Angeles City and County Commission Against Indecent Literature, observed: "There were a lot of features we thought were very good. There were others we stated to the commission our frank opinion on the constitutionality of. The commission asked if CLEAN would make changes according to the recommendations of the District Attorney's Office. The representatives of CLEAN said they would not."


DOWN WITH FILTH!
IMPEACH EARL WARREN!
BOMB HANOI!
RENFRO

This statement is supported by Harry Wood, chief of the appellate section of the Los Angeles County District Attorney's Office: "We had hoped to support the initiative, but, to be objective, we have to oppose it. Parts of it are unconstitutional. They [CLEAN] take the view we are afraid of the U. S. Supreme Court. While we don't agree with the Supreme Court, we have to realize that the Supreme Court exists."

What frightens Wood, as a law-enforcement officer, is that Assemblyman Barnes's initiative would repeal all prior laws on the subject of pornography. Hence, even if sections of the initiative should be declared unconstitutional —assuming it is adopted—the effect would still be to repeal all existing legislation on the subject.

It is not often that the American Civil Liberties Union agrees with the District Attorney's Office, but the CLEAN initiative seems to have brought them into alliance. Dr. Eason Monroe, director of the Los Angeles office of the American Civil Liberties Union, stated: "We oppose anything that grants authority to the state on what can be read or printed. The CLEAN thing tries to get around the Supreme Court doctrine that to be obscene, something has to be without redeeming social or literary value."

The measure proposes to set aside Supreme Court rulings under the smoke screen of home rule and "community rights," Dr. Monroe said, and seeks to let vigilantes decide what people can read and write. "They don't want judges messing around in their direct control over what people can read."

Dr. Monroe sees the principle behind CLEAN's initiative as the same as that of the Francis Anti-Communist Constitutional Amendment four years ago. That amendment, defeated by California voters in the 1962 election, would have permitted self-appointed censors to exclude those people suspected of being Communist from speaking in public.

With a few exceptions, the names of the founders and state-wide advisory committee members of CLEAN read like a "Who's Who" of California's extreme Right.

Barnes, himself, is a retired Navy captain and was a Naval chaplain from 1941 to 1961. He is also a Methodist minister, and says he "prayed" before he accepted leadership of CLEAN. Barnes is listed in the Handbook of the California Legislature as the San Diego director of the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade in 1961-62, and a member of Republican Associates, the California Republican Assembly, and the United Republicans of California.

The California Republican Assembly was started decades ago by supporters of Chief Justice Earl Warren when he was the Republican leader of California, but in 1964 it was captured in a *coup d'état* by John Birchers and other right wingers. Today, sixteen members of its executive committee are admitted members of the John Birch Society.

Meanwhile, the United Republicans of California was formed in 1963 by members of the right wing who have been routed in their prior attempt to take over the California Republican Assembly. One of the founders, Joseph Shell, sought the Republican nomination for governor in 1962 on the ground that Richard M. Nixon was "soft on communism" and favored civil rights.

State Sen. Jack Schrade, another founder of CLEAN, received national attention when he tried to keep newspaper publisher Thomas W. Braden and Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy from being reappointed to the State Board of Education.

Schrade's violent and almost irrational attack on Braden was based on the publisher's criticism of Dr. Max Rafferty, the state's right-wing superintendent of public instruction. Bishop Kennedy earned Schrade's wrath by seeing nothing in the Bible to prevent the teaching of evolution.

Another founder of CLEAN is Loyd Wright, Sr., a former president of the American Bar Association, who was the ultraconservative candidate against incumbent Thomas Kuchel for U. S. Senator in 1962. Wright announced his candidacy only after the then Congressman, John H. Rousselot, decided not to run. Rousselot is now national public relations director of the John Birch Society. In late 1961, Wright spoke at the "Project Alert School of Anti-Communism" in Los Angeles. At this same school one of the speakers shouted: "I don't want to impeach Earl Warren! I want to lynch Earl Warren!"

California Secretary of State Frank Jordan, another CLEAN founder, was one of Goldwater's delegates to the 1964 Republican National Convention.

On the state-wide advisory committee, State Sen. John G. Schmitz boasts that he holds the highest elective office in America of any member of the John Birch Society. He is also a member of the Young Americans for Freedom, and past chairman of the Orange County Coordinating Republican Assembly. The dashing young former Marine aviator says he thinks Ronald Reagan is too liberal and that he wants Los Angeles Police Chief William Parker (of Watts riot fame) for governor.

Anyone suggesting that President William Howard Taft was the "father of socialism" in America would probably be treated with derision in many parts of the nation. Yet that's what CLEAN advisory committee member Walter Knott said in effect in a speech in 1961 to the Covina, Calif., Chamber of Commerce. Knott is in a way the Walt Disney of the extreme right wing. He is founder and proprietor of Knott's Berry Farm in Buena Park, the main attraction of which is an old frontier village. It looks like a cross between Tombstone and Virginia City.

Along with the "ghost town" are many shops and restaurants featuring fried chicken. And across the highway from the Berry Farm proper stands a two-story frame house called the "Freedom Center," one of the many "patriotic" bookstores that proliferate across Southern California.

The "Freedom Center" has several whole rooms of rightist books, including one room with stacks of racist literature. Next to the "Freedom Center," Knott is now erecting a full-size replica of Independence Hall.

One of the big moneybags of the California right wing, Joe Crail, is also a CLEAN advisory committee member. Crail is founder of the mammoth Coast Federal Savings and Loan Association in Los Angeles. Copies of rightist tracts are given out at the Coast Federal Savings offices. Coast Federal also maintains the Free Enterprise Speakers Bureau, ready to present right-wing speakers to any club or organization in need of a program. Crail, himself, often hits the lecture trail along with Knott. Both Crail and Knott appear in the best-selling novel on California right wingers, *The Patriot,* by Harold Bienvenu.

One of the real powers of CLEAN is William Shearer, once Assemblyman Barnes's administrative assistant. Shearer, a nice-looking young chap, pleasant when he isn't orating, edits the *California Statesman.* Shearer ran for the California State Assembly from the Oceanside area in 1956 and 1958 before he turned to rightist journalism. He confided to Gerald J. Brown, then the managing editor of the Oceanside *Blade-Tribune,* that he intended to model his Assembly campaign after Senator McCarthy. In 1964, Shearer went up and down the state speaking for repeal of California's Rumford Fair Housing Act and prevention of similar civil rights legislation from ever again being passed in California.

James B. Utt, the very conservative Congressman from Orange and San Diego Counties, placed an article by Shearer defending the John Birch Society in the *Congressional Record* in 1961. Utt, defender of undertakers and Forest Lawn cemetery, is the same man who made the Orson Wellesian charge that the United Nations was training African troops in dear old Dixie.

Before he joined the CLEAN advisory committee, Los Angeles County Supervisor Warren Dorn proposed his own initiative to amend the state constitution last year. The reforming supervisor maintained that his amendment would do away with smut by giving local city councils the power to determine what books could be sold in the community. Dorn, like CLEAN, seems to have felt that local city councils could be more readily coerced to ban books than could the state legislature.

The Dorn initiative was ostensibly the outgrowth of the famous Carol Lane case, wherein the California Supreme Court overturned the conviction of an alleged prostitute arrested under city ordinance on the grounds that state law took precedence and pre-empted the field of law enforcement. Supervisor Dorn and his colleagues claimed that this decision opened the whole state to vice and pornography, though Coleman Blease, legislative counsel for the ACLU, pointed out that Miss Lane was subsequently convicted under state law and sentenced to fifteen months in jail.

Not long ago, Dorn became inspired by attending an encampment of Moral Rearmament. After his return, the Moral Rearmament choir came to sing to the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors. Supervisor Dorn got up and sang along with them.

As Supervisor Dorn and his constitutional amendment show, censorship as well as intimidation of people holding views or expressing ideas the Right doesn't like is a long-standing drive of the right wing. Recently, a young San Diego schoolteacher, Mrs. Geri Turner Davis, won a contest for writing a play, *A Cat Called Jesus.* Two women in the San Diego Republican Women's Federation came across Mrs. Davis' achievement when they read the names of the winners in the local newspaper. They immediately blew bugles to rally the rightists against the young teacher.

If the title infuriated right wingers, the subject matter set them howling. The play is about a Negro prisoner who became the friend of his white jailer.

Mrs. Davis could hardly have foreseen the storm of abuse that broke on her head. Even though she never read the play to her class and wrote it solely as a hobby well outside of her duties as a teacher, she awoke to find an all-out blitz thundering against her. Even untruthfully charging her with "immorality," the rightists tried to get her fired and have her teaching credentials revoked.

Only a few months ago, the rightists were out in force when Negro author and television personality Louis Lomax tried to speak in El Monte, Calif.

One housewife who attended Lomax's talk recalls: "There was a lot of yelling in the back of the room. There were about twenty men there. There was a man in clerical garb with a big cross. There were hoots and shouts before the meeting started.

"There were young Birchers out front handing out anti-civil rights literature. A lot of slanderous things were yelled. You felt as though it was a pretty explosive situation."

Another housewife said: "When we approached the auditorium, women were handing out Birch propaganda such as 'Support Your Local Police.' The women refused to identify themselves and wouldn't admit being Birchers, but the literature said it was printed by the Birch Society.

"Then the Nazis marched in and chanted 'Jew-Nigger-Communist.' Both the Nazis and the Birchers were on hand. I don't feel it was coincidental."

Just as CLEAN is now going around to churches and city councils enrolling support, so the self-appointed censors have been going to city councils, library boards and school boards for the past four years trying to get books such as *The Last Temptation of Christ*, *Catcher in the Rye* and *Lord of the Flies* removed from library shelves.

In some cities, they have succeeded. In others, the library board members have been exceedingly bruised but have refused to give in.

The central target for the hate campaign in the past four years, the man picked as the personification of all the books the Right wants banned, "Mr. Dirty Book" himself, is Thomas W. Braden, president of the California State Board of Education, publisher of the Oceanside *Daily Blade-Tribune*, and now candidate for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor.

Braden acknowledges that he has been under attack because he won't agree that the anti-evolutionist State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Max Rafferty, is the fountainhead of all wisdom. If Rafferty, whose views are endorsed by Russell Kirk, high priest of conservatism, had his way, Braden believes, all textbooks would be "harmless as milk" and filled with the stories of such great patriots as "Fighting Joe" McCarthy.

When it was discovered that some high schools used the *Dictionary of American Slang* as a library reference book, Young Republicans went through the book and picked out every filthy word listed. They mimeographed the collection and sent the list to every person on their mailing list, with the suggestion that Braden endorsed these words. Braden says that when his daughter was in an Oceanside supermarket, someone handed her the Young Republican compendium.

The American Opinion bookstores filled their windows and shelves with copies of the *Dictionary of American Slang* so that all could study at first hand this shocking work of obscenity that Braden presumably wanted all teen-agers to read. Probably the tome had the greatest sale in its history through Birch bookstores. (Is this the sort of thing the CLEAN initiative seeks to prevent, or is it an example of "research" and "study"?)

Many of the people now working for CLEAN staffed Rafferty's campaign offices in 1962. These people and their antics haven't been slowed down in the slightest by Goldwater's Waterloo, nor is CLEAN the right wing's only current drive in California. It is also trying to elect handsome, platitudinous actor Ronald Reagan as governor of California, and Max Rafferty is up for re-election.

Meanwhile, Bill Richardson, writer for *American Opinion* magazine and author of Birch tracts, is running for the California State Senate to take his place along with Schrade and Schmitz.

A character in Greek mythology well symbolizes California's resurgent right; it is Antaeus, the giant who sprang up stronger each time he was struck to the ground. Hercules defeated Antaeus by holding him aloft so that he couldn't recharge his energy from the earth. Is there somewhere a statesman who will hold the rightists aloft for a while?

LETTERS

(continued from page 442)

of a reserve call-up to refuse induction and submit to a military court-martial.

We love our country and her institutions. We would gladly serve in ways that did not include the taking of human life. We are willing . . . to be assigned to difficult but constructive work, such as the Peace Corps.

Conscientious objection is not an avenue open to us. In what appears a considerable abbreviation of due process, Selective Service has been automatically turning down all requests for "c.o." status from members of the armed forces.

However, soldiers have consciences too. Consequently we are preparing ourselves and our families for the likelihood of our being sent to jail in the near future. . . .

Richard Delgado (inactive)
Philip Hocking
(Hq. Bn. 14th Marines; Treasure Island, Calif.)

unfit for the road

Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: I must point to a flagrant omission in your discussion of automobile safety ["Profits vs. Engineering: The Corvair Story" by Ralph Nader, *The Nation*, Nov. 1, 1965]. Indeed there may be justice in blaming both drivers and car manufacturers for the unsafe condition of our highways, but the laws of many of our states are also to blame. Ohio and California do not have laws requiring cars to be inspected. As a result, many used and new vehicles become unfit and remain on the road. Certainly this does not absolve the automobile manufacturers, but a further exploration of state laws might show them accountable for a "fair share" of the blame.

William D. Cabin
Editor, The Pitt News

aglow

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I'm a member of the New Dramatist's Committee, a group of middling, middle-aged playwrights.

I read Harold Clurman's review of *Slapstick Tragedy* in *The Nation* [Mar. 14] and thought it extraordinarily well written, compassionate and knowing: by far the best review written on *Slapstick*. So while I'm still aglow, I send out this note.

Arthur Pittman

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Writers Confer: Good Show at the Paramount

JOSE YGLESIAS

Mr. Yglesias is a novelist and essayist, and a translator of modern Spanish fiction.

In its heyday the Brooklyn Paramount was a first-run house, and played host to bands and singers after they had done their stint at its Manhattan namesake; it was an enormous, overdecorated talkie palace (complete with organ)—a good example, like others across the country, of our most enduring architecture of the depression. Long Island University took over the building some years ago and leveled the stage, removed the organ, scrapped about half the orchestra seats, and created a superb, before-the-curtain basketball court. There are still enough seats, however, to accommodate several hundred people, and most of them were taken for every public session of the university's first International Writers Conference held the last weekend in March. In the darkened theatre, basking in the silvery spotlights that once played on Martha Raye and Frank Sinatra, George Steiner, literary critic and Cambridge don, gave the keynote speech Friday morning on "Silence and the Poet," and although he did not manage to raise the kinds of cheers that once resounded in the Paramount, there were irritated echoes at every session to his proposition that silence can be the writer's supreme protest.

Opposition to this role for the writer was probably the only point of agreement among the writers at the conference, although some did mention that where oppressive regimes exist silence can be a sign of protest. Certainly there was no unanimity that the conference's overall title "Alienation or Commitment?" presented significant alternatives. For some, acceptance of alienation was implicit in their characterization of the modern world, and others eschewed it; but for most the notion of commitment for a writer was a trap, for it smacked to them of putting art into service as propaganda. Some forty writers participated and only one, F. M. Esfandiary (Iran), took the intransigent position, reminiscent of American writers of the thirties, that art must speak for the mass of people who suffer injustice, and that the Western position of independence and autonomy for art is a romantic one.

Norman Rosten, a poet and playwright whose memory is long, came close to Esfandiary's position, and he was to point out an unhighlighted feature of the conference that perhaps only Americans are sensitive to: that ten years ago a writers' conference with guests from Socialist countries, devoted to the subject of commitment, and with a panel discussion on "Revolutions and Revolutionaries in Literature" (the one in which he participated) would have aroused the interest of Congressional committees: the FBI would have had representatives taking notes, and the administration of the university would have been forced to clean house had they permitted it to take place. "Today," he added, "this is just another seminar."

The reviews and essays in this section are all connected in some manner with the International Writers Conference reported by Jose Yglesias.

¶ At the conference panel on "Methods of Madness in Modern Literature," the following exchange took place between Camilio José Cela, the Spanish writer, and a member of the audience, who asked: "Speaking of madness, can you explain your government's action in prohibiting the homage to Machado?" He replied: "You may know that I signed the homage. You must know that I am not a minister of the Spanish Government and do not know why they prohibited the homage. You may not know that the same government also prohibited a demonstration in front of the United States Embassy in Madrid to protest the dropping of four atom bombs on the beach at Palomares." The anonymous report from Spain furnishes a full account of the homage to Machado.

¶ Chinua Achebe's new novel, here reviewed by Robert Green, is the work of a young Nigerian who was scheduled to attend the conference but did not.

¶ Manfred Bieler, author of *The Sailor in the Bottle*, reviewed by Peter Teachout, is an East German novelist who was not permitted by his government to attend the conference.

¶ Mr. Esfandiary's essay is an expansion of the ideas he presented at the panel in which he participated.

I spoke to Profs. Martin Tucker and Robert Spector who organized the conference for the university's English Department, and it appears that none of these problems even brushed them. Once the university's administration approved the idea of a conference, it was handed over to them and a committee of the English Department; they decided on participants, subjects for discussion, and worked a year on getting it prepared, not even having to worry about a budget. "The State Department was most cooperative about visas too," Professor Tucker told me.

The East German Government was not, however, and most of the notice the conference received from newspapers was caused by its refusal to permit Günter Kunert and Manfred Bieler to attend. Bieler cabled greetings wishing for success and regretted that his government had waited until the last moment to turn him down, after preliminary indication that he would be given a passport. A sad letter from Kunert to the sponsors quoted what he called the refusal's sole "nebulous sentence": "There are many heavy-weight political, cultural, moralistic reasons which speak against the journey. . . ." The action confirmed reports from East Germany during the last three months that the regime has begun to reinstate strictures relaxed a year and a half ago. Iván Boldizsár (Hungary), who is on a visit to the States sponsored by the Ford Foundation, showed up unexpectedly for one of the panels. "I am here," he said, "to restore the delicate East-West balance with my 200 pounds."

Like Josef Nesvadba and Josef Skvorecky (Czechoslovakia), he was a most urbane man, but unlike them he did not leave it to others to argue for the social role of literature. Boldizsár appeared on a panel on "Translation: Delayed Message or New Communication?" and did not confine himself, as did Anthony Burgess (England), Gwyn Jones (Wales) and Lars Forssell (Sweden) to the technical problems of translation: he made the point that the translator plays the role of bridging cultures and national differences. This was an argument more remarkable for the fact that it came from a Socialist than for its originality; until then it seemed that the Socialists were going to stress more than anything else that they were not Socialist realists.

At the first panel discussion, devoted to "Literature's Social Genres: Way Out, Cop-Out or In?," Esfandiary's disdain for poets who made nightingales their subject was first countered by Josef Nesvadba. "I want to speak for the nightingales," he said, because Esfandiary's appeal reminded him too much of past attitudes toward literature by officialdom in Czechoslovakia. And he gained a round of applause for that, as well as the approval of Anthony Burgess, a witty and irascible man, who dominated the session with his views that commitment seekers ask the writer to write propaganda, and propaganda is the death of art. Sol Yurick, a young American novelist who was moderator for the panel, tried to impress Burgess with the need of writers to be morally concerned with social problems, though he too deplored propaganda, and cited Burgess' *The Clockwork Orange* as an example of a work containing the first concern and avoiding the other. But Burgess insisted that in this novel he had been mainly intent on working out a combined English-Russian slang for his gang of young hoodlums in a future society, so that his clinical account would not date.

This first panel seemed to have set the roles for the conference: Easterners from impoverished nations, such as Esfandiary, Khushwant Singh (India), W. S. Rendra (Indonesia), were most committed to the people's concerns; and Americans, representing the most affluent country, were the most political; while the English and Europeans (including Socialists) were the most careful to point out that literature is the working out of an aesthetic problem, with its social aspects, as Nathalie Sarraute put it, being by-products of its form.

This line-up was jogged on the second day of the conference by the appearance of John Arden, the English playwright, for whom there was no question of the social intent of his work. Not that he didn't confess to problems: "The inability to tie up one's art and one's life is frustrating," he said. And went on to explain that he had had to be at a script conference that afternoon when he wanted to be at the anti-Vietnamese war parade. Also, he said that his play, *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*, was playing to audiences who could do nothing about the problems it deals with. "Ideally, President Johnson should come to this small theatre in Greenwich Village and at the end of the performance say, 'My God, I've made a dreadful mistake!' and call someone in Washington and stop the war."

Arden described his visit to the Berliner Ensemble, the theatre founded by Bertolt Brecht in East Berlin with lavish help from the government. He talked about the magnificent equipment of the theatre, the superb training of the actors, and described the mixed motives of the government in

ARE THE PEOPLE INFALLIBLE?

Bertolt Brecht

1

My teacher
Who was great, who was kind
Has been shot, sentenced by a People's Court.
As a spy. His name has been condemned.
His books have been annihilated. Conversation about him
Is suspect and has subsided.
Suppose he is innocent?

2

The sons of the people have found him guilty.
The collective farms and factories of the workers
The most heroic institutions in the world
Have found in him an enemy.
No voice was raised on his behalf.
Suppose he is innocent?

3

The people have many enemies.
In the highest positions
Sit enemies. In the most useful laboratories
Sit enemies. They build
Canals and dams for the good of whole continents and the canals
Clog up and the dams
Collapse. The man in charge must be shot.
Suppose he is innocent?

4

The enemy walks in disguise.
He draws a worker's cap down over his face. His friends
Know him for a zealous worker. His wife
Displays the holes in his shoes:
He went through his shoes in the service of the people.
And yet he is an enemy. Was my teacher such a man?
Suppose he is innocent?

5

To speak about the enemies who may be sitting in the courts of the people
Is dangerous. For the courts have to be respected.
To demand papers with the proofs of guilt on them in black and white
Is senseless. For there need not be any such papers.
Criminals hold proofs of their innocence in their hands.
The innocent often have no proofs.
Is it best, then, to be silent?
Suppose he is innocent?

6

What 5000 have built, one man can destroy.
Among 50 who are sentenced
One may be innocent.
Suppose he is innocent?

7

On the supposition that he is innocent
What will he be thinking as he goes to his death?

Translated by ERIC BENTLEY

supporting it, and the problems Brecht sometimes encountered when government officials decided that a scene in some play was "incorrect." Yet after considering the nature of the theatre in capitalist countries, he would, he repeated twice, have made the same choice as Brecht.

Connected to the debated question of the writer's commitment were other views on how to keep literature viable which cropped up during the first half of the conference. For some it meant reflecting new experiences; for others the need to create new forms. In the panel "Revolutions and Revolutionaries in Literature," for example, Sarraute interpreted the phrase only in terms of the aesthetic of the novel, and spoke of her work as an attempt to keep the novel form alive, since for her the artist's refusal to repeat old forms is a way of achieving sincerity and intensity. Jakov Lind (Austria), in an earlier panel on "Methods of Madness in Modern Literature," defended the new literature from the point of view of one, as he said, who has never written more than straight reporting. Consequently, by the time the session on "The Tradition of the Old: Its Value in a New Literature" came round on Saturday night, the *avant-garde*—to use a catchall description—had established rather firmly its reasons for being on both aesthetic and social grounds.

At this point, the appearance of Isaac Bashevis Singer provided a dramatic confrontation of the old and the new which made everything that had been said until then academic. First, Singer read a new short story, none of whose elements were new, but all of which was moving and artful and, by example, made the talk of the search for new forms and new experiences seem callow. Old and somewhat frail, Singer was a kind of immigrant grandfather figure, the possessor of an indestructible Yiddish accent and assured self-knowledge. Responding to questions from the audience, he said: "Writers who don't know who they are, are read by people who don't know who they are either, and together they get no place. The young man wants to know why I don't write about the Vietnamese war and how come I fall back on mysticism and hobgoblins? If I knew, maybe Mr. Johnson would read what I write, then maybe I might write about Vietnam. I am an old man and I remember how after the revolution in Russia they were making a new literature and it didn't work and now they are more traditional than the traditionalists and haven't even found their way back to tradition. At least the hobgoblins don't disappoint me. . . . You cannot get away from who you are, just as a man cannot run away from his accent!"

Glowering, Jakov Lind got up from his seat in the audience, the rebellious son facing the father. "Mr. Singer is so sure of his identity, he knows who his parents and grandparents are. What about me? What about the young people who don't know? Are we going to keep on telling the same old stories in the same old way?" Singer's thin voice went up an octave, his syntax became more Yiddish: "I do not reject anybody, I welcome work that is real work. But I am sick and tired to hear the young man who says, 'I'm going to jump, I'm going to jump.' So jump already!"

The last night three members of the English Department sat on a panel with Camilio José Cela (Spain) and Irving Layton (Canada) displaying uneasiness about the subject to be discussed: "Are Writers Conferences Possible?" They had worked hard, they weren't sure it was a success, but they had all been at a cocktail party P.E.N. had held for the members of the conference, and because of that and because the discussion was being held in a student lounge, the exchange was more intimate, the audience more vocal. Layton opened with the statement that the conference was a failure because it had not addressed itself to the fact that present-day writers, inheritors of the tradition of writers as protesters, were now more hostile to society than ever before in history. Cela agreed that writing is protest—"What is our *Don Quixote* if not a protest?"—but the artist must remain true to his own vision and experience in his protest. The arguments of the previous days were gone over, with Layton insisting that not until now had they been posed.

Norman MacCaig (Scotland), in high spirits but benevolent, his accent as beguiling as Singer's, got up from the audience to take issue. He spoke of Hugh MacDiarmid whom he called the greatest poet in Scotland, perhaps in the world, a Communist and a vocal one and so fanatical a Scottish nationalist that "he would have visas at the border with England." MacDiarmid would not agree with me, he said, but his poetry contradicts everything he says as a Communist. "I don't believe," MacCaig summed up, "that an artist, when he sits down to write, gives a damn about anything but the rules of his craft!"

As the session neared its end, everyone had come to believe that the conference had been, as Hemingway might put it, *good*. Particularly in its primary function of introducing the students to what is on the minds of representative writers today. When Professor Tucker called on the last questioner, a young girl got up and said Layton was right to ask that the conference address itself to the question of today's increased hostility. But what was the answer?—the world is frightening and nowhere has she found an answer. Everyone had his own reply and she wondered if there could be a synthesis. "I have seen a young friend driven mad by no answer and he shot himself. I am 21, and I am scared."

During the telling, her voice broke, and when she finished, the gathering became very silent. "Good!" Layton finally said; he felt she proved him right; it was to her *cri de coeur* that the conference should have addressed itself. MacCaig got up again and in a consoling way offered her an answer; she was asking for order, he said, and that was what artists have to offer and to achieve: order. It was a good point at which to end the conference and Professor Tucker said so.

Spain: No Homage Allowed!

The account of a demonstration in Spain which follows was written by a Spanish participant whose name, for obvious reasons, cannot be given. —The Editors

Because of the nature of his life, his work and his death, the poet Antonio Machado is a great unifying symbol for Spain's intellectuals and artists. As the Franco army neared Barcelona in 1939, he refused special treatment and marched to the border of France, accompanied by his aged mother, with thousands of his fellow Spaniards. He died soon afterward in the frontier village of Collioure and was buried there in February, 1939.

In February, 1959, the first "Homage to Machado" took place at Collioure. For this occasion, Picasso drew a special poster, Rafael Alberti and other poets wrote eulogies, and a distinguished cortege of exiled Spaniards and foreign friends of Republican Spain attended. Simultaneously, intellectuals in Franco's Spain organized a memorial meeting in Segovia, where Machado lived from 1919 to 1931. The Falangists, attempting to claim Machado for their own, announced a rival homage in Soria, where Machado lived and taught from 1907 to 1912. The "official" homage was boycotted; the well-attended Segovia demonstration was addressed by Laín Entralgo, Luis Aranguren, Blas de Otero and Dionisio Ridruejo before it was broken up by Falangist "blue shirts."

Spain is caught between conflicting needs today. It would like to claim its great literary and artistic figures without opening the door to their philosophy. (Unamuno's centenary was widely given notice last year with no inkling of the circumstances of his house arrest in Salamanca by the Fascists; Picasso has been honored with a museum of his own in Barcelona, almost empty of Picassos.) This year's homage to Machado apparently posed a similar problem. The organizers of this gathering for February 20 had chosen the town of Baeza where Machado had taught French for several years in the local school. Those were the years following the death of his young wife, a sad time which he was helped to live through by contact with the impoverished people of the area, and he has written explicitly and eloquently of their influence on his democratic views and his simple, spare poetry.

Initially, the event seemed to have been tolerated. Notice was given to all government bureaus concerned that the homage was to consist of the unveiling of a monument to Machado — a bronze head made by the sculptor Pablo Serrano —to be placed outside Baeza in a particularly lovely spot which had often been visited by Machado in his walks. The homage was announced under the title "Walks With Antonio Machado."

The organizing committee included the judge of Baeza, as well as writers and artists living in Madrid. Surprisingly, the Spanish press gave the event considerable notice. Several days before the date, the weekly *Triunfo* in Madrid published a full-page photograph of the finished bronze bust, illustrating an article written by José Moreno Galván; at the same time a number of other papers published declarations of support and testimonies of public sympathy for the project. Even the local paper, *Jaen*, carried an announcement. The day before the homage a brief note appeared in several papers, its origin unknown, declaring that the event had been canceled. By that time, most of the people who intended to go to Baeza had already started out from many parts of Spain—from Alicante, Seville, Cordoba, Valencia, Barcelona, San Sebastián, Bilbao, Madrid.

The Guardia Civil, armed with submachine guns, were waiting for the cars on all the roads around Baeza, several kilometers from the city limits. All vehicles were stopped; in the beginning, private cars were allowed to proceed, though not without having their license numbers noted. People in buses were forced to continue on foot. Later, many others went on foot when cars were also stopped.

Under these tense circumstances, some

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ELEGY FOR DON FRANCISCO GINER DE LOS RIOS

From Campos de Castilla (1912)

ANTONIO MACHADO (1875-1939)

At the time the master disappeared
the morning light
mentioned to me: "For three days
my brother Francisco has done nothing.
Has he died?" . . . All we know
is that he has gone off a clear road,
telling us this: show
your grief for me in work and hope.
Be good, forget the rest, be
what I have been among you: a soul.
Live, life is awake,
the corpses are dying, the shadows go by,
the man who abandons still has, and the man who had lived lives!
Make noise, you anvils; be silent, you church bells!

So the brother of the dawnlight
went off toward a purer light,
leaving the sun of his work,
the old happy man with a holy life.
. . . O yes, my friends, carry
his body to the mountains!
to the blue mountains
near the Guadarrama!
There I know deep ravines
with green pines where the wind is singing.
His heart can rest
under an ordinary oak
in the thyme fields, where the golden
butterflies are fluttering. . . .
One day the master there
imagined a new blossoming of Spain.

Translated by ROBERT BLY

Francisco Giner de los Rios was founder of the Free Institution of Learning in Madrid. He led most of the efforts toward reform of education in Spain.

2,500 people arrived in Baeza, not counting another large group that did not succeed in breaking through the police line. The crowd of people moved out of town toward the area of the monument. The line was long and silent, but among the marchers the mood was one of affection and camaraderie. Shortly before they arrived at the designated spot, armed police (nicknamed the "Grays" because of the color of their uniform) appeared and blocked the road. Several participants walked forward to ask for an explanation, which the police refused.

A lieutenant and police reinforcements arrived. The police lieutenant said flatly that the gathering was canceled, and that his orders were to keep the participants away. He said he did not know the reasons why.

A spokesman requested that someone of authority — the mayor of the city or the governor of the province—be told of the unanimous desire of the marchers to wait for some explanation. The lieutenant refused, and threatened to charge on the group. Those present pressed together and showed their decision to stay and wait for the arrival of someone in power who could explain. The effort these people had gone through to get to Baeza, many from places far away, could not end in such a manner. They did not want to be forced to return home because of the arbitrary order of a state policeman or an officious member of the constabulary.

The lieutenant took a step backward and blew a whistle. The police drew up in lines and raised their clubs. The lieutenant read a paragraph referring to "violations of the laws of Public Order" and announced that at the third blow of the whistle, the police would "charge" against persons present. Those present linked arms tightly and prepared to hold to their decision.

The charge began. The "Grays" held back a moment. The officer drew his pistol and shouted, "Charge! Charge!" Another policeman from the Political-Social Brigade waved his pistol as if he were fencing; he was furious—absolutely out of his mind. "Charge! Charge!"

The few people who ran in the first moments were violently pursued by the "Grays." Those who stood and faced the police were beaten, men, women and children alike. Many fell down under the blows. Young people sobbed with fear. Any who attempted to help others on the ground were themselves attacked.

When the crowd broke, they were pursued 2 kilometers back to town to the main plaza of Baeza where they attempted to take shelter in bars or cafés. The police expelled them by force into the streets where they were again beaten.

The town watched in astonishment. Assisted by members of the Political-Social Brigade, the "Grays" shoved and pushed the demonstrators to their cars. Those who had no cars in which to leave were thwacked, chased, hunted into any shelter they could take. Long lines of cars fled by all the highways leading out, and those who arrived at Ubeda (a nearby town) could see the officers in the Guardia Civil barracks waiting for the order to go to Baeza.

Twenty-seven people were arrested, among them José Moreno Galván (author of the article mentioned above); Pedro Caba (doctor); Eduardo Urculo (painter); Manuel Aguilar (publisher); Roberto Puig (architect); Cortijo and Ripollés (painters); Alfredo Florez (lawyer); J. A. Ramos Herranz (engineer); Pedro Dicenta (teacher); Carlos Alvarez (poet), et al.

There has not been a word of this in the Spanish press. The international news services in Spain have given out very little information, most of it having come through an "official" news service headed by Manuel Fraga Iribarne, Minister of Information and Tourism. This material was on about the same level as an account by one American correspondent who misreported the events, presenting them as a quarrel between two groups, which obliged the police to intervene to maintain order.

Of the twenty-seven arrested, sixteen were freed just before dawn. Eleven remained under arrest, and were taken to Jaen and set free the next day after they had paid fines varying according to the "offense" from 5,000 to 25,000 pesetas.

In the end, the much heralded new liberalism of Franco's Spain has all the old trade-marks of authoritarianism: the "Grays," the beatings, the arrests — and silence.

Nigeria's New Man

ROBERT GREEN

Mr. Green teaches in the Department of Literature in the University College, Dar es Salaam. He has done work on English folk drama and 19th-century American fiction.

Writers of fiction are often soothsayers who have a disturbing power of foretelling the future: soon after Dostoevsky had begun serializing *Crime and Punishment,* a murder very similar to Raskolnikov's was committed in Moscow; again, the Soviet novel, *The Trial Begins* (1960) prophesied the recent show-trial of its author, Andrei Sinyavsky. And now Chinua Achebe's fourth novel, *A Man of the People* (Heinemann, 1966) ends with the overthrow of the government by the army in a newly independent African state. It is indeed very difficult to resist drawing a parallel between Achebe's last work of fiction and the recent upheavals in the author's Nigeria. But *A Man of the People* will continue to be read long after its topical spiciness has subsided; the novel will be remembered and reread as something more than an oracular utterance from Delphi-Lagos.

Achebe has always been a stern and compellingly honest commentator on his own society, but in two of his earlier novels, *Things Fall Apart* (1958) and *Arrow of God* (1963), the focus was on past events and on how the generations of Achebe's father and grandfather reacted to the white colonialist and missionary. In a third novel, *No Longer at Ease* (1960), Achebe brought his record up to date. In that book he examines the plight of a young Nigerian graduate who had been educated in England and, on returning to Lagos, found himself hamstrung by the clash between the new Western values and his emotional reliance on the old tribal mores. Obi, the hero-martyr, ends up in prison on a corruption charge, and little hope is held out of any possible area of compromise or adjustment between the old and the new, as discussed in my essay on this subject (*The Nation,* October 11, 1965).

The fourth novel, *A Man of the People,* can profitably be read as a sequel to *No Longer at Ease,* and as an examination of what happens to a man who chooses to ignore both the old and the new morality and who decides to act only for himself and his own self-aggrandizement. It is as if Obi, during his prison sentence, had been brainwashed into forgetting both his London B.A. and his uneducated tribesmen. The brainwashing succeeds; Obi is transformed into the hero-villain of *A Man of the People,* Minister of Culture Nanga: Machiavelli's *The Prince* has been rewritten and revised for post-Independence African politicians.

The title itself, *A Man of the People,* tells us much about the volume's ironical ambiguity. Nanga is a semi-literate teacher who has jumped on the political bandwagon at the right moment and, by a combination of charm and sheer effrontery, has risen to become, most ironically, Minister of Culture. (He has heard the name of Rider Haggard, but not of the country's best young writer.) He now acts entirely from selfishness: contracts are "fixed," "dashes" (bribes) gratefully received from all and sundry, and Nanga gets richer and richer. Clearly, in one sense, Nanga is emphatically not "of the people," since the people whom he governs are only pawns in his own selfish game. And yet, in another sense, Nanga is a very real representative of the people, because he is doing exactly what is expected of a man in his exalted position.

It is well known that Nanga is a corrupt adventurer but Achebe demonstrates that everyone in the country accepts this as the role of the politician. It is not the political chicanery of the novel that disturbs us—after all both Britain and the United States have had their versions of Mr. Nanga exposed recently—but the widespread tolerance of the evil in all its forms and at all levels. The country has been independent for only seven years, but already the high ideals of 1957 have lost all their meaning for everybody; the concepts of service to the state and of nation building, embodied in the Independence Day song, can now only evoke a wry grin:

> I will return home to her—many
> centuries have I wandered—
> And I will make my offering at the
> feet of my lovely Mother:
> I will rebuild her house, the holy
> places they raped and plundered,
> And I will make it fine with black
> wood, bronzes and terra-cotta.

But supplying terra cotta to the government for the refurbishing of the national shrine now earns the relevant minister his 10 per cent "dash." In *Things Fall Apart* and *Arrow of God,* the black mother was defiled and degraded by the white invader: in *A Man of the People* the rapists are black pirates. And the consequent effect on the health of the nation—the change from "they," the British, to "us," the Nigerians as invaders—is nearly fatal. The whole country stands by and condones the rape of the black mother, and Nanga is only the lucky man whose gains are measured in thousands of pounds; but there is still a small piece of the national cake for anyone who chooses to stretch out his hand, and forget that the "cake" is the health of his own nation.

Odili, a young and idealistic schoolteacher, the narrator of the novel, determines to break up these attitudes. But Odili himself is compromised. He decides to contest Nanga's constituency, but his own motives are muddied by his wish to capture Nanga's second wife, Edna.

In more general terms, all the rebels have a hard time trying to keep their motives clean. Odili's party, the CPC, has been formed by young intellectuals and professional people in order to fight the ruling POP of which Nanga is Minister of Culture. POP offers the CPC a substantial bribe not to contest the election; the CPC takes the money but uses it to buy a minibus, a necessary addition to their campaign to unseat the POP candi-

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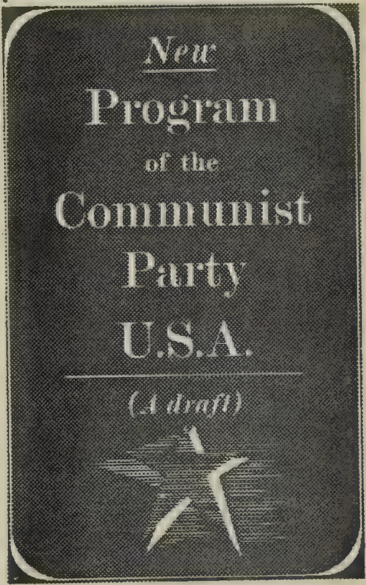

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date. And so POP money subsidizes the election campaign of the group hoping to unseat them: it is as if the Ku Klux Klan underwrote Senator Kennedy. The election campaign is thus a series of compromises — at personal, party and village levels; even Odili's home village supports Nanga in order to insure their future piped-water supply.

In one sentence Odili says:

> What I had to accomplish became more than another squabble for political office; it rose suddenly to the heights of symbolic action, a shining monumental gesture untainted by hopes of success or reward.

But Achebe is too honest a writer to try to make us believe in Odili's disinterestedness, and the whole novel demonstrates very clearly that these grand gestures are no longer possible in Nigeria: the only gesture is a tickling of the palm and the writing of a check. Achebe constantly shows us the dichotomy between what Odili wants to believe of himself and of his country, and the way in which he is forced to act. The road to Jerusalem is blocked, but the diversion involves giving a bribe to the soldier on duty. Achebe shows his poise in this slippery world. The first sentence of *A Man of the People* marvelously captures the balanced tone of the rest of the narrative: "No one can deny that Chief, the Honourable M.A. Nanga, M.P., was the most approachable politician in the country."

Though the novel is not a pretty or an optimistic book, it does have two outstanding virtues: it is very funny and very honest.

I have already indicated some of its honesty in Achebe's demonstration that even the idealistic narrator has to compromise. But Achebe also shows that Nanga, the villain, is an attractive personality. It would have been easy to write two novels: one where Nanga is the hero in an amoral world; the other in which Odili is the hero in a reformable world. Instead, Achebe has succeeded in making both Nanga and Odili sympathetic figures. The book is also astringently honest in its analysis of the teething troubles of a young nation. This paragraph is Odili's perceptive observation on Nigeria:

> A man who has just come in from the rain and dried his body and put on dry clothes is more reluctant to go out again than another who has been indoors all the time. The trouble with our new nation . . . was that none of us had been indoors long enough to be able to say "to hell with it." We had all been in the rain together until yesterday. Then a handful of us—the smart and the lucky and hardly ever the best—had scrambled for the one shelter our former rulers left, and had taken it over and barricaded themselves in. And from within they sought to persuade the rest through numerous loudspeakers, that the first phase of the struggle had been won and that the next phase—the extension of our house—was even more important and called for new and original tactics; it required that all argument should cease and the whole people speak with one voice and that any more dissent and argument outside the door of the shelter would subvert and bring down the whole house.

In fact the novel does indeed end with the fall of "the whole house": the government is overthrown after a reign of terror and the army takes control. Achebe has shown with great insight that a morality that is successful at village level is not necessarily operative at national level.

The author has managed to include much wit and humorous observation alongside his astute analysis into the political situation of an individual, a village, a party and a country. Several of the scenes had me laughing aloud: a rare phenomenon. Particularly recommended are Achebe's parody of an anti-Western newspaper editorial, and the whole scene in which a cabinet minister thinks that he has been poisoned because his cook's supply of Nescafé has run out, and he has been given instead OHMS coffee ("our home-made stuff"): I hardly need to add that the government has been conducting a big publicity campaign to boost the sale of this OHMS coffee which the cabinet minister refuses to drink. And sentences like this one are scattered throughout the novel: "In our country a long American car driven by a white-uniformed chauffeur and flying a ministerial flag could pass through the eye of a needle."

This is a wise and witty book and a distinguished successor to Achebe's earlier work. It would be encouraging if one were to find it high on the book list of General Ironsi. Nigeria (and all Africa) can find much to learn from Achebe's scintillating sermon.

East-West Sons of Huck Finn

THE SAILOR IN THE BOTTLE. *By Manfred Bieler. Translated from the German by James Clark. E. P. Dutton & Co. 221 pp. $4.50.*

THE WIG: a mirror image. *By Charles Wright. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 179 pp. $3.95.*

PETER R. TEACHOUT

Mr. Teachout is a Harvard Law School graduate now studying at Sussex University. He is a contributor to Southern Justice *(Pantheon).*

Spring. Huck Finn comes at us over the wall. The specter of runaway slave Jim stalks the streets of Harlem. Here is a pair of satires, one by a young East German, the other by a young American Negro—both are bastard offspring of Mark Twain's American classic *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.*

East German Manfred Bieler's *The Sailor in the Bottle* is the story of Bonifaz, an eccentric landlocked sailor, who wanders about in Germany during and after the close of World War II. Bonifaz is a passionate neutral; he is also a repatriated P.O.W. and carries, wherever he goes, the neutrality certificate he received when he was exchanged under the Geneva Convention: "No repatriated person shall be employed on active military service. . . ." This certificate becomes the symbol of his resistance to the recruiting forces of the civilization around him.

Bonifaz has a friend, the ancient bedridden Brother Leverentz, at the local Moravian home. One night, drinking wine together in a room called Paradise, the two bargain over the price of a proposed load of firewood. Leverentz has no money, so instead he promises to grant Bonifaz his wish. Bonifaz wishes to be a "white four-master with yards a housetop high . . . and a full wind astern, inside a nice green Jamaica rum bottle"— a symbolic figure for the sailor in the bottle, the landlocked wanderer, the classic picaresque hero.

The Bonifaz adventures are a dreamwork translation of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*; the characters wear different hats, the narrative clocks aren't quite synchronized, but the pattern and materials are there. Huckleberry's Pap drank too much and suffered delirium tremens; Bonifaz gets drunk with the invading Russian army and has hallucinations of his own; Huck was locked up in Pap's cabin, Bonifaz is jailed as a political prisoner; Huck ran away to his secret cave on the Mississippi, Bonifaz shuts himself away in an abandoned German military depot; the fantasy raids and murders of Tom Sawyer's gang become the imaginary war games Bonifaz plays on the staff maps in the depot. The parallels continue to the end. Huck's river has become (via "the river within" of Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*) Bonifaz's sea "behind it all."

In the course of his adventures, Bonifaz wanders (systematically) through each of three major political spheres: Fascist, Communist and capitalist. The best writing occurs in the opening episodes, before Bonifaz leaves Tesch. Here Bonifaz is the passive neutral, bullied at every turn by the totalitarian demands of the wartime Fascists, and forced to survive by his wits. By using the straw Nazi Party in this context, Bieler gets away some of his best satire of the East German system (and of the book) without setting himself up for the censors. But as Bonifaz moves into the Communist sphere (the invading Russian army) the satire becomes safe, and by the time he reaches the capitalist one (the postwar West) it has become obsolete.

There are two linchpin problems that Bieler fails to meet: what to do with neutral Bonifaz when the war is over (he becomes the bully); and with what terms to treat the West (those of an East German "class-struggle" primer). The moment Bonifaz steps into the West he becomes loudly irreverent about things Bieler doesn't quite understand—like "capitalist" razor-blade factory owners (and sex). The failure of Bieler's satire corrupts the rest of his novel.

Bieler almost pulls the show together in the closing movement with a nice adaptation of an important dramatic shift from *Huckleberry Finn*. Huck began his adventures by running away from civilization, but shifted his energies to help rescue the reimprisoned runaway slave Jim (mankind). Bonifaz makes the same good turn: his incarcerated "runaway slave Jim" is a teen-age girl named Pulle—who made her first love with him but later made the rounds *(poule)*. In a closing episode, she is confined in a coldly modern lying-in home pregnant with the child of an unknown man. It is summer when Bonifaz arrives; he is greeted by the head matron:

> . . . she wiped mutton from her face. "Wass the matter?" she asked. . . .

Into this dehumanizing atmosphere, Bonifaz tries to bring the human communion. But even Pulle seems beyond reach ("her thoughts were probably centered within"), and she barely responds when Bonifaz attempts to talk with her. A boy is born. Bonifaz's response to the blessed event is symbolic of the way his world has turned. He carves a miniature four-master and

> I cut eighteen little white sails out of my [neutrality] document and gummed them to the yards and gave my ship to Pulle and her son. . . .

The earth revolves: winter to summer, death to birth, breaking free to bringing together. But the communion with Pulle can exist (in the words of old Leverentz) only "in the span between little and a little more." Shortly she says goodby.

In the last scene, Bonifaz is seen striking off for the border and East Germany where he has a friend.

Another hero "lighting out for the territories." One trouble with *The Sailor in the Bottle* is that we have seen better Huckleberry reincarnations before — like Augie March or Holden Caulfield or Yossarian of *Catch-22*. Bonifaz simply lacks the stature. Nor does his East German difference make much difference at all; because for the most part Bieler seems to be playing picaresque games with us—and only in a very few early moments does he really seem to care. But this is Bieler's first novel, and there are moments when a serious young artist can be seen at work. I have a friend, Christoph, who is a medical student at Humboldt University in East Berlin. One afternoon last September we walked for miles along the inside of the wall, looking at the guards with their machine guns and at the barbed wire, and whispering (because you have to if you want to say anything that matters), and plotting fantasy ways for Christoph to escape, and laughing at what he was saying about the state (because it is absurd). But when I came to leave we were no longer laughing, and Christoph stood inside the Friedrichstrasse underground exit looking like a kid locked in on a rainy afternoon—watching me walk through the turnstiles and out past the officials to the train to the West. The best parts of *The Sailor in the Bottle* are like that — a strange mixture of happy irreverence and wistfulness. They know what it means to be locked in on a rainy afternoon, and what it means to have to whisper and yet be able to laugh at the same time.

With Negro writer Charles Wright's *The Wig*, we move from the wall to the ghetto, from Huck's way of looking at that journey down the river to Jim's. Remember the two ways the Duke arranged so they could travel down the river in the daytime without risking Jim's possible recapture. One was to strap Jim down to the raft floor boards. The other was masquerade:

> He dressed Jim up in a King Lear's outfit . . . a long curtain-calico gown, and a white horse-hair wig . . . [and painted him with greasepaint] all over a dead, dull solid blue . . . [and made a sign]: *Sick Arab — but harmless when not out of his head.*

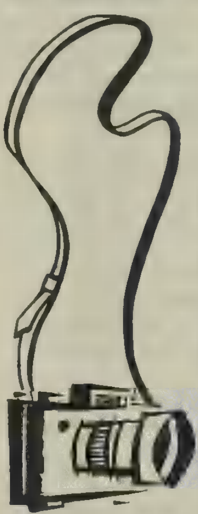
In *The Wig*, this image of the fastened-down, grotesquely masqueraded, runaway slave Jim is superimposed on the classic Faustian legend—in the context of contemporary Harlem. The result is Lester Jefferson's story.

Young Lester Jefferson wants to succeed, to move toward the goal of the Great Society, but to succeed he needs "an acquisitional gimmick." So when the drugstore man made the (Faustian) promise,

> With this, you may become whatever you desire,

Lester bought the bottle of Silky Smooth Hair Relaxer—with which he soon transforms his nappy hair into a glorious set of curls, the Wig. The Wig is a symbolic step toward success — and toward grotesque masquerade. Nonnie Swift, the aging whore and widow, calls him from the hallway where she lies on the floor unable to lift herself up. She is exhaling brandy, and her "costume" is a blue-rinse bouffant, sea-green contact lenses, deep purple American Lady lipstick, plastic violets and a rhinestone Mother Hubbard robe. Nonnie pretends to Creole blood from "one of the oldest families in New Orleans"; she lives under the delusion that she is pregnant—but the baby never comes. Nonnie's masquerade is like runaway slave Jim's; and the analogy goes deeper than physical costume. Nonnie is running away from her true self, and from being Negro; she is a slave to her own distorted self-image and inner corruptions.

But *"everyone* has something going for them," says Miss Sandra Hanover as she



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prances around her *pied-à-terre* with her phony lashes, plucked brows, gold nails, Hollywood poses, Hollywood talk, and

> . . . thick dark stubble . . . visible under two layers of female hormone powder. . . .

Miss Hanover is a transvestite who thinks "she" is a white woman. Miss Hanover "does" people. Everyone in his own way is a runaway slave Jim: Mrs. Tucker hides behind her rusty tin-covered door listening to gospel music; Little Jimmy ("Sick Arab") Wishbone spends most of his time in a psychiatric ward reliving his past as a famous Hollywood "Tom"; the people who sell out the Negro soul such as the Deb who sells her body to Swedish seamen and Mr. Sunflower Ashley-Smith who promotes "colored rock and roll singers" and soul music.

Lester's story is told in terms of symbolic encounters with each of these characters. At first his Wig seems his key to the world of "connections," but it soon comes to symbolize a barrier between him and fellowship and love. He discovers he has entered a dehumanized world of averted eyes, financial deals, putting out feelers, show-biz talk, hot hands, mechanical and military operations. Symbolically, it is only after he stops "puttin' on" about the Wig that he drinks out of a common bottle with Little Jimmy Wishbone; only after he momentarily rejects the Wig that he comes close to love ("a midget step past the gates of pain") with the Deb. Otherwise the Wig means distance, alienation and impotency.

Even in the world of success the Wig is not enough. So Lester becomes "the chicken man" for The King of Southern-Fried Chicken:

> I was crawling through the streets of Harlem on my hands and knees wearing a snow-white, full-feathered chicken costume . . . with electrified feathers . . .

to keep people away. Lester wins fame but only as the anonymous "chicken man." Like Faust he grows more and more alone.

On his day off he stalks the streets longing to make the simplest human contact, but everyone turns him away. Suddenly the world shifts to fantasy, the volume is turned up: a beautiful miragelike girl takes him home (she has a clean kitchenette), where she makes good love to him and whispers, "I've got money. . . ."

The Wig is a book that needs to be deciphered before it can be read. On the surface it is an awkward little book: the imagery is piled, the comic dilemmas are rigged, the jokes are heavy; there is too much nervous kidding, there is no poetry in the slang; the narrative voice shifts from tone to tone; from mock melodramatic ("smiling ecstatically, tears gushing from my . . .") to straight ("being only an average young man . . .") to sentimental ("corny human stuff like that . . ."). The novel barely holds together.

But underneath, in the allegory, we find a complicated piece of orchestration: I have already talked about the Faust legend, there are also echoes of *Candide*. Most significant are the variations in each new character of the interlocking figures of the runaway slave Jim image: the mask, the shell, the lie, the vanity, the "whitewash," the sellout of the Negro and the human soul. The central movement is that of the ghetto's closed circuit: to be free you have to succeed, to succeed you need masquerade, but masquerade means the sellout, and the sellout means you can never be free.

But it doesn't quite work. Because in composing the metaphysics of the allegory, Wright failed in telling his story. But he did not fail to catch the horror—the awful distorting pressures of the ghetto.

Wright's world of *The Wig* is not the world of his first novel about Harlem, *The Messenger*—here there are no front stoops in the Harlem evening, no compassionate blues, no angry young men. In a real sense there are no Negroes, only nightmare sensations—jarring, off key, grotesque—nightmare sensations of being fastened to the ground, of struggling desperately without being able to pull off, of being smothered in the excrementlike pancake make-up of the runaway slave's masquerade.

Iran: Goodby to the Nightingale

F. M. ESFANDIARY

Mr. Esfandiary is an Iranian novelist and essayist. He is the author of Day of Sacrifice *and* The Beggar *(Obolensky) and the forthcoming* Identity Card *(Grove).*

American and European romanticists in their efforts to denigrate progress point to the art and literature of backward countries as evidence of the richness of old civilizations. An American will quote a few verses from Omar Khayyám, then lapse into elaborate praise for the wisdom of the ancient Iranians. "What a glorious culture," he exults. "What a glorious literature. Those ancient peoples said all that there was to say."

This extravagant adulation has encouraged Middle Easterners to languish complacently in self-delusion. The unconscious reasoning of many a Middle Easterner who, to begin with, resists change is: "Even these Americans and Europeans (who are now on top of the world) tell us we have a glorious culture. So why change?"

We Iranians, for example, refer to our country as the land of poetry. Every Iranian, even the muleteer and the laborer, is said to be a poet. It is in our soul, in our blood. We also believe that our literature has long been second to none. Recently, when a couple of Iranian writers complained to a high-ranking member of the regime that the heavy censorship was further stunting our literature, the official gravely responded: "There is nothing wrong with our literature. We have the greatest literature in the world. Even the foreigners say this. Didn't you hear what that famous American scholar who was here recently said? He said that our arts are among the greatest in the world.

It is time Westerners realized that in glorifying our mediocrities, they are only encouraging their own phantasies. It is also time that we in the Middle East realized that in continuing to revel in self-delusion we are fooling no one, only perpetuating our shortcomings.

Iran, like the rest of the Middle East, has had a handful of gifted poets, but never an illustrious literature. Our literature, like our art, has been, for the most part, repetitive and imitative. We have not only been plowing our lands with the same crude equipment our ancestors used centuries ago; we have also been rewriting the same verses, reiterating the same thoughts, weaving the same patterns in our rugs, the same designs in our silver work and mosaic, the same ideas, the same schemes, through the ages.

The Middle East, which has never considered writing to be serious work, cannot expect, much less claim, to have great literature. Books have always symbolized knowledge and erudition, and have been, therefore, highly valued. But the writing of books has never been considered a serious occupation. The reason is not economic alone. In the Middle East writing has always been identified with poetry. To be a writer has meant being a poet. And although poetry has always been widely enjoyed, even venerated, it has never been considered an occupation. At best it is a serious hobby. Hence, to say that you occasionally write poems will evoke interest, perhaps even admiration. But to say that you are a full-time writer will invite incredulity or ridicule.

When I was recently in Teheran, a man

sitting next to me at a garden party asked what my occupation was. Hoping to avoid the usual lengthy explanation, I attempted to divert his attention. But he persisted.

"I am a writer," I said at length.

"A writer?"

I nodded.

"Ah, you are a poet, how splendid, splendid. You know, I too sometimes. . . ."

"I am not a poet, Agha."

"You don't have to be modest."

"I am not being modest. I am just not a poet. I have never written poetry."

He turned and stared at me quizzically. "Then what do you write?"

"I write essays and novels."

"This is very interesting. But, I still don't know what you do, I mean your occupation."

"I told you, I write."

"Yes, yes, I understand, but what I mean is, what is your profession, your job. Are you an engineer, a doctor, a government employee? . . ."

In the Middle East I often found myself parrying in such dialogues.

Why is writing not considered serious work in the Middle East, with the result that, contrary to popular belief, Arab, Iranian and Turkish literature has been immature and insignificant? It seems to me that there are three main reasons—psychological, economic and political.

In the Middle East we have highly repressive, authoritarian social systems which break the will of individuals, hindering them from developing the confidence to question tradition, challenge authority, deviate from the established course, criticize, analyze, reason creatively. The individual, from childhood, is required at all times to submit.

Characteristically, our literature is also one of submission. Submission not only to artistic and literary traditions but also to rigid social traditions. Except for the brilliant Egyptian writer, Hamad Ammar, and a handful of other contemporary writers, authors in the Middle East have not written penetratingly on such basic problems as patriarchy, parent-child relations, rivalry among brothers or sisters, conjugal relations, religion, sex. These have been considered sacred, private problems and literary allusion to them has been as a rule superficial, complimentary and defensive.

The writer in the Middle East seldom probes deeply into his own emotions, because this would entail facing deep fears, hatreds, resentments and other sources which he would rather not face. Instead, he writes poems about romantic love, patriotism, nightingales, gardens. The only rebelliousness his damaged self-esteem allows him to express is the sanctioned rebelliousness that countless writers have relayed down the centuries. Thus he rails bitterly against Kismet, the devil, the cruelty of the times, the enemies of the fatherland.

Then, too, ours are "shame-cultures." Children are explicitly instructed to be secretive at all times. They are taught never to disclose family or domestic problems to strangers. When a local writer is published abroad, the immediate concern of his compatriots is: I hope he has not written anything about our country that will shame us before the foreigners, and in most cases there is no danger. Authors go out of their way to avoid subjects which might bring "shame" to themselves, their family, native village or homeland. The inevitable recourse has been to drag out the nightingales and write elaborate poems about their warblings.

However, the lack of social and psychological freedom is not the whole story. Economic freedom is also a precondition for cultural progress. Prosperity itself has a liberalizing influence. In poverty-stricken lands, as the Middle East, the creative writer is a rare exception. There is not a single writer in Moslem countries of the Middle East who makes a living from his books. All the writers have full-time occupations, and write in their spare hours. Because the reading public is small, writing is not a lucrative field and therefore publishers pay very little to authors. Often writers pay to be published. The average fee paid for a full-length article or story in a *top* magazine is $8 which, even by local standards, is absurdly low—so low indeed that free-lance writers, as a rule, avoid the indignity of asking for it.

Contrary to the fantasies of many Westerners, the celebrated poets and philosophers of the East were not ascetic men who sat under trees, in sequestered gardens, eating bread and grapes, and drawing inspiration from some inner wealth of "spirituality." The Omar Khayyáms and Sadis, as well as the more contemporary Iqbals and Khalil Gibrans, were all men who had the means, or were given opportunities, to travel, to come in contact with foreign cultures and to be stimulated and enriched by a deep involvement in the world around them. Poverty inspires nothing more than extremes of hostility and apathy.

Political repression has also stunted our literature. The Middle East has always been subjugated by local or foreign overlords, and dictatorships have never tolerated freedom of self-expression. Those who wrote in praise of the dictator were lionized, even subsidized, and awarded titles and high positions. But writers who did not submit to coercions or blandishments and had the courage to protest were invariably sent into exile, imprisoned or murdered. A recent example was Mohamad Massoud, the Iranian author who, in books and articles, criticized the royal family for its corruption, its excesses, its exploitation of the impoverished masses. He was quickly silenced—murdered in his car.

The spirit of constructive criticism and analysis which, to begin with, is weak in the Middle East, has always been further weakened by political repression. Several of the Middle East's top writers live abroad where they can write and publish without the ever present danger of reprisal. Recently, a writer made a plea for the abolition of capital punishment in several countries of the Middle East. But no newspaper or magazine in Syria, Iraq or Iran would print the article, because the regimes in those countries have all executed their opponents and the plea, although based exclusively on humanitarian considerations could be construed as criticism of the government in power.

In Iran, censorship is so heavy that even books brought into the country by foreigners are checked at the customs. Not long ago, an inspector was carefully examining the books of a European tourist,

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asking questions as he glanced through each book.

"And what is this book?"

"This is *Macbeth,* by Shakespeare," the European explained.

"What is it about?"

"Well, it is about some people who murder a king and then. . . ."

"Murder a king?" the official was shocked. "This is a crime. You are carrying subversive literature." The inspector confiscated the books and would have detained the foreigner had other officials not intervened.

The hapless Middle Eastern writer, subjected to these psychological, social, economic and political pressures, has never had the confidence or the encouragement to deviate from tradition, to venture an original thought, a fresh turn of expression. Instead, our writers have always focused on the vestments of literature. They revel in dressing up clichés and platitudes. Writers and readers alike are preoccupied with style and words—the fancier the better. Content is of little importance. Originality is never required. When you ask a Middle Easterner what he thinks of a certain writer or book, more likely than not he will comment exclusively on the form. "I like his style. He has a powerful pen. He has a sweet style. . . ."

Since the beginning of World War II the jolting contact of cultures has flushed people out of their protective traditionalism, upsetting whole socio-economic systems, loosening the grip of patriarchy and absolutism. Inevitably, these stirrings are slowly spreading to art and literature. Authors, emboldened by the crumbling *status quo,* are slowly venturing out of their poetic hiding places, beginning to face themselves and the world around them. A few voices, here and there, can now be heard, challenging the shrines of family and sex, religion and fatherland.

Progressive, revolutionary regimes, like President Nasser's, can give considerable impetus to this healthy trend. For in view of all the miseries, all the injustices, all the suffering, all the age-old maladies that afflict body and mind, literature in these lands can be significant only if it comes to grips with reality, showing the people a fresh vision of life, and inspiring in them a faith in their limitless potential.

TV: No Place for Satire

RUTH FISCHER

Formerly a reporter and editor for the Associated Press, Mrs. Fischer is now a staff writer with the Cleveland Play House.

Parma, Ohio, on the outskirts of Cleveland, was the scene recently of a skirmish with television from which the community emerged with a dubious victory. The real winner was the voice of zealous provincialism, and the ultimate loser was the large Cleveland-area TV audience which, for one brief passing moment, had savored a regional program of rare imagination.

The point of contention was a lampoon soap opera, sprightly and amusing but not nearly so comical as the fracas which finally doomed it to oblivion. The hero, villain or martyr—depending on viewpoint—was Ernie Anderson, a popular and inventive film jockey for Cleveland TV station WJW. For several years Anderson has been lacing the late horror movies over which he presides with between-the-reels live entertainment, and this innovation has won him a wide audience. Some months ago he introduced an original soap opera, *Parma Place,* conceived in burlesque of its Peyton counterpart. Anderson selected the Parma locale not only for its alliteration but also because its typically suburban character presented an almost irresistible backdrop for parody.

Where the grim residents of *Peyton Place* face up to life's rapid-fire crises with dead-level earnestness, the *Parma Place* people wallowed in their troubles with crass unconcern. On the surface, Anderson's serial was no more than a take-off on a peculiarly sudsy soap opera, but underneath there lurked incisive satire. Fingers were pointed and fun was poked at middle-class complacency, lake pollution, female glamour gimmicks, bankers, suburban conventions and—holiest of all sacred cows—at TV itself.

In Anderson's homespun Parma, white socks represented the height of sartorial splendor, the polka reigned supreme, cold cuts were an epicurean delicacy and a discotheque called the Golden Kishka was the gathering place for the smart set. The story focused on the adventures of a fictitious and hopelessly square family. Husband John earned his living as a muckraker, gathering refuse from the depths of waste-filled Lake Erie. (One of the sore spots in Cleveland's civic pride is the problem of lake pollution from industrial waste.) While John raked muck, his wife Janet lounged at home in low-fashion apparel. A practical woman, her hair was forever snaked on big rollers and perpetually capped with a kerchief. This functional halo never gave way to the subsequent glamour it promised; Janet never appeared on camera without the inevitable rollers and kerchief.

Anderson wasn't afraid to slap the hand that fed him. Janet and John watched television endlessly; neither trial nor tribulation could pry them from their 21-inch screen. There was the time, for example, when their daughter was kidnaped and a note arrived with a ransom demand for $4,000. John met this crisis with a shrug, watching TV all the while. "There isn't that kind of money in all of Parma," he observed. Parma bankers stirred restlessly.

The program quickly caught fire. In an area where TV viewers are weary, perhaps, of Brooklyn-oriented network gags, *Parma Place* became a household word. The consensus seemed to be that the program was provocative but never tasteless. Then, in a sudden burst of civic pride, Parma leaders cried "Foul!" and demanded that Anderson quit picking on their suburb. Aroused city officials called the program "a dangerous slur to the community," and Parma Mayor James W. Day declared gravely that his community "was being made to sound like a foot disease." There were dissenters; one group thanked Anderson publicly for putting Parma on the map, for "helping our faceless suburb to achieve identity." But pressures mounted, stronger voices prevailed, and station executives finally called upon Anderson to cease and desist. Overnight, *Parma Place* became an electronic dodo.

But even after it was phased out, the spoof's echoes lingered awhile. Cleveland radio station WKYC invited Parma civic leaders to testify on the air to the cultural assets of their community. That station also announced plans for a festive Parma Vindication Parade — weather permitting. "We see it as a mile-long link from Parma to the world," a station announcer declared.

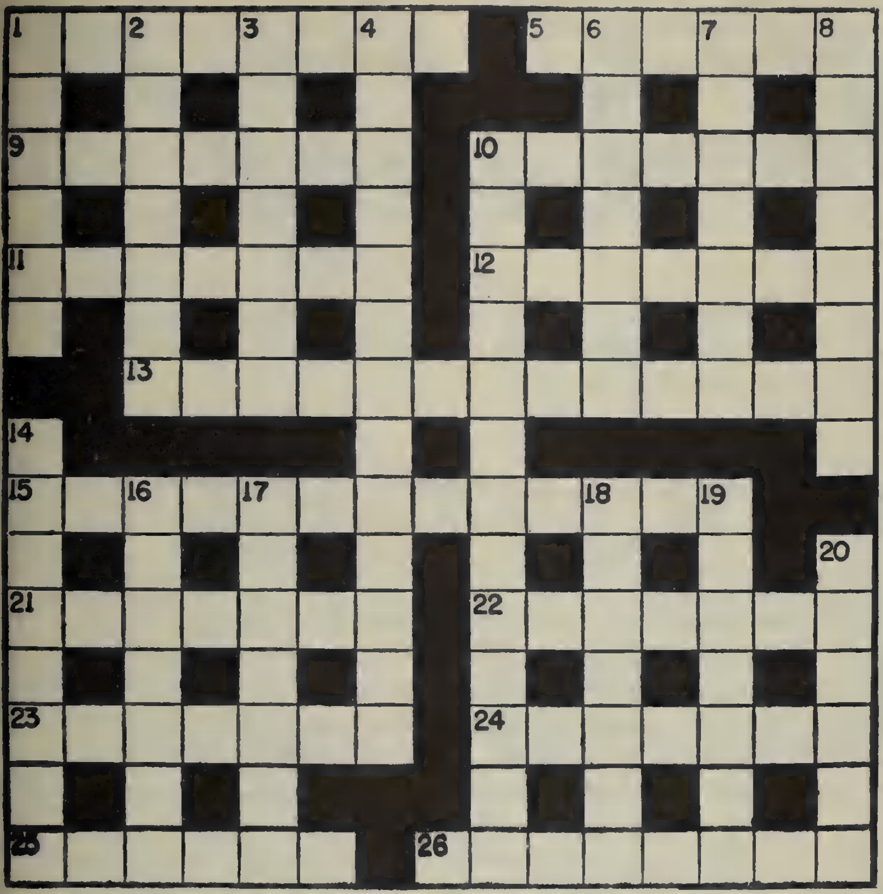
Posthumous levity, however, does not entirely mask the questions raised by the rise and fall of *Parma Place.* Can a community take a long look at its popular image and join in healthy laughter? And, more significant, who shall have the power of censorship over a TV show?

Puzzle Fans

Are invited to meet their favorite tormentor on Wednesday, May 11, from 6 P.M. on. *The Nation* is giving a buffet supper that evening in honor of Frank Lewis at the Overseas Press Club, 54 West 40 Street; all devotees of his puzzles will be welcome guests. Please let us know if you are coming. Write or call Puzzle Dept., *The Nation,* 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 10014. Telephone: CH 2-8400.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1149

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Legally things stolen by Jack? (No first beginnings when one does.) (8)
5 Hangings the medicine man copies. (6)
9 Does it bother some people to listen surreptitiously to a word of disapproval? (7
10 It's relative in what some take when tired of part of the table setting. (7)
11 It's the wrong help to give [illegible] hacker in the old game! (7)
12 There's something of a glue mixture about the high-ball that makes [illegible] body round. (7)
13 A talent for entertainment doesn't sound ham-fisted! (7-2-4)
15 Probably not a reefer, and shouldn't be used for one! (7, 6)
21 It might contribute to the heat of the orient, in [illegible] small way. (7)
22 Directing swindling operations? (7)
23 Putting the finishing touches on a letter, perhaps. (7)
24 Cross [illegible] [illegible] cat? (7)
25 Sticks and clubs? (6)
26 The final copy probably wouldn't be. (8)

DOWN:

1 The bride's make-up shows what one does, perhaps, when the suit is pressed more than once. (6)
2 Broken glass in what the admiral sometimes makes. (7)
3 A somber saint, if an uncertain one. (7)
4 Complete, although briefly heavy-sledding. (13)
6 Material on the house act of censure? (7)
7 Proper "Upper Class," the French flower! (7)
8 However, the judge seldom does it to [illegible] hanging sentence. (8)
10 One of the subjects of Rembrandt's painting? (An extra job for him would hardly be moonlighting.) (5, 8)
14 One might expect to find the plant, but not in the same old shape! (8)
16 Went around in circles, more or less. (7)
17 Be disposed to bow. (7)
18 The sort that came first lit? (7)
19 What the gladiator might have used to travel on in explosive surroundings. (7)
20 A tendency towards avarice, it's accorded. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. [illegible]

ACROSS: 1 Marmoreal; 6 Light; 9 Signs up; 10 Visitor; 11 and 23 Cameras; 12 Endure; 13 Ride; 15 Benefits; 16 Sought; 18 Chairs; 20 Election; 24 Custer; 25 and 7 Forgetting; 28 Overact; 29 In error; 30 Stand; 31 Nightgown. DOWN: 1 Music; 2 Regimen; 3 Oyster farm; 4 Expedite; 5 Lovers; 6 Last; 8 Turkestan; 14 Concurrent; 15 and 22 Bachelor's button; 17 Flatting; 19 Alameda; 21 Inferno; 26 Rerun; 27 Band.

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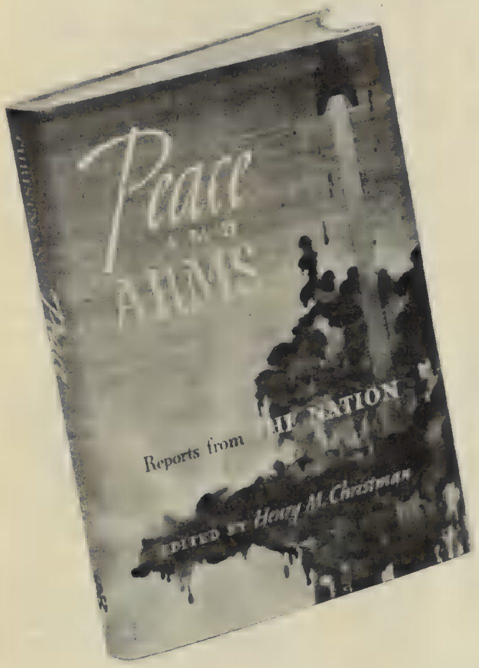

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Newspaper

LETTERS

China's necessity

Woodland, Calif.
Dear Sirs: Resident in China for nearly fifty years, I can help reduce correspondent James Weeke's puzzlement as to the "necessity" of communism for China [letter, *The Nation*, Mar. 21].

Japan initiated its industrial success less upon a "democratic system" — implying the exercise of universal suffrage — than upon the pre-existence of a largely unified state and a powerful ruling class, imbued with a martial spirit, who loyally yielded allegiance to a strong centralized authority. . . .

When I left China, just before the Communist takeover, my friends among the Chinese intelligentsia were, though reluctantly, conceding the inevitability (if not the "necessity") for the Communists to succeed to the vacuum which derived from the multiple failures of the Nationalists.

If the majority of competent observers of the present China "assume that the present way in China is best," a near-lifetime observer of pre-Communist China can validate that assumption upon the fact that the Communists have furnished the foundations upon which Japan's success was grounded. . . . If today it should be true that there is "suffering by large minorities," I was a near-lifetime witness in China to suffering by large *majorities*. *Ernest T. Nash*

gun shop

Los Angeles, Calif.
Dear Sirs: Readers of Robert Sherrill's "The Big Shoot" [*The Nation*, Mar. 7] may be interested in a 1965 case dealing with an arms factory in the Los Angeles area. In March of that year, the Erquiaga Arms Company was raided by thirty state, county sheriff, and federal Internal Revenue agents under the stimulus of California Attorney General Thomas Lynch. Lynch feared that the weapons were going to private racist-rightist armies in California. The raiders found 373 machine guns and 100,000 rounds of ammunition. . . .

The Los Angeles County Sheriffs Department, under Peter Pitchess, claimed it had no prior knowledge of the factory. The plant, which is only two blocks from the sheriffs' station, admitted shooting targets in their yard, as part of a product-testing program. Rumor had it that the guns were for a Central American adventure and the investigation stopped. *J. E. Sherman*

Kauffmann's previews

New York City
Dear Sirs: Howard Junker's review of Stanley Kauffmann's drama criticism for *The New York Times* [*The Nation*, Mar. 14] makes good sense for the most part. It includes an array of solid arguments in defense of Kauffmann's policy of attending previews when he can. But I must take issue with one of Mr. Junker's assumptions: that "Broadway hardly deserves the high standards Kauffmann wants to apply." Never mind Broadway—what about readers? Don't they deserve high standards? It's the Broadway fraternities listed by Mr. Junker—the League of New York Theaters, *Variety*, the Dramatists Guild and the others—that suppose reviews are written to sell tickets or to frighten customers away. I can read Kauffmann's columns precisely because they are concerned every time with a show, not with its commercial possibilities. . . .

Although I haven't agreed with all of Kauffmann's assessments, I suggest that he is doing a number of things the other people on the dailies aren't: (1) pretty con-

(Continued on page 492)

EDITORIALS

Goliath's Dilemma

Eighteen months ago, *The Nation's* editorial stand was that the best the United States could hope for in Vietnam was a political development among the Vietnamese which would give us an excuse for getting out. It would have been awkward but, under the conditions then prevailing, not too difficult. On the pretext that we were obliged to help a small country against an invader, we had some 20,000 men in the field: if the small country misconstrued our altruistic intentions, we could depart without an intolerable loss of face. Now we have 250,000 troops in the air and on the ground in Vietnam, and another 60,000 men in the Seventh Fleet offshore. We have vast military installations in the country, which we are augmenting at top speed. To leave now would be far more humiliating than it would have been in 1963 or 1964, yet it may soon be either that or an open take-over of the country and an end to all the hypocrisy about our unselfish aims. Nothing that President Johnson can do, or Ambassador Lodge, or anyone in Saigon or in Washington, can alter what is now plain for all to see—that the greatest military power in the world cannot impose its will on a country which is hardly a nation at all but which, in resisting our dominance, may become one.

The delusions that have animated the Pentagon and the Johnson Administration are being torn away. Most of the would-be controllers, civilian and military, are silent. When talk gets around to what the U.S. might do, Philip Geyelin writes from Washington in *The Wall Street Journal* (April 12), "conversation lags or wanders off into grim contemplation of contingency plans for a rich variety of possible calamities." James Reston: "The American Government, with all its power, has never seemed more helpless than it does now in the face of the political turmoil in Saigon" (*The New York Times*, April 13). Even Joseph Alsop has to admit that the immediate political outlook is "far from encouraging," and the only ray of light is that enemy losses have been high in recent months. When Alsop no longer lectures from the vantage point of his many months in Vietnam, things could hardly be worse.

To all this, however, there is another side. The worst outcome, for the American and Vietnamese people alike, would have been the triumph of American intervention in the civil war and its remorseless use of Vietnam as a proving ground for its latest weapons. Now, while the hawks sit disconsolately on their perches, the doves are multiplying. Rep. Charles E. Bennett, a senior member of the House Armed Services Committee, calls for placing the situation in South Vietnam "immediately" in the hands of the UN "in prompt steps towards truly free elections by the South Vietnamese people." Whatever the outcome, even if the Communists should win, Bennett says, we must abide by the result. Sen. Richard B. Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, warns that collapse of the Ky regime may force an "agonizing reappraisal" of our involvement in the Vietnamese war. "If it becomes clearly evident that a majority of the Vietnamese do not want our help," says Russell, "I would favor withdrawing immediately both military forces and economic aid."

This is sage, if belated counsel. Two crucial points, however, should not be overlooked. First, elections held under the supervision of the military junta which, with American arms and manpower, has held Vietnam in its grip, will be as farcical as the pretense that our aims in Vietnam have been disinterested. The Vietcong must have the same right to vote as the supporters of the junta, if it can still muster support when the election is held. In short, there must be a cease-fire before the future of Vietnam can be decided.

Second, Russell's threat to withdraw economic aid at such a juncture is the worst possible policy. The United States is in honor bound to make good, as far as possible, the damage it has inflicted on Vietnam. And those like Russell who do not wish the Communists to take power in Vietnam should give all possible aid, now and in the future, to the Buddhists and their allies who, if they succeed in forming a government, will try to establish a neutralist regime. The folly of projecting into the future the theory that those who are not our accomplices in the war against the Vietnamese people are Communists or Communist sympathizers, should by now be too obvious to be missed.

Through all this tumult and disintegration, the President has been silent. Before speaking again, he should reflect prayerfully on the past. Nguyen Cao Ky has just issued a revealing statement: "I have told the Americans that some day they will have to have a face-to-face confrontation with Red China, and to solve the war in Vietnam they will have to attack Red China."

The Parents

"I pray," wrote the President, "that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom." When Abraham Lincoln took up his pen to commiserate with Mrs. Bixby on the death of her five sons on the battlefields of the Civil War, he did not set out to write a classic, but out of Lincoln's heart, and the nature of that war, a classic came. It is impossible to imagine anything of the kind emerging from the dirty war in which the United States is now engaged, and that is a measure both of the conflict and of the people who are sending young men to a sad and futile death.

Frank De Marchi, a combat veteran of the European theatre in World War II, was notified on April 7 of the death of his 22-year-old son in Vietnam. On the same day, George Cannata received the same melancholy news; his son was only 18. The De Marchi and Cannata families live in Queens, N.Y., a quarter of a mile apart, but they had never met. Grief brought them together—grief and a conviction that their sons had died in a cause that offered no consolation to their parents.

"I'm going over there and tell him how I feel because he knows what it's about," Mr. De Marchi said. "I'm not proud. I think this war is uncalled for, and I think my son and all the other sons died in vain."

The son had thought so too. "He said it was a lousy war," Mr. De Marchi recounted, "that he didn't like it and he thought it was unnecessary."

The Cannata boy was a paratrooper. He had enlisted

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right after finishing high school. "He liked to jump," Mrs. Cannata said, "but I didn't raise him for that. Of course we're bitter. We sit around the living room and ask ourselves what the country is doing there and why this had to happen."

Parents all over the United States are beginning to feel this way. In Pickens, S.C., Mrs. Essie Johnson was informed that her eldest son, Charles, 25, had been killed in combat. Another son, Leroy, 21, had not been heard from for some time and there was apprehension that he might be missing in action. A third son, Howard, 24, had been wounded and sent home. "No war is good," Mrs. Johnson said, "but I felt real strong about this one, even before Charles died. And it ain't right for three sons to have to go. I don't think any of our boys should be there fighting."

If this wretched war continues, sons and parents alike will find the courage to protest. Americans are being sent to their deaths in a cause as inglorious as the devastation of Spain by Mussolini and Hitler in the thirties. This is a war in which the parents of the dead are deprived of the one consolation which, in past wars, might have been theirs. The only recourse remaining to them, and to all of us, is to resist the iniquity that has been imposed on us.

Bilking the Public

In a forceful roundup titled "Quality Street," Fairchild Publications, which publishes eight important trade papers, discloses that close to $3 billion in taxes—that's *billions*, not millions—goes down the drain each year owing to shoddy workmanship in goods purchased by the Defense Department. Since Defense is in a much better position to enforce reliability and performance standards than is the general public, one can only guess at the cost of defective merchandise to the people of the most advanced industrial country of the world.

This will be vociferously denied. "Business brass and spokesmen," Fairchild News Service writes, "are armed with soporifics which claim that the problems on Quality Street are red herrings. . . . But when souls are bared, the quality issue is immense. It turns into a *La Ronde*, with each group ready to blame another. In [clothing], stores blame manufacturers, who blame fabric houses, who blame converters, who all, in turn, blame one another, labor unions and consumers."

That quotation raises a seldom noted aspect of the quality problem. It is not solely a matter of incompetent or dishonest vendors victimizing the public. Modern industry is an immense complex of specialized, interlocked production. Often a single undetected bad component will cause untold trouble to everyone in the subsequent chain of distribution, with the consumer the ultimate victim. Except for *Consumers Union*, occasional forays like this of Fairchild Publications, and the efforts of some government agencies, the consumer has little protection. Esther Peterson, President Johnson's adviser on consumer affairs, says there is no doubt that quality has deteriorated, but "it's up to the discerning consumer to reject the tawdry," which is to say that the White House defense of the consumer is largely symbolic.

Government agencies are more active on their own behalf, yet the estimated $3 billion annual Defense Department loss shows how spotty even this vigilance is. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is currently spending $500,000 on a reliability and quality assurance drive. The McDonnell Aircraft Corp., prime contractor for the Gemini program, imposes its own quality standards on subcontractors and sends inspectors into their plants to enforce compliance. Yet Gemini 8 came within a hair of being lost with its crew because of an electrical short circuit, and the chief scientific experiment of the whole space program—the $60 million Orbiting Astronomical Observatory—has turned out a heartbreaking failure because of battery trouble.

These spectacular breakdowns do not affect the consumer as much as the poor quality or premature failure of so many of the products he buys. If some of the money spent on advertising, with its ludicrous claims of perfection, were spent on the product instead, the mass consumer would have fewer woes. Everybody is a consumer, but the burden of defective merchandise falls unequally on different strata. An unsatisfactory appliance does not stay long in a well-to-do household. The family gets rid of it, usually via a dealer, to a midde- or lower-class family, which may be permanently stuck with it. When it comes to soft goods, high-priced apparel is pretty sure to be of at least passable quality, while shoddy wares are more usually passed on to bargain hunters.

Aside from the unremitting struggle for the largest possible profit, failing quality may be due to automation, as some experts believe, or to the stepped-up demand accompanying a hectic prosperity. In either case, things will probably get worse. Poor quality is a hidden form of inflation which does not appear in the price index—but it shows up in the household budget and in individual well-being.

In one recent mishap the entire field staff of a company had to be mobilized to pull a mislabeled drug off the market. "You don't find food people putting corn labels on tomatoes," an FDA official remarks. "I can't imagine why the drug industry hasn't applied the same policy of label control." One reason may be that the consumer can tell corn from tomatoes but not one drug from another.

Blasphemy

Americans dislike thinking about what their land-hungry ancestors did to the Indian; by and large, they don't feel that they need to. Massacre, deportation and treachery fit awkwardly into the image of our heroic past, but what is done is done, and there is nothing to be gained from crying over spilled blood.

Unfortunately, the book is not quite closed. There are still some Indians left, and where they survive they are abused. Two articles in this issue (p. 483) make evident that the red man is still fair game in his own land.

It is not just a case where might makes right; it is also that ignorance produces cruelty. For example, when the United States created the Carson National Forest in New Mexico (1906) it took from the Indians some 50,000 acres surrounding Blue Lake. The framers of that scheme must have known that they were stealing real estate, but they may not have realized that they were committing blasphemy. White men worship in churches and temples; they bury their dead in holy ground and set up monuments to their God. But they do not worship through nature itself (the state of their land today is proof that they do not). The fact that Blue Lake and the land surrounding it was holy ground to the Taos Indians was not considered in the land grab. Or if it was considered, it was no deterrent.

Sixty years later, the Indian Claims Commission said, yes, we did steal that land and now we should pay for it. But the Taos will not take the money—Indians do not sell the home of their gods. We have never observed Indian treaties; do we now also deny that Americans have the right to worship according to their convictions and traditions? There is only one honest and honorable solution to this situation: the Blue Lake region must be given back to the Taos Indians. It will take an act of Congress to erase this sacrilege, and Sen. Clinton Anderson of New Mexico has introduced the appropriate bill. It should pass without discussion. What is there to say?

Who Pays the Freight?

In his first hundred days in office, Mayor Lindsay of New York City has not received quite the ardent support from the financial community that *The Nation* bespoke for him. But the conflicts that have arisen are at least revealing. Residents of the great metropolis had been induced to believe that the less known about city finances the better for all concerned. An educational process has now been started, and some aspects of the city's financial plight can be seen with the unaided eye. For example, who doesn't pay taxes in New York—which, when one comes to think about it, is quite as important as who does.

Turning its attention to a report of the Women's City Club, the Lindsay administration calls attention to the following:

(1) The enormous increase in tax-exempt religious, educational and charitable property holdings in New York City. These free riders, some of whom are deserving and some of whom are not, have increased by a billion dollars, or nearly 90 per cent, in the last decade.

(2) The substantial increase of state and federally owned property, which should be paying much larger "in lieu" amounts. From 1956 to 1966, federal holdings have increased by 33 per cent, state by 175 per cent. The Port of New York Authority increased its tax-exempt properties by 79 per cent, the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority by 511 per cent. All these types of property involve city services; why should they not share in the cost?

(3) The largest financial interests in this great financial center—banks and insurance companies—have been very gently treated by the tax collector. As Murray Drabkin, the Mayor's tax adviser, suggests: "Why shouldn't business giants pay their fair share?" They will have to find a better answer than cries of anguish, which somehow do not rend the hearts of the bystanders.

In general, the financing policies of American cities have been bad. New York may be no worse than other cities, but since it is bigger its problems are more formidable. They are not insoluble, however, and if Mr. Lindsay accomplishes nothing else, his courageous airing of the well-kept secrets of the past will stand to his credit.

Goof

President Johnson has declared May 1 to 8 National Music Week and has taken the occasion to state his gratification that "the United States today is producing some of the world's most talented musicians." Such gestures are entirely perfunctory; any professional or commercial group of passable respectability can get the President to dedicate a week to its activities and say a few benevolent words.

No one is fooled by this sort of thing, and it makes the associated morticians, bakers, plasterers and fruit growers of the country proud and presumably prosperous. But from time to time a President will make a gesture that is not supposed to be at the level of throwing out the first baseball of the season (which symbolic office, regrettably, Mr. Johnson delegated this year to Mr. Humphrey). For instance, the President has recently ordained a Council on the Humanities. Does he care any more about humanities than he does about throwing baseballs? If he does, what is Meredith Willson doing on that Council?

Mr. Willson writes hit shows (*The Music Man, The Unsinkable Molly Brown*), and if the President were disposed to proclaim a National Two Seats in the Orchestra Week, a few kind words on the Willson contribution to show biz would be in order. But the music he writes is a commodity, not a humanity.

And it is not as though Mr. Willson had been appointed to the Council as a homey balance to some long-hair twelve-tone types; he is the *only* representative of the musical [*sic*] world on that panel of twenty-six. There is nothing in the Constitution that says a President must be educated in the arts, but a decent respect for the opinions of those who are should urge Mr. Johnson to seek help in avoiding this sort of embarrassing blunder.

Oil of Discord

With the adoption by the Security Council of a resolution which "calls upon the Government of the United Kingdom to prevent by the use of force if necessary the arrival at Beira of vessels reasonably believed to be carrying oil destined for Rhodesia," the African countries have scored a new point in their effort to force Britain to embark on a crusade against South Africa and to demonstrate concretely that they have chosen between the new African nation and the "unholy three" (South Africa, Rhodesia and Portugal).

True, the resolution was introduced by Britain, but it was forced upon the Wilson government, as the oil embargo had been last November, by the Africans threatening to invoke UN mandatory sanctions, including the use of force, against the racist government of Ian Smith.

Britain's Lord Caradon came to the Security Council in a show of great urgency for its authorization to carry out a most serious act under international law—that of intercepting and perhaps attacking foreign ships on the high seas. No doubt he also needed this mandate to placate the Conservatives' opposition at home to any use of force.

At best, the Security Council resolution, which deals only with the unloading of oil for pumping through the Mozambique pipe line at Beira, can bring only a temporary lull in the African clamor at the UN. Singling out weak Portugal as a target (Mozambique is a Portuguese colony) calls new attention to the British reluctance to take measures against South Africa. Thus, a British Navy boarding party, in an episode reminiscent of older times, did prevent the tanker *Manuela* from reaching Beira, but only in order to send it on to Durban. The unloading of the *Manuela's* oil cargo in that South African port could be the signal for renewed agitation in the UN. The British have stretched the Charter to the point of labeling the arrival of tankers at Beira a "threat to the peace," but they are not ready to put the same label on the shipment of refined South African oil to Rhodesia. Sanctions against South Africa would cut deeply into a British economy which the Labour government is trying to lift from the doldrums.

From a legal point of view, international and mandatory sanctions—including the use of force—under Chapter VII of the Charter, must be based on a determination that the situation endangers "international peace and security." Such a determination can hardly be made in good faith in the absence of any visible agitation against the Smith regime from the African majority in Southern Rhodesia, let alone any foreign intervention. Yet the application of Chapter VII, including the use of British troops in Rhodesia itself, is what the Africans are trying to extract from Britain and the other big powers, all of whom, for reasons of their own, are wary of the UN as a military arm. The Africans did not succeed in their attempt this time, but they will continue to press relentlessly in this direction, and to some of them a British veto to such a resolution would constitute almost as big a success as its adoption by the Council.

London may not be able to retain the initiative in the Rhodesian problem, which could become a test case for future action against South Africa. If the British Government cannot safeguard its privileged position to choose the form and degree of pressure it wishes to apply on Salisbury, it may well be forced to throw the whole situation into the lap of the United Nations, as it did in the case of Palestine.

Fellow Traveler

Barry Goldwater, who admits that he may well be a Senatorial candidate in 1968, is beginning to try out a few ideas to see if they will sizzle. Speaking the other day to the American Chamber of Commerce in Mexico City, he projected a situation wherein the United States and Russia might join forces. "If the Communists win in Southeast Asia and continue on across into India and Pakistan, that would constitute the ingredients of World War III. At that time, I believe we would find ourselves allied with the Russians, as well as the rest of the free world, in a fight against a common enemy."

In the White House, Goldwater would probably have pursued an Asian policy very much like the one that was adopted by the man we elected President for no clear reason except that Barry frightened us half to death. Goldwater diplomacy would have been no funnier than Johnson diplomacy, but as an outsider Barry is still a card. The Goldwater-Kremlin axis is a notion so eccentric that it may even win him votes from the more satiric-minded citizens of Arizona.

The High Cost of Fighting

Like medical care, the cost of war is going up, and largely for the same reason—technological progress. The Vietnamese war is, in one aspect, a fiscal experiment: how much can a modern nation shoot away in a given time over limited terrain? The M-14 rifle can fire bursts of 150 rounds per minute, the M-16 can go as high as 750, and when a superannuated C-47, fitted with three machine guns, lets go at guerrillas who may or may not be there, as much as 18,000 rounds per minute pour into the jungle. Those air strikes, which are constantly called for when the infantry runs into trouble, also require gasoline, aircraft maintenance, communications equipment and sundry other items. And that is only tactical stuff. Jet-propelled fighter-bombers like the F-4 or F-105 carry more destructive bomb loads than the propeller-driven heavy bombers of World War II could carry, while B-52s, flying ten-hour trips from Guam at $1,300 per hour per plane, drop bombs worth $30,000 from each aircraft, often with no result except holes in the ground.

At this rate, the Vietnamese war will soon be costly enough to strain our gargantuan economy and make it difficult, if not impossible, for the fiscal managers to continue their tightrope walk between inflation and deflation. Those who think it will be easy should read "The Vietnam War: A Cost Accounting" by William Bowen and an impressive team of economic consultants, in the April *Fortune*. As these experts completed their task, the number of servicemen in South Vietnam stood at 235,000. By the end of the year, the troop strength may be 400,000 or—who knows?—600,000. However, basing itself on early 1966 strengths, the Johnson Administration is budgeting at a yearly rate of about $10 billion. According to Bowen and associates, the actual present cost is more like $13.7 billion, and before the end of fiscal 1967, on the basis of the projected (probably minimal) figure of 400,000 troops, it will be in the neighborhood of $21 billion. And these are only *direct* costs. As the *Fortune* analysts point out, the war's economic effects are expansionary out of all proportion to the actual increases in what is still called "defense" spending. Supplies of skilled workers, materials, machinery and credit are already under mounting pressure; shortages of copper and textiles are emerging, and drafts of physicians will coincide neatly with the inauguration of medicare later in the year.

With consumable munitions alone (small-arms ammunition, grenades, bombs, etc.) running at the present rate of some $3 billion a year, and with steep rises in prospect, none of this is bad news for companies like Olin Mathieson Chemical or Hercules Powder. Nor is *Fortune* particularly perturbed: it takes patriotic pride in the fact that with their abundant fire power, "the superb U. S. fighting men in South Vietnam clobber the Vietcong in shooting encounters"—when they can manage to find them. It is only that *Fortune* feels obliged to point out to the business community that the war has been financed, so far, largely out of preexisting inventories and on credit. One way or another, modern war being what it is, bad news is in prospect. Without being unduly cynical, one may surmise that the Administration will hold back the worst until after November, and then let the citizens have it in bulk. Remember 1964?

DOLLARS OVER ASIA

Japan: Co-Prosperity Again

ALBERT AXELBANK

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Tokyo

Prominent Americans, including even Vice President Humphrey, make no bones about their present ignorance of Asia in general and China in particular. Therefore the Japanese, who know China intimately both from present-day contacts and long geographic and racial affinities, are ill-disposed to accept lectures from the U.S. State Department on their failure to understand the Peking regime. Very outspoken on this theme was Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs William Bundy, who said recently that "large segments of Japanese opinion seriously misunderstand" China and also "gravely underestimate the threat that Chinese Communist domination of south and Southeast Asia would present to Japan's own interests." The U.S. Ambassador to Tokyo, Dr. Edwin O. Reischauer, has also upbraided the Japanese for not fully comprehending the realities of contemporary China.

For their part, large sections of the Japanese public, the press, and many liberal as well as conservative politicians earnestly appeal for a decline in bellicosity between Washington and Peking, and hope that the Senatorial hearings on China will soften U.S. attitudes toward that country. Indeed, many Japanese leaders, including senior advisers to Premier Eisaku Sato's own staunchly pro-American ruling party, hold that Japan should act as a "bridge" or "mediator" in the Sino-U.S. confrontation. They feel, with much justification, that they know both disputants well.

The Japanese are painfully accustomed to indiscreet criticism from high-ranking U.S. officials. During the occupation, Gen. Douglas MacArthur once referred to the Japanese people as possessing the "mentality of 12-year-olds." Not long ago, two State Department officials, Assistant Secretary of State Douglas MacArthur II, a postwar ambassador to Japan and nephew of the general; and Under Secretary of State George Ball, charged that two of Japan's biggest and most renowned newspapers—*Asahi* and *Mainichi*—were swarming with Communists. Ambassador Reischauer immediately denied the accusation and stoutly defended the papers.

Nevertheless, the *Mainichi* commented indignantly: "It must be regarded as regrettable that American policy makers with such meager knowledge of Japan are allowed to continue in making Asian policy." (Some conservatives later publicly voiced the opinion that a sort of "occupation mentality" seemed to linger among U.S. leaders.)

The causes of the recent stiff American censure—critics might use the word "pressure"—are not hard to detect. For one thing, the United States is sharply upset by Japan's leaping trade with Peking. Sino-Japanese commerce reached nearly $500 million in 1965, up more than 50 per cent from the previous year. In fact, China was Japan's fifth largest trading partner. The government announced in February that China was the "second biggest export market" after only the U.S. Moreover, this rising trade has been achieved in spite of various officially imposed restrictions such as refusal to grant government-subsidized Export-Import Bank credits to China, and an admonition by Premier Sato to the nation's leading industrialists and financiers to "go slow" in the China trade in view of the escalation of the Vietnamese war and the deterioration in Washington-Peking relations.

Doubtless another source of American distress is the anticipation that if Japan sidles too close to its giant mainland neighbor, through trade and other contacts, a public opinion in Japan that is favorable to China would make it increasingly difficult for the United States to extend its military pact with Japan—it is terminable in 1970 if either side so wishes—without the risk of anti-American demonstrations. When the pact was revised six years ago, it aroused a storm of protest and national turbulence that eventually toppled Premier Nobusuke Kishi, who is Sato's older brother.

Paradoxically, although a number of America's China experts recently told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that China—far from seeking a nuclear war with the United States—is actually girding in anticipation of an American attack, Washington officials have issued a stern warning to China's non-Communist neighbors, Japan included, to beware a nuclear-armed China whose intermediate range N-missiles will be able to destroy them within three to five years. Since many, possibly a large majority, of the Japanese people entertain friendly feelings toward the Chinese and have little fear of an attack from Peking, some conservative quarters here think that such American notification is part of a long-range joint U.S.-Japan effort to "educate the Japanese public about the menace of Peking to Japan's security."

Japan's China experts, including those within the ruling conservative party, have—unlike their American counterparts—often visited Peking and held lengthy, and sometimes give-and-take, discussions with China's leaders. Invariably these experts have returned to Tokyo with favorable impressions of the Chinese leadership. It is worth noting that after the vice president of Japan's ruling party, Shojiro Kawashima, had talked with Chinese Premier Chou En-lai in Jakarta in 1965, he declared that he found Chou "very flexible."

It is therefore not surprising that Japanese public opinion, as reflected by the press, was solidly behind a recent spanking of the United States administered by "elder statesman" and four-time Premier Shigeru Yoshida, who is regarded as one of Japan's most pro-American leaders. Speaking of how Americans "do not listen to others," Yoshida asserted: "Of course this attitude comes naturally when you consider yourself to be of a superior race." Said the 88-year-old Yoshida, who continues to wield power in the ruling party: "I have told Americans over and over again that they do not understand Asia."

Japanese conservatives who have visited Peking have conveyed to that nation's leadership the request that China make every endeavor for "peaceful coexistence" with the United States. On the other hand, some liberals within Sato's majority party who see the whole question of peace—or war—in Asia as depending on whether or not the policies of Peking and Washington become increasingly flexible, have wryly spoken of the need for Japan to dispatch a "peace corps" to the United States to "help soften Americans' attitudes toward China." Meanwhile, the mass-circulation *Yomiuri Shimbun* likens both China and the United States to "two blind men, looking at each other through a fence."

Capital's Last Frontier

JULES HENRY

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To understand the nature of American involvement in the underdeveloped areas of the globe, one must recognize that the economy of the United States differs from that of many other developed countries. England and Japan, and to a lesser extent France and West Germany, are heavy exporters of goods, although they *also* export capital. In the United States, however, export of capital so far outruns export of commodities as to cause a serious dollar drain. Being primarily a capital-exporting nation, the United States needs markets for investment.

Since 1939, the gross national product of the United States has risen steeply, in large part because of the demand for armaments to wage the cold war and to maintain the American universal gendarmerie. A main purpose of this activity has been to keep socialism at bay, and the primary reason for doing so is that Socialist economies are useless to a country relying heavily on capital export. Socialist countries will buy abroad, but they want to develop, as far as that is possible, without foreign investment. Our failure to establish more than trivial economic relations with the Communist countries no longer derives so much from our reluctance to trade with them as from the fact that we are less interested in trade than in investment.

Meanwhile, our military efforts to keep the world free for American investment generate huge economic surpluses, i.e., capital for investment, because the war-nourished industries at home expand the economic surplus. Thus the very process of protecting the world for American investment creates still greater need for fields in which to invest. The presence of a huge and growing economic surplus makes it absolutely imperative that the world be kept free—for American investment. For that reason we cannot, *under our present system,* ever withdraw our armies from underdeveloped areas, unless we can arrange for a substitute gendarmerie. Corporation profits have no other place to go because the fields for investment at home grow steadily narrower.

Asia represents one of the last frontiers for investment capital. In this connection, the following quotes from a Saigon dispatch in *The New York Times* of May 12, 1965, are important:

> New industry is developing [in South Vietnam] at an encouraging rate. Moreover, American aid officials believe, several companies operating here for a few years with American financial support are plowing back their profits into expansion rather than returning them to the United States.

The article then states that the Vietcong have spared industrial developments in South Vietnam, and goes on to say:

> In one instance, guerrillas made no hostile move against an important dairy products processing plant, backed by American investment, but they attacked a police post only a few hundred yards away.
>
> "When the shooting stops," a United States aide said,

"there is every expectation of a lively expansion. . . . "

American investment in South Vietnamese industry is still light, centered chiefly in three plants: A cotton textile mill, a paper mill, and a dairy products plant. Other companies have surveyed the possibilities and expressed interest, but are waiting for the situation to improve.

On December 9, 1965, *The New York Times*, in a dispatch from Saigon, revealed that the Bank of America and the Chase National Bank had opened offices in Saigon. The dispatch continues:

> Their representatives have quietly visited Saigon in recent weeks for conferences with officials of the National Bank of Vietnam.
>
> At least two other big American financial institutions—the First National City Bank of New York and the American Express Company—are also studying the possibility of opening offices in Vietnam.
>
> Their interest has been whetted by the large number of United States servicemen on duty here. But in the opinion of economic specialists at the American Embassy, Vietnamese businessmen are good potential customers.

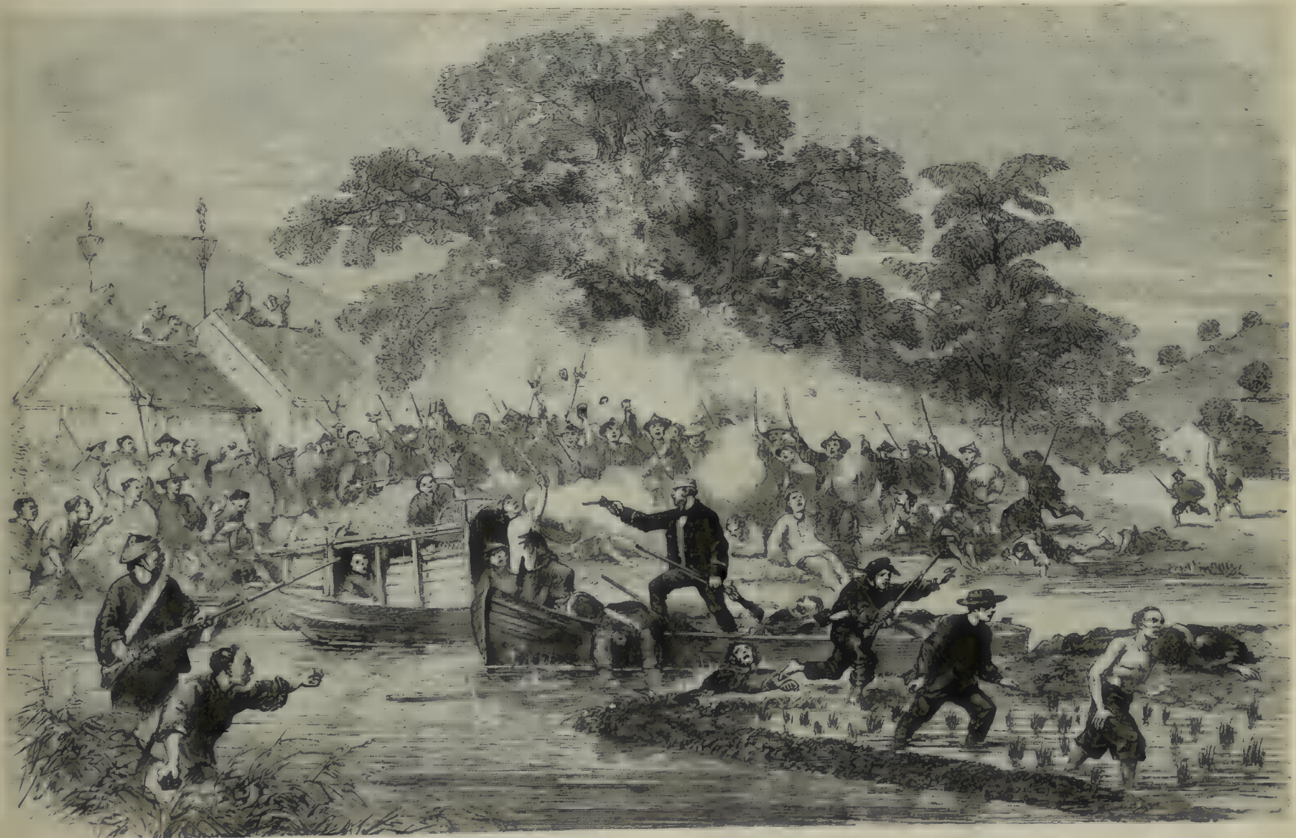
The United States, however, is not the only country with banking interests in Vietnam. Ten of the fifteen banks now operating in Saigon are owned by foreigners, particularly by British and French interests. The article continues:

> Henry M. Sperry, a First National City Bank vice-president and resident in Hong Kong . . . [said] "We believe we're going to win this war. . . . Afterwards, you'll have a major job of reconstruction on your hands. That will take financing, and financing means banks.
>
> "I think the Government here recognizes the need for American banks. It would be illogical to permit the English and the French to monopolize the banking business, because South Vietnam's economy is becoming more and more United States oriented."

It is clear that investments now being made create a road of no return. Once made, investments must be protected.

The establishment throughout Southeast Asia of industrial complexes backed by American capital is sure to have a salutary effect on the development of our foreign involvements: the vast and cheap labor pool will permit competition with the lower production costs of Chinese and Japanese industry, which have immobilized our trading capabilities in Asia for many years.

The history of American involvements in Asia casts light on the foresight of American statesmen. Early in the 19th century, the British were "opening doors" in Asia with the simple key of artillery. In 1858, the United States helped open the door of Japan, which at that time was closed to international trade, by sending Admiral Perry to line up an American fleet in Tokyo harbor. The Japanese, always quick to accept the inevitable, let the Americans in; but at the same time they launched industrialization and militarization programs of such power that by the turn of the century Japan had defeated Russia, was rapidly penetrating the Asian market, and was able to squeeze the Americans out. The rest everybody knows: by the 1930s Japan had almost brought China to its knees; it controlled Manchuria and could use China and all of south Asia as outlets for its industrial production. Thus our effort to get into Asia through Japan had boomeranged, and when in 1941 Cordell Hull presented the Japanese with an ultimatum to get out of China, the boomerang hit Pearl Harbor. In short, our eco-



Illustrated London News

nomic adventures in Asia helped to embroil us in World War II.

After the war Japan—with the help of substantial U.S. orders during the Korean War—became again a world economic power, its growth in recent years being faster than our own (at least, until the recent Japanese recession).

Japan must export to live, and China must import to live. Despite American objections, trade between Japan and mainland China is expanding. So, having crushed Japan because of its control of China, we assist it to its feet, whereupon it develops trade with China. If the question be asked, "Who can speak on foreign policy?," one is constrained to answer, "Surely not the statesmen who planned our past wars; for they lack the power to see beyond their noses."

Though the dream of the "co-prosperity sphere" brought Japan to ruin in 1945, the following quotes from *The New York Times* of February 10 suggest that it has not entirely renounced the concept. The article was headed "Japanese To Call Asian Aid Meeting," and said in part:

> Japan's second attempt in this century to win a leading role in Asian regional affairs will begin shortly with the issuance of invitations to Southeast Asian countries to confer in Tokyo April 6 and 7. . . .
>
> Without saying so openly, leading Japanese see the conference plans as a revival of earlier Japanese ambitions in the region. . . .
>
> The previous Japanese aims were conceived in a more ruthless political age, when all but one of the countries that will be invited to the April conference were under Western rule. . . .
>
> Acceptances of the invitations have already been obtained in advance from Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, Laos, South Vietnam and the Philippines.

It is perfectly clear that if the war in Vietnam ends with a military victory for the United States, we shall have to confront not only China but also Japan in Asia; for Japan must have Asia as a market—and for the export of *its* surplus capital. Meanwhile, Tokyo is intelligently taking advantage of the present American umbrella over Southeast Asia, while China is weak and Southeast Asia is being "protected."

The economic stake of the United States in Southeast Asia is presented in a striking way by a full-page ad which Thailand placed in *The New York Times* of January 24, obviously to attract American investment. On the same day, the paper carried an article captioned: "Foreign Investors Provide Thailand With Economic Life," and saying:

> The economic progress of the last six years has attracted several large foreign investments, mainly from the United States. Among the larger ones were a $30,000,000 paper mill, a mechanical equipment and machinery plant, and a new luxury hotel. . . .

The economic effect of American armed intervention in Asia can be seen in the fact that in that issue of the *Times* South Korea had three full-page advertisements—more than any other country — promoting the country's economic attractions, and calling for foreign investment.

We are fighting in Asia now for the same reason we fought there in World War II. In 1941, we told *Japan* to get out of China because Japan had monopolized much of the economic capability of that country. Now we think we are fighting to prevent *China* from monopolizing the economic capability of Asia — including China. Thus we have fought an almost uninterrupted series of wars, beginning with World War II, to keep the door in Asia open to American investment. While a military foothold in Southeast Asia will permit the expansion of American capital there, an eventual flow of American capital even into China itself is not entirely a pipe dream for a far-seeing economics statesman.

If China could be made "reasonable" it might accept American investment under some form, just as an occasional country in the Russian orbit has accepted foreign investment. One by one, Socialist countries that have excluded foreign capital have found it impossible to get along without it. The removal of Ben Bella in Algeria was followed instantly by broad agreement with France on the exploitation of Algerian oil; and Egypt, after attempting to struggle along without American capital, has at last initiated talks looking to the expansion of American investment there. The economic surplus pleads, then insists, and may eventually use force to gain an outlet; but it never loses patience, for to lose patience is to dam it up at home, and to dam it up is to suffocate the home economy. We would like to keep underdeveloped countries from going Socialist, but Socialist or not, we want an economic foot in their doors.

Extensive trade by Japan and European countries with mainland China stands in sharp contrast to our fear of the Communist dragon. Over the years *The New York Times* has reported some of the deals; I give a selection of articles, by headlines only:

October 8, 1962	Australia Sees China As Great Wool Market. High Level Delegation Will Visit Peking This Year.
August 21, 1963	Communist China Buys Textile Unit From Japanese.
December 18, 1964	Red China Is Seen As Huge Market. $1.1 Billion Orders Predicted By British Trade Officer.
January 22, 1965	Japanese To Fill Red China Order. Textile Mill's Sale Approved But No State Credit Given.
December 20, 1965	China And Australia Sign Big Contract on Steel-Mill Unit.

I think the issue is clear: our economic stake in Asia is immense and we cannot turn back because, under present conditions, we need a field of play for our economic surplus, and because we already have an investment to protect in Southeast Asia.

Considering the ambiguities and the confusion in Administration statements about Vietnam, and the increasing immensity of our military commitment there, one might conclude that the Administration was mad. But before declaring a man mad, one has to exhaust every clue that bears on his sanity. I think that an examination of our economic situation in Asia makes it clear that the Administration is perfectly sane, as far as sanity goes in such issues, but that it dare not explain its real motives because their revelation would instantly cancel all support for the war. The United States is doing what it has always done: following or attracting the dollar. Our foreign policy has not changed—except in verbiage—since the days of Theodore Roosevelt. In the light of the economic conditions, we are literally at bay with China not in the sense that China will swallow Southeast Asia physically but in the sense that economic competition with China—and with Japan—is as inevitable as it will be unpleasant. It is clear that we are trying to do in Asia today precisely what we fought Japan for in World War II—we are trying to monopolize a market by force of arms.

Therefore, we must look forward to an existence as an armed camp for perhaps the next hundred years; for we must bear in mind that all victories will entail the policing of the areas we have won, and the peoples we have subdued will always rise against us. The solutions to our predicament are difficult also because of the structural and psychological nature of our economy. The problem can be quickly perceived if we note the difference between the way automation has been used in West Germany and the way it has been used here. In West Germany, automation is used to drive down prices; consumption rises, with the result that the unemployment created by automation is soon taken up by the expanded market. Reduction in prices also enables West Germany to compete successfully in all foreign markets, and West Germany is now the most powerful economy in Western Europe. In the United States, prices are not reduced by automation; the resulting savings are distributed in profits or retained for future investment. Though expanding, American corporations do not have to borrow.

The alternative to the present situation with respect to automation is the following: (1) Give a larger share of corporate income to workers. (2) Tax corporate profits more heavily in order to expand spending in the public sector, i.e., on control of the natural environment (water, conservation, pollution, education, hospitals, etc.). Therefore, as we have been told a thousand times before, the solution to our international problems lies at home.

Of course, such measures can be only temporary because the economic surplus is inexorable in its demands. Part of corporate profits must always be invested in expansion, but since the more expansion the greater the economic surplus, there can be no diminution of the thrust to invest abroad, even if more money is spent at home. Capitalism is a sorcerer's mill, and nobody knows the magic word that will stop it from grinding out the economic surplus. The mill shifts from country to country, but it does not cease to grind.

A final word is necessary for those who shed tears about the destruction of the Vietnamese countryside and the disintegration of the peasantry. The history of industry shows that it is impossible to create an industrial revolution without a landless proletariat. The uprooting of peasant life in Vietnam therefore is a necessary preliminary to the industrialization of Vietnam. We know that there is more to rice cultivation than seeds and paddies—it is the *social organization* of the peasantry that makes it possible, the close integration of people in a productive system. The uprooting of families, the killing of the young men, the conversion of the daughters into prostitutes or kept women, the killing of the persons who are repositories of the lore and technique of rice culture, the fall in the birth rate, and so on, all make the rehabilitation of the old rice culture impossible and the creation of a landless proletariat inevitable. The uprooted people, however, will find work in the new industrial revolution the war holds miraculously in store for them. There will also be an agricultural revolution, for since the disintegrated peasantry will not be able to farm the land, it will be bought for a song and farmed by "more modern" methods: large enterprises run by managers and worked by hired hands. The destruction of the Vietnamese countryside is the first, and necessary, step to the industrialization of Vietnam and the rationalization of its agriculture.

UNDER THE INDIAN SIGN

A Blanket Over Homicide

LaRUE SPIKER

Miss Spiker, a resident of Maine, is a free-lance writer with a background in social work.

Southwest Harbor, Me.

A Maine state trooper performed the one symbolic act in the whole sorry mess. He tossed a blanket over the body of the dead Indian, then hurried off to investigate a housebreak in a white village some 10 miles away. Later he said he didn't want to get "involved."

However, the death of Peter Francis, the Passamaquoddy Indian in question, has ruffled the cover over the white man's sins against the Indians in this far northeastern corner of the nation. Some people are saying that the killing was murder and that the oddly worded manslaughter charge against one of the five white hunters involved is insufficient. They suggest that whites have got away with murder long enough, that there is unequal justice under the law if you are an Indian in New England.

Don C. Gellers, an Eastport attorney representing the Indians, raised the question of unequal justice publicly in connection with Francis' death, and has been threatened with disciplinary action from the county bar association.

A Maine churchman says that had the skin colors been reversed, there would have been five murder charges. Five other Indians have died violently under questionable circumstances since 1948, and no one has ever been convicted of responsibility for any of them.

"We're tired of being treated as cattle or dogs," said Indian Constable Raymond Moore, who discovered Francis' body. "There is strong talk on the reservation now—talk of protecting ourselves in our own way if the police won't." Many of the Indians have been surprised by the interest evoked by Gellers' appeal to the two major newspapers in the state, but few of them believe it will result in changes that will guarantee protection of their lives and property in the future.

Peter Francis died on a Sunday afternoon in mid-November. You cannot hunt deer on Sunday even during the open season in Maine, and the five white Massachusetts men in question had got bored in their hunting camp. They loaded two or three cases of beer into their convertible and set out "looking for women."

There is no open season at any time on women in Maine, but the hunters, who headed for the Pleasant Point Indian Reservation some 50 miles away, had heard, sensed or knew from previous experience that the white man's law is not always applied on the reservation. Several Indian women later testified that the hunters had offered them money in exchange for sexual intercourse, but none of them accepted the offer.

It was getting late in the day when they finally pulled up in front of the home of George Francis, a man in his mid-70s and a former chief of the tribe. They saw Christopher Altvater, an Indian friend of the Francis family, about to enter the home, and tried to talk with him. Failing, they followed him into the house uninvited, bringing some beer with them.

Fifty-eight-year-old Peter Francis, brother of George, was visiting there. He was an electrician who had moved off the reservation for employment in the U.S. Naval Shipyard in Groton, Conn. He was partially disabled by a bad knee. According to later testimony by Altvater, the hunters announced their errand, saying that they had money. George Francis told them there were no women available on the reservation; but they had spotted his 18-year-old daughter, Diana, doing her homework in the home's one bedroom, and they propositioned her.

Peter Francis and Altvater accepted some beer and finally convinced the men that their efforts were fruitless after they had offered the girl money a number of times. The two finally persuaded the hunters to drive about a half mile to Altvater's home for food. There the white men began making advances to Mrs. Altvater. Her husband told her to take the girls and leave the house. She did. While the two Indian men were preparing some food, one of the hunters, later identified as James Ellinwood of Billerica, left the house, taking with him 8-year-old Kirk Altvater to act as an interpreter in case he needed one.

The frustration of the four remaining hunters turned to belligerence. Francis managed to calm them down, and they were quiet for a while. Then there was talk of leaving. Francis and Altvater followed the four white men out just as Ellinwood and the boy came back in the car. The white man had with him 17-year-old Elsie May Paul, who is less fluent in English than in the Indian language. Maine's early winter darkness had descended over the scene.

It was then, Altvater said, that he and Francis were attacked. "They were all over us."

The struggle was picked up briefly in the headlights of the car. Kirk called out for the men not to hurt his father. Later, Elsie May told Indian Constable George Bailey that the driver of the car called out to his companions "not to hit him." Then she ran away, managing to escape from one of the men who chased her.

When the attack was over, Peter Francis lay on the ground mortally hurt. Near-by was a 3-foot length of 2x4, bloody at one end. Altvater had been knocked unconscious and ten days later still showed extensive bruises on his face, arms and legs. A blood test on Francis' body during the autopsy revealed a .01 per cent alcoholic content, considerably below the level for intoxication.

At about 6:20, Constable Moore discovered Francis' body and found Altvater in the house in a state of shock. He said he called the hospital in Eastport about 5 miles away for an ambulance, but was told that the doctor in charge was out and that the dispatcher had no authority to send one. Gellers, who had been called to the scene, asked the Eastport police for aid, but was told they had no jurisdiction since the Altvater place was just over the town line of Perry, which has no police of its own. The state trooper who covered the body with a blanket showed up about an hour later.

Within hours the county attorney, Francis A. Brown, had issued murder warrants against the five white hunters, but they were never served. On the following Wednesday, state and county officials held a conference with the five. Four of them left the same day for their homes in Billerica. They returned the next day with $5,000 in cash which was deposited as bail for Ellinwood, and on Friday he was served with a manslaughter warrant.

Brown told one reporter that he elected the manslaughter charge as the only one he could prove on the basis of the information he had. When pressed, he said this information was the testimony of Altvater and the five white men, whose statements he could not reveal prior to action by a grand jury.

Gellers took public issue with the county attorney on the ground that the killing was murder. The Maine statute states: "Whosoever unlawfully kills a human being with malice aforethought, either express or implied, is guilty of murder. . . . [Malice is implied] by law from any deliberate cruel act committed without any, or without a considerable provocation. And all homicide is, as a general rule, presumed to be malicious."

Gellers contends that the felonious conspiracy rule applies to their solicitation of women and that the murder-felony rule, which defines as murder any death that occurs in pursuit of a felonious act, would justify murder charges against all five.

Early in January, the Maine Council of Churches announced an inquiry into the case and expressed concern for the conditions under which the Indians live. The members asked for conferences with Brown and state Attorney

General Richard J. Dubord; they also planned to write to Governor John H. Reed about the state police "investigation." Earlier, a representative of the National Council of Churches had asked Maine Senators Margaret Chase Smith and Edmund S. Muskie and the U. S. Justice Department to investigate.

Both Senators expressed concern but declined to take action on the ground that they could not interfere in a matter which was within the authority of state and county officials. The Justice Department decided that it could do nothing, since the killing did not occur on federal property and no federal civil rights statute appeared to have been violated. It did leave open the possibility of considering a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment if more information seemed to indicate that the Indians are not getting equal protection under the law.

Representatives of the Maine Council were dissatisfied with their conference with Brown. Although Dubord had announced earlier that he was content with Brown's actions, they were somewhat mollified after the meeting with him. Later it was learned he had said that secret indictments could be expected from the grand jury, an expectation which could not be announced yet since the Massachusetts men might make themselves unavailable for arrest.

When the grand jury met, it handed down only the manslaughter indictment against Ellinwood. No charges have been placed for the beating of Altvater.

Altvater was beaten by a white man several years ago and is still receiving medical care for the injuries received. Brown was attorney for the defendant then—it was before he became county attorney. The case was dropped because an Indian at the scene failed to make a positive identifica-

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tion of the accused. Altvater was still in the hospital and unable to testify.

Peter Francis' death is not the first occasion on which it has been alleged that the civil rights of Maine Indians are being violated. On the basis of many social and political parallels, the press and others have likened the situation to that of Negroes in the South.

During the publicity over the recent killing, one reporter described Indian Constable Moore as "a picture of frustration when discussing the Francis case. He said he was effectively blocked from any role in the investigation. A state trooper even suggested to him that perhaps Francis' death could be blamed on Chris Altvater."

No Passamaquoddy has ever served on a grand jury in the county in which Francis died, and only during the past year has one served on a lower court jury. Not until ten years ago were Maine Indians able to vote at all, and they still cannot vote for representatives to the lower house of the legislature.

Edward D. Hinckley, head of the newly created Commission of Indian Affairs, recently stated that even if the Indians do not have a right to vote for the House of Representatives, they do have unique rights such as not having to pay property taxes, and receiving free hunting and fishing licenses! Dr. Stephen Hyatt, assistant professor of rural sociology at the University of Maine, describes the conditions under which the Indians live as "appalling." Precise information concerning these conditions is incomplete, but no one can challenge his adjective.

Houses, many of them erected at state expense, are jerry-built and inadequate. Almost 70 per cent of those on the Pleasant Point Reservation lack modern toilet facilities, and only about half of them have city water piped into the house. On the nearby Peter Dana Point Reservation all of the households obtain their drinking water from community wells and use lake water for other purposes. The lake is contaminated from septic-tank drainage, and in winter the wells freeze. The Penobscot reservation near Bangor, considered the most "affluent" of the three because there are more job opportunities in the area, has had a typhoid epidemic caused by polluted water.

The unemployment rate is high and incomes low at both Peter Dana and Pleasant Point, and the Indians are frequently characterized as lazy because of it. But the county in which they are located is a depressed area according to federal standards, with almost 42 per cent of *all* families living on incomes of less than $3,000 per year. Throughout the state, 61 per cent of employed white persons over 14 years of age have incomes of less than $3,000 per year; for Negroes the figure is 75 per cent and for Indians 82 per cent. State-wide, unemployment is almost three times greater among the nonwhite (Negro and Asian as well as Indian) population than among the whites.

The relationship between the Indians and the state is confused and unsatisfactory to both. The blanket covering the white man's treatment of the Indians is wrinkled, but it still cloaks the body of public ineptitude. Until the beginning of this year "Indian affairs" were administered by Maine's Department of Health and Welfare, with a budget of less than $200,000 annually for services and material aid for almost 2,000 Indians. Amounts of relief to individuals were niggardly and poorly administered. For example, aid for food and clothing was given in the form of "orders" to specified stores—an antiquated method that was dropped in well-administered relief agencies years ago.

Discontent became vocal among the Indians. A few were still willing to dine at the white man's table in return for some extra crusts. The rest of the Indians had a name for them: Uncle Tomahawks.

In 1963, the legislature appointed an investigative committee whose report was submitted in 1965. Almost half of the 9-page report is devoted to a vague history of the Indian people in Maine; it is something less than helpful, especially in its treatment of past treaties. The rest is a polite, condescending, and not very penetrating analysis of public hearings held on the reservations. There is no study of the basic problems.

As a result of this report, administration was transferred to a Commission of Indian Affairs, but there was no increase of appropriation. Some administrative improvements may now occur, but there is no likelihood of change in the framework of relationship between the Indians and the state, nor has any basis been laid for correcting the problems that exist.

When the white man reached this country, Maine was inhabited by the Abnaki Nation—the People of the Dawn. The territory of the Passamaquoddies, one of the tribes, extended from the St. Croix River to the Penobscot. After the French and Indian Wars were over, Massachusetts wanted this land. In 1794, it entered into a treaty with the Indians in which the latter were deeded 47,000 acres and gave up the rest in return for a promise of perpetual care from the commonwealth. When Maine became a separate state in 1820, Massachusetts threw in an extra 395,000 acres, with the proviso that the income from this chunk was to be used for the Indians. (There is disagreement among legal minds on these provisions.) All but 17,000 acres of this land has been sold off by the state, and the Indians hold that state aid is not a dole but moneys due under the treaties.

Under the early treaties, the white man's state dealt with the Indians as a separate (and conquered) nation. After it had pauperized them by treaty violation, the state became their self-appointed guardian and a patently incompetent one. Many of the political and economic problems faced by the Indian in Maine are similar to the discrimination suffered by the Negro people in the South. There are, however, two basic differences in their situations: the Indian's historic entity as a separate nation and his few numbers.

There are not enough Indians to exert the political and economic pressure that the Negro people can bring to bear in their struggle for equality. Solution of their problems therefore devolves upon the integrity of the white man, and any good will he may have will fail to meet the situation until he recognizes that he must deal with a national, not a racial, minority, and one that has a right to choose either full self-government or fully integrated citizenship.

James Ellinwood was acquitted on March 8 of assault charges brought against him in connection with the death of Peter Francis.

Dick Gregory Goes Fishing

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Tacoma, Wash.

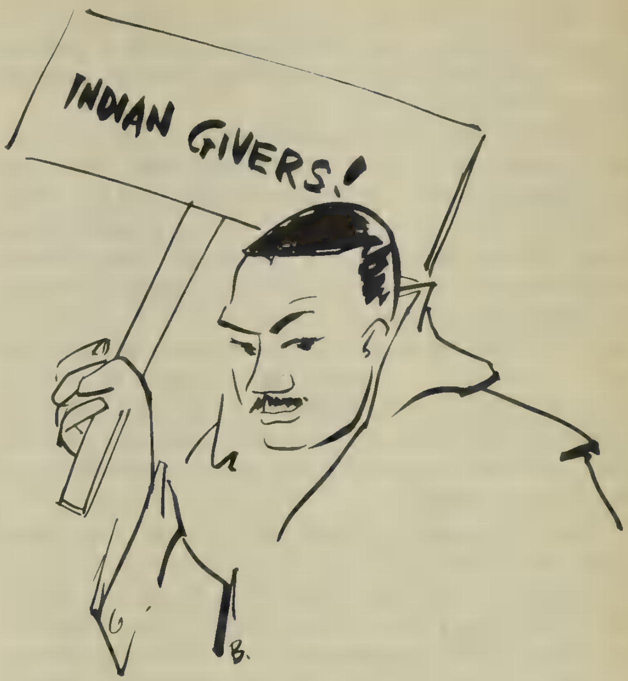
"Some day we've got to stop pushing minorities around and start living up to our word in this country. If we can't do it here, where can we?" The speaker was Dick Gregory and the exigency that followed Selma, Watts and Chicago in his ever-protesting life was an off-reservation fish-in with a small band of renegade Indians on the Nisqually River near Olympia, Wash. Like Marlon Brando before him, Gregory had come to protest against State Fish and Game Department attempts to nullify fishing rights that the Indians have enjoyed under long-standing federal treaties. "Children in this area don't play cowboys and Indians any more," Gregory gibed. "They play game wardens and Indians."

Frank's Landing on the Nisqually is just off the new freeway to the state capital, but the river road sometimes carries the heavier traffic. There is nothing at Frank's Landing except a dilapidated shack house that in no way differs from other Indian slum dwellings in the Puget Sound area. It costs one-third of a lifetime to be born a Nisqually or a Puyallup Indian (life expectancy, 42 years), and the rest comes with the territory: illiteracy, poverty, unemployment and disease. I asked Bill Frank, owner of Frank's Landing, about Indian life on the Nisqually and he told me this:

> Not many changes I like. Used to be villages up and down this river—our river. Most dead now. TB maybe or smallpox. Got lots of smallpox from whites. Worst time was when a ship in the bay had smallpox aboard. Threw all infected clothes overboard . . . get rid of disease. Indians did not know the situation . . . wore the clothes. Smallpox ran wild.

The renegade Indian group, The Survival of American Indians Association, invited Gregory, who was appearing in a Seattle night club, to fish-in with them in defiance of a state injunction. Back at the reservation, the more conservative Indian leaders objected to Gregory's involvement, as they have to all public demonstrations. "If we win, they'll be back down here fishing," the rebels say. The far more widespread white opposition was led by Governor Dan Evans, who saw Gregory's actions as publicity-seeking by an outsider. Some whites argued that Negro rights and Indian rights do not mix, a challenge easily met by Gregory: "I hope I'm never accused of fighting only for *Negro* rights. I'm fighting for *human* rights," he told a student audience at the University of Puget Sound.

Gregory announced that he was prepared to fish forever, if necessary. The state announced that it would not arrest the "publicity seeker" unless he became a menace to fish conservation. Five days later, after white pressure had mounted, fish and game officers arrested Gregory on two counts of fishing without a license. Gregory grinned: "I caught two steelheads and one salmon. I'm a real menace to fish conservation, ain't I?" He refused to post bail, and when he was asked how he felt about going to jail, he answered: "I'm greatly relieved. I thought they'd never arrest me. You can't catch the fish we're after sitting in this old boat."



Thurston County Jail in Oympia is like most county jails —old, grim and unsafe. The crease of a bullet hole on one of the inner doors testifies to a long-past jail break. The night Gregory was arrested, there was loud, incessant pounding on the walls of the cells behind the visiting room. Gregory acknowledged the noise and then said in a knowing tone: "The other prisoners always get very restless when this is going on. The jailers get itchy, too. Just a few can cause a lot of trouble." Two nights later, on February 17, six prisoners tried to escape from the floor that Gregory was on.

"It's a frightening thing to be in jail. When they put you in here and leave you—when you hear that key go click, it's a frightening thing. You know you have to depend on someone else to get you out. I mean, you have to *ask*." Gregory paused. The restless prisoners were still on his mind and he referred to them again: "In here would be a great time for education. They're as free as they'll ever be right now. No car payments, rent, grocery bills. No worries to block you out. A man is free here; he's receptive. But *they* (gesturing out of the jail) don't want to know that."

When the jailer asked Gregory if he could get him anything, Gregory declined. "I figured out why you didn't eat any of your supper," the jailer said. "You're a vegetarian, aren't you? And you don't like canned vegetables, do you? Want me to get you some fresh ones?" Gregory continued to refuse all offers of food, and finally the jailer left. "Fasting always makes 'em nervous. I tell 'em I don't want to put the taxpayers out," Gregory twinkled.

"Very nice jailers here. They've treated me real nice."

But then Gregory made this comment about police methods: "Generally, police brutality is worse in the North than it is in the South. I'd rather be in jail in the South, as far as treatment goes. They don't try to hide it. But in the North, you never know. They tell you one thing and sometimes do another. You can never be prepared for it. I was hospitalized twice in Chicago last summer, and they said they weren't going to touch us."

I asked Gregory if this was how he saw his entire future: protests, jails, trials, family disruptions, life at the end of an emotional tether? Without a pause, he said: "Yes. It's going to get a lot worse in this country before it gets better. Take the Indian thing. How long is that going on now? Nobody even knows, much less cares. The federal government has got a treaty with these Indians, and sooner or later LBJ has got to make up his mind on this. Do you know, if you're an Indian and you're flying over Montana having a drink—do you know what they do? They take it right out of your hand. And some Russian spy may be sitting right next to you, and he's getting plastered all the way to Los Angeles."

"There's a difficult legal question involved in the Indian fishing rights problem," I said. "Your critics say you don't know anything about it." Gregory had heard this one before, too: "I don't claim to be a legal expert. This is a matter for the U.S. Supreme Court to decide. I'm just trying to help get enough public attention aroused so that the problem can't be covered up any longer. How do you think we got the Voting Rights Act?" A difference, I suggested, might be that there is very little support for the Indians. "Oh, yes, there is," Gregory said. "It just hasn't been lit yet. The Indians don't have the money and the leaders to get heard. But they'll win this thing." I wrote "too optimistic?" in my notes. Just below the skin there is an entrenched feeling against the Indians. The Northwest white is to the red as the Southern white is to the black.

Litigation over Indian fishing rights would have appealed to the lawyers in Dickens' *Bleak House*. In the Pacific Northwest redundant lawsuits, injunctions and arrests have come and gone with the seasons for nearly eighty years. In 1889, an evidently naive U.S. commissioner at Ellensburg, Wash., sent this simple note to the Bureau of Indian Affairs: "There is some trouble about Indian fishing rights in some of the streams of this country. Will you please send me a copy of the treaty with the Yakima Indians so the matter can be settled without further trouble." As Sen. Frank Church remarked during the 1964 Senate subcommittee hearings on Indian fishing rights, "The commissioner's letter is a masterpiece of understatement." (On March 15, 1966, these same Yakima Indians appeared in court at Ellensburg to request that Washington and Oregon be prevented from interfering with the sale of Indian fish in Oregon.)

Between 1854 and 1856 the federal government (Washington did not become a state until 1889) negotiated eleven treaties with various Puget Sound Indian tribes. The most famous of these was the 1854 Treaty of Medicine Creek, by the terms of which Puget Sound Indians gave up 11 million acres of rich forest and farm land for about 4c per acre and the right to fish in their ancestral streams and waters. Medicine Creek and the other treaties use nearly the same language—"the right of taking fish, at all usual and accustomed grounds and stations, in common with all citizens of the territory." In the years since 1854 this right has often been abridged by the state of Washington. In 1929, to take just one example, the state barred the Quinault Indians from fishing at their usual grounds at Peacock Split on the Columbia River in order to rent the spot to Baker's Bay Fishing Company for $36,000 per year. White commercial and sports fishing infringements occur ceaselessly in the state, even though the treaty rights still stand in federal courts.

In spite of some differences in the tactics to sustain these rights, all Indians continue to interpret their claims in accordance with the original intent: "White man, Governor Stevens, promised Indian brave can fish how, where, and when they always fish since Indian brave first walk in big woods." Even such detractors as Sen. Warren G. Magnuson who, at the urging of white sports and commercial fishermen, introduced two Senate resolutions to restrict or extinguish Indian fishing rights—even Senator Magnuson admits that "this right of the Indians was purchased by them very dearly, through giving up two-thirds of the State of Washington."

Although there have been many legal wrangles over treaty language, over the question of who is a treaty Indian, and over the difference between Indians fishing for their own food and Indians fishing commercially, the state's chief legal point of attack today is its contention that the treaties did not grant a *perpetual* right to the Indians. The state argues that the original signers could not have foreseen the complex fish conservation problems of today, problems which are burgeoning with the explosions in population and in modern fishing technology. To the consternation of fish and game officials, Indians now use nylon gill nets instead of their ancestral bark nets in spawning rivers to catch salmon (spawning salmon must be netted, since they do not take bait). Sometimes Indians stretch nets all the way across the rivers, whose flows have been greatly reduced by the advent of modern power dams upstream.

The Department of Fisheries shows provocative movies of Indians netting fish to white sports fishing clubs, whose members are prohibited from netting fish. The effect is predictable: a public outcry. Another opinion molder is the charge that a few off-reservation Indians have made as much as $60,000 to $80,000 in a single year, an obvious impropriety for a red man. Speaking of such a capitalist Indian, a Department of Fisheries officer was quoted as saying recently: "He's out there preaching the gospel and getting all the liberals to shed tears over the Indians, and all the time he's cleaning up."

The point about which no one, Indian or non-Indian, disagrees is that sound principles of fisheries management are necessary to conservation. The question is—who shall manage Indian fishing, the state or the federal government? The Indians concede that, for a variety of reasons, they are not able to police all on- and off-reservation fishing. They also point out that they do not have quality information on fish conservation needs; they have no access to ongoing state fish biology studies on salmon runs, escapement, depletion and closure times. However, the Indians do not accept the disproportionate blame placed on them for deteriorated fishing conditions. They argue that encroaching civilization is responsible for almost all of the problem: river pollution from increasing industrial and city sewage waste disposal, white commercial and sports fishing, high-rise dams, irrigation run-off, and increased log-dragging across spawning beds by lumbering companies. The Indians say they are scapegoats.

The Indian position was upheld as recently as 1963 by the U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in the Oregon-Umatilla Indians case, the current highest federal court ruling on the controversy. In its decision the court agreed to allow state regulation of Indian fishing only where "indispensable to conservation," and it placed the burden of proof on the state. In other words, only after a state has further restricted white sports and commercial fishing (95 per cent of total catches in Washington state) can it begin to limit the landings of the smallest group in the overall problem, the Indians. Unfortunately, the state of Washington is not following this decision. In disavowing the federal court's right of pre-emption over state court Indian fishing rights decisions, Mike Johnston, assistant attorney general of Washington, has said: "I do not think it is a matter for the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals to lay down what is in a sense a procedural role of the state of Washington." In Dick Gregory's words, "Man, Governor Wallace of Alabama couldn't get away with that."

What is to be done about this mess of fish? President Kennedy's 1961 task force, as few Indian fishing opponents recall, set forth as its number-one objective, "Maximum Indian economic self-sufficiency." Extinguishing Indian fishing rights is just plain inconsistent with this aim, as well as with the aims of the poverty program, about which Indians were told that "the massive resources of the federal government were mobilizing to meet the problems of Indian poverty." Now, federal reticence is not even preventing state usurpations of authority, let alone "mobilizing."

Three steps seem imperative: (1) a comprehensive, independent study of Northwest fish conservation problems (even as I write, the Senate is considering a federal budget from which a recently approved five-year anadromous fish study has been eliminated); (2) a state court test case on the jurisdictional question which, if it suppresses Indian claims, can be taken to the U.S. Supreme Court; and (3) a Congressional bill reorganizing the Bureau of Indian Affairs to include Indian representation, and empowering the new BIA to supervise all Indian on- and off-reservation fishing. Indeed, some progress has already been made in this area: the new head of the BIA—just appointed—is an Indian.

In the late President Kennedy's words: "Indians have heard fine words and promises long enough. They are right in asking for deeds."

THE NEW YORK CAR

DESIGN FOR SURVIVAL

W. DAVID GARDNER

Mr. Gardner is a free-lance journalist who principally covers events in Albany, N. Y.

A group of New York State legislators visited Detroit in 1961, determined to convince automotive industry officials of the value of installing seat-belt anchorages in their cars. The industry, however, was just as determined to prove to the legislators that it would be senseless to supply the anchorages.

The group from Albany was taken to the General Motors proving grounds where cars carrying dummies protected by seat belts were being crash-tested against a tree. The dummies' heads were smashed on the windshields and this was meant to show that seat belts raised too many problems to be of much value.

The industry argument didn't hold up, and today the safety value of seat belts is well established, even in Detroit. Indeed, now that seat belts are standard equipment in many cars, the dummies with the smashed heads are returning to haunt the automobile industry: strong pressure is being exerted on it to redesign windshields so that heads won't be smashed on them.

In the history of the American automobile industry, 1966 will probably be recorded as the year when safety engineering finally became a public issue. Legislators and government agencies have become actively concerned, the manufacturers have offered to set up a self-administered safety code to forestall federal regulation, and the American buyer realizes that his life and limb have been gambled against the sales blandishments of annual styling and high performance.

Industry leaders are frank to say that this safety commotion will hurt sales, but their alarm is questioned by those who remember that sales of seat belts boomed after the anchorages were finally offered to the public, and that Ford enjoyed an excellent buyer response when—in a brief moment of rationality in 1956—it publicized the safety features provided in its cars. Tires for safer winter driving—snow tires and the new stud tires—sell well. Side-view mirrors, an extra on most cars, are widely used.

A number of safety measures—telescoping steering columns, recessed and padded dashboards, four-way flashers, etc.—are now in the air and will probably be offered on future models. But this piecemeal approach to the problem does not produce a car in which safety is engineered into the basic concept of the machine, and it does not provide a standard of maximum safety against which the innumerable makes and models of the industry can be measured. What is needed badly at this point is a prototype safety car that is built from scratch with that single goal dominant and that will be a model for all other cars.

Such a program is already under way in the New York State Safety Car Project, but it is still uncertain that the prototype will ever be built. Safety car projects have a tendency to end up in the junkyard.

When state Sen. Edward J. Speno first suggested the idea, Governor Nelson Rockefeller laughed, but the Governor has become one of the project's supporters since the release of a preliminary $100,000 design study, which has been made for the state by Republic Aviation Division of Fairchild Hiller.

The report states that the safety car could cut occupant death and injury by more than one-half in accidents involving impact speeds of 50 miles per hour or less. That would save more than 400 lives a week in the United States. The model calls for 134 safety features not available on current Detroit cars, and Republic Aviation says that it could be mass-produced to compete in the present low-price range.

On first thought, the federal government would seem to be the logical sponsor of a safety car project, because it could enforce safety provisions on a national scale. But while some federal legislators have tried hard to obtain action, Congress has blocked all efforts to deal effectively with the automotive safety issue. Washington has always followed the lead of a few states in automotive legislation. New York State led the fight for seat belts and safer tires, and California is forcing the auto industry to install anti-air-pollution devices on its cars. U.S. Sen. Gaylord Nelson, a long-time automotive safety crusader, recently introduced a proposal that calls for a federal safety car project, but it has not created much Congressional interest. Besides, the New York State project is already a year along in its study.

Senator Speno, who fought for seat belts in Detroit and for safer tires in Akron, operates on the simple premise that all cars are unsafe, but that comprehensive planning will make them as safe as possible. The safety car project uses the "systems-analysis" approach, a design method borrowed from aircraft and weapons systems in which the functions to be performed are worked out before the final design. For instance, the front end of the car is first designed so that it will collapse in a way to absorb much of the impact of a collision, and when this problem is solved, the engineers worry about front-end styling.

Republic Aviation has given considerable attention to eliminating the disastrous effects of "the second collision" —the impact that follows the initial crash and slams the vehicle occupants around the interior like punching bags. In recent years, it has been discovered that the human body can take much more punishment than had been imagined. A man can decelerate without injury from 650 miles an hour to zero in less than 1.5 seconds, provided that he is adequately protected.

With that in mind, Senator Speno's project envisions a protective interior environment for the occupants of the safety car. In a front-end collision, for example, the rubber-coated "swinging-gate" bumper would deflect the car and offset a portion of the initial impact. The front end would collapse in sections, absorbing more of the impact, and the engine would be deflected down into the ground and not into the lap of the driver. Meanwhile, the driver would be firmly anchored in his bucket seat by lap and shoulder harness. Roll bars overhead and a heavily cushioned door to the side would offer extra protection, should the car flip over. The steering wheel would telescope and its padded upper face would absorb more of the impact. It would not be easy to damage the driver.

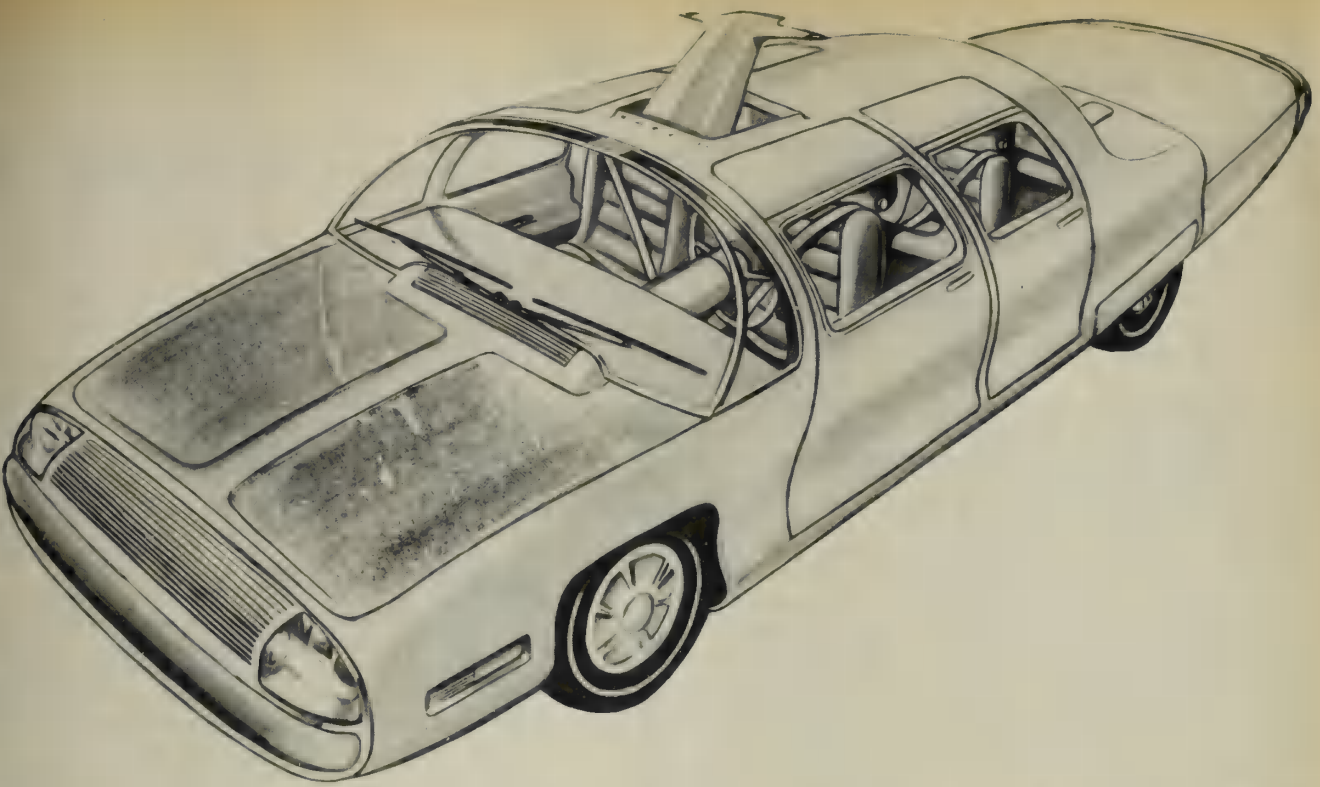
The design leaves little to chance. The safety car has such accident-prevention features as flat windshield glass that reduces distortion, and a periscope that provides panoramic rear vision. Motorists can avoid standing in the street while opening a car trunk that has doors at each side. A cushioned bassinet with a covering net protects babies; children have special harnesses. There is even a device on the doors to prevent pinched fingers.

The concept of safety cars is not entirely new. Stock-car racing drivers must rip apart the new cars they buy and install many safety features before they take their vehicles onto the track. In the past, physicians, dentists, clergymen and inventors have experimented with safety cars; the Italians have produced two prototype safety cars that are remarkably stylish. What is new is the widespread serious thought being given to the subject. "People are beginning to realize that they don't have to be killed in auto accidents," says Senator Speno. "And they know they could have a better chance in a safer car."

The Model T of safety cars, the prototype developed by Cornell University's Automotive Crash Injury Research Project and then extended by the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co., is still considered by some automotive safety experts to be the best ever built. But enthusiastic scientists and engineers who had developed the project could not get any financial support to continue their work, and it ended up in a museum—to the great relief of Detroit. The best features of the Cornell-Liberty Mutual car are included in the New York State safety car [see "Detroit Makes Your Choice: Fashion or Safety" by Ralph Nader, *The Nation*, October 12, 1963].

Why doesn't the industry build its own safety cars? Part of the answer can be traced back to the "style sells cars and safety hurts sales" state of mind. Beyond that, Detroit fears that industry-built safety cars might lead to negligence suits from those who would complain that the industry had neglected its responsibility in the past by not building safety cars. Someone else may have to build the prototype safety cars to get the industry off the legal hook.

Another problem is presented by the secrecy and intrigue that surrounds industry automotive safety work. It rivals the security precautions of the Central Intelligence Agency. Ford's work with safety cars has been as carefully guarded as the most sensitive military secrets. University and traffic safety scientists have also been close-mouthed. Investigators of traffic safety at several campuses across the country are receiving generous industry handouts to finance their work. It is not unusual for a university to spend thousands of dollars investigating, say, highway-accident injuries and then to suppress findings of the study. Now and then an angry report is issued, but the names of



the guilty cars are seldom disclosed. The situation with governmental studies on traffic safety is not much better. Many studies made by the government are never released to the public.

The so-called traffic safety establishment—the various agencies and institutions involved in traffic safety—have sent up a gigantic smoke screen by focusing attention on the faults of the drivers. Practically all of these agencies, from the National Safety Council and the President's Committee for Traffic Safety on down through the ranks, draw at least part of their budgets from industry sources, and have been exposed as the nervous handmaidens of the industry. [See "Detroit's Mickey Mouse: The Driver Education Myth" by Edward A. Tenney, *The Nation,* April 20, 1964.]

There would be no secrecy in the New York State Safety Car Project. To begin with, the design of the safety car would be published and made available to everyone. To establish a scientific control, five to fifteen prototypes would be tested in such key categories as braking ability, visibility and overturn stability. Then they would be crash-tested. Detroit cars and foreign makes sold in the U.S. could be subjected to the same tests and the comparative results published in language so simple that the customer could draw his own conclusions. At present, a buyer who wants to check the safety performance of a car can find little information more reliable than the pitch of the salesman who quotes some specification gobbledygook declaring that the car meets General Services Administration standards.

GSA standards? In the past these have been hardly more than federal approval of the features Detroit is ready to install. Just last month, Secretary of Commerce John T. Connor complained that he could not obtain adequate research information on car safety improvements. "The GSA standards were drawn with little experimental back-up and verification on the part of the government," he said. "They have not yet been thoroughly evaluated to their effectiveness as standards." The New York State Safety Car Project could provide this research data; but Mr. Connor, a former director of General Motors, favors the traffic safety plan proposed by President Johnson and calling for the voluntary institution of safety features by the industry in cooperation with the Commerce Department. The research that Mr. Connor says is so badly needed would come from industry sources and from the traffic safety establishment, which presumably would continue to draw financial support from the industry. In effect, the industry would be suggesting the ways in which it should be regulated, and no one expects the industry to be very tough with itself.

The voices shouting for more effective federal automotive safety legislation have not been muffled by the proposed legislation. If anything, they are getting louder. And General Motors has played into the hands of Detroit's critics by ordering a detective agency investigation of its severest critic, Ralph Nader, the lawyer and author who has focused so much attention on unsafe cars [see "Profits vs. Engineering: The Corvair Story," *The Nation,* November 1, 1965]. In what has been a nightmare for GM public relations men, the bumbling antics of the detectives they hired read like a screenplay for a Bowery Boys' movie. Before the investigation of Nader, the industry had hoped that its recent voluntary safety measures would head off anything more than token government participation in the area, but the case is being used in an attempt to get tougher legislation through Congress.

All this helps the New York State safety car. Senator Speno feels that the more attention is centered on the auto-safety issue, the better chances are for attracting support to the project. The idea has bipartisan support among New York State legislators and Senators Abraham A. Ribicoff, Robert F. Kennedy and Jacob K. Javits have all endorsed it. Legislation has been submitted to authorize federal aid for the project. Several political leaders in other states—notably Iowa, Michigan and Illinois—have pledged to seek moral and financial support in their legislatures for the program. Many Canadian lawmakers are drumming up support, and the safety car has caused as much commotion in Ottawa as it has in Albany.

Whether the prototype safety car will end up as a state or federal program—or as a combination of the two—is anyone's guess. But without the project, or without a plan embodying its ideas, cars in ten years will probably not be much safer than they are now, just as today's cars are not much safer than were cars turned out ten years ago.

LETTERS *(continued from page 474)*

sistently damning bad shows; (2) distinguishing the script from the performance in almost every case—a separation that almost never occurs to his colleagues; (3) discussing the staging process and the acting with authority, knowledge and intelligibility; (4) giving off-Broadway more than a fair shake; (5) writing well, without letting the meaningless adjectives and quotable cutenesses pour out; and (6) not bothering to throw a fit when he doesn't like something—*pace* Mr. Junker's notion that "the basic virtue of a daily critic has always been the wit to savage dull plays," the basic virtue of a critic is the ability to write an interesting column. It doesn't really take wit to savage a dull play; most of the daily reviewers prove this every week. And if Mr. Junker were regularly exposed to some of the sour crows called critics in London, he'd realize how quickly stupid insults (or even smart insults) can grow tedious. *Albert Bermel*

the Buddhist conscience

Yokohama, Japan
Dear Sirs: The Pacific edition of *Stars and Stripes* for Dec. 13 reports that an American Marine entered the Hoa Long Pagoda near Danang, South Vietnam, cut off the head of a statue of the Buddha and fled with it. As a Japanese Buddhist, I was naturally disturbed by this desecrating incident. . . . However, what I really am afraid of is that this kind of act might reflect irritation on the part of American soldiers who totally misunderstood the seeming noncooperation of Vietnamese Buddhists with the U. S. war effort.

Buddhism, in contradistinction to the monotheistic forms of religion in the West, places great emphasis on the individual's freedom of choice, and thus it teaches that in whatever environment and in the midst of whatever ideological struggle, one's actions must be posited on the individual's freedom of judgment and choice.

Nevertheless, the Americans feel, it seems to us, that if one is not pro-American, one must then surely be a Communist, and for this reason the Americans are often rather quick in attaching labels to people as a whole, to their institutions and even to their faith. The defects of this type of thinking are, in my opinion, clear to everyone. . . . *Shinko Sayeki*

Algerian prisoners

Paris, France
Dear Sirs: News has just been received in Paris that the political prisoners held in the jail of Lambèze, Algeria—Hocine Zahouane, Bachir Hadj Ali, Mohamed Harbi and their fellow prisoners—have begun a hunger strike of unlimited duration. As a result of tortures inflicted on them these prisoners—who have never been legally indicted or tried—are all in urgent need of medical treatment, which has thus far been denied them.

The purpose of the hunger strike is to attract the attention of the world to the plight of the prisoners, whose repeated complaints to the Algerian authorities have so far met with no response.

According to unconfirmed rumors, President Ahmed Ben Bella has also begun a hunger strike in support of his fellow patriots and former associates. The prisoners—whose only "crime" is that they are consistent partisans of socialism in Algeria—demand their freedom. *Schofield Coryell*

the self-infatuated

Stockbridge, Mass.
Dear Sirs: The Democratic Party has just lost one lifetime supporter. . . . I have done more than vote for Democrats. I have worked in their campaigns, have written and paid for newspaper ads and have contributed to their funds in half a dozen states. . . .

I think our Vietnamese policy has been a blundering disaster for a dozen years. A decade of national leadership which saddles us now with the two impossible alternatives outlined by the Mansfield report—a withdrawal without salvage, or an Asian land war without end—can only be estimated as a complete and utter failure. . . .

The resumption of bombing underscores the fact that the President and his party continue to follow the counsel of advisers who year after year have been methodically and totally wrong. . . .

I cannot vote again for candidates unable to divest themselves of such wrongheaded and self-infatuated experts. Henceforth, until the Vietnamese war ends, I shall vote for any Republican—always excepting Richard Nixon—who aspires to oust a Democratic incumbent.

I have no illusion that Republicans are less murderous in office; I wish only to register a protest which otherwise is inarticulate, and I think a stupid protest is preferable to none. *William Gibson*

Michael Gold reread

New York City
Dear Sirs: *The Nation* is to be congratulated for devoting 3 pages to a review of the new edition of Michael Gold's *Jews Without Money*, and on finding so gifted a young writer as Mr. Michael Folsom to do the reviewing [Feb. 28].

I read *Jews Without Money* in the middle thirties in its seventeenth hard-cover printing and found it, in Mr. Folsom's words: "a simple book, rich in clarity, force, truth and art." Some years later, I persuaded a couple of young people of about Mr. Folsom's years to read it and they found it overpowering. More recently, I gave the Avon edition to a couple of other young people, warning them not to read Mr. Harrington's afterword before reading the book, and their response was equally enthusiastic.

These responses and Mr. Folsom's superb review are one more demonstration that the intelligent young are getting wise to the prepossessions of their elders, and that a true work of art (as any truth) will in the end be judged on its qualities and not by its creator's politics, religion or the women he keeps. *David L. Weissman*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

In Search of the White Man's Guidance

THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS AND THE OPENING OF THE NORTHWEST. *By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. Yale University Press. 705 pp. 16 plates. $12.50.*

D'ARCY McNICKLE

Mr. McNickle is a member of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes of Montana, and director of American Indian Development. He is the author of The Indian Tribes of the United States: Ethnic and Cultural Survival *(Oxford University Press).*

The historian for a preliterate people assumes a special burden—objectivity being the expected burden. His source material is drawn from the writings of intruders, some innocent and benign, others aggressively evil, who rarely understand the people they encounter and write about. He must dig beneath layers of misinformation, prejudice and self-interest to find the semblance of reality.

Alvin Josephy has brought extraordinary skill and patience to the task of discovering the realities of the Nez Perce world from the time the Lewis and Clark party, "weary, bedraggled, and starving," staggered into a Nez Perce camp on September 20, 1805, until it dissolved in gunfire and driving snow in Montana's lonely Bear Paw mountains, October 5, 1877. In less than seventy-five years the people who saved the first explorers from certain disaster were deprived of the power ever again to save a white man, or themselves.

In working his way through the documents, contemporary or retrospective, Josephy is judiciously selective. He compares variant accounts of a cited incident, and when a preference must be stated he gives the relevant reasons. When documentation is inconclusive or hopelessly in dispute, he turns to the observed behavior of the people for clues to understanding. As he remarks in a footnote: "Almost everything written on this tribe [the Yakima Indians of Washington state] in the past has been based, too largely, on writings of early settlers, missionaries, and military men. . . . The historian of Indian-white relationships must also know something about the Indians and their culture."

This is a point of view which historians, in their preoccupation with the bold movements of white men across the continent, have rarely adopted as part of a working premise. It involves more than conscience—it actually requires additional work. What some historians might regard as an even harsher requirement, it involves digging in another man's vineyard, for it usually happens that only the ethnographer has gone to the Indians to record custom and tradition. The ethnographer goes to published history as well, but the historian is likely to be a purist.

While Josephy is aware of the problem and the special difficulty it entails, he does not always make full use of materials describing the Indian experience and putting Indian history in perspective. The point will be discussed below.

This is a story of great tragedy, as some readers will already be aware, for Joseph of the Nez Perce has been one of the better publicized Indian leaders. But the tragic theme is not limited to those incidents usually associated with Joseph and his people: the plundering of their lands; the repeated failure of the government to live up to its solemn treaty promises; the divisive tactics of competing religious groups which destroyed the ability of the people to act in concert against common danger, and the final despairing effort of Joseph and other tribal leaders to escape into Canada, the grandmother country. The ultimate tragedy was the debasement of the human spirit which made these events possible. It drove an innately peaceful people into uncommon acts of violence. It turned God-serving men, including a Bible-reading army general, into ruffians devoid of honor or mercy.

Moreover, it was unnecessary. The Nez Perce Indians, with their Flathead allies, went themselves in search of the white man's spiritual guidance. Repeatedly in the 1830s these tribes sent delegations to St. Louis to ask for religious teachers. When the teachers came, the Indians gave their labor to build churches, schools, grist mills and dwellings. Adults and children alike attended the schools and learned to practice the white man's religion. They broke the sod, against their own deep-seated feeling that they were desecrating the earth, and planted crops. They built up cattle and horse herds that land-hungry whites soon coveted—the sturdy, native-bred appaloosa horse was quickly prized.

Their rapid progress in adopting the white man's arts was dramatically demonstrated at the council called by Governor I. I. Stevens to negotiate with the Nez Perce and neighboring related tribes for the cession of 60,000 square miles of territory. The proceedings of this council, at Walla Walla, were recorded in the Nez Perce language by a group of young men who had been taught a written form of their language by missionaries. A pencil sketch of these Nez Perce scribes was executed by the artist-interpreter, Gustavus Sohon, attached to the Stevens treaty party. Many of Sohon's pencil portraits of Nez Perce leaders are included in Josephy's book, but not this particular sketch.

That these Northwestern Indians should have taken the initiative in seeking the white man's religion is an extraordinary chapter in Indian-white relations. The stir it created in religious circles at the time hastened young people into the mission field. Many different accounts have been written explaining the episode, and rival missionary groups quarreled among themselves as to which denomination the Indians had intended to reach when they sent messengers to the East.

Josephy examines the conflicting claims and arrives at conclusions which more nearly describe what the Indians probably were seeking than church workers of the time could have admitted to themselves, even if they had known the Indians. They sought Christianity, not out of some mystical intimation that the white man possessed a greater truth, and even less were they concerned with denominational truth; but rumors carried over the trade trails by other Indians persuaded them that the white man's material wealth and superior weapons resulted from the possession of magic powers which differed from and were more powerful than those possessed by their own medicine men.

Such an interpretation is clearly supported by the events that preceded and followed the coming of the missionaries. But there seems to be an older tradition that might better account for the Indian quest, to which only passing reference is made in the Josephy text.

This returns us to the problem stated at the outset, of going beyond the contemporary documents with their subjective biases to find the realities with which the Indians lived—including their own biases. As was indicated, it is the ethnographer, not the classical historian, who has gone into the field to sit at the feet of rheumy-eyed informants to record oral tradition.

Some years ago Prof. Leslie Spier observed: "It can be shown that among [the Indians of the Plateau area] there was an old belief in the impending destruction and renewal of the world, when the dead would return." Other ethnographers, before and since, have explored this theme, among them Marius Barbeau, who recorded narratives among the tribes in the interior of British Columbia. One of the narratives deals with a prophet named Beeny, who "died," and upon being restored to life told of visiting the sky, where he met the two head chiefs, the Father and the Son, who taught him to make the sign of the cross and to baptize with water. He was told: "I am strong. I am everlasting. I can give life again. Those who sing my song shall stand up from among the dead."

Beeny's message was carried beyond his own country by his own disciples and by medicine men from other tribes who came filled with wonder. Barbeau describes this process of diffusion.

The Flathead Indians, who camped and hunted and intermarried with the Nez Perce Indians, had their own prophet, in Shining Shirt. As told to Harry Holbert Turney-High, this seer lived before the Flatheads obtained their first horses at the beginning of the 18th century. Shining Shirt experienced a vision in which he was told that in time to come his people would be visited by men with fair skins, dressed in long black shirts, who would change their lives and give them new names.

Such legendary material, if it be nothing more than that, suggests what must have been familiar behavior: men searching for answers to the problems of living; leaders seeking prestige and wider influence. Beeny and Shining Shirt may well have encountered parties of white traders, or even distant Indians already in contact with the white stranger, and learned about the mysteries of another world. They knew exactly what to do with such esoteric information which in their roles they were expected to acquire—they persuaded their followers that in future they were to be listened to with greater respect. Which is one of the uses of power.

It is not the purpose here to minimize Josephy's performance for not accomplishing something he did not intend as an objective. He states at the outset that he does not propose to write an anthropological study. Since, however, he is writing about a preliterate people and must rely on documentation produced by contemporaries who saw Indian society as outsiders and reacted to it in terms ranging from naive ethnocentricity to open hostility, he can strike a balance only by interposing his own judgment. It is precisely at this point that the anthropologist can make a contribution, by providing interpretative insight based on disciplined observation. Let this then be a plea for collaboration, or at least for increased professional interaction.

What must be said finally is that Alvin Josephy has written about the Nez Perce Indians with honesty, great depth of feeling, and prodigious scholarship. The true scope of American history must gain in stature as Indian history is written at this level of excellence.

From Exile to Exile

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES. *By Lore Segal. Harcourt, Brace & World. 312 pp. $5.95.*

ELIE WIESEL

Mr. Wiesel is the author, among other books, of Night *and* Dawn *(Hill and Wang),* The Town Beyond the Wall *(Atheneum) and* The Gates of the Forest, *to be published soon by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. He is an Auschwitz survivor, now living in New York.*

Why did the Jews of Eastern Europe allow themselves to be led to slaughter without resistance? To historians and psychiatrists, and to all students of human behavior, this constitutes one of the most disturbing enigmas arising from the Nazi era. The conduct of the assassin leaves us less perplexed than the reaction—or the lack of it—of his victims.

The debate is still very much alive, so much so that another aspect of the same problem has more often than not been overlooked if not completely forgotten, namely: why didn't the Jews try to escape before it was too late? Why didn't they move to other places, to friendlier shores?

One understandably avoids asking this question for it allows for no intellectual alibis. Everything here is clear and painfully simple. They had tried and they had failed. As Adolf Eichmann was later to confide, with sarcastic frankness, in his tape-recorded memoirs: "Even if I had agreed to sell—in exchange of goods—one million Jews, and let them go—where on earth could they have gone?"

What he said sounds tragically true. Many families and communities could have been saved. Most were allowed to leave their homelands, especially before the hostilities began. But they had nowhere to go. Very few succeeded in obtaining entry visas to faraway lands. All doors suddenly closed. It should be remembered that when some refugees were not allowed to disembark at Havana, Franklin D. Roosevelt refused to admit them into the United States. They were sent back to Europe. The fact is that the Germans decided to implement their final solution of the "Jewish problem" only when they realized that no one else was interested in it.

Great Britain, rare among nations, displayed a more humane attitude. Several thousands of children were brought to London, in the late thirties, from Vienna and Berlin, "for educational purposes." Lore Grossmann, age 10, was among them. Her experiences in wandering from one country to another, from one exile to another, have been written with rare insight and sensitivity in *Other People's Houses*. This critically acclaimed narrative, published more than a year ago, seems now more topical than ever. During these days when the American people take pride in the welcoming policy of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations to tens of thousands of Cuban refugees, it is well to be reminded that there was a time when other victims of persecution were not quite welcome in the United States, the land of traditional hospitality.

Other People's Houses deserves praise for its genuine literary quality as well. Few personal documents dealing with that period move us to such depths. Perhaps it is because it describes not the holocaust—which defies description—but its lasting impact even on those few who, by sheer luck, lived it as a possibility rather than as a reality. Auschwitz is barely mentioned, but its terrifying meaning permeates the dreams and obsessions of its victims: each of the principal characters has left something behind—something unique, something essential, something irrecoverable.

Lore ceased to be a little girl the moment she was separated from her parents. She was reunited with them later, but they were not the same and neither was she. Her favorite uncle, Paul, who used to study medicine and write poetry gave up both; her grandparents, pathetic in their longing to retain the past, never succeeded in adapting to the new surroundings of their present. Even Lore, who found it easier to adjust to any milieu—she was an excellent student in London, a successful teacher in the Dominican Republic, and is presently a wife and mother of two children in New York — seems to be marked by events long past, and yet never forgotten. Her book ends as follows: "I keep looking around me. The war is still cold, and overseas; no one of my people, this moment, is ill; every day there are hours when I can write, and we have our friends. My husband is Jewish too, but he was born in America and accepts without alarm this normal season of our lives; but I, now that I have children and am about the age my mother was when Hitler came, walk gingerly and in astonishment upon this island of my comforts, knowing that it is surrounded on all sides by calamity."

No normal immigrant senses calamity around him, not even if he is a poet. Only survivors do.

Yet, the story is written without bitterness or hate or rancor, rather with gentle amusement and humor. Nostalgically, Lore Segal describes her life in different houses on two continents, while the world was in flames or in mourning; she tells of her adventures with exotic strangers and friends, of the admiration and/or annoyance she felt toward one or more members of her close family that wandered farther and farther "leaving its dead behind." Each episode is a story in itself, told with simplicity and intelligence, to make it amusing or moving—or both. The death of her father, the experiences of Uncle Paul as a farmer, her mother's need for devotion—each chapter is rendered with the skill of a born storyteller.

But Lore Segal is more than that. Survivors are witnesses. As such, their experiences have the weight of testimony. One cannot read hers without thinking that a million children—like herself perhaps—were doomed to sacrifice and silence only because there was no one then to offer them a voice or a refuge—anywhere.

And this too is in her book.

Liberal Establishment Voice

THE VOICE OF LATIN AMERICA. *By William Benton. Harper & Bros. $1.60 paper.*

JOHN GERASSI

Mr. Gerassi is the author of The Great Fear in Latin America *(Collier).*

Back in 1960, former Sen. William Benton decided that his Yale-wrought Minnesotan voice was loud enough to speak for the 200 million people of Latin America. Accompanying Adlai Stevenson, he had just made a whirlwind tour of the area (twelve out of the twenty countries' capitals, to be precise), and he was shocked "at the outworn illusions we tend to cherish about Latin America." So he dashed out the first edition of this book, hoping thereby to shatter those illusions.

That edition won a modest amount of attention from reviewers who were either as ignorant about Latin America as was Benton, or who shared his *new* illusions. His fans were mostly unsteady liberals who were impressed by three facts—and were fooled by one asset. The facts were that (1) Stevenson, who before his Bay of Pigs lie at the United Nations was greatly admired by Latin American intellectuals, had written the book's foreword; (2) the selected statistics which Benton presented in his book had been furnished to him by Prof. Kalman Silvert, one of the few American political scientists with solid knowledge of the area; and (3) Benton was considered (and considered himself) a staunch liberal, opposed to President Eisenhower's practice of giving medals to Latin American dictators. The asset was that, as a long-time advertising magnate (Benton & Bowles), Benton possessed Madison Avenue's special knack for gilding platitudes.

The platitudes in that first edition of *The Voice of Latin America* were ultimately meant to defend U.S. economic interests in Latin America—indeed, U.S. hegemony pure and simple. But since that had been our policy since the Monroe Doctrine, it was nothing new. Besides, Benton's defense was couched in all sorts of liberal-sounding clichés, ranging from an admirable demand for a better deal for Latin Americans (more schools, more jobs, more taxes on the Latin American rich) to a rather crude request for more U.S. investments in the area (accompanied, naturally, by tax rebates for the parent companies at home). It's true that Benton defended U.S. hegemony in Latin America on patriotic—and moral—grounds, the connection between the former and the latter being deftly accomplished in one crucial passage by a single word—"thus":

> Even in the narrow military sense, the oil and bauxite and copper of Latin America are indispensable to the defense of the hemisphere and thus of the free world.

Still, that first edition was relatively harmless. For one thing, numerous other books on Latin America had already heralded U.S. hegemony, in a brazen *Realpolitik* manner that was bound to be more convincing. And for another, Benton's book went on sale after President Kennedy's inauguration—in fact, after Richard Goodwin's more sophisticated Madison Avenue terminology had been incorporated into the well-advertised Alliance for Progress. Against such competition, Benton's championing of U.S. business practices on the one hand, and his liberal bromides on the other, appeared incredibly jejune and simplistic.

But now, as this updated and revised edition is published, conditions have so changed that Benton's views take on a new dimension. This is not because

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By MARGO TUPPER

Foreword by Stewart Udall. Photographs.
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CHILTON BOOKS

Benton has finally learned something important about Latin America but because America's policies in Latin America have destroyed whatever small progress had been achieved under Kennedy. Not that Kennedy is respected for his deeds; the Bay of Pigs invasion will long remain in Latin American memories as a stupid and inexcusable attempt to intervene in the domestic affairs of a Latin American country.

Nor do very many *Latinos* recall the Alliance itself (which President Johnson and his main adviser on Latin America, Thomas Mann, have killed) with too much fondness; they know very well that 86 per cent of all Alliance loans were actually credits for U.S.-manufactured goods, payable in dollars, and that the Social Progress Trust Fund (on which the Alliance is based) excluded the most important reform needed in Latin America — the agrarian reform — by specifying (Section 1.04a) that the "resources of the Fund shall not be used for the purchase of agricultural land." (The only other way a Latin American government, short of funds, could undertake land reform would have been by expropriation, which the U.S. would have then denounced as Castro communism.)

Nevertheless, Kennedy did talk of social reforms, and when he felt compelled to intervene in Cuba, he did not send in

U.S. soldiers who might then have shot at anyone who didn't feel like picking up garbage in the street when told to do so (as was reported to have happened in the Dominican Republic). What's more, there are some indications (as in the Kennedy-Jean Daniel-Castro conversations) that by the end of his life he had finally realized to what extent the Pentagon-CIA-U.S.-business policies in Latin America are dedicated to the *status quo* ("stability," in today's jargon) and opposed to self-determination.

The Johnson Administration has crushed every last vestige of reform-mindedness in respect to Latin America. Thomas Mann has even publicly scoffed at the concept of social reform, insisting that progress will come about through more capital (i.e., more U.S. investments), not reforms. (This ignores not only the historical fact that U.S. investments in Latin America have traditionally worked against the people but also the statistics of the UN and our own Department of Commerce which show that for every dollar American companies have put into the area they have taken out approximately $1.50.) Mann's distrust of nationalists and Latin American patriots has also led him to dub former Dominican Republic President Juan Bosch an incompetent "poet-professor type" and "do-gooder" who in common "with many Latin American politicians, would make an alliance with the devil if he thought it would get him into office"—by which Mann really meant—if he thought it would help the Dominican Republic.

Jack Hood Vaughn, the ex-boxer who followed Mann into the official top Latin American slot in the State Department, was not better than Mann, just quieter. But he lasted only ten months. Now, with the appointment of Lincoln Gordon as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, U.S. policies can only further harden—if that's possible. For Gordon, a zealous advocate of the "Mann Doctrine," so strongly believes in "stability" that he seems perfectly willing to sacrifice democracy for it. As Ambassador to Brazil, he helped bring about the downfall of the elected government of Joao Goulart and urged President Johnson to voice his strong support for the military usurpers even before Goulart was out of Brazil. After that, Gordon wholeheartedly supported the military dictatorship of Castelo Branco, despite (or because of?) its repressive measures directed not at the Communists but at the liberals and nationalists.

Under such conditions, the voice of William Benton suddenly becomes important, since after all Benton speaks for the liberal establishment. And he knows it: the covers of his book are heavy with the praises of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Sen. Mike Mansfield and Prof. Frank Tannenbaum—all of whom, not so long ago, agreed with Benton in condemning America's "let's be friends with dictators who claim they are anti-Communists" policy and heralded Kennedy's contrary approach. If Benton—and the liberal establishment—now decide to offer apologies for the Brazilian military coup, then they deny liberalism. The case of Brazil is therefore crucial, because it will show, once and for all, that the establishment, whatever its pretended ideology, has no principles, and hence that it can offer America and the world no hope for a just and peaceful future. What then does Benton say about Brazil in the new edition?

> Brazil has now returned to the comity of hemisphere nations. . . .
>
> Confidence in the future has been restored to leading Brazilian sectors. . . .
>
> The U.S. and international agencies are extending credit to help toward the goal of stability. . . .

(From the U.S. alone, that credit consisted of more than $1 billion in less than two years.)

> During the administration of Presidents Kubitschek, Quadros and Goulart, there was a growing tension between our countries on political as well as economic issues. The present Brazilian administration has made earnest efforts to erase the causes for mutual suspicion. Brazil has broken diplomatic relations with Cuba. . . .

Kubitschek was a sort of Social Democrat, Quadros was a conservative, and Goulart was an opportunist identified with the nationalist Left. All three were sensitive enough to the hopes and aspirations of the Brazilian people to know that they had to build a strong, free, independent economy. These Presidents did not want Brazil to leave the "free world." What they sought, each in his fashion, was that Brazil belong to the free world as a free nation. Benton—and the liberal establishment — find that unacceptable. They prefer a dictatorship that has jailed thousands, deprived thousands more of their civil and political rights, banned strikes, banished dissent, opened the doors of Brazil to more American companies—and rules by the gun.

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Sons & Mothers: The Harlem Six

THE TORTURE OF MOTHERS. *By Truman Nelson. The Garrison Press. 121 pp. $1.*

JUNE MEYER

Miss Meyer is a poet and writer who has been published in Esquire, Mademoiselle, American Dialog *and other magazines.*

Truman Nelson's book illuminates a controversial question: Does the constitutional right to counsel imply the right to counsel of one's choice? Can citizens claim the right to counsel—or other forms of protection—inside the police station? Constitutional or no, these privileges of defense commonly serve the knowing and affluent American. What are the rights of the poor then; and what does this situation reveal about the relationship of poverty to the due processes of law? Six poor Harlem Negro youths depend on the resolution of this debate for the success of their appeal from a first-degree murder conviction. *The Torture of Mothers* is Truman Nelson's view of what he believes to be these boys' violated rights.

If the popular press in April, 1964, was to be believed, New Yorkers lived in a season of peculiar anticipation. Would there be a long hot summer or not? "If spring was here, could rioting Negroes be far behind?"

All the downtown slicks and papers sent emissaries to the Northern turf; I was recruited by the magazine section of the *Herald Tribune* to go Up and fathom the community's mood—judge whether there was more anger or less than usual. There was nothing sensational to report. I walked into chronic Harlem; a ceaseless decay of the spirit and its dwelling place. Nothing was new for the man uptown. It was not even a grim surprise to see a newsstand-advertising headline of *The*

Saturday Evening Post of June, 1964: "Harlem: The Black Jungle." (Buy a copy and read all about them!)

In the same genre, a front-page story by Junius Griffin of *The New York Times* terrified New Yorkers with a story of "blood brothers" of Harlem, a group of boys allegedly banded together in the cause of murdering whites. Though the existence of the "brothers" was never reliably verified, and Commissioner of Police Michael J. Murphy later denied the "fact" of such an organization, the impression of murderous gangs had been almost ineradicably created.

In this tense atmosphere, a white woman was killed in Harlem. Within ten days, six young boys were indicted and subsequently convicted and sentenced for first-degree murder. It is unfortunate that Nelson's account of how the police handled the crime and the alleged criminals is anything but clear. His book fluctuates between eloquence and bombast. The bombast is often hard to take: ("—every black man worth his salt feels his muscles flexing with anger as he looks about him at the unending denials and insults"). Sometimes hysteria smothers the cogency of his statement. Yet *The Torture of Mothers* deserves reading if only as a background brief for the appeal of the six defendants.

These are the facts in Nelson's confusing account. On April 17, 1964, some children overturned a fruit stand and scattered with the pickings. Police pursuit was impeded by teen-agers and adult passers-by. The annoyance of the patrolmen took different forms: verbal rebukes, beatings and arrests. One passer-by, a 31-year-old salesman named Frank Stafford, lost an eye during the pandemonium. Nelson quotes Stafford:

> They had this kid in between the cops. So I spoke up and asked them, why are you beating him like that? . . . He put the gun on me and said get over there. I said what for? . . . I tried to protect myself. . . . Then one hit me on my right shoulder, and when I turned to my left there was a cross blow. You know, a swing crossways. He hit me up side of my eye. Then all the pain like a crack ran through my whole head. . . .

Stafford tells of his removal from the street to the station house where he was beaten. . . . "I was telling them they might as well kill me" . . . and of his delivery "three or four hours" later to Harlem Hospital.

Among the teen-agers who tangled with the police at the fruit stand were Daniel Hamm, Wallace Baker and Robert Rice. These three alleged "blood brothers" were apprehended at the scene; two were charged with felonious assault, but were shortly released. Twelve days later, Mrs. Magit Sugar was stabbed to death, and her husband critically wounded. On May 1, 1964, Daniel Hamm, Wallace Baker, Robert Rice, Ronald Felder, William Craig and Walter Thomas were indicted for attempted robbery and attempted murder. One year later, the six boys received a verdict of guilty. And on September 8, 1965, they were sentenced to life imprisonment.

Nelson got the mothers of "The Harlem Six" to report the experiences of that spring on tape. It is these which comprise the valuable, disturbing and forceful portions of the book. Each testimony becomes a voice for the reader; a voice quiet with outrage and bewilderment. Entry by the police in their homes was a terrorizing and inexplicable episode. All of them sat through cruel lengths of silence, denied access to their children held at the station house. These tapes provide a powerful witness for the defense; a polyphony of pain heightened by memories of past humiliations.

Nelson's great contribution is in gathering and editing these tapes, while remaining faithful to each speaker's voice. These speeches move on the page like poetry, and capture the rhythm of every voice. For example, from the testimony of Mrs. Hamm:

I didn't know anything about this.
They didn't call me.
. . . they didn't bother to call.

I had went to the precinct to see about him
and see about the other boy, Fred Frazier,
'Cause I knew his mother was working at the time.

When Danny got home he didn't cry.
He just try to pull up his pants to show me the blood clots.
But the pants wouldn't go up only this much over his legs
Because his legs were swollen so bad.

You just have to fight back the best way you know.
'Cause when I saw this it was unbelievable.
I mean I just couldn't believe it.
I kept asking him are you sure, are you sure. . . .

Apart from the tapes, *The Torture of Mothers* argues two points: it pleads the impossibility of due process of law once the choice of counsel is refused the defendant; and it condemns *The New York Times* as a manipulator of public opinion, and thus of the jury's point of view in the spring of 1964.

There is legal precedent for arguing the right to counsel *of one's choice:* the famous 1930 Scottsboro case of *Powell* v. *Alabama* pivoted on this issue. New York attorney, Conrad Lynn, now one of four lawyers arguing the appeal, is quoted by Nelson: "The right to counsel . . . is not the right to counsel that the court appoints, counsel that as far as the accused knows may be collaborating with the district attorney, counsel who is in the good graces of the prosecuting authorities and the court. . . ." Nelson tells us that one of the court-appointed lawyers, a chronic alcoholic, died during the trial.

In contrast to the persuasive burden of the legal questions, Nelson's accusations against *The New York Times* seem idiosyncratic. Presumably, he means to raise the issue of press responsibility, or courtroom partiality consequent to the climate of public opinion. However, it is as though only *The New York Times* went to press that spring. Even the *Herald Tribune* gets off without criticism, though Jimmy Breslin publicized the "hate gang," a phrase even more vivid than Junius Griffin's "blood brothers." It is as though Nelson had blocked out all the "stories of the week" on radio, and all the television interviews of "the man on the street" or "prominent spokesmen" which combined into a mass-media production of tragedy. At times, the impact of the trial itself dims before Nelson's single-minded obsession with the role of the *Times.*

The issue of press responsibility is surely relevant to the question of a fair trial for "The Harlem Six." But an inquiry commensurate with the implications of press irresponsibility should be

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characterized by thorough impartiality. Mr. Nelson's is not.

Yet despite the faults of hyperbole and irrelevant diatribe, *The Torture of Mothers* is an instructive documentary: seldom do we hear words of pain directly from the mouths of the poor. As expressed by these mothers and their sons, poverty—of place, of person and of purse—however unfamiliar, becomes believable. If we can acknowledge the unfamiliar as believable, we may begin to learn. Nelson's book gives us an opportunity to do so.

ART / Max Kozloff

Compared to that of Henri Matisse, all other 20th-century art appears relatively sullied by struggle and unrealized ambition, as if fallen from grace. Perhaps we had to have Matisse to hold before our pessimistic eyes a spectacle that transcends the alienation and conflict to which modernity has condemned us. Not that he is in the least un-modern. Even now, as he is being exhibited across the country (Los Angeles, Chicago and Boston), he still shocks as he soothes, and still, in some ways, looms ahead rather than recedes into the past. For there has been no artistic idea and certainly no pictorial ambition in this century that can escape being measured, directly or indirectly, by what he has done.

If one were recklessly to postulate the lesson and greatness of Matisse, they might be indicated by the one phrase—tensions synthesized.

Those words have a dialectical ring. And they certainly constitute a paradigm of artistic success. But Matisse is perhaps the foremost in our time to have isolated, or rather precipitated, their meaning in works that only superficially concern themselves with such particularities as bourgeois comfort and feminine sensuality. Even the French word *charme*, of which he is an outstanding exemplar, pales into insignificance before this life-giving tension. One recalls Motherwell saying that Picasso is the painter of love and death. If so, as Alfred Barr countered, Matisse is the exponent of love and life.

In his works, these complexes of sentiment and energy fuse under high pressure into the synonymous. If anything, they gain credence by being entirely set apart from the defensive strategy of irony that has branded our era. Miró, for instance, has to cover up his detachment from himself, his lack of wholeness, by a kind of beguiling irony. Yet, for Matisse, painting is no pretext for anything other than itself—despite the fact that Manet, to whom he is profoundly faithful, had earlier acknowledged art to be but a decorative, inconsequential, if gleaming, game. Matisse's seriousness is just as playful, but it never occurs to him, as it did to the Cubists, to make circumventions, or to be self-demeaning. Life is embodied in the picture simply because his ego is creating that picture. That is why, although his work is permeated by landscapes and still lifes and interiors, and is perfectly figurative from an iconographical viewpoint, it is also one of the most abstract when seen conceptually. ("I am unable to distinguish between the feeling I have for life and my way of transposing it. A work must carry all its meaning within itself and impose it on the viewer before he identifies its subject matter.") This abstractness is what is so contemporary about Matisse; but it is the authenticity of his healing composure which makes him timeless.

As Titian was in his century, so Matisse, still without competitors, is the great colorist in ours. The exhibition at the Chicago Art Institute (organized by Frederick Wight, of UCLA), unfurls this colorism, in all its panoply, as well as any that I have seen. Perhaps Picasso best summed up Matisse's gift:

> In Matisse's work, when you find three tones that are put on close to one another—let's say a green, a mauve, and a turquoise—their relationship evokes another color which one might call *the* color. . . . You've heard Matisse say, "You need to leave each color its zone of expansion. . . ." It's not necessary for a color to have a determined form. It's not even desirable. What *is* important is its power of expansion. When it reaches a point a little beyond itself, this force of expansion takes over and you get a kind of neutral zone to which the other color must come as it reaches the end of *its* course. At that moment you can say that color breathes. That's the way Matisse paints and that's why I said, "Matisse has such good lungs."

But this kind of inspired respiration does not come of itself. Matisse learned it in 1904, by the side of the Neo-Impressionists, Signac and the especially encouraging Cross.

These older men had outlined a method of separation of the various spectrum hues (as embodied in pigment) in order to increase luminosity, and to distinguish between such elements in the landscape as local color, the color of light, their interactions, etc. Their divisionism was intended to distribute color vibrations homogeneously and consistently over the picture plane. The Neo-Impressionists were haunted by a dream of order obtained by predictable, if arbitrary, consonances. But Matisse, for his part, began to strive for an order comprehended through yoked dissonances. The analytic objectives of his teachers depended upon the maintenance of an intermediate, and certainly egalitarian, scale in all the color touches. For their bricklike tesserae to be disturbed—to diminish into the granular, or be enlarged into color patches—would wreck their aspiration of faithfulness to nature, on one hand, and color purity on the other. Even variations in the size of the touches would destroy a precarious equilibrium that balanced decorativeness against the illusionistic function of the color dabs. Matisse pushed their bold decorum pell-mell into its furthest implications, as he submitted the claims of natural light and space to the self-generating demands of picture construction.

Result? The "zones of expansion" that had been regulated quasi-naturalistically before, could be resiliently mobilized or reduced without producing those atmospheric glowings that once had locked in, or rather had to justify, compositional movement. Further, intense saturation no longer had to be compromised by a luminosity that was forced to shade toward white. Instead of constantly regulating the mechanics of color as increasingly artificial components of perceived tones, Matisse accepts artificiality as a newly self-contained reality of the creative act. He spices his own sensory experience by avidly internalizing all his expectations of induced colors. Psychologically, one might say that a far greater quotient of irrationality—of impulse and placement—was now encompassed by a larger, freer understanding of the logic of chromatic interplay.

Although Matisse was certainly quite capable (1906) of working over the surface exclusively, instead of hollowing out depth (e.g., "Reading"), he realized that all colors have spatial co-efficients, that they jump or recede by virtue of their warm-cool emissions of light energy. With the example of Cézanne before his eyes, this led him to a capriciously loose sprinkling of color dabs and blots which punctuated, even as they were shored up by, larger patches of intense colors: all, somehow, in various states of electrifying spatial opposition to one another. Sometimes the background hues would be acerbic primaries, which cooled and neutralized the only slightly less intense foreground colors. More often, and more complex, are situations when intuition piquantly equivocated between these two extremes, aerated, in most cases, by the casualness of scattered strokes half forming into arabesques, as they, in turn, are relieved by sudden openings of bare canvas. Whereas the other Fauves, Vlaminck and Derain, related far more to van Gogh and his tumultuous paint roilings, Matisse infused into Neo-Impressionism a real animality. As a result, he still retained some of the detached spirit of Signac and Cross—and certainly their high tonality—even as he rioted with their vocabulary.

In subject matter, too, Matisse was in important accord with the Neo-Impressionists. After 1905, the theme of the pastoral and variations thereof played a role in the work of both Matisse and Cross. If it looked back to classical tradition, this motif of nudes disporting themselves in an open landscape also signaled the luxuriant and optimistic look to the future which an unprecedented radiance of color inevitably suggested. Gone are the hesitations of Matisse's earlier Neo-Impressionist phase (1899), in which he was aware that his dominant colors were eaten away by the proliferation of secondary accents. But now he was to leave behind him even the fully crystallized, individually accented color flecks of the first version of "Luxe, Calme, and Volupté."

It is as if, in the succeeding canvases, the previous knowledge had been schematized, as the palette, always restricted, reduced itself even further to just a few straight, sharp, cold colors, blocked out in flat fields, relieving pinkish foreground figures ("Dance," 1909). But this "reduction" was accompanied by a largeness of scale and a concerted bite of color that seemed to magnify the typical chromatic episode from a Neo-Impressionist canvas. Here, his primitive Venuses "cut the ice" of a blue, invoked for the sake above all of the sensation—not for what it can symbolize but for what it expresses as blue. In such contexts, an orange, a small spot of red, become phenomenally pungent. ("The Blue Window," 1911). The imagery gains potency almost in proportion to the fact that Matisse is not an expressionist, and that he can gratify himself only by hammering out an underlying notion of completeness in which the fewest elements work as many—and in which a seeming austerity masks a truculent liberation.

These, then, were the dynamics of an art that tentatively backed in and out of Cubism around 1914. By now, Matisse's canvases were great chromatic façades, whose areas were subtly differentiated in brushy pressure. In the "View of Notre Dame," 1914, he slices up this kind of surface by three long vertical and di-

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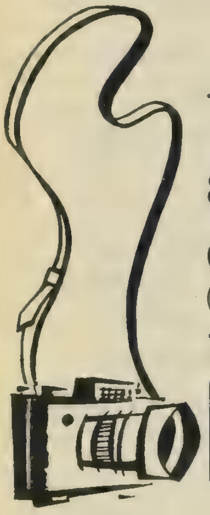
agonal willowy lines that are remarkably effective as depth positioners, but also have the tendency to lift and stagger, or at least make one conscious of, the various tones of blue as huge planes, if not facets. Here was a kind of "breathing" of form as well as color. Yet, to the extent his materials interpenetrated, it was by suggestion rather than by the externalizing graphic and tonal procedures employed by Cubism in mobilizing static forms. This, in turn, allowed Matisse to give discreet embroideries of linear arabesques, startling geometric signs and patterned synapses the fullest decorative play in an imaginary space.

Shot through this monumental charade of direct contrasts and simple declarations, were the psychological implications of figures and objects, isolated and suspended in raw color, awaiting, as it were, some pictorial clap to knock them out of their trance. After 1917, there were no radical breakthroughs comparable to those achieved in the twelve years before; rather, Matisse's career unfolds in a succession of masterpieces in which tension is transferred from the inventing of a language to the happiest articulations within it.

One final point should be made. As displayed in this retrospective, Matisse's production is a feline sequence of loosening and tightening, abandoned and restrictive moves—sometimes even welded together as pendants of the same theme. For him, there can be no freedom without control, and no real integrity of thought without spontaneity. It is the classic French formula, into which life is breathed only by the earthy encounter of mind and sense grappling for some outer realization in the inchoate, resistant materials of the artist. Matisse may perhaps be reproached for his somewhat limited interests. There is no theatricality in his work, no psychic stress or social comment, religion, enigma or anger, mysticism or perversity, or even terribly much humor. This is true. All one finds there is creation.



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ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

Mr. Galantay is an associate professor in architecture at Columbia University and practices as a consultant in urban design. Born in Hungary, he was educated in Switzerland, Spain and the United States. As a member of the Harvard-MIT Joint Center of Urban Studies, Mr. Galantay participated in the design of the new industrial town of Ciudad Guyana in Venezuela.

The little band of devoted conservationists is still losing important battles, but lately it has also been winning some skirmishes. Those New Yorkers who have been grieving over the loss of Pennsylvania Station may now take solace in the continued existence of the old Astor Library, saved by the recent landmark preservation bill with the help of Mr. Joseph Papp who intends to use the building as the winter home of his Shakespeare Festival.

It is perhaps a sign of the renewed vigor of the conservationist movement that this auspicious event has reopened the passionate discussion on whether it is proper to adapt historic landmarks to new uses, and, if so, what methods and degrees of rebuilding can be condoned. The answers depend to some extent on what is understood by "landmark." For residents of an area a landmark is any point of reference and orientation, and to fulfill these functions it need not be very old or beautiful: it need not even be a building. However, an age-worn architectural landmark also serves as an anchor of sentiment, a symbol of continuity, around which civic consciousness can crystallize. It then supports the emotional stability and sanity of the residents and performs a social function infinitely more important than feeding the curiosity of the tourist or antiquarian. Neighborhoods without old buildings—without signs of something valuable that has come down from previous generations—breed alienation of the young from the old.

Yet this should not imply that one old building is as good a landmark as another. The destruction of first-rate monuments cannot be offset by the preservation of sundry inferior buildings. It is too often cynically assumed that if one landmark is allowed to stand, a license is thus tacitly given for the destruction of others, and the lamentations of the conservationists should be reduced to polite grumbling.

On the other hand, James Marston Fitch, who installed the pioneering courses in preservation and restoration at Columbia University, points out that landmarks cannot be preserved just by fixing a nostalgic tablet to their façades. Conservation by regulatory devices is a failure if it is not supported by popular sentiment and if it does not reach the lives of the people. Since all landmarks cannot be turned into museums, they should house other congenial activities. Only this way can the landmarks fulfill their role as links to past generations.

The old Astor Library conversion lends itself admirably to testing the validity of that proposition. The building was erected in 1854 to house the reference library created by the bequest of John Jacob Astor. Later, the library was amalgamated with other collections to form the New York Public Library, and eventually the books were moved uptown. Ultimately the building served as the headquarters of HIAS, a welfare organization.

The façade of the building is not a great eye catcher; on my first visit to the area I hardly noticed it. It is calm and well mannered, a red brick surface with horizontal emphasis and some uncertainty in proportions and detail. This section of town is occupied by printing and warehousing establishments with considerable truck traffic, and the perspective is dominated by the sixty-story glass wall of the distant Chase Manhattan building.

Walking up Lafayette Street on a later visit, my attention was caught by No. 432, now called "Colonnade Row." A landmark tablet affixed to it identified the building as the "La Grange Terrace" built in 1831. It consisted originally of nine units, forming what was then an elegant stretch of private residences. Part of the fabric has since eroded away but four walk-ups remain, united by a splendid row of Corinthian columns. The building now serves as a rooming house; it also shelters an eating place, and the Astor Place Playhouse.

Having admired Colonnade Row, I turned to the Astor Library, which stands opposite. There is a strong relation between the two buildings and it is surely not accidental, since John Jacob Astor lived in La Grange Terrace. The friendly dialogue between the two buildings superimposes a quiet dignity on the busy street.

The interior of the old library is shabby with years of welfare activity. Many adjustments and "improvements" have been made. The fine moldings are hardly visible above batteries of low-hanging neon tubes, their glare reflected on pink and welfare-green paint. The still handsome two-story space has slender columns supporting a domed skylight that is boarded up to prevent leakage. Obviously this interior can never meet the requirements of the City Building Code, which is particularly strict with respect to theatre occupancy. Fireproofing in this case might call for the removal of the entire interior. At this point I began to wonder what prompted Mr. Papp to acquire this structure for theatre use, and moved uptown to ask him.

Mr. Papp told me that he has long been looking for suitable winter quarters for the Shakespeare Festival. He has investigated several church buildings that were offered for sale, but they all turned out to be too small. His space requirements call for a small house of 299 seats and a larger one of 800—the size Mr. Papp considers best for actor-audience relationship. He acquired the Astor building for a respectable $575,000, and to fit the shell to his objectives must raise a further $2 million. This works out to some $2,340 per seat, which is not cheap since it does not include any fancy stage machinery.

Apart from its suitable size, the building appealed to Papp because of its location. The area has a precedent of theatre activity: the Astor Place Playhouse is thriving in the basement of Colonnade Row, and St. Marks Place, just to the east, is a busy theatre street. Also there was the need for urgency: Papp intends to open the little house in October, and the Astor building lends itself to reconstruction in stages.

Finally, but perhaps most significantly, Papp likes the old façade and feels there are symbolic benefits to associating his enterprise with a building of established tradition. If he also hoped that conservationists would express their gratitude by helping to finance his cause, that hope has not yet been fulfilled.

The seating arrangements for the Shakespeare Festival house are being worked out by stage designer Ming Cho Lee. He considered retaining the two-story hall for an auditorium since it seemed a fine space for arena type production, but found it would accommodate only a few hundred spectators. That would suffice for the 299-seat off-Broadway type house, but then where would the big house go? Besides, most viewers would have had to be content with steep, distorting sight lines. That was apparently not objectionable in Shakespeare's time, when some 2,000 people crammed the multistoried galleries of the Globe, but modern theatregoers are more demanding. Beyond such considerations, the main objection to the theatrical reuse of the old interior is not functional but imbedded in the City Building Code.

At that point, therefore, I visited Mr. Cavaglieri, the architect in charge of rebuilding, to find out what he thought could be done. Mr. Cavaglieri is the former president of the Municipal Art Society who arranged the memorable exhibition on New York's landmarks in the Architectural League. He was born in Venice, a city which is in its entirety a testimony to successful preservation. Menacingly wielding a paper knife, he denounced the American cult of obsolescence and pointed out that the present landmark bill protects only the exterior of the buildings.

His proposals for the interior of the Astor landmark show a reasonable balance between his feelings as a conservationist and his desire to satisfy the requirements of Mr. Papp. The solution is an entirely modern treatment of the auditoriums and preservation of as much as possible of the old elements in the lobby and approach areas, which will provide a transition from the façade to the modern parts of the building. Even this presupposes some leniency on the part of the Building Code's guardians, since the Victorian cast-iron columns cannot be externally fireproofed without destroying their shape and character, and stucco ceilings supported on wooden latticework are not normally permitted in places of public assembly.

Somewhat problematic is Mr. Cavaglieri's plan to reuse original elements in free reconstruction to re-create a measure of original "atmosphere." This practice is much frowned upon in Europe, since it is misleading and reminds one of interior decorators' gimmicks. Yet there may be some merit in the method if it is used with taste and restraint; and it would preserve original elements which must otherwise end up on the dump. The use of modern lighting fixtures in original interiors will also be questioned, but one can recall the success of such precedents as the restoration of Milan's "Castello Sforzesco" where strikingly modern fixtures blend happily with their medieval shell and renaissance wall painting.

A more fundamental and difficult question is whether it is proper to package an activity in a structure that was built for a completely different purpose. The Astor building could have been reused as a branch library, and a few blocks away the Jefferson County Courthouse is being rebuilt for that purpose. It is an easier conversion than the Astor project, since the new use is more congenial to the original function; still, floor levels have to be changed to permit the movement of book wagons, and there are other complications that would not have arisen had the Astor building been reused as a library. And the Papp enterprise could have moved more conveniently into a disused church, masonic temple or armory, if not into an old theatre building. Let us hope that if the old Metropolitan Opera House is declared a landmark it will not need to be converted into a library or a YMCA.

Admittedly, total conservation of an interior should be attempted only if the architecture is of first-rate importance. In general, some rebuilding of the interior is unavoidable: minimal concessions to the

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necessities of present-day use call for modern plumbing, heating, elevators and compliance with the Building Code. That this need not be disturbing can be seen in architect Venturi's admirable conversion of the old Duke mansion on Fifth Avenue into an art school for New York University.

A case can be made even for preserving only the façade. In the old Swiss city of Bern unbroken lines of perfectly maintained façades form a continuous sequence of historic urban space, even though some of the houses behind them have been replaced by entirely new structures. The method is appropriate when the character of exterior spaces is itself worth saving, and large numbers of structures must be controlled. This leads to the important principle of preserving related groups of historic buildings rather than isolated monuments. A single historic building is often lost, its scale made ridiculous, by the surrounding modern buildings; the Old State House in Boston, for example, stands like a helpless traffic policeman in the middle of busy State Street. There is better "yield" in the preservation of related buildings; the same "input" of investment returning higher values to the community. Even two such historic buildings establish a relation that exceeds the effect of the two buildings seen in isolation. In the case of the old Astor Library, this connection now exists with Colonnade Row, which should be drawn into the preservation plans. It seems appropriate for use by small university institutes, professional offices or housing for artists and actors.

However, the survival of important landmarks should not hinge on the blind chance that a profit-yielding activity can be found for them. Some subsidies are called for, and so far government attitudes have been parsimonious. If it is true that Sputnik has shamed the United States into increased emphasis and expenditure on education, I wish that some of our legislators would take a trip to Eastern Europe to study the care lavished by the Communist states on feudal forts, palaces of the despised aristocracy, and even on monuments of early capitalism. The experience might shame us into a national-heritage crash program.

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

The British import *Morgan!* (the exclamation mark is because the name is constantly being shouted in exasperation) raises an interesting point in the strategy of fiction—to what degree is it feasible to victimize the audience?

The hero of the film, an allegedly promising painter in his late 20s, is an ape idolater. In particular, he is convinced that the vegetarian communism of the gorilla is a way of life entirely preferable to the red-clawed tyrannies of his own species. Morgan comes by such views legitimately, his mother and late father having in their youth been militant cockney adherents to Hyde Park Marxism; but he has also shrewdly married himself to a girl rich enough to support him in anthropoid beatitude. It almost works.

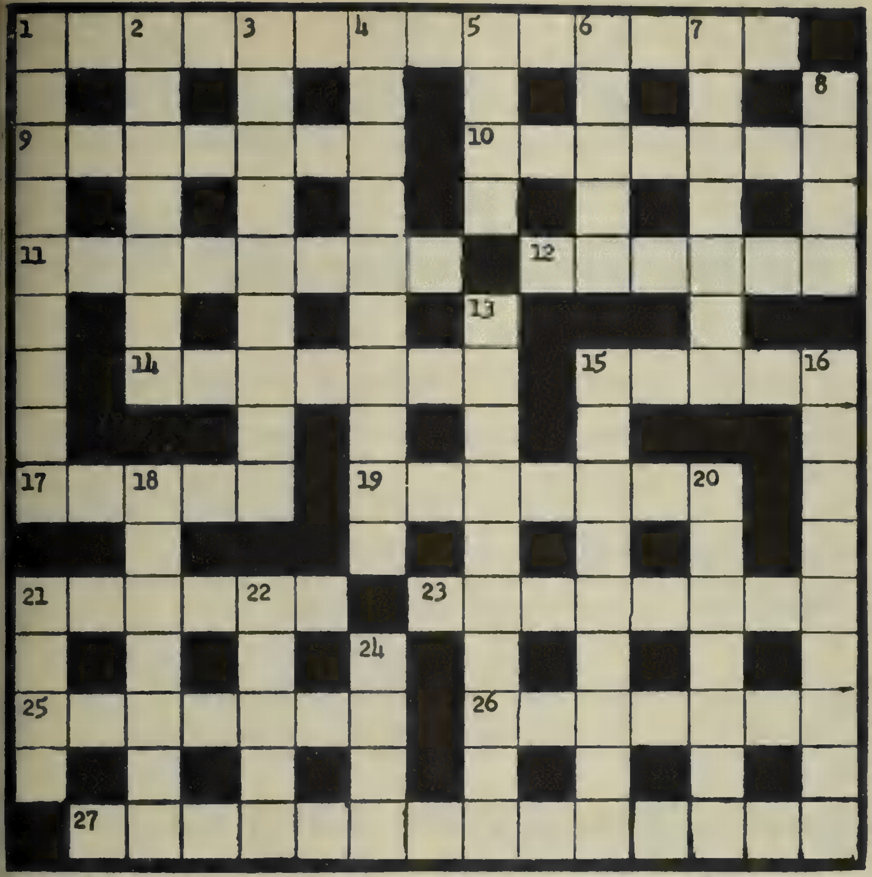
As the film opens, Morgan has returned home from the Continent to discover that his Leonie has sneaked a divorce in his absence, preparatory to marrying a sleek art dealer (Morgan wears both his hair and his sweater very long) who is red-clawed indeed. Outraged both as husband and as dependent, Morgan determines to upset the divorce before it becomes final, and to this end mounts a campaign of helpless charm supported by comic-strip terrorism, and culminating in the abduction of the lady to a remote Welsh lake suitable for Tarzan reveries. He is supported in this whimsical crime by his mother's pal, a simple-minded wrestler who fights under the professional name of Wally the Gorilla.

The wife, though estranged, finds herself aroused by Morgan's rather camp buffoonery and, surprisingly enough, his ambiguous narcissism does not prevent him from exercising a briskly competent heterosexuality. Thus the film progresses, or rather rotates, in an aura of erotic slapstick, employing fragments of old Tarzan movies, frenzied chases, a stooge mother-in-law, bizarre automobiles, devastated living rooms, a comic policeman, and the bedroom window shade that flies up to disclose a house painter in the opening. These fragments of ancient movie corn give the picture a modish flavor, and David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in the leads are handsome, athletic and possessed of an accurate sense of comic timing. So, although the irresistibility of Morgan's winsomeness seems to me unproved, I was laughing my way along through this piece of sophisticated spoofing that Karel Reisz had found to direct after the much more substantial demands of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *This Sporting Life*.

But then comes the day of Leonie's second marriage, Morgan dons an old gorilla suit and suddenly the slapstick is studded with nails. The fantasy turns to nightmare, the eccentricity becomes insanity, the arch corn turns to sick disgust. I don't think it is justified. It may be said, for example, that Morgan's insanity is clued into the earlier episodes, but we are prevented from reading the hints that way because the pastel optimism of the enterprise contradicts them. Black comedy is black and comic in its whole being; it is not laughter and hot romping for nine-tenths of the way and then a fillip of horror in the end. You can't trick an audience into laughing at what will appall them when they come to understand—or rather you can do that, but the audience is not obliged to thank you for it. And finally, a Morgan who is imaginative enough to throw in his lot with the gorillas and canny enough to make his associates join him in his apish Eden, makes a contemporary point that outlasts the hilarity. A lunatic Morgan makes no point at all. *Morgan!* is a very smart film—in the end, it outsmarts itself.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1150

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 * A message to those who might take advantage of the invitation on this page. (3, 2, 6, 3)
9 ----- Long Long Trail A-Winding for Maria! (7)
10 Decatur wasn't concerned whether ours was right or wrong. (7)
11 Extend something of late, gone wrong. (8)
12 Penguin, if associated with France. (6)
14 How some Britishers prefer their drinks, it may be observed. (7)
15 Satisfies? Extremely so! (5)
17 The way of the one-hoss shay was based on it. (5)
19 A couple of specified and unspecified numbers. (7)
21 Seek to improve? (4, 2)
23 It might point out what a Londoner does as his last chore, correspondingly. (8)
25 Put together equipment on the farm. (7)
26 Implying a cold fall within this distance? (7)
27 Those coming in for landings? (Anything but the right angle involved!) (8, 6)

DOWN:

1 See 8 down
2 Does it take a German song to possess one's pet command? (3, 4)
3 Full of bounce. (9)
4 The Greek resistance force brought it back to town, to secure property of resistance, perhaps. (10)
5 A very stubborn person might not give one. (4)
6 Young insects take after them for provisions. (5)
7 Certainly not the first one in to be the ultimate victor! (7)
[redacted] and 1 down Do they 2 down, in a way, when complete? (4-2-3-4)
13 Notice to a Scotsman I put off, and ticked off? (10)
15 The cost of making love in the old days might be getting the bird! (9)
16 B.C. or A.D.? They shouldn't show up on your account! (9)
18 No saint, necessarily, but a leader of the band. (7)
20 Perhaps one of your feelings, and mine too. (7)
21 Her ways were certainly not downtrodden! (4)
22 I break a rule about [redacted] heavenly body. (5)
24 Have a tendency to spare? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1149

ACROSS: 1 Restarts; 5 Drapes; 9 Bugaboo; 10 Napkins; 11 Diabolo; 12 Globule; 13 Sleight-of-hand; 15 Smoking jacket; 21 Hibachi; 22 Conning; 23 Dotting; 24 Maltese; 25 Lodges; 26 Unedited. DOWN: 1 Rebids; 2 Signals; 3 Ambrose; 4 Thoroughgoing; 6 Reproof; 7 Primula; 8 Suspends; 10 Night watchman; 14 Asphodel; 16 Orbited; 17 Incline; 18 Kindled; 19 Trident; 20 Agreed.

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Are invited to meet their favorite tormentor on Wednesday, May 11, from 6 P.M. on. *The Nation* is giving a buffet supper that evening in honor of Frank Lewis at the Overseas Press Club, 54 West 40 Street; all devotees of his puzzles will be welcome guests. Please let us know if you are coming. Write or call Puzzle Dept., *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 10014. Telephone: CH 2-8400.

We Mothers Are

Fed Up With Politicians & Presidents Who Preach Peace but Practice War

We don't want our sons to die for a corrupt Saigon regime. We don't want our sons to kill women and children. We want our sons to build cities in America, not burn villages in Vietnam. We want our sons home.

This is an election year. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, cousins and aunts must convince candidates and Congress that we are angry and determined, as well as worried and frightened. We must convince Senators that we want action and votes for peace, not just fine sounding words. We must convince the President that the American people will back him up in immediate escalation of peace efforts. We will back him up if he calls for a cease fire so the Vietnamese people can settle their own problems through free elections.

This Mother's Day—you can help to stop this war.

As your gift to American mothers, Vietnamese mothers, and mothers the world over—

Please sign this Voter's Peace Pledge and mail it today.

Send for pledge cards and help to collect signatures for peace in this nation-wide campaign. Come to Washington, D. C. on May 15th and join people from all parts of the U.S.A. in a Voters' March for Peace. Meet us 12:30 P.M. at the Lincoln Memorial.

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A Nationwide Campaign

As a concerned American voter—I pledge to vote for—
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- to stop sending American boys to kill and be killed in Vietnam.
- to stop the bombing and the military build-up.
- to urge a realistic role for the National Liberation Front (Vietcong) in peace talks and in planning Vietnamese elections.
- to stop spending for wars against people, use the money for wars on poverty, disease, and inequality.

I believe the true national interests of my country can best be served by ending the war in Vietnam now.

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LETTERS

Nkrumah

London

Dear Sirs: Granting some of the criticisms of Nkrumah such as the personality cult, and his insularity from his people, I must protest many of the accusations raised by J. Kirk Sale ["And Now Nkrumah: The Generals & the Future of Africa," *The Nation*, Mar. 21]. . . . I must remind your readers that Ghana, more than any other African colonial territory, had a very substantial British traditional middle class geared to British interests. Most of the capital of the country was in British hands. . . . All imported goods were distributed through foreign firms. Foreign banks held one-third of the foreign currency reserves. This meant that the conservative press in every country published hostile reports as soon as Nkrumah showed that he wanted to rid his country of neo-colonialism. Under the British, 50 per cent of foreign currency came from one industry—cocoa. In 1956, when Nkrumah tried to increase its output from 264,000 tons to 590,000 tons, manipulations of the market reduced the price from £500 to £85 in 1965. The cocoa price disaster seems to have been the cause of much of the criticism of Nkrumah's downfall. Excellent programs were commenced before this cocoa trouble: the Volta Dam, the Tema Harbour and the Velta Smelting were all reasonable projects. So was the tremendous effort for education. . . . Nkrumah has been deposed by unconstitutional methods, by people not known for their forward-looking ideas, certainly not socialistic. The march forward to African development has taken a nasty turn and if the capitalist press is heartened by events, African progress has been weakened.

Frida Laski

drugs abroad

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Robert Sherrill fails to point out ["Razz-ma-Tazz in the Drug Industry," *The Nation*, Apr. 11] that DMSO, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, is being marketed in Mexico, Spain and Germany. The whole field of overseas operations by U.S. companies—from an ethical standpoint—would seem to merit an article.

Peter D. Noerdlinger

gone stale

New York City

Dear Sirs: A small point: could you bar contributors, just for a little while, from characterizing things as "an exercise in. . ."? Howard Zinn, in your issue of Apr. 4, announces that his piece on "The Old Left and the New" will be, primarily, "an exercise in contrasts." Newspaper columnists keep calling the Vietnamese war—truly, but monotonously—"an exercise in futility." Even the facile Red Smith loses his hold on his glittering marbles long enough to describe the Clay-Chavalo fight, God help us, as "an exercise in monotony." Enough already!

Ken Eisler

protest and punishment

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: In his recent article ["Law, Speech and Disobedience," *The Nation*, Mar. 28], Carl Cohen accepts the rules of law as governing the approaches to the problems raised by the Ann Arbor draft board sit-in, and in so doing immediately makes necessary the conclusions which he reaches only several pages later. In a crude sense, the law is made to preserve the *status quo*, which

(Continued on page 523)

EDITORIALS

Theologians of the Cold War

The present agitation in the State Department over General de Gaulle's intention to quit NATO casts an unflattering light on the Department's top personnel, from Secretary Rusk down. The Department is predominantly staffed with deadheads, and the support of some astute consultants, like Dean Acheson, does not seem to help much. Acheson may in fact be typical; he was adaptable once, but that is no help now. *Newsweek* refers to Ball, Acheson, the recently deputized McCloy, J. Robert Schaetzel and Harlan Cleveland as "theologians," but the comparison is unjust to the many religious theoreticians who, even with advancing years, remain flexible and intellectually courageous. And not lacking in a saving sense of humor.

What is needed is a re-examination of some frozen U.S. assumptions. The world has not stood still since Winston Churchill formally launched the cold war at Fulton, Mo., and President Truman laid down the Truman Doctrine. De Gaulle is an old man, but he manages to keep abreast of change, or at least not to lag too far behind it. Witness his stand on Vietnam, his establishment of diplomatic relations with Communist China, his handling of the former French colonies, his imperturbability vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. One might think that our diplomats would regard these moves as indications that de Gaulle's ideas should not be blindly opposed, but there has been little sign of an inclination to listen and learn.

De Gaulle's announcement that France expects us to be out of his domain, troops and installations, by April 1, 1967, presents both problems and opportunities for all the nations involved. The problems are obvious; the opportunities our people fail to see. Actually, adjustments which might arouse opposition among our allies if we proposed them would be facilitated if the initiative came from de Gaulle, but the theologians insist that the *status quo* is sacred.

The present phase of the NATO controversy was initiated by the withdrawal of 15,000 U.S. troops for service in Vietnam or for training purposes connected with our commitments in Vietnam, which become more shaky with every passing week. The situation has greatly elevated the mood of the Spanish generals. They have chafed under the 1953 pact which, in return for generous rentals and beefing up of Spanish forces, has given the United States four big bases and certain other facilities in Spain. But there is no treaty of alliance, and Spain has been kept out of NATO. Franco and his commanders now hope for admission. This is probably wishful thinking but, though there are plenty of obstacles, it might result in a deal involving Gibraltar, as by making it an Anglo-Spanish NATO base.

Cheer has also come to such Germans as Franz-Josef Strauss, with whom *U. S. News & World Report* foresightedly set up the interview it published in its April 18 issue. Strauss is no fool, and the questions were not the usual pap, so he had a chance to make some incisive observations. He said that Europe should take a larger share of the defense burden, that de Gaulle is right when he demands greater European responsibility, that the United States could well transfer one or two divisions out of the 350,000 American

MAY 23

soldiers now in Europe. "Isn't it absolutely unnatural that a quarter billion European Europeans can't defend themselves?" Strauss asked. There were also cautious allusions to Strauss' underlying yearnings—an independent European (read West German) nuclear capability, a German general staff. Strauss made it all sound quite reasonable, but of course Strauss is Strauss, Germany is Germany and can again get out of hand. The lesson for our State Department is the example of cool, seemingly objective analysis that Strauss presented. Why can't our people talk like that?

Instead they sass de Gaulle and try to push him around. He is not easy to push. His basic ideas are quite sound, and he has some legitimate grievances based on past relations which are only now coming to light. The pressures for our pulling out entirely will mount, and even a partial withdrawal might give Germany a chance to slip into the driver's seat. That, by all indications, the Soviets will not stand for, so we are going to have problems which would tax the ingenuity of more capable diplomats than those now representing us.

The subject should not be left without a reference to the consequences of our folly in Vietnam. There is no reason why Europeans—or Asians, or anyone—should trust and respect a nation which allows itself to get into such an impasse. If we could extricate ourselves, and make some changes in the State Department hierarchy, we could maneuver more freely and to better purpose.

The Message Received

In the past two weeks, a striking change has occurred in the attitude of Congressmen toward the Vietnamese war. Some prominent hawks have begun to hedge so eagerly that one can hardly distinguish their cries from the cooing of the despised doves. The reasonable tones of Rep. Charles E. Bennett and Sen. Richard B. Russell were noted last week; since then a kind of consensus has developed among hawks, doves and other fowl whose species is not yet determined by Washington ornithologists. Javits, Tower, Hartke, Cooper, Saltonstall, Aiken, Mansfield are among those who have unbosomed themselves, but perhaps the strangest pronouncement came from Gerald Ford, the Republican spokesman in the House, who declared that the President would have to use more air and sea power or send in as many as 220,000 more troops to achieve "even a stalemate in Vietnam, and to gain a cease-fire in a war that now looks like a war without end."

What words are these? *Gain* a cease-fire?—that is what the Vietcong should be saying. And what manner of hawk is it that is dismayed by a war without end?

The swing to moderation almost certainly has something to do with the Easter recess, utilized by all Representatives and by those Senators who must face the voters in November to assess their chances of re-election. What the Congressmen discovered, evidently, is that the folks back home are not breathing fire toward the little Vietnamese brethren. There has never in the history of the Republic been such a stampede by the young to avoid military service. A book on how to make a good showing on the draft-deferment test is a national best seller; and the older generation, it appears, is for the most part equally unenthusiastic. The

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THE NATION *Volume 202*
No. 18

personal polls taken by members of the Congress have uncovered this fact—which does great credit to the American people, both for common sense and for the ethical qualms which afflict a good many of them.

For this saner mood the members of Congress, and all citizens, owe a great debt to the Buddhists of South Vietnam. The Buddhist pressure on Ky and his military junta has once again demonstrated the political instability and unpopularity of the government, and thus stimulated sober second thoughts among even those citizens who were demanding victory, cost what it may. It also furnished a rational basis for Congressional reappraisal. A third beneficial effect was to show Washington that our embassy in Saigon is suffering from acute battle fatigue and that reports from that quarter should be received with the utmost skepticism. A conspicuous instance is the official fear and loathing focused on Thich Tri Quang, who was pictured as a devil in saffron robes. When he turned out to be as much opposed to the Vietcong as to the Americans, Ambassador Lodge and his assistants could hardly believe their ears.

The chances of a neutralist regime in South Vietnam within a few months seem favorable; for the United States, an invitation to depart would be a godsend. Whether the government army will resume fighting in full strength in the meantime remains to be seen. Right now, President Johnson is on the spot. Since the ill-advised meeting in Honolulu he has said little; since the anti-government and anti-American demonstrations broke out in Hue, Danang and Saigon he has said nothing at all. Silence may be golden for some, but the President of the United States is not so favorably situated. He got the country onto the Vietnamese escalator, and it is high time that he told us how he proposes to get us—and himself—off of it.

The Poor Are Human

The heckling that Sargent Shriver received at the Washington, D.C., meeting of Citizens Crusade against Poverty lends special significance to the article by Richard Cloward and Frances Fox Piven in this issue (p. 510). With a few exceptions, the reporters present treated the incident as an exhibition of irresponsible rage. Shriver himself, who should have known better, said that "people involved in the yelling business" had decided to disrupt the meeting "as an end in itself." Some few of the hecklers may have acted by prearrangement, but that was a great deal less than the whole truth. Most of the protesters were incontestably sincere; the Washington *Star* noted that some had tears in their eyes. Hoodlums have never been known to weep while engaged in their diversions.

Citizens Crusade against Poverty was set up with UAW backing, and under Walter Reuther's impetus, about a year ago. It is essentially a coalition of elitist groups—representatives of labor, churches, academicians, private philanthropy, et al. The gathering was in effect an annual membership meeting, with certain representatives of the poor invited as guests, and without voting rights. Some of these felt they were there as exhibits—window dressing—and the discussion that developed seemed so remote from their actual situation, and their need for understanding and remedial action, that tension rose and finally reached the flash point. Shriver himself contributed to the explosion by reeling off a lot of statistics in a typical public relations performance designed to make everyone happy; but this sort of thing, sure-fire with a Congressional committee or a civic group that wants to believe, does not work with the real ghetto poor.

At least two morals may be drawn. Citizens Crusade, as a broad coalition and a group drawn from the prosperous, cannot speak for and lead the poor. Second, for all its excellent intentions and sponsorship (and it is capable of some fine performances in fund raising and the like) it does not have a program and a strategy to deal with today's festering poverty—any more than OEO has such a program or strategy.

What is needed is exactly what Cloward and Piven offer: *a strategy for action*. They demonstrate how, within the context of a legal struggle for rights granted so far only in theory, a movement can be projected which would appeal directly to the urban poor. The immediate gains and benefits which such a program would provide, if fully realized, could lead to the guaranteed income which was first developed in these pages by Robert Theobald three years ago, and which has appeared in several variants (some dubious) since that time. Next week Theobald will outline what has happened to the idea of guaranteed income since he first propounded it. If his presentation receives serious attention, such clashes as the one that disturbed Shriver and the members of CCAP may be avoided in the future.

The Passport Decision

United States District Judge Joseph C. Zavatt, of Brooklyn, has ruled that the three young men who organized a student delegation to visit Cuba did not violate the statute which makes it a crime to depart from and enter the United States without a valid passport when a state of national emergency has been declared. Judge Zavatt decided that since the three held valid passports when they left and when they returned, they could not be prosecuted under this statute even though they had traveled to one of the areas which the State Department has designated as "forbidden." This was the first attempt by the government to invoke the particular statute in support of its misguided efforts to restrict the right of American citizens to travel.

Through a variety of informal devices, the State Department has been attempting to restrict the right without proper Congressional authorization. The results have not been particularly impressive. Between 1952 and 1963, about 600 American citizens have visited restricted areas without being prosecuted on their return; in each case the traveler held a valid passport which had not been validated for the forbidden zone. These figures, coupled with Judge Zavatt's decision, should, but probably will not, persuade the State Department to give up activities never delegated to it by Congress. At present, the Department pursues a policy of refusing to reissue passports to those who have traveled to "forbidden areas" unless the passport holder agrees not to travel in the future to any area which the Department has marked off bounds. Since this condition also lacks Congressional sanction, it too should be abandoned. Credit for this latest victory in the interminable struggle to maintain the right to travel free of needless and obnoxious conditions goes to Leonard Boudin of the New York Bar, and to the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee.

Out of Limbo

The two American soldiers who were held as prisoners by the Vietcong for two years and then released on the day of the protest march in Washington (see "Two GIs in Limbo" by Harry W. Ernst, *The Nation*, March 14) have been cleared by the U.S. Army of charges of aiding the enemy. The tour of duty of both soldiers, S/S George E. Smith and S/S Claude McClure, had expired while they were still prisoners of the Vietcong. For four months after their release, the Army held both men in custody while it pressed a meticulous investigation of the facts. In discharging them now, Army spokesmen say that the investigation failed to turn up "sufficient evidence to prove a violation of the Uniform Code of Military Justice." It is a good omen that the Department of Defense has acted with proper respect for due process in the cases of Messrs. Smith and McClure and in the recent release from confinement of Lieut. Henry H. Howe (see *The Nation*, April 11, p.413).

No Target

Observers of our contemporary theatre frequently note the lack of satirical bite in topical entertainments. The charge is largely true, but there are problems. In testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on April 20, Secretary of Defense McNamara:

(1) Described the recent internal upheavals in South Vietnam as "political growing pains" of a "developing" country;

(2) "Strongly resented" the implication that the war in Vietnam is "in any sense" a civil war;

(3) Described as "baloney" the rumor that we might be running short of bombs to drop in Vietnam, and

(4) Declared that "we should be proud of what we are doing out there for the people of South Vietnam."

There is nothing that the coffeehouse lampoonists can do to a man who is willing to do that to himself. McNamara has, you might say, earned his immunity.

Sense in Civil Defense

As originally conceived, the civil defense program exhibited all the bad features of American life and none of the good. It is characteristic of this country that whenever an actual or apparent need appears, it becomes a Golconda for would-be job holders, big and small. In the case of civil defense, the cushy jobs were largely pre-empted by retired army officers who, what with their pensions and CD salaries, lived well and also enjoyed some of their accustomed perquisites of command. In New York City one of the fringe benefits was occupancy of a large, ornate building (annual rental $155,000) in which the director had a splendid office suite with a private kitchen and bath and two balconies from which he could look down on the civilians who, but for him, would perish in the impending nuclear holocaust. Of course, he knew that most of them would perish anyway, but those on whom his building—or some other building—did not fall, and who were not fried by the infrared rays or given a lethal dose of gamma rays, could hope to survive on water and biscuits and crawl out of the CD shelters after a couple of weeks to build America anew.

Mayor John V. Lindsay had other ideas. He knew that Portland, Ore., had abandoned civil defense entirely, that it hung on in little but name in St. Louis and Cleveland, and was in disrepute everywhere. By state law, New York City must have an Office of Civil Defense, or equivalent. Perhaps it should have something of the sort for practical reasons—not so much to cope with a nuclear disaster but with any disaster. Accordingly, the Mayor appointed Timothy J. Cooney, who it happens has been a *Nation* contributor, to the office of interim director, which was just what Mr. Cooney wanted to be. He is now leaving the post and the sumptuous office, having arranged for distribution of most of the CD functions among other city agencies and retaining, out of 280 employees, a fifteen-man group in an Office of Civil Defense and Disaster Control as the staff of the Mayor's Emergency Control Board.

Except for its para-military character there was never any sound reason for separating the two units, and in Mr. Cooney's estimation the para-military aspect was never relevant. He therefore recommended a revamped program, to continue on a trial basis under the following conditions:

(1) Change the name to include disaster control, CD alone being an insufficient reason for the operation.

(2) Make CDDC an integral part of all local disaster planning and coordination.

(3) Assign operation and functions to front-line city agencies.

(4) CDDC to be free from the delusions of grandeur which stemmed from the quasi-military basis of OCD.

(5) CDDC to maintain only a small headquarters staff of professionals in disaster control.

There is little doubt that the Mayor will accept Mr. Cooney's recommendations, incorporated in a 72-page report and covering such considerations as communications, police and fire auxiliaries, radiological monitoring and medical problems. In any case, Mr. Cooney has recommended himself out of a job. The citizens of the metropolis —great in its troubles as well as its triumphs—will be grateful to an officeholder so selfless and so summary.

Warren Miller

The Nation records with sorrow the death of Warren Miller, who since September of last year has been the magazine's literary editor. Although he was a member of the staff for only a tragically brief period, Mr. Miller's critical judgment, journalistic enterprise and novelist's appreciation of form and language made an impression on the magazine's literary department that readers were quick to appreciate. What they could not know was the pleasure of working with this witty and responsive man. To the wife, daughters and parents of Warren Miller the editors and staff of *The Nation* extend their most profound sympathy.

THE WEIGHT OF THE POOR

A STRATEGY TO END POVERTY

RICHARD A. CLOWARD and FRANCES FOX PIVEN

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How can the poor be organized to press for relief from poverty? How can a broad-based movement be developed and the current disarray of activist forces be halted? These questions confront, and confound, activists today. It is our purpose to advance a strategy which affords the basis for a convergence of civil rights organizations, militant anti-poverty groups and the poor. If this strategy were implemented, a political crisis would result that could lead to legislation for a guaranteed annual income and thus an end to poverty.

The strategy is based on the fact that a vast discrepancy exists between the benefits to which people are entitled under public welfare programs and the sums which they actually receive. This gulf is not recognized in a society that is wholly and self-righteously oriented toward getting people *off* the welfare rolls. It is widely known, for example, that nearly 8 million persons (half of them white) now subsist on welfare, but it is not generally known that for every person on the rolls at least one more probably meets existing criteria of eligibility but is not obtaining assistance.

The discrepancy is not an accident stemming from bureaucratic inefficiency; rather, it is an integral feature of the welfare system which, if challenged, would precipitate a profound financial and political crisis. The force for that challenge, and the strategy we propose, is a massive drive to recruit the poor *onto* the welfare rolls.

The distribution of public assistance has been a local and state responsibility, and that accounts in large part for the abysmal character of welfare practices. Despite the growing involvement of federal agencies in supervisory and reimbursement arrangements, state and local community forces are still decisive. The poor are most visible and proximate in the local community; antagonism toward them (and toward the agencies which are implicated with them) has always, therefore, been more intense locally than at the federal level. In recent years, local communities have increasingly felt class and ethnic friction generated by competition for neighborhoods, schools, jobs and political power. Public welfare systems are under the constant stress of conflict and opposition, made only sharper by the rising costs to localities of public aid. And, to accommodate this pressure, welfare practice everywhere has become more restrictive than welfare statute; much of the time it verges on lawlessness. Thus, public welfare systems try to keep their budgets down and their rolls low by failing to inform people of the rights available to them; by intimidating and shaming them to the degree that they are reluctant either to apply or to press claims, and by arbitrarily denying benefits to those who are eligible.

A series of welfare drives in large cities would, we believe, impel action on a new federal program to distribute income, eliminating the present public welfare system and alleviating the abject poverty which it perpetrates. Widespread campaigns to register the eligible poor for welfare aid, and to help existing recipients obtain their full benefits, would produce bureaucratic disruption in welfare agencies and fiscal disruption in local and state governments. These disruptions would generate severe political strains, and deepen existing divisions among elements in the big-city Democratic coalition: the remaining white middle class, the white working-class ethnic groups and the growing minority poor. To avoid a further weakening of that historic coalition, a national Democratic administration would be constrained to advance a federal solution to poverty that would override local welfare failures, local class and racial conflicts and local revenue dilemmas. By the internal disruption of local bureaucratic practices, by the furor over public welfare poverty, and by the collapse of current financing arrangements, powerful forces can be generated for major economic reforms at the national level.

The ultimate objective of this strategy—to wipe out poverty by establishing a guaranteed annual income—will be questioned by some. Because the ideal of individual social and economic mobility has deep roots, even activists seem reluctant to call for national programs to eliminate poverty by the outright redistribution of income. Instead, programs are demanded to enable people to become economically competitive. But such programs are of no use to millions of today's poor. For example, one-third of the 35 million poor Americans are in families headed by females; these heads of family cannot be aided appreciably by job retraining, higher minimum wages, accelerated rates of economic growth, or employment in public works projects. Nor can the 5 million aged who are poor, nor those whose poverty results from the ill health of the wage earner. Programs to enhance individual mobility will chiefly benefit the very young, if not the as yet unborn. Individual mobility is no answer to the question of how to abolish the massive problem of poverty now.

It has never been the full answer. If many people in the past have found their way up from poverty by the path of individual mobility, many others have taken a different route. Organized labor stands out as a major example. Although many American workers never yielded their dreams of individual achievement, they accepted and practiced the principle that each can benefit only as the status of workers as a whole is elevated. They bargained for collective mobility, not for individual mobility; to promote their fortunes in the aggregate, not to promote the prospects of one worker over another. And if each finally found himself in the same relative economic relationship to his fellows as when he began, it was nevertheless clear that all were infinitely better off. That fact has sustained the labor movement in the face of a counter pull from the ideal of individual achievement.

But many of the contemporary poor will not rise from poverty by organizing to bargain collectively. They either are not in the labor force or are in such marginal and dispersed occupations (e.g., domestic servants) that it is extremely difficult to organize them. Compared with other groups, then, many of today's poor cannot secure a redistribution of income by organizing within the institution of private enterprise. A federal program of income redistribution has become necessary to elevate the poor en masse from poverty.

Several ways have been proposed for redistributing income through the federal government. It is not our purpose here to assess the relative merits of these plans, which are still undergoing debate and clarification. Whatever mechanism is eventually adopted, however, it must include certain features if it is not merely to perpetuate in a new guise the present evils of the public welfare system.

First, adequate levels of income must be assured. (Public welfare levels are astonishingly low; indeed, states typically define a "minimum" standard of living and then grant only a percentage of it, so that families are held well below what the government itself officially defines as the poverty level.) Furthermore, income should be distributed without requiring that recipients first divest themselves of their assets, as public welfare now does, thereby pauperizing families as a condition of sustenance.

Second, the right to income must be guaranteed, or the oppression of the welfare poor will not be eliminated. Because benefits are conditional under the present public welfare system, submission to arbitrary governmental power is regularly made the price of sustenance. People have been coerced into attending literacy classes or participating in medical or vocational rehabilitation regimes, on pain of having their benefits terminated. Men are forced into labor on virtually any terms lest they forfeit their welfare aid. One can prize literacy, health and work, while still vigorously opposing the right of government to compel compliance with these values.

Conditional benefits thus result in violations of civil liberties throughout the nation, and in a pervasive oppression of the poor. And these violations are not less real because the impulse leading to them is altruistic and the agency is professional. If new systems of income distribution continue to permit the professional bureaucracies to choose when to give and when to withhold financial relief, the poor will once again be surrendered to an arrangement in which their rights are diminished in the name of overcoming their vices. Those who lead an attack on the welfare system must therefore be alert to the pitfalls of inadequate but placating reforms which give the appearance of victory to what is in truth defeat.

How much economic force can be mobilized by this strategy? This question is not easy to answer because few studies have been conducted of people who are *not* receiving public assistance even though they may be eligible. For the purposes of this presentation, a few facts about New York City may be suggestive. Since practices elsewhere are generally acknowledged to be even more restrictive, the estimates of unused benefits which follow probably yield a conservative estimate of the potential force of the strategy set forth in this article.

Basic assistance for food and rent: The most striking characteristic of public welfare practice is that a great many people who appear to be eligible for assistance are not on the welfare rolls. The average monthly total of New York City residents receiving assistance in 1959 was 325,771, but according to the 1960 census, 716,000 persons (unrelated or in families) appeared to be subsisting on incomes at or below the prevailing welfare eligibility levels (e.g., $2,070 for a family of four). In that same year, 539,000 people subsisted on incomes *less than 80 per cent* of the welfare minimums, and 200,000 lived alone or in families on incomes reported to be *less than half* of eligibility levels. Thus it appears that for every person on welfare in 1959, at least one more was eligible.

The results of two surveys of selected areas in Manhattan support the contention that many people subsist on incomes below welfare eligibility levels. One of these, conducted by Greenleigh Associates in 1964 in an urban-renewal area on New York's upper West Side, found 9 per cent of those *not* on the rolls were in such acute need that they appeared to qualify for *emergency* assistance. The study showed, further, that a substantial number of families that were not in a "critical" condition would probably have qualified for supplemental assistance.

The other survey, conducted in 1961 by Mobilization for Youth, had similar findings. The area from which its sample was drawn, 67 square blocks on the lower East Side, is a poor one, but by no means the poorest in New York City. Yet 13 per cent of the total sample who were not on the welfare rolls reported incomes falling below the prevailing welfare schedules for food and rent.

There is no reason to suppose that the discrepancy between those eligible for and those receiving assistance has narrowed much in the past few years. The welfare rolls have gone up, to be sure, but so have eligibility levels. Since the economic circumstances of impoverished groups in New York have not improved appreciably in the past few years, each such rise increases the number of people who are potentially eligible for some degree of assistance.

Even if one allows for the possibility that family-income figures are grossly underestimated by the census, the financial implications of the proposed strategy are still very great. In 1965, the monthly average of persons receiving cash assistance in New York was 490,000, at a total cost of $440 million; the rolls have now risen above 500,000, so that costs will exceed $500 million in 1966. An increase in the rolls of a mere 20 per cent would cost an already overburdened municipality some $100 million.

Special grants: Public assistance recipients in New York are also entitled to receive "nonrecurring" grants for clothing, household equipment and furniture—including washing machines, refrigerators, beds and bedding, tables and chairs. It hardly needs to be noted that most impoverished families have grossly inadequate clothing and household furnishings. The Greenleigh study, for example, found that 52 per cent of the families on public assistance lacked anything approaching adequate furniture. This condition results because almost nothing is spent on special grants in New York. In October, 1965, a typical month, the Department of Welfare spent only $2.50 per recipient for heavy clothing and $1.30 for household furnishings. Taken together, grants of this kind amounted in 1965 to a mere $40 per person, or a total of $20 million for the entire year. Considering the real needs of families, the successful demand for full entitlements could multiply these expenditures tenfold or more—and that would involve the disbursement of many millions of dollars indeed.

One must be cautious in making generalizations about the prospects for this strategy in any jurisdiction unless the structure of welfare practices has been examined in some detail. We can, however, cite other studies conducted in other places to show that New York practices are not atypical. In Detroit, for example, Greenleigh Associates studied a large sample of households in a low-income district in 1965. Twenty per cent were already receiving assistance, but 35 per cent more were judged to need it. Although the authors made no strict determination of the eligibility of these families under the laws of Michigan, they believed that "larger numbers of persons were eligible than receiving." A good many of these families did not know that public assistance was available; others thought they would be deemed ineligible; not a few were ashamed or afraid to ask.

Similar deprivations have been shown in nation-wide studies. In 1963, the federal government carried out a survey based on a national sample of 5,500 families whose benefits under Aid to Dependent Children had been terminated. Thirty-four per cent of these cases were *officially in need of income at the point of closing*: this was true of 30 per cent of the white and 44 per cent of the Negro cases. The chief basis for termination given in local department records was "other reasons" (i.e., other than improvement in financial condition, which would make dependence on welfare unnecessary). Upon closer examination, these "other reasons" turned out to be "unsuitable home" (i.e., the presence of illegitimate children), "failure to comply with departmental regulations" or "refusal to take legal action against a putative father." (Negroes were especially singled out for punitive action on the ground that children were not being maintained in "suitable homes.") The amounts of money that people are deprived of by these injustices are very great.

In order to generate a crisis, the poor must obtain benefits which they have forfeited. Until now, they have been inhibited from asserting claims by self-protective devices within the welfare system: its capacity to limit information, to intimidate applicants, to demoralize recipients, and arbitrarily to deny lawful claims.

Ignorance of welfare rights can be attacked through a massive educational campaign. Brochures describing benefits in simple, clear language, and urging people to seek their full entitlements, should be distributed door to door in tenements and public housing projects, and deposited in stores, schools, churches and civic centers. Advertisements should be placed in newspapers; spot announcements should be made on radio. Leaders of social, religious, fraternal and political groups in the slums should also be enlisted to recruit the eligible to the rolls. The fact that the campaign is intended to inform people of their legal rights under a government program, that it is a civic education drive, will lend it legitimacy.

But information alone will not suffice. Organizers will have to become advocates in order to deal effectively with improper rejections and terminations. The advocate's task is to appraise the circumstances of each case, to argue its merits before welfare, to threaten legal action if satisfaction is not given. In some cases, it will be necessary to contest decisions by requesting a "fair hearing" before the appropriate state supervisory agency; it may occasionally be necessary to sue for redress in the courts. Hearings and court actions will require lawyers, many of whom, in cities like New York, can be recruited on a voluntary basis, especially under the banner of a movement to end poverty by a strategy of asserting legal rights. However, most cases will not require an expert knowledge of law, but only of welfare regulations; the rules can be learned by laymen, including welfare recipients themselves (who can help to man "information and advocacy" centers). To aid workers in these centers, handbooks should be prepared describing welfare rights and the tactics to employ in claiming them.

Advocacy must be supplemented by organized demonstrations to create a climate of militancy that will overcome the invidious and immobilizing attitudes which many potential recipients hold toward being "on welfare." In such a climate, many more poor people are likely to become their own advocates and will not need to rely on aid from organizers.

As the crisis develops, it will be important to use the mass media to inform the broader liberal community about the inefficiencies and injustices of welfare. For example, the system will not be able to process many new applicants because of cumbersome and often unconstitutional investigatory procedures (which cost 20c for every dollar disbursed). As delays mount, so should the public demand that a simplified affidavit supplant these procedures, so that the poor may certify to their condition. If the system reacts by making the proof of eligibility more difficult, the demand should be made that the Department of Health, Education and Welfare dispatch "eligibility registrars" to enforce federal statutes governing local programs. And throughout the crisis, the mass media should be used to advance arguments for a new federal income distribution program.*

Although new resources in organizers and funds would have to be developed to mount this campaign, a variety of conventional agencies in the large cities could also be drawn upon for help. The idea of "welfare rights" has begun to attract attention in many liberal circles. A number of organizations, partly under the aegis of the "war against poverty," are developing information and advocacy services for low-income people [see "Poverty, Injustice and the Welfare State" by Richard A. Cloward and Richard M. Elman, *The Nation*, issues of February 28 and March 7]. It is not likely that these organizations will directly participate in the present strategy, for obvious political reasons. But whether they participate or not, they constitute a growing network of resources to which people can be referred for help in establishing and maintaining entitlements. In the final analysis, it does not matter who helps people to get on the rolls or to get additional entitlements, so long as the job is done.

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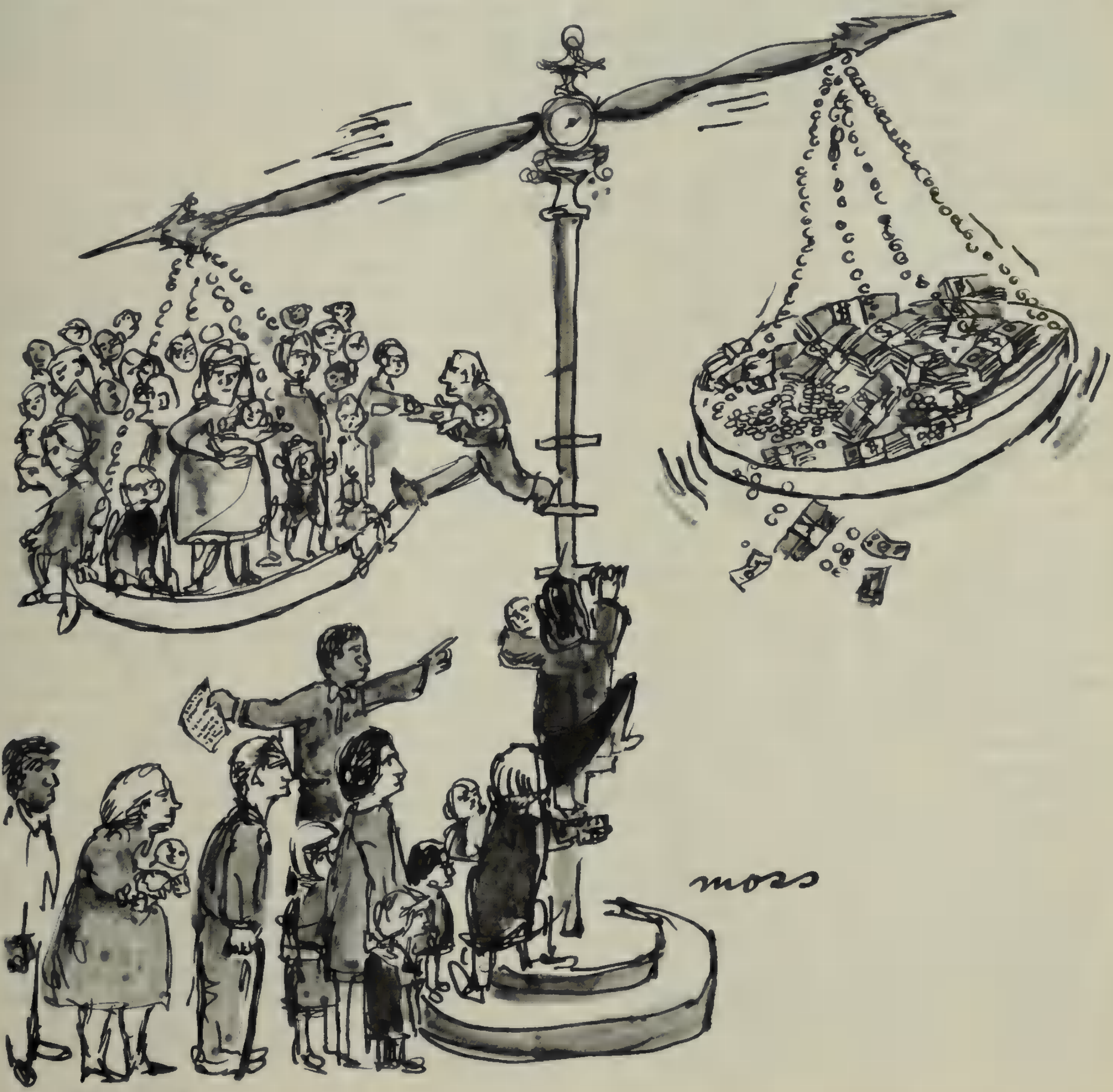
*In public statements, it would be important to distinguish between the income distributing function of public welfare, which should be replaced by new federal measures, and many other welfare functions, such as foster care and adoption services for children, which are not at issue in this strategy.

Since this plan deals with problems of great immediacy in the lives of the poor, it should motivate some of them to involve themselves in regular organizational activities. Welfare recipients, chiefly ADC mothers, are already forming federations, committees and councils in cities across the nation; in Boston, New York, Newark, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles, to mention a few. Such groups typically focus on obtaining full entitlements for existing recipients rather than on recruiting new recipients, and they do not yet comprise a national movement. But their very existence attests to a growing readiness among ghetto residents to act against public welfare.

To generate an expressly political movement, cadres of aggressive organizers would have to come from the civil rights movement and the churches, from militant low-income organizations like those formed by the Industrial Areas Foundation (that is, by Saul Alinsky), and from other groups on the Left. These activists should be quick to see the difference between programs to redress individual grievances and a large-scale social-action campaign for national policy reform.

Movements that depend on involving masses of poor people have generally failed in America. Why would the proposed strategy to engage the poor succeed?

First, this plan promises immediate economic benefits. This is a point of some importance because, whereas America's poor have not been moved in any number by radical political ideologies, they have sometimes been moved by their economic interests. Since radical movements in America have rarely been able to provide visible economic incentives, they have usually failed to secure mass participation of any kind. The conservative "business unionism" of organized labor is explained by this fact, for membership enlarged only as unionism paid off in material benefits. Union leaders have understood that their strength derives almost entirely from their capacity to provide economic rewards to members. Although leaders have increasingly acted in political spheres, their influence has been directed chiefly to matters of governmental policy affecting the well-



being of organized workers. The same point is made by the experience of rent strikes in Northern cities. Their organizers were often motivated by radical ideologies, but tenants have been attracted by the promise that housing improvements would quickly be made if they withheld their rent.

Second, for this strategy to succeed, one need not ask more of most of the poor than that they claim lawful benefits. Thus the plan has the extraordinary capability of yielding mass influence *without* mass participation, at least as the term "participation" is ordinarily understood. Mass influence in this case stems from the consumption of benefits and does not require that large groups of people be involved in regular organizational roles.

Moreover, this kind of mass influence is cumulative because benefits are continuous. Once eligibility for basic food and rent grants is established, the drain on local resources persists indefinitely. Other movements have failed precisely because they could not produce continuous and cumulative influence. In the Northern rent strikes, for example, tenant participation depended largely on immediate grievances; as soon as landlords made the most minimal repairs, participation fell away and with it the impact of the movement. Efforts to revive tenant participation by organizing demonstrations around broader housing issues (e.g., the expansion of public housing) did not succeed because the incentives were not immediate.

Third, the prospects for mass influence are enhanced because this plan provides a practical basis for coalition between poor whites and poor Negroes. Advocates of low-income movements have not been able to suggest how poor whites and poor Negroes can be united in an expressly lower-class movement. Despite pleas of some Negro leaders for joint action on programs requiring integration, poor whites have steadfastly resisted making common cause with poor Negroes. By contrast, the benefits of the present plan are as great for whites as for Negroes. In the big cities, at least, it does not seem likely that poor whites, whatever their prejudices against either Negroes or public welfare, will refuse to participate when Negroes aggressively claim benefits that are unlawfully denied to them as well. One salutary consequence of public information campaigns to acquaint Negroes with their rights is that many whites will be made aware of theirs. Even if whites prefer to work through their own organizations and leaders, the consequences will be equivalent to joining with Negroes. For if the object is to focus attention on the need for new economic measures by producing a crisis over the dole, anyone who insists upon extracting maximum benefits from public welfare is in effect part of a coalition and is contributing to the cause.

The ultimate aim of this strategy is a new program for direct income distribution. What reason is there to expect that the federal government will enact such legislation in response to a crisis in the welfare system?

We ordinarily think of major legislation as taking form only through established electoral processes. We tend to overlook the force of crisis in precipitating legislative reform, partly because we lack a theoretical framework by which to understand the impact of major disruptions.

By crisis, we mean a *publicly visible* disruption in some institutional sphere. Crisis can occur spontaneously (e.g., riots) or as the intended result of tactics of demonstration and protest which either generate institutional disruption or bring unrecognized disruption to public attention. Public trouble is a political liability; it calls for action by political leaders to stabilize the situation. Because crisis usually creates or exposes conflict, it threatens to produce cleavages in a political consensus which politicians will ordinarily act to avert.

Although crisis impels political action, it does not itself determine the selection of specific solutions. Political leaders will try to respond with proposals which work to their advantage in the electoral process. Unless group cleavages form around issues and demands, the politician has great latitude and tends to proffer only the minimum action required to quell disturbances without risking existing electoral support. Spontaneous disruptions, such as riots, rarely produce leaders who articulate demands; thus no terms are imposed, and political leaders are permitted to respond in ways that merely restore a semblance of stability without offending other groups in a coalition.

When, however, a crisis is defined by its participants—or by other activated groups—as a matter of clear issues and preferred solutions, terms are imposed on the politicians' bid for their support. Whether political leaders then design solutions to reflect these terms depends on a two-fold calculation: first, the impact of the crisis and the issues it raises on existing alignments and, second, the gains or losses in support to be expected as a result of a proposed resolution.

Reprints of this article may be obtained by writing to Miss Gracie Carroll, Columbia University School of Social Work, 2 East 91 Street, New York, N. Y. 10028. Single copies, 25c; five for $1; fifty for $5.

As to the impact on existing alignments, issues exposed by a crisis may activate new groups, thus altering the balance of support and opposition on the issues; or it may polarize group sentiments, altering the terms which must be offered to insure the support of given constituent groups. In framing resolutions, politicians are more responsive to group shifts and are more likely to accommodate to the terms imposed when electoral coalitions threatened by crisis are already uncertain or weakening. In other words, the politician responds to group demands, not only by calculating the magnitude of electoral gains and losses, but by assessing the impact of the resolution on the stability of existing or potential coalitions. Political leaders are especially responsive to group shifts when the terms of settlement can be framed so as to shore up an existing coalition, or as a basis for the development of new and more stable alignments, *without* jeopardizing existing support. Then, indeed, the calculation of net gain is most secure.

The legislative reforms of the depression years, for example, were impelled not so much by organized interests exercised through regular electoral processes as by widespread economic crisis. That crisis precipitated the disrup-

tion of the regionally based coalitions underlying the old national parties. During the realignments of 1932, a new Democratic coalition was formed, based heavily on urban working-class groups. Once in power, the national Democratic leadership proposed and implemented the economic reforms of the New Deal. Although these measures were a response to the imperative of economic crisis, the types of measures enacted were designed to secure and stabilize the new Democratic coalition.

The civil rights movement, to take a recent case, also reveals the relationship of crisis and electoral conditions in producing legislative reform. The crisis in the South took place in the context of a weakening North-South Democratic coalition. The strains in that coalition were first evident in the Dixiecrat desertion of 1948, and continued through the Eisenhower years as the Republicans gained ground in the Southern states. Democratic party leaders at first tried to hold the dissident South by warding off the demands of enlarging Negro constituencies in Northern cities. Thus for two decades the national Democratic Party campaigned on strongly worded civil rights planks but enacted only token measures. The civil rights movement forced the Democrats' hand: a crumbling Southern partnership was forfeited, and major civil rights legislation was put forward, designed to insure the support of Northern Negroes and liberal elements in the Democratic coalition. That coalition emerged strong from the 1964 election, easily able to overcome the loss of Southern states to Goldwater. At the same time, the enacted legislation, particularly the Voting Rights Act, laid the ground for a new Southern Democratic coalition of moderate whites and the hitherto untapped reservoir of Southern Negro voters.

The electoral context which made crisis effective in the South is also to be found in the big cities of the nation today. Deep tensions have developed among groups comprising the political coalitions of the large cities—the historic stronghold of the Democratic Party. As a consequence, urban politicians no longer turn in the vote to national Democratic candidates with unfailing regularity. The marked defections revealed in the elections of the 1950s and which continued until the Johnson landslide of 1964 are a matter of great concern to the national party. Precisely because of this concern, a strategy to exacerbate still further the strains in the urban coalition can be expected to evoke a response from national leaders.

The weakening of the urban coalition is a result of many basic changes in the relationship of local party leadership to its constituents. First, the political machine, the distinctive and traditional mechanism for forging alliances among competing groups in the city, is now virtually defunct in most cities. Successive waves of municipal reform have deprived political leaders of control over the public resources—jobs, contracts, services and favors—which machine politicians formerly dispensed to voters in return for electoral support. Conflicts among elements in the urban Democratic coalition, once held together politically because each secured a share of these benefits, cannot now be so readily contained. And as the means of placating competing groups have diminished, tensions along ethnic and class lines have multiplied. These tensions are being intensified by the encroachments of an enlarging ghetto population on jobs, schools and residential areas. Big-city mayors are thus caught between antagonistic working-class ethnic groups, the remaining middle class, and the rapidly enlarging minority poor.

Second, there are discontinuities in the relationship between the urban party apparatus and its ghetto constituents which have so far remained unexposed but which a welfare crisis would force into view. The ghetto vote has been growing rapidly and has so far returned overwhelming Democratic majorities. Nevertheless, this voting bloc is not fully integrated in the party apparatus, either through the representation of its leaders or the accommodation of its interests.

While the urban political apparatus includes members of new minority groups, these groups are by no means represented according to their increasing proportions in the population. More important, elected representation alone is not an adequate mechanism for the expression of group interests. Influence in urban politics is won not only at the polls but through the sustained activity of organized interests—such as labor unions, home-owner associations and business groups. These groups keep watch over the complex operations of municipal agencies, recognizing issues and regularly asserting their point of view through meetings with public officials, appearances at public hearings and the like, and by exploiting a whole array of channels of influence on government. Minority constituencies—at least the large proportion of them that are poor—are not regular participants in the various institutional spheres where organized interest groups typically develop. Thus the interests of the mass of minority poor are not protected by associations which make their own or other political leaders responsive by continuously calling them to account. Urban party organizations have become, in consequence, more an avenue for the personal advancement of minority political leaders than a channel for the expression of minority-group interests. And the big-city mayors, struggling to preserve an uneasy urban consensus, have thus been granted the slack to evade the conflict-generating interests of the ghetto. A crisis in public welfare would expose the tensions latent in this attenuated relationship between the ghetto vote and the urban party leadership, for it would thrust forward ghetto demands and back them with the threat of defections by voters who have so far remained both loyal and quiescent.

In the face of such a crisis, urban political leaders may well be paralyzed by a party apparatus which ties them to older constituent groups, even while the ranks of these groups are diminishing. The national Democratic leadership, however, is alert to the importance of the urban Negro vote, especially in national contests where the loyalty of other urban groups is weakening. Indeed, many of the legislative reforms of the Great Society can be understood as efforts, however feeble, to reinforce the allegiance of growing ghetto constituencies to the national Democratic Administration. In the thirties, Democrats began to put forward measures to circumvent the states in order to reach the big-city elements in the New Deal coalition; now it is becoming expedient to put forward measures to circumvent the weakened big-city mayors in order to reach the new minority poor.

Recent federal reforms have been impelled in part by widespread unrest in the ghetto, and instances of more aggressive Negro demands. But despite these signs that the ghetto vote may become less reliable in the future, there has been as yet no serious threat of massive defection. The national party has therefore not put much pressure on its urban branches to accommodate the minority poor. The resulting reforms have consequently been quite modest (e.g., the war against poverty, with its emphasis on the "involvement of the poor," is an effort to make the urban party apparatus somewhat more accommodating).

A welfare crisis would, of course, produce dramatic local political crisis, disrupting and exposing rifts among urban groups. Conservative Republicans are always ready to declaim the evils of public welfare, and they would probably be the first to raise a hue and cry. But deeper and politically more telling conflicts would take place within the Democratic coalition. Whites—both working-class ethnic groups and many in the middle class—would be aroused against the ghetto poor, while liberal groups, which until recently have been comforted by the notion that the poor are few and, in any event, receiving the beneficent assistance of public welfare, would probably support the movement. Group conflict, spelling political crisis for the local party apparatus, would thus become acute as welfare rolls mounted and the strains on local budgets became more severe. In New York City, where the Mayor is now facing desperate revenue shortages, welfare expenditures are already second only to those for public education.

It should also be noted that welfare costs are generally shared by local, state and federal governments, so that the crisis in the cities would intensify the struggle over revenues that is chronic in relations between cities and states. If the past is any predictor of the future, cities will fail to procure relief from this crisis by persuading states to increase their proportionate share of urban welfare costs, for state legislatures have been notoriously unsympathetic to the revenue needs of the city (especially where public welfare and minority groups are concerned).

If this strategy for crisis would intensify group cleavages, a federal income solution would not further exacerbate them. The demands put forward during recent civil rights drives in the Northern cities aroused the opposition of huge majorities. Indeed, such fierce resistance was evoked (e.g., school boycotts followed by counter-boycotts), that accessions by political leaders would have provoked greater political turmoil than the protests themselves, for profound class and ethnic interests are at stake in the employment, educational and residential institutions of our society. By contrast, legislative measures to provide direct income to the poor would permit national Democratic leaders to cultivate ghetto constituencies without unduly antagonizing other urban groups, as is the case when the battle lines are drawn over schools, housing or jobs. Furthermore, a federal income program would not only redeem local governments from the immediate crisis but would permanently relieve them of the financially and politically onerous burdens of public welfare*—a function which generates support from none and hostility from many, not least of all welfare recipients.

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*It should also be noted that the federal government, unlike local jurisdictions, has taxing powers which yield substantially increased revenues as an automatic by-product of increases in national income.

We suggest, in short, that if pervasive institutional reforms are not yet possible, requiring as they do expanded Negro political power and the development of new political alliances, crisis tactics can nevertheless be employed to secure particular reforms in the short run by exploiting weaknesses in current political alignments. Because the urban coalition stands weakened by group conflict today, disruption and threats of disaffection will count powerfully, provided that national leaders can respond with solutions which retain the support of ghetto constituencies while avoiding new group antagonisms and bolstering the urban party apparatus. These are the conditions, then, for an effective crisis strategy in the cities to secure an end to poverty.

No strategy, however confident its advocates may be, is foolproof. But if unforeseen contingencies thwart this plan to bring about new federal legislation in the field of poverty, it should also be noted that there would be gains even in defeat. For one thing, the plight of many poor people would be somewhat eased in the course of an assault upon public welfare. Existing recipients would come to know their rights and how to defend them, thus acquiring dignity where none now exists; and millions of dollars in withheld welfare benefits would become available to potential recipients now—not several generations from now. Such an attack should also be welcome to those currently concerned with programs designed to equip the young to rise out of poverty (e.g., Head Start), for surely children learn more readily when the oppressive burden of financial insecurity is lifted from the shoulders of their parents. And those seeking new ways to engage the Negro politically should remember that public resources have always been the fuel for low-income urban political organization. If organizers can deliver millions of dollars in cash benefits to the ghetto masses, it seems reasonable to expect that the masses will deliver their loyalties to their benefactors. At least, they have always done so in the past.

MOSCOW CONGRESS

The Old Party & the Young People

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

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At the 23rd Congress, which ended in Moscow on April 9, the Soviet ruling group put a tombstone on Mr. Khrushchev's political grave, without once mentioning his name. An almost identical method of anonymous denunciation, it may be recalled, was applied to Stalin in the first two or three years after his death. It is certain that at the closed session of this Congress, to which foreign Communists—delegates from "fraternal parties"—were not admitted, the de-Khrushchevization was carried out quite explicitly. But until news about what happened behind the closed doors leaks out, the results of the Congress can be assessed only on the basis of the incomplete official reports.

What is clear even now is that the Congress has brought about, or at least revealed, a swing from reform and de-Stalinization to more rigid and authoritarian policies which may be described, for the lack of a better term, as crypto- or neo-Stalinist. Most of the reforms initiated by Khrushchev have been scrapped. The Congress was extremely reticent about the previously much advertised advice of Soviet economists who urged the government to give wider scope to profit in the national economy. There is to be more central control over the administration and over industry. Stability, discipline and caution were the watchwords.

The desire for stability and the fear of taking risks were so great that the authoritarians did not even dare to boast of their indubitable success. They protested against the "wholesale denigration of our heroic past" by novelists and memoirists; they called for stricter party supervision over history writing, literature and the arts; but they did not come out openly as the defenders of Stalin and Stalinism. Evidently no one who aspires to play a role in Soviet political life can afford to do so. This accounts for the fact that the Congress did not rehabilitate Molotov and Kaganovich, the "Stalinist die-hards" whom Khrushchev had expelled from the party, but only their associate, the old Marshal Voroshilov.

In the weeks preceding the opening of the Congress, rumors of an impending rehabilitation of the great despot caused alarm and led many eminent scientists, writers and party veterans to express their misgivings in public demonstrations, in collective letters to the party leaders, and in various other ways. These were almost factional activities, such as had not been tolerated for forty years—because in the party, as in any army, collective protests of any kind are held tantamount to mutiny. Those presently guilty of the mutinous acts have been reproved, but most of them are far too eminent to be punished, and their warnings have been heeded, up to a point, even by the crypto-Stalinists who sensed that they might raise a storm if they behaved too provocatively.

Thus, the authoritarian trend in party affairs has shown itself less in open pronouncements than in furtive maneuvers and symbolic gestures. The party's supreme authority, the Presidium, has been renamed the Politburo, as it was in the old days; and Mr. Brezhnev is no longer First Secretary but General Secretary, as Stalin was. The leaders of the three most powerful organizations, those of

Moscow, Leningrad and the Ukraine, came forward with the demand for the restitution of the old title which, they recalled, had been introduced by Lenin in 1922. This was no innocent playing with labels and historic memories, for although it is true that the Politburo and the office of the General Secretary had been formed on Lenin's initiative, it was only during the Stalin era that those offices acquired their characteristic awe-inspiring quality. To Russians old enough to remember, it was evident that the leaders of Moscow, Leningrad and the Ukraine were in fact calling for a "strong man" to take command of the party once again, and that they hoped to impart strength to him by giving him Stalin's title. Yet no sooner had they raised this call than they had to mute it ambiguously by reassuring the Congress that they wanted "strong leadership" of the Leninist rather than the Stalinist type.

The same ambiguity surrounded other decisions. Mr. Mikoyan, who had been the brain behind Khrushchev in the heyday of de-Stalinization, was not re-elected to the Politburo. Ostensibly that was because of old age and ill health, yet the party's ruling circle let him go in silence, without even a vote of thanks for his forty years of service in the Politburo (and the Presidium). The restriction which the previous Congress had placed on the re-election of members to high office for second, third or fourth terms was abolished. This reflected the hierarchy's fear that too much "fresh blood" might result in too radical a change in the character and identity of the ruling group. The Congress further resolved, again amid invocations of Leninist precedents, that so-called party conferences should be held in the intervals between party Congresses. Delegates to Congresses are elected by the rank and file, while participants of conferences are appointed from above. The difference may not be great in a country and a party where the rank and file usually elect only the nominees of those in authority. All the same, the conferences will more decidedly be the bureaucracy's own vehicles, immune from infiltration by undesirable influences; and the fact that they have been held may be an excuse to avoid convoking Congresses in critical situations. These measures and the all-around tightening of discipline indicate how anxious Mr. Brezhnev and his adherents are to reinforce the structure and moral authority of the party, which have been badly shaken by the upsets of the post-Stalin years.

This indeed is a time of trouble for the Soviet Union. The prospects in agriculture remain uncertain. The standard of living is not rising, or not rising fast enough. The economy has lost some of its momentum. Popular discontents have been boiling up. The ideological disarray, of which the Sinyavsky-Daniel affair is symptomatic, threatens to affect national morale. And the outlook is rendered the more unsettled by the tensions between various age groups. The old guilt-laden Stalinist generation is dying out, and the young who never knew Stalin are making their entry in every field of the national life. It should be remarked that 50 per cent of the Soviet population is under 26 years old; for these people the last war is not even a childhood memory and the taboos of the Stalin era are meaningless. Because of the immense Soviet losses in the last war—20 million dead!—the middle generation is too weak and battered to fill the gap left by the old and to hold its ground against the young.

The next five or ten years are going to bring a dramatic rejuvenation of Soviet life, something like an explosion of youth and an eruption of new age groups into national politics and public affairs. The party is physically and mentally much older than the nation. About 50 per cent of its members have passed 40, and the average age of the hierarchy is around 50.

A gap is thus yawning between the elderly, conservative and frightened ruling group and the young, vigorous but frustrated nation. Mr. Brezhnev is trying not so much to bridge the gap as to put up dams against the threatening upsurge of new and unknown forces. It is doubtful that the dams can hold, or that Mr. Brezhnev—even with the title of General Secretary—is the "strong man" capable of controlling the gathering storm. He may well be the party's new King Canute.

On foreign policy, the pronouncements of the 23rd Congress were cagey, for they were designed to conceal differences within the ruling group, and to avoid open controversy with other Communist parties. Almost nothing was said about the Russo-Chinese conflict, although shortly before the Congress Moscow assailed the Maoists heavily in confidential messages addressed to foreign Communists, and although the Chinese had pointedly refused to attend the Congress.

The delegates had to content themselves with Brezhnev's benign assurances of good will toward China and of confidence in a happy resolution of the conflict. Between the lines one could almost hear sighs of relief at the absence of the Chinese. At the previous Congress, Chou En-lai, the notorious troublemaker, walked out after Khrushchev had launched an attack on the Albanians. No such scandalous scene could occur this time. The Soviet leaders at the Congress showed a somewhat ostentatious "prudence and self-restraint" vis-à-vis China, and the tactic earned them handsome dividends. Some of the parties that had until recently lined up with the Maoists were represented at the Congress, and their delegates joined in the great hosanna for Khrushchev's successors. The Vietnamese (of North and South) have also come with thanksgivings for the aid they were receiving from Russia; and in faraway Havana, Fidel Castro was belaboring the Chinese with a rancor that even Khrushchev could not have matched. Brezhnev and Kosygin had some reason to be satisfied.

Yet, for all the prudence and caution, their speeches contained definite surprises; and so did the foreign policy deliberations. Brezhnev expressed himself in an idiom and in accents different from those used by Khrushchev. Although he spoke about Russia's desire to avoid war with the American imperialists, he did not dwell on "peaceful coexistence." The denunciations of American interventions in Vietnam and Latin America were unusually blunt; and, unlike Khrushchev, Brezhnev drew no distinction between the "aggressive war mongers" and the "peace-loving and rational elements" in the American Administration. His leitmotiv was the Soviet Union's unconditional solidarity with all the revolutionary forces in the world struggling against neo-colonialism and striving for socialism.

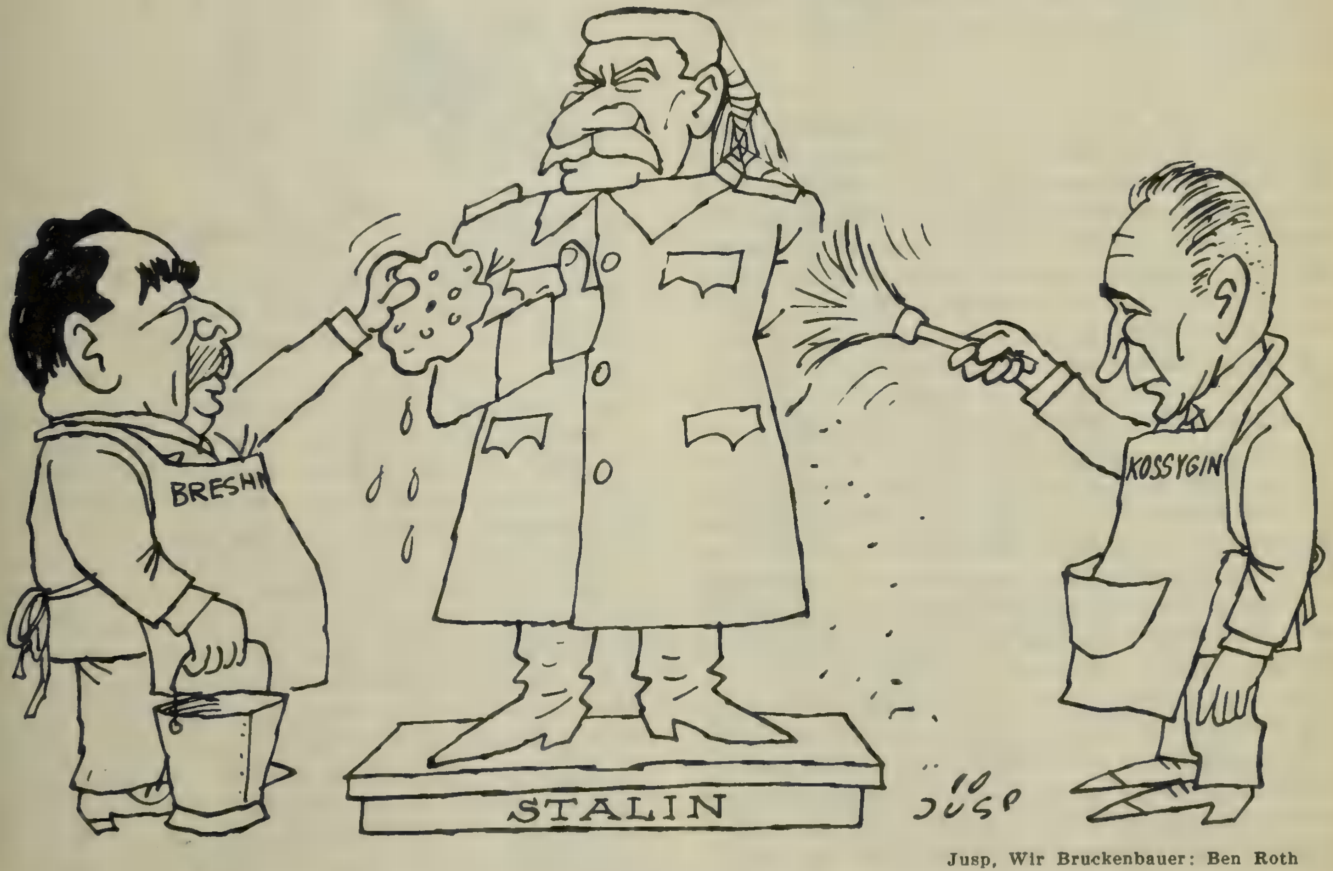
To be sure, Khrushchev used to express similar sentiments, and it may thus be argued that there was nothing new in what Brezhnev said. However, the novelty consisted in quite a sharp shift of emphasis. "Peaceful coexistence," which used to be Khrushchev's main theme, was only a minor note in Brezhnev's performance; and Khrushchev's secondary or even incidental theme—the Soviet Union's international revolutionary commitment—was Brezhnev's keynote. This was reflected in the whole composition and style of his exposé, which precluded any of those nostalgic references to the "spirit of Geneva" and "spirit of Camp David" which abounded in Khrushchevite pronouncements.

Nor did delegates at the Congress, including those from foreign Communist parties, speak about the possibility of a "peaceful transition from capitalism to socialism" in some countries, which was another major theme in Khrushchev's time. These two notions—"peaceful coexistence" and "peaceful transition"—have been the objects of all the Maoist attacks, for they were, in Chinese eyes, the most important manifestations of "Khrushchevite revisionism." The present Soviet leaders were obviously anxious to remove these targets from sight. Thus, in a vague and cautious way, the Congress was staged as a demonstration of a return to orthodoxy and to militancy. Characteristic of this mood was the fact that even the music that was transmitted into the Congress hall from the Soviet satellite orbiting the moon was not the anthem of the Soviet Union, but the *Internationale*, the hymn of revolution and fighting communism. This stage effect was carefully chosen.

The war in Vietnam had undoubtedly cast its shadow on the Congress. A special resolution on Vietnam commits the Soviet Government to counter American escalation with increased aid to the Vietcong. The heightened vigilance and the stricter domestic discipline are all related to the tension in Southeast Asia. This recalls the days of the Korean War, about fifteen years ago, when Stalin was tightening the reins. But the alarms and the fears were much graver then, for the fighting was taking place much nearer the Soviet frontiers, and the threat of world war seemed imminent.

On the other hand, Brezhnev and Kosygin must cope with difficulties that did not trouble Stalin. They must face the accusation that they are not doing enough to help the Vietcong or to defend North Vietnam against American bombardment. Not only the Chinese say this; even such staunch anti-Maoists as the Poles are reproaching Moscow for its inactivity and *immobilisme*. (The Poles cannot help wondering, with a glance toward Germany, whether the Russians might not behave with similar phlegm in case of a conflict nearer home.)

Generally speaking, Soviet passivity in face of armed American attacks on a "fraternal Socialist country" is causing anxiety in all Communist parties. At the Congress, this mood was expressed by the Cuban delegate who, despite his party's breach with the Chinese, delivered a veiled but nevertheless scathing attack on the Soviet position. Quoting Castro, he called on the Soviet party and government to "take any risks that may be necessary to meet American aggression." He held out the example of his own country, so small and so precariously placed, which was not afraid of any risks; why then should the Soviet colossus behave



Jusp, Wir Bruckenbauer: Ben Roth

Dusting

so gingerly over Vietnam? "Very soon," he warned, "there are going to be many other Vietnams" in various parts of the world, especially in Latin America.

The Cuban delegate, among others, was not impressed by Brezhnev's statement that Soviet aid to Vietnam last year amounted to half a billion dollars; it is very little indeed, compared with the American expenditure. And uneasiness over the Soviet Government's behavior is certainly shared by some sections of the Soviet people as well. This may be gathered from an event reported to have taken place just after the Congress, when in the very center of Moscow a young Ukrainian burned himself to death in protest against the authorities' refusal to let him go and fight as a volunteer in Vietnam. This demonstration was as unusual in Soviet circumstances as it is significant.

The resolutions of the Congress and the reticence of the leaders in the matter of China conceal at least two conflicting attitudes. On the one hand, there are those among the leaders who have in fact no desire for a reconciliation with China but who are determined to continue the feud to the "bitter end"; they hold that it is good tactics for them to go on refraining from public polemics, to counter criticisms with insubstantial verbal concessions, and so to place the odium of the breach on the Chinese. Others, however, are genuinely eager to come to terms with the Chinese, to coordinate policies and action, and to intervene more decisively in defense of North Vietnam. American "escalation" works to strengthen this latter group; and both groups fear that if the Russo-Chinese conflict is acted out in the open, the Americans may feel encouraged to attack China; and in that case the Soviet Union might find itself drawn into global conflict. It is difficult enough for the Soviet Government to stand aloof while the American Air Force is bombarding North Vietnam; but it would be quite impossible for it to do so if China were bombed. (There was also much talk at the Congress about the threat to European peace implied by the Washington-Bonn axis that was forming within NATO.) All this explains why Brezhnev and his adherents had to adopt at the Congress the posture of "moderation" toward China. Behind the scenes, however, they continue to attack the Chinese; and, indeed, conduct an unpublicized war of nerves against Maoism.

SANTO DOMINGO

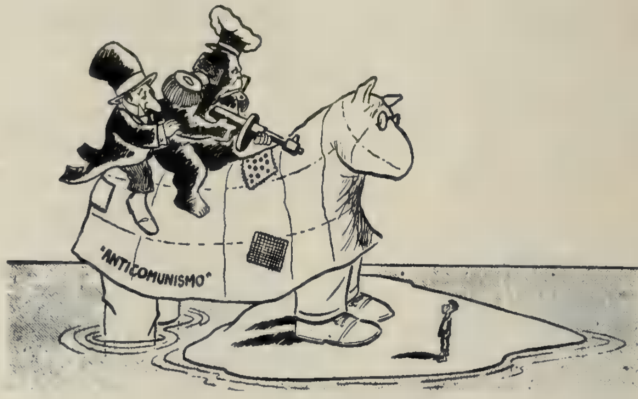
THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION

SIDNEY LENS

Mr. Lens has just returned from a brief trip to Santo Domingo, which he previously visited in the summer of 1963. His Radicalism in America *will be published on May 27 by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.*

A peace of sorts has prevailed in Santo Domingo during the past few weeks, but there is some question both as to its durability and its significance. There is no doubt as to what brought it about. On February 9, palace guards, who had enough tear gas to restrain a small army, instead used their rifles against an unarmed demonstration of students; they killed four and wounded forty-three. Anger ran so high that when Juan Bosch and his friends called a general strike they effectively tied up the economy for eight days. The result was the long-overdue banishment of the reactionary Minister of the Armed Forces, Francisco Javier Rivera Caminero, and the appointment of a more moderate man, Gen. Enrique Perez y Perez, as Chief of Staff. The chief of police was also tossed out in favor of someone considered more tolerant of the constitutionalists who adhere to the cause of Juan Bosch. The new appointments, combined with the surprising vitality of the revolutionary forces during the strike, have convinced the terrorists that for the moment caution is wiser than excess.

Even so, the situation is still explosive. Members of Bosch's Dominican Revolutionary Party (PRD) are afraid that this may be the lull before the storm, and that when it becomes obvious that Washington's man on horseback, Joaquin Balaguer, has no chance of winning the June 1 Presidential election, terror will break out on an even greater scale. Adherents of the more radical Social Christians, in alliance with the PRD, share these forebodings.



Vadillo, La Prensa: Ben Roth

The signs of tension are thick. When Balaguer leaves his combined home and office on Maximo Gomez Avenue, a small red car, manned by three soldiers with submachine guns, precedes his limousine. In the house itself, a dozen or more armed men are stationed on the second floor when Balaguer holds court. A few blocks away, Rafael Bonnely, another former Trujillista who is also a Presidential candidate, has a smaller bodyguard, but it is clear that he too does not feel safe without a few gunmen around. As for the key man in this crisis, Juan Bosch, he is holed up in a small house not far from the Embajador Hotel, guarded assiduously by seventy "frogmen" who were the vanguard of the revolution of April 24, 1965. Of the four major political figures, only Antonio del Rosario of the Social Christians has no military guard—at least none is visible—at either his home or office.

Everyone in Santo Domingo knows someone who has a hidden machine gun or submachine gun. The number of weapons in civilian hands is estimated at between 4,000 and 12,000—no small armory in a country whose combined police and military force is 25,000. Two young fellows talking to us on the street in the center of town unbuttoned their shirts to show their hidden pearl-handled pistols. Children 8 to 14 years of age, called "The Doves," are organized to steal small arms from Brazilians or Americans. Considerable amounts of hand grenades and ammunition, it is said, are being bought under the table from soldiers of the Inter-American Peace Force (FIP). Two months ago fifty-two members of the Dominican air force tried to stage a revolt when the thirty-four rightist military figures disobeyed the President's order to leave the country. Nine of them were sergeants, reflecting the strong division that still gnaws at the armed services themselves. Eight hundred to 900 of Col. Francisco Camaano's "rebels" are stationed in a special camp near town, and their political views are still said to be "constitutionalist." Wherever one turns, therefore, the ingredients are present for another explosion.

All of these factors suggest that the salient feature of Dominican life today is an *unfinished* revolution, one which the United States—with more sophistication than it showed last year—is still trying desperately to abort, but which the active Dominicans, especially the youth, are trying to conclude. American intervention, it is now clear, was not only harsh, brutal and crude, but momentarily miscalculated. From April 24 to April 28, 1965, there was genuine revolution in Santo Domingo—a real, democratic uprising of far-reaching significance. That revolution concentrated above everything else on destroying the military caste that had served Trujillo for thirty-one years, had overthrown the only democratically elected government in many decades, that of Juan Bosch, and had held the reins of power until April. The demand for the return of President Bosch was simply the obverse side of their hostility to militarist reaction.

To the young men who led that revolution it is the United States and the United States alone that saves the militarists from oblivion. "In two days," says a 25-year-old PRD member who commanded a squad near the Hotel Commercial, "we had those bums licked and we would have wiped them out in the next thirty-six hours if you North Americans hadn't sent in 27,000 of your soldiers." His words are confirmed by Gen. Elias Wessin y Wessin, who conceded that the army chiefs "were on the run," that "the navy, with the exception of nine of its more than thirty ships of all types, was almost totally on the other side. Indecision continued at air force headquarters. . . . The police force's chiefs were indecisive and vacillating."

American intervention, according to Juan Bosch, cost the Dominican people 4,000 lives. Wessin, at the Embassy's request, bombed the rebel sectors, and U.S. troops cut the constitutionalist forces in two, permitting the old guard to wreak havoc on "rebels" isolated in the northern part of town. Yet Washington had made a monumental miscalculation. "Strong" as its policy seemed to American hawks, the revolution did not melt away. The young men held their ground in the center of town and the United States seemed confronted with the choice of either leveling the center of the city or coming to some accommodation with the revolution.

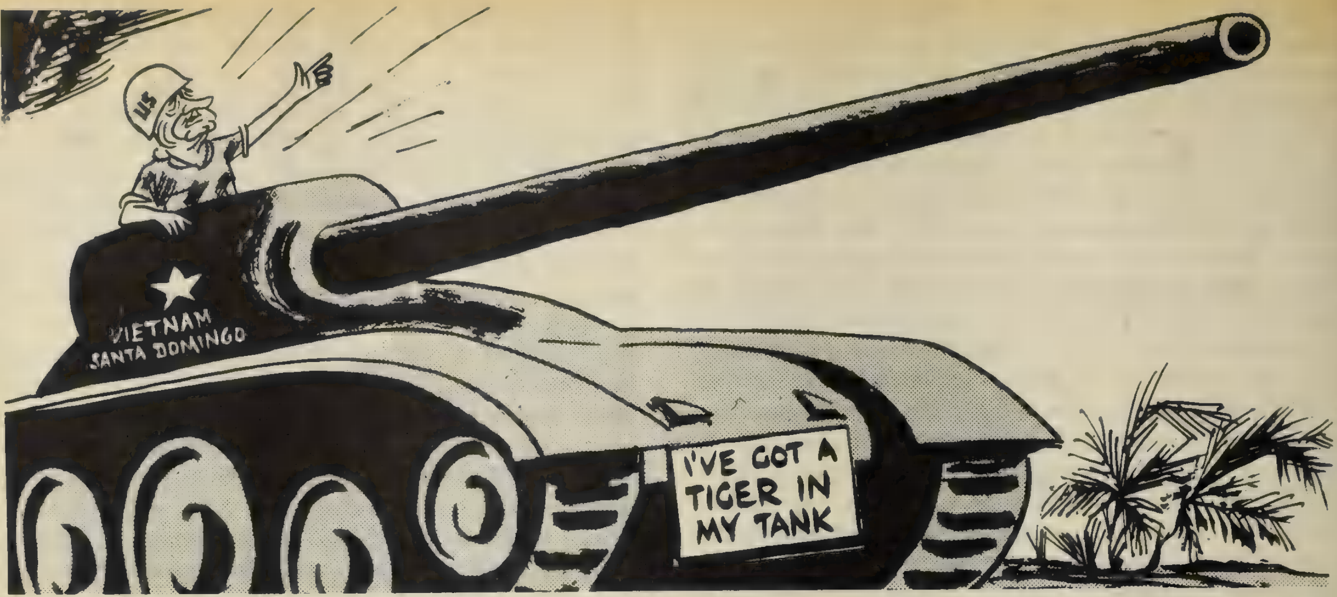
It did neither. It retreated from naked force to what it considered sophisticated negotiations, but the core of its strategy—then as now—has been to save the military caste at all costs. In the following weeks a remarkable series of talks took place both in Washington and Santo Domingo—most of it still unpublicized. According to highly reliable sources here, Rosario, leader of the Social Christians, a group similar to that of President Frei in Chile, met with Jose ("Pepe") Figueres in Washington. Figueres, former President of Costa Rica, had had friendly relations with the White House ever since the Kennedy administration. He now acted as an intermediary in the Dominican affair.

President Johnson, Figueres told Rosario, recognizes that he has made a terrible blunder. He wants to correct it, but as you know, a great nation cannot retreat in these circumstances without some kind of face saver. Figueres suggested, tentatively, that perhaps the Dominicans could send thirty or forty Communists into exile. They could then set up a PRD government without Bosch (who had become a bone in Johnson's throat) and the Marines could be shipped back home.

Rosario made it clear that neither he nor the PRD believed that you could fight ideas with guns, yet in order to save his nation from the Marines he would appeal to the Communists to make the sacrifice. He was confident that he could get thirty or forty Communist leaders to leave the country voluntarily, provided they were given jobs in the diplomatic or other services. But he insisted that for every Communist sent out, a Trujillista military man must also go. Figueres twice took this proposal to the White House, and on the second occasion came back elated. "We have won," he cried. "Johnson is with us." Rosario too was happy; he telephoned the news to Col. Francisco Camaano's foreign minister.

But by the time McGeorge Bundy came to Santo Domingo to implement this understanding, it had been twisted beyond recognition. Instead of voluntary exile for the Communists he demanded that they be incarcerated in concentration camps. And instead of removing the Trujillista officers simultaneously, he agreed only to sending out the two most hated of them, Wessin and Rivera Caminero. As a crowning insult, he demanded that all the constitutionalist military leaders, from Colonel Camaano down, be ousted from the country. Such a proposal was, of course, unacceptable, and Bundy's mission failed. The American press reported that the two sides could not agree on someone to head a provisional government, but it did not note the other maneuvers, above all the betrayed understanding.

The next phase of American policy was the selection of Hector Garcia-Godoy as provisional President and the setting of June 1, 1966, as the date for national elections. Garcia-Godoy is a sincere man, on reasonably good terms with most factions, but he is—as some of his friends put it—"a born compromiser" and weak. Under his regime the ten constitutionalist military leaders have indeed been sent abroad—as Bundy had proposed—but of the rightists only Caminero and Wessin went into exile. The rest are still there; some have been shifted and a few demoted, but the



Vicky, London Evening Standard: Ben Roth

ancient military fabric is intact. From September 3, 1965, when Garcia-Godoy took office until March, 1966, members of this military force participated in a wave of individual assassinations that exacted a toll of one or two men a day. According to the Dominican Association for Human Rights, 200 to 250 "rebels" have been killed, and perhaps twice that number tortured and wounded. The association's file of affidavits on these atrocities is literally 14 inches high. The association charges that American troops have occasionally fired at people solely because they shouted "Yankee Go Home." Maj. Arias Collado, a constitutionalist, disappeared on the way to camp in territory patrolled by U.S. forces, and his body was later found in this zone. The governor of one province, a member of PRD, was ambushed in November and murdered.

In December, constitutionalist soldiers gathering at the Hotel Matum in Santiago to commemorate the death of one of their fellows, were attacked by five tanks and 400 soldiers of the air force. President Garcia-Godoy was informed within an hour and FIP troops were on the scene before 1 P.M. From 1 to 5:30 P.M., however, they did nothing to stop hostilities. If demonstrations had not broken out in Santo Domingo there might have been a massacre. As it was, three or four were killed inside the hotel and six outside, perhaps by execution.

Nor is this all. Harassment has been constant. In the hinterlands, homes of PRD and Social Christian members are shot at in the middle of the night to warn them against participating in political meetings. It is only rarely that the left of Center parties dare to hold a demonstration in the open, for fear there will be wholesale killings. On March 2, Rosario was addressing a small gathering in the home of a teacher when twelve military men, with submachine guns poised, invaded the premises and demanded to know "who granted permission for this affair." A few days later in downtown Santo Domingo, Rosario himself was hauled out of his automobile by six soldiers, made to put up his hands, and searched like a common criminal, even though his identity was well known. Constitutionalists are frequently stopped by police, searched, their voter identity cards taken and torn up.

It is against this background that the United States now hopes to vault Joaquin Balaguer, Trujillo's puppet president and "image maker," into the Presidency on June 1. Without the terror and harassment his prospects would be nil; with it he enjoys an outside chance, for the people are becoming tired and hoping for delivery from the pervasive uncertainty.

Short and emaciated, belying the healthy look of his posters, Balaguer has a way of making people forget he was Trujillo's boy, even while he uses some of Trujillo's methods. He is the son of immigrants who never enjoyed favor with the upper classes. Thousands remember the individual favors he did when he came to power after Trujillo's assassination: helping a cab driver to buy a taxi or a peasant to make a loan or a worker to get a job. In the driveway of his home today sixty or eighty people wait in line to dictate little memoranda to a young male typist, asking for some help. Balaguer tries during his hectic schedule to see as many of these petitioners as possible. He puts his arm around the shoulder of a hapless peasant and commiserates with him in a paternalistic style reminiscent of a William Dawson, a Tammany politician—or a Trujillo. He can be very reassuring, especially to those whose sons have been killed or who are at the end of their tether.

And according to the vice minister of labor, one-half of the working population — 500,000 out of 2 million — are without jobs. Some 600,000 Dominicans depend in whole or in part on food packages from CARE or the Catholic relief agency. In the heart of Santo Domingo, according to one doctor, you can find entire families living on one meal, 20c a day. The 4,000 killed, the continued kidnapings, the tortures, the harassment—all this intensifies the desire for stability.

In this atmosphere Balaguer's espousal of "peace" strikes a resonant chord. "Prepare for the arrival of peace in 1966," says a little card he has mailed to thousands of followers in the Reformist party. Balaguer—so far at least—does not waste time attacking Juan Bosch, or the candidate to the right of him, Rafael Bonnely. Instead he talks platitudes: "I represent the party of the mother" who doesn't want her boy killed. And since it is obvious to everyone that he has the support both of the United States and the Dominican military, this sort of talk wins recruits in some quarters. It has not yet galvanized a majority. A newspaper man who attended Balaguer's meeting at Quisqueya reports there were few natives of that town in the audience of 300. There were some armed soldiers, some ex-soldiers, people brought in from elsewhere by truck, and even a few Haitians, but almost no one from the neighborhood.

One can only wonder, however, whether anyone in the State Department has tried to gauge the full consequences of any solution other than Juan Bosch, who declared his own candidacy on April 10. The young revolutionaries—what someone has called the "active population"—command the cities and a considerable sector in the villages. The slogans they have painted and the posters they have plastered in the center of Santo Domingo reflect wide popular acceptance: "Yankee Go Home," "Oust FAY" (Yankee Forces of Aggression). Just off El Conde Street near Independence Square, they have put up a grotesque poster of a big Yankee soldier holding a protesting citizen and encouraging an armed native soldier to go after him. Anti-Americanism, though not universal—it is weaker in the villages than in the cities—is nonetheless rampant. Under this heading, the young rebels include not only the Yankees themselves but the Dominican military leaders and Balaguer. Will they yield quietly to a Balaguer build-up, particularly if it comes on the heels of renewed terror? Or will they renew their revolution again in other forms—strikes, guerrilla actions?

Despite the momentary calm and the removal of the American troops to the suburbs, the gulf between the active populace and the United States and its allies widens. Hatred intensifies. Bosch points out that while there were only 700 Communists in 1963, there are now 12,000, and they are growing, particularly among university students. The leftist mood penetrates ever deeper, but neither the United States nor its Dominican friends know how to appease it. In the end, it may turn out that a greater bloodletting was only postponed. No one can guarantee that U.S. troops will leave even after the elections. "It depends," an assistant to Ellsworth Bunker says, "on what the new government wants." This is sufficiently vague to raise doubts.

Juan Bosch, looking more relaxed despite his ordeal than when I saw him two and a half years ago, and still exerting the personal magnetism that welds him to his people, poses the dilemma of all of Latin America. "You can't build democracy on this hemisphere *with* the United States," he says, "and you can't build it *without* the United States." You can't build it with the United States because Uncle Sam insists, as the cornerstone of its policy, on upholstering flabby military Fascists. And you can't build it without, because the U.S. represents the economic and political reality of this hemisphere. Without U.S. tolerance it is impossible to forge a viable society.

The Dominican people are caught on the horns of this dilemma, and it is doubtful that the June elections, even if they are held, will spring them loose.

LETTERS *(continued from page 506)*

may in fact include certain procedures for change. But it is precisely what is happening *now* that is being protested. And if the law, be it specific or the whole legal structure, condones these happenings, or inhibits effective (communicative) protest, then it, too, is being challenged.

The fact that a violation of a trespass law is the crime in question is not insignificant, though at first it may so appear, for such statutes were clearly initiated to protect one's private property, and peaceful demonstrations at any public site do not, to my way of thinking, necessarily constitute such a violation. . . . No one's living room has been invaded nor has anyone's lawn been trampled. Rather, interested and concerned citizens have taken a stand at the local seat of an offending government agency. . . . If it is difficult for the law to appreciate this distinction, so much the worse for the law.

It is not clear, though, that the law need find this a difficulty. Essential to Mr. Cohen's position would seem to be the dismissal of the intentional argument—was the *intent* of the sit-ins primarily to convey an idea? Was the *intent* of the action a disobedience of an immoral order? (One could argue that there is an implicit immoral "order" to acquiesce in the national policy toward Vietnam. At what point does it become explicit?—when one is ordered to report for induction?—when one is ordered to Vietnam?—when one is ordered to the front lines?—when one is ordered to shoot a suspected Vietcong?—with or without his hands tied behind his back?) The recent Supreme Court rulings would indicate that intent may very well be all important, and if so, the legal point is far from lost.

A person's willingness to accept "punishment" for his "illegal" protests certainly enhances his moral position, but the point of the demonstrators, whom I do not have the advantage of knowing, would seem to be that the punishment, not the protest, is illegal. They did not sit in to make martyrs of themselves. They wished to protest the actions of their government. They wished their protest to be noted both by the government and their fellow citizens. In this they have succeeded. *Ezra Shahn*

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Along with William Crosby Miller and Matthew Zion, I was arrested for sitting in at Congressman Cohelan's office in Oakland, Calif.; we were found guilty by a jury on three counts . . . [and] face up to eighteen months plus nearly $1,000 fines. . . . Having put our bodies on the line, not just our minds, I . . . ask for special privileges, spacewise, in your tightly packed magazine.

Carl Cohen's apologia for the liberal mind recalls Earl Browder's famous definition of a liberal: "A liberal is a person who raises doubt and indecision to the level of a principle." Having delineated the issues clearly, he proceeds to express horrors of "going too far" and "is self-defeating." He feels that we, in our protests, open up "the right" for the K.K.K. to do the same thing.

Hasn't that "right" always been there? I am reminded of the liberal Jewish groups during and before World War II; they told us "don't protest" Hitler because "he will kill more Jews." . . .

Cohen comments that "accepting punishment" for dissent adds to the dissent's moral thrust. Agreed. Who is avoiding punishment? But pleading "not guilty" in a trespass case is not avoiding punishment, as we just have experienced; we are going to appeal this all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. . . . Further, there can be cases where pleading "guilty" is more to the point, but to use punishment as a principle "to further proof of his concern" is a very odd attitude, especially when he is using my body for his concern. . . .

George Kauffman

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Asia Trap: What Do We Do Now?

AMERICA AND CHINA: A New Approach to Asia. *By Chang Hsin-hai. Simon & Schuster. 288 pp. $5.95.*

VIETNAM: BETWEEN TWO TRUCES. *By Jean Lacouture. Introduction by Joseph Kraft. Translated from the French by Konrad Kellen and Joel Carmichael. Random House. 295 pp. $5.95.*

JONATHAN MIRSKY

A teacher of Chinese at the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Mirsky has recently returned from a visit to Vietnam. He is one of the contributors to Peace in Vietnam: A New Approach in Southeast Asia *(Hill and Wang).*

The Chinese evacuate their southern cities and the factories of Hanoi are removed to the hills. As the Vietnamese and Chinese prepare themselves for the worst we may well ask ourselves why they are so stubborn. Do they actually prefer to die? If they do, only history can explain why, and yet in Washington the President and all his men still say: "Sure we've made mistakes—but what do we do now?"

This is to imply that the current American perspective always contains the answer. Thus, when General Thi was removed, our Saigon embassy was "pleased"; a war lord had been displaced, and the Ky government was yet stronger. As that government now teeters on the edge of the abyss, Washington becomes nervous. An official complains: "The worst part is that the (Ky) government isn't even trying to do anything about this." He has forgotten the events of 1963 when Ngo Dinh Diem attacked the pagodas; Marshal Ky probably remembers.

Besides being reminded about the Buddhists, Washington is rediscovering Peking, too, and a new policy feebly begins to take shape as famous China specialists inform surprised-sounding Senators that China is trying to avoid war; that Lin Piao's speech (so garbled by Secretaries Rusk and McNamara) urged indigenous civil wars unaided from without; that China's self-image took a severe battering from foreigners for an entire century before 1949.

It is not merely to rehash the past that Chang Hsin-hai and Jean Lacouture have written their books. Each is seeking reconciliation; each has concluded that only through understanding the agonies of the past can present perspectives have meaning.

Not that historical analysis leads to wholesome ends. Washington officials are fond of quoting articles by, for instance, George A. Carver, Jr., who publishes in *Foreign Affairs*, where he is identified as a "student of political theory." Carver has also been identified as an employee of the CIA. In an article in *Foreign Affairs* (April, 1965) entitled "The Real Revolution in South Vietnam," he describes the NLF: it "is and always has been a contrived and consciously directed military campaign." The military "Young Turks," however, are among "the prime examples" of "culturally autochthonous revolutionaries," patriots whose activities, Carver admits, have so far been confined to the cities, so that the peasants do not (as yet) have a "feeling of direct identification with the fortunes of any Saigon regime." This is sad, he feels, because the Communists are totally antipathetic to everything Vietnamese, including the "peasant's immemorial attachment to the land he tills."

Carver neglects to comment that more than 80 per cent of the land in Long An province, for example, is not peasant owned (although under the Vietminh the contrary was true), that the "autochthonous" military have their strongest tie with the French ("our governments are irrelevant," was the criticism I heard most in Vietnam last summer), and that it was the U.S.-supported Diem government which made the strongest modern onslaught on Vietnamese local democracy by appointing, in 1956, village and hamlet chiefs where they had been traditionally elected. Nor did the Ngo family rest there: in 1961, again with American cooperation, Ngo Dinh Nhu devised the strategic hamlets. Lacouture sums up a social catastrophe as follows:

> By touching the villages Nhu and his friends touched at the very foundations of Vietnamese peasant culture . . . the raw material of public life, and even the basis of private life. The village even more than the individual was an entity . . . the village . . . negotiated with the central power. Everything derived from that entity, and all came down to it. It was the expression of that "harmony beneath the heavens" that any society imbued with Confucianism considered essential.

The snag is that immoderation is not confined to one camp. Chang Hsin-hai, a Harvard Ph.D. of 1922, with a distinguished academic and diplomatic career, now resides and teaches in this country. *America and China* is a plea for mutual understanding. Professor Chang speaks again and again of Chinese moderation in all things. What then are we to make of these statements? "I do not believe it is possible to find in the whole realm of Chinese thinking anyone who has justified war." (Sun Tzu before the Han, Mao Tse-tung nowadays.) "No two peoples are more alike than the Chinese and the Americans." "Though the Han and T'ang Dynasties are considered as being expansive, there was no effort at all to employ military force for the conquest of neighboring peoples." (Vietnam? Korea? Central Asia?) Japan should "realize" that "her civilization is after all of a derivative nature." (Language? Food? Manners?) "The concept of simplicity, of restraint, is utterly alien to the Hindu soul." (On the subject of India Professor Chang is wild.) In traditional China, law was settled in teahouses, "a kind of people's courthouse. . . . There was no need to refer to any legal compendium." (Has Professor Chang forgotten the great imperial Codes? That of the Ch'ing alone, with its multifarious prescriptions for torture and death, all depending on delicate class and familial distinctions, should make him ignore the teahouse.) This kind of thing will do no lasting good, and despite Professor Chang's passionate and rare concern for coexistence will simply supply ammunition to the hawks.

Vietnam: Between Two Truces is another matter. Although not Vietnamese, Lacouture is also personally involved, with years of official and journalistic experience behind him. His book is not for the beginner. It is rhetorical and loosely tied together (and rather badly translated) but in it Lacouture lays open the bare bones that Administration cant tries to conceal: the French turning a colonial war into an international one (when General de Lattre de Tassigny went to Washington in 1951); the amazing Vietminh capitulation under Chinese and Russian pressure at Geneva; the birth of the NLF under the lash of Diem's witch hunt (the Vietminh was among the last to join the struggle, the various national and religious groups not feeling bound by the 1954 accords); the endless efforts of the NLF to remain independent of Hanoi; the "quadrille of the Generals" in Saigon (Carver's revolutionaries); and the often murky aspirations of the Buddhists whom Lacouture points out *as a church* to be almost completely political, rather than religious.

It is indeed in the disjointed Buddhist sections that Lacouture is often most enlightening; their foremost object is to get rid of foreigners. In this they feel that cooperation with the National Liberation Front may be momentarily useful but that in the end they will supplant it. Who knows? Our relations in Saigon are always baffling. Thich Tam Chau, one of the leading monks, cordially sent me home from an interview in an army jeep, complete with soldier-driver which had been supplied to him by the military government he had just been criticizing.

The book is full of important details, veritable nuggets of thought-provoking information, almost never documented, all somewhat overassertive. It should come about sixth on a Vietnam reading list, but without it things may never hold together. For instance, the NLF mortaring of Pleiku in February, 1965, which afforded Johnson an excuse for bombing North Viet-

Vietnam Booklist

Below is a selection of books published from 1964 to the present, which are recommended as furnishing background information on China, the Vietnamese war, and the problems of Southeast Asia. It is not intended as a complete list but as a guide to the reader.

PEACE IN VIETNAM: A New Approach in Southeast Asia. *By Members of the Vietnam Working Party of the American Friends Service Committee. Hill & Wang. 112 pp. $3. Paper 95c.*

A simple, concise and well-documented background account which calls for a turn in American policy toward constructive approaches and a new understanding of the social forces compelling change in Southeast Asia.

THE NEW FACE OF WAR. *By Malcolm W. Browne. Bobbs-Merrill. 275 pp. $5.*

A report by a Pulitzer Prize-winning AP correspondent who witnessed the conflict in the South. (Reviewed by Bernard B. Fall, *The Nation*, May 17, 1965.)

VIET-NAM: Inside Story of the Guerilla War. *By Wilfred G. Burchett. International Publishers. 253 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.95.*

An account of warfare in South Vietnam, written from the point of view of the National Liberation Front. It contains unique data on the organization of the Vietcong. (Reviewed by Bernard B. Fall, *The Nation*, May 17, 1965.)

20TH CENTURY CHINA. *By O. Edmund Clubb. Columbia University Press. 470 pp. $2.75 paper.*

An evaluation of the effects of communism on China's recent history by a former foreign service officer who was in north China in 1949.

STREET WITHOUT JOY: From the Indochina War to the War in Viet-Nam (4th revised ed.). *By Bernard B. Fall. Stackpole. 408 pp. $7.95.*

A military history of the Indo-China war, pointing out parallels in the current war.

THE TWO VIET-NAMS: A Political and Military History (5th revised ed.). *By Bernard B. Fall. Frederick A. Praeger. 493 pp. $7.95.*

One of the best comprehensive coverages of political problems in both South and North Vietnam, with an excellent biography of Ho Chi Minh.

THE CHINESE VIEW OF THEIR PLACE IN THE WORLD. *By C. P. FitzGerald. Oxford University Press. 78 pp. $1.50 paper.*

Outlines China's past and present drives to world leadership.

VIETNAM: History, Documents and Opinions on a Major World Crisis. *Edited by Marvin E. Gettleman. Fawcett World Library. 448 pp. 95c paper.*

An extremely useful compilation of documents, sections of books, and articles concerning the background and conduct of the French war, the Geneva Agreements, the Diem administration and American involvement.

THE MAKING OF A QUAGMIRE. *By David Halberstam. Random House. 323 pp. $5.95.*

The Pulitzer Prize-winning book by *The New York Times's* correspondent. An excellent account of political and military events in South Vietnam from 1961 through 1964, covering the 1963 crisis and the fall of Diem. (Reviewed by Charles Mohr, *The Nation*, May 17, 1965.)

GOVERNMENTS AND POLITICS OF SOUTHEAST ASIA (2nd ed.). *Edited by George McT. Kahin. Cornell University Press. $8.50.*

Those sections on historical background, contemporary setting, political processes and major problems of North and South Vietnam by Roy Jumper and Marjorie Weiner Normand, and the sections on Cambodia and Laos by Roger Smith, are particularly relevant.

VIETNAM: BETWEEN TWO TRUCES. *By Jean Lacouture. Random House. 295 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed in this issue.

MISSION IN TORMENT: An Intimate Account of the U.S. Role in Vietnam. *By John Mecklin. Doubleday & Co. 318 pp. $4.95.*

A report of errors in American policy and conduct in Vietnam by a former high official of the United States Information Agency in Saigon.

VIETNAM DIVIDED. *By B. S. N. Murti. Asia Publishing House. $8.50.*

A full account of the findings of the International Control Commission by a man who served as Deputy Secretary General and Public Relations Officer of the ICC.

THE VIET-NAM READER. *Edited by Marcus G. Raskin and Bernard B. Fall. Random House. 415 pp. $5.95. Vintage. $2.45 paper.*

A comprehensive collection of articles and papers documenting the background and development of American involvement in Vietnam.

For those who read French, the books listed below are source material for much of the information in the volumes in English.

Indochine dix ans à indépendence. *By Georges Chaffoard. Calman Levy.*

Histoire du Viet-Nam de 1940 à 1952. *By Philippe Devillers. Editions du Seuil.*

La fin d'une guerre: Indochine 1954. *By Jean Lacouture and Philippe Devillers. Editions du Seuil.*

Viet-Nam: Sociologie d'une guerre. *By Paul Mus. Editions du Seuil.*

nam, is given brief but stimulating treatment. Lacouture seems not to know of Charles Robert's claim in *LBJ's Inner Circle* that the President planned to escalate the war to North Vietnam even before the 1964 election. He surmises, however, that local guerrillas may have become alarmed at the simultaneous advent in Vietnam of both Bundy and Kosygin. Was another Saigon/Hanoi deal in the making, where the southerners were to be sold out again? The quick United States reaction to the Pleiku incident leads Lacouture to the conclusion that the U.S., too, was fed up. "We didn't come here to lose," he was told.

Lacouture sees the only possible solution not involving the disappearance of Vietnam: "integrate the NLF into the legal fabric of the south; avoid specification of when reunification should take place (he indicates from personal knowledge that even Hanoi visualizes a long separation); and establish between the two 'states' . . . normal relations."

The thick weave of his book, through which the themes often slip like knitting needles, sometimes obscures. But his judgment—on hell itself—is not erratic. Lacouture echoes that most awful of Thucydidean accounts, the debate at Melos, when the Athenians announced to the tiny island of Melos that "might made right." He is cool enough: "After attaining a certain degree of power does one lose a sense of balance and concern for one's reputation? If one is so strong, does one need to be esteemed?"

The City and the Road

THE RAILROAD AND THE SPACE PROGRAM: An Exploration in Historical Analogy. *Edited by Bruce Mazlish. M.I.T. Press. 223 pp. $7.50.*

THE MAKING OF URBAN AMERICA: A History of City Planning in the United States. *By John Reps. Princeton University Press. 574 pp. $25.*

ALAN TRACHTENBERG

Mr. Trachtenberg teaches English at Pennsylvania State University. He is the author of Brooklyn Bridge: Fact and Symbol *(Oxford University Press).*

In addition to their practical functions, man-made environments serve a society by projecting its values into spatial forms. "To build," observed Paul Valéry, "is to give reality to a certain desire of the eye." The simplest thatched hut implies a way of life, a set of desires and choices by the builder, who is quite likely also the inhabitant, and it is possible to deduce from it a relation to nature, a sense of family and community and a system of decorum. Henry Adams practiced this kind of analysis in his evocative descriptions of Chartres. The fullest experience of the cathedral was nothing less than the experience of an entire civilization. Building techniques and techniques of devotion complemented each other, and the created environment was a recognizable form for communal life.

Sensitivity to total surroundings as an expression of essential values is a precious faculty in danger of disappearing in our age. It is still the property of artists, especially film makers, but much criticism of urban environments is either narrowly sociological or obscurely aesthetic, carping about "beauty" as if that quality were something marketable, something separate from an entire way of living (can one society really "beautify" itself while it "defoliates" another?). We lack a social criticism which begins with the full assault of urban sensations, the random and undifferentiated signals from our physical environments, and explores their meaning for biological and cultural life.

Neither of these books has any such comprehensive aim, but each does treat aspects of our man-made environment. Taken together they provide historical perspectives upon two cardinal artifacts of our civilization, railroads and cities, and touch upon a third, space capsules. Although the last is still problematic, these artifacts call to mind basic American preoccupations, with transportation, with speed, with colonization of the continent and exploitation of land, and with technological mastery. The railroad and the space program are, for many, typical examples of America's superb technology and unsurpassed industrial plant. They represent successful achievement. Cities, on the other hand, seem to have lagged behind. Many people are now wondering how, skillful makers that we are, we could have allowed our cities to become such messes. One explanation may be the legendary restlessness of Americans: settlements have commanded less allegiance than open roads. Americans tend to live in the future. This gives many of our cities, as Sartre remarked in 1945, "a strictly temporary reality." Rather than a fixed and permanent place, rather than a home, he wrote, the North American city was like "a camp in the desert." It was a constantly moving landscape, seen from a highway. Henry James made similar observations in 1905. Perhaps inner conflicts between settledness and restlessness, fixity and fluidity, past and future, in short between values represented by cities and those represented by "travel" (land, sea or air), have influenced America's unique and paradoxical shape.

Although they do not raise such questions directly, these books contribute to our knowledge of the interrelated phenomena of city and road. The first is an experimental book. A collection of eight essays by as many scholars, it is something in the way of a report by a scholarly body to a government agency. The study is the first in a series to be published by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences at the request of NASA to inquire "into the impact of our national space efforts on American society." The book actually has little to say about the space program. It is a group of studies in several fields (history, economics, business administration, intellectual history) of the various effects of the railroad upon 19th-century America.

The point is to see if the space program has anything in common with the railroad, or to see, in the words of the editor, "how useful historical analogy, at least in theory, may be as a 'device of anticipation.' " The basis of the analogy, as Professor Mazlish explains in a somewhat cumbersome introduction, is that both innovations are "social inventions," that is, are simultaneously technological, economic, political, sociological and intellectual events. Developed initially for perhaps very limited purposes, their effects ramify throughout society.

This idea is obvious enough, and not entirely new. Lynn White, Jr., published an interesting study of similar problems a few years ago, in *Medieval Technology and Social Change*. But in spite of the editor's elaborate machinery, this book is far from a convincing beginning of "a new branch of comparative history." The analogy of space program to railroad remains quite speculative and quite vague. The separate essays deal exclusively with very specialized phases of the railroad story, with faint and mostly labored sidelong glances into space. The authors themselves seem hardly convinced of their role as pathfinders in comparative studies.

This failure to fill out the space-program half of the equation is especially disappointing in light of some of the intriguing findings regarding the railroad. Simply as a collection of essays demonstrating the "multivariate" effects of the railroad, the book is very convincing, and generates a certain enthusiasm about group studies. Two points in particular, in the area of economics, struck me as extremely pertinent to the space effort.

One is that, contrary to an official point of view, the railroad was not the decisive factor in the rapid industrialization of the 19th century. "The net effect of the railroad," writes Paul H. Cootner, "was positive, but it never was so positive that it made the difference between development of this country and stagnation." The economy into which it was introduced was already a thriving one. Moreover, as Robert William Fogel points out, without railroads, canals and overland hauling might have been further developed without serious economic setbacks. How, then, did the idea develop that railroad building was a life or death necessity, requiring government grants of free land? (The far from favorable effect of the free railroad lands upon urban planning is amply discussed by John Reps in the next book.) The railroad industry may have been the first to foist upon the country the idea that what's good for us is good for you. It would have been valuable to examine the economic nexus of the space — and missile — industry in the same light.

The second point, also suggested by Fogel, is that the railroad, by "diverting resources," may actually have retarded technological development in other areas, such as motor transport. This question gives the idea of progress a certain jolt: what has been, and is being, sacrificed in the way of perhaps more useful "social inventions," in order to fulfill essentially political, or military, priorities? The matter of suppressed inventions would make a fascinating chapter in the history of our technology.

I would like to have had more than the single, rather lonesome, essay on the intellectual implications of the railroad. If technology transforms reality, it also alters the mind's apparatus for grasping reality. Any study of the impact of invention ought to strike a balance between internal and external history. Thus any history of modern society (and America, George Santayana wrote, is the "unalloyed essence" of modern society) will have to include the subliminal belief that nature can be wholly transformed into a total artifact.

The railroad itself taught this lesson, that man need not conform to natural obstacles. Nature is a field of resistances to be overcome and forms to be obliterated. Why go around a mountain when you can tunnel through it? Why accept the unevenness of the earth's surface when you can flatten all things and create your own level? Why accept the caprice of weather and terrain when steam and rails and telegraphic signals provide a man-made world, uniform and subject to your will? The final product of this lesson is,

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of course, the fully artificial and machine-controlled environment of the space capsule, an "environmental system" in which, as Lewis Mumford bleakly prophesies, "life would again narrow down to the physical functions of breathing, eating, and excretion." What are the implications of this prospect for man's concept of a desirable environment?

The book's cover is a striking though probably unintentional image of this problem. A field of bright blue is divided by black borders into two oblong panels, the left-hand one showing in the lower half a silhouetted steam locomotive, almost faded into the blue background; on the right, rising toward the top of the field, is a blazing rocket in stark black and white, its tail of flames a white heat. Both objects are detached from any meaningful relations, but at least there is a man showing in the cab of the engine. It might also occur to some readers, as they gaze at the dual icons, that almost a hundred years ago Walt Whitman anticipated the analogy. In "Passage to India" the connection of the transcontinental railroad became an image of final terrestrial connections, including the end of war and the brotherhood of the races, and led to new spatial launchings: "O farther, farther, farther sail." Deprived of the poet's outdated optimism, it would be pleasant for us to have some clearer notion of where the cone of the blazing rocket is headed, and if we are all invited for the trip.

The Making of Urban America is a book of a different order. Its scope is completely terrestrial, and thus its bearing upon a living environment more direct. The book assembles in handsome format a rich collection of materials documenting the practice of city planning in the United States, from the beginnings to about 1900. More than 300 illustrations of original plans, land maps and city views, all impressively printed, make the book a virtual encyclopedia of American city planning. It is a pioneering work and should be of great value for future, more specialized, studies.

Its immediate value for the layman derives in part from current popular excitement over "our cities." Few expressions have greater public resonance today than "our cities." The words excite strong feelings, mainly anxiety about blight, riots and uprisings, water shortages, strikes, rising real estate costs. But there is more hysteria than hard thought. One reason is the relative obscurity of the concept of city in our culture. For reasons that are obvious, we do not have an urban tradition in the European sense; our past is too brief, most of our cities began as colonial towns (street patterns preceded buildings) and we had no institutionalized resistances to the 19th-century onslaught of real estate speculation, industrialization and rapid population growth. Dissolution of old patterns and constant reconstruction, rather than the slow accretion of a past, have been the rule. For plain historical reasons our cities have rarely solidified into genuine places. "There is no there there," Gertrude Stein quipped. Even in legal definition most cities have an ambiguous status: our 212 "standard metropolitan statistical areas" contain 18,000 governmental units; there are 1,500 separate political units within 50 miles of Times Square alone. Add to these conditions the familiar Jeffersonian, Populist and fundamentalist suspicions of large cities, and it is obvious why such a fog surrounds the very idea of city.

Nevertheless, we have been essentially urban throughout our history, the city exercising a steadily increasing amount of economic and political power, as well as social appeal. We are now probably the most urbanized society in the world. "The city," *Life* said recently, "is the mirror of Americans pursuing happiness." A curious way of putting it, but nonetheless true. The city is probably the most expressive single emblem of how we live and have lived. Nothing is more important than learning how to "read" this emblem.

Reps's purpose is more modest than this; he is not concerned with the place of the city in the collective imagination. His chief interest is with "the main influences that have governed the form of America's cities." Although he discusses the role of land speculation and of the railroad as a colonizer of the West, the major influences are formal, the surprisingly complex number of basic patterns developed in American towns. The chief patterns include the Renaissance fortified town brought over by original settlers (French and Spanish especially), the New England village complex, the Philadelphia gridiron, the baroque plan of Washington, the romantic picturesque plans accompanying the rise of city parks and suburbs, and the strict checkerboard and grid plans for cities laid out for speculation. Each of these phases, and minor variations such as the fascinating plans for utopian and religious communities, is fully documented.

One trouble is, however, that Professor Reps tends to discuss each plan apart from other cultural facts. Much of his attention is taken with exhaustive analyses of original drawings, whether they were followed in practice or not, in order to isolate planning concepts. This, together with a deliberate neglect of urban architecture, gives the text a sometimes stifling two-dimensional effect. We too rarely get the sense of specific plans as historical products, as consequences of economic and legal realities. Moreover there is little effort to join spatial conceptions of towns with larger conceptions of the city in the dominant culture.

LAST SONGS

What do they sing, the
birds coasting down the twilight,
banking
over blackened woods
which fill with
pressures,
aspirations . . . rumbles . . . instants . . .
their frayed, harp-dragging wings
curved over the world
like a lover's arms
so used that when he sleeps they form
her absence . . . ?

Flights
down imminent darkness . . .
last songs that we betray . . .
Whatever it is
that bars us from heaven —
wrath, sloth, greed, fear — let us
reinvent it on earth
as song.

GALWAY KINNELL

The idea of the city is itself an influence upon its form, and vice versa. One idea, still prevalent, is that the city, like the land itself, exists for the sake of profit making. The grid idea is a quantification of space, neatly correlated to the profit motive, which is a quantification of all things. If the city is a mirror, then Americans can witness therein a confusion of forms which betrays the confusion of values in their culture. In legal structure, real estate arrangements, public buildings and residences, transportation facilities, the American city seems dedicated to the proposition that the quest for personal wealth, personal power and personal pleasures is the ultimate explanation of human behavior.

Respect for common spaces is highly uncommon. Devotion toward the street as a place *to be* rather than a highway is rare. We classify people who live in cities as owners or tenants, employers or employees (blue or white collar), Negro or white, English- or Spanish-speaking, not as inhabitants of a single place, as mutual seekers after a collective good life. With a good deal of affection, Reps portrays the New England village as one of the few planned places in this country designed for community life, for living and not for commerce or conquest. Maybe his book will help us recapture that image.

The End of a Period

THE PETITIONERS: The Story of the Supreme Court and the Negro. *By Loren Miller. Pantheon Books. 461 pp. $8.95.*

ELEANOR HOLMES NORTON

Mrs. Norton is Assistant Legal Director of the American Civil Liberties Union. She has been published in Dissent *and* New Politics.

We are at the very end of a period in our legal history. Judicial activism in favor of the rights of Negroes has accomplished about as much as courts can do. An inert legislature has finally been stirred to its Congressional duty. A Negro electorate is being created in the South and is already enthusiastically seeking public office, while in the North Negro votes are multiplying as fleeing whites leave the great cities to what may soon be black rulers. The search for more dynamic progress daily turns Negroes to politics to replace the old reliance on court decisions. For the first time in thirty years the Supreme Court is a receding institution in the Negro's long struggle. In *The Petitioners,* Loren Miller looks back at the Court, records its often dreary performance toward the Negro, and ends in celebration of its redemption.

Supreme Court decisions on race since the 1930s—Miller chooses the Scottsboro case as the point of noteworthy change—make up a dossier impressive for its principled progression toward a constitutional duty. But the Supreme Court that we today identify with racial equality is an entirely modern phenomenon. Even the Congress, which so long acquiesced in the racial barbarities of the states, had a period of fair dealing with the Negro after the Civil War. It was the Court that emasculated the work of that Congress, presaging and encouraging the inventors of Jim Crow.

The Petitioners brings together the Court's race record from the time of the writing of the Constitution until the last sit-in cases. Miller's court is a court of cases, not of men. The author, a Negro, a California judge, and for many years a civil rights attorney, does not proceed from the assumption that personalities (and especially great Supreme Court Justices) determine history. Day, Brandeis, Cardozo and Hughes lived with and helped to develop the prevailing theory of "separate but equal" even as they were writing the great civil liberties decisions for which they are still remembered.

Although a well-known partisan of daring constitutional interpretation [see *The Nation,* Oct. 20, 1962], Miller is scholarly in his approach to two important cases against the Supreme Court. First, prior to the Civil War and continuing into the 1960s, the Court intensified its long-developing role as exclusive but not always protective guardian of the Negro. Second, against the will and intention of the Congress that wrote the Civil War amendments, the Court created the "state-action" dilemma that even today requires it to find, often tortuously, the hand of the state, before it allows itself or any other branch of government to protect the rights of Negroes. The judicial guardian had naturally chosen to pronounce ultimate doctrine. The result was power and policy in the same hands.

Had the Court chosen to implement Congressional will after the Civil War, it would surely have been at war with the rest of the country by the turn of the century. The Compromise of 1876 marked the stunning retreat of Congressional initiative on problems of racial equality. The Court, on the other hand, had never been committed to the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments as instruments to relieve the totality of the old oppression. Yet Congress had struck out almost everywhere unequal treatment could be found or expected (except, of course, in economic areas, where laissez faire wrote most legislation). The three most significant pieces of postwar legislation — the Civil Rights Act of 1866, the so-called Klan Act of 1871, and the 1875 Act—prohibited private as well as state acts of discrimination. It was the Court that exempted the mob, the Klan and the bigot by a sleight-of-hand restoration of the prewar dualism in citizenship, so that only national citizenship encompassing narrowly defined federal rights could be protected by the central government through the Fourteenth Amendment. The Thirteenth Amendment was deflated to mean the mere release from the physical confinement of slavery, and not from its attendant conditions, as a broader interpretation would have allowed. The Fifteenth Amendment, which was designed to give Negroes the right to vote, was said *not* to have conferred that right at all but simply to have afforded protection against state interference. Even with the added capital of constitutional amendments and good legislation, the judicial guardian had not yet begun to act in the best interests of its ward.

Not until the sit-ins did any Supreme Court Justice revive the 19th-century heresy of the first Justice Harlan that the Fourteenth Amendment itself protects against private discrimination. In *Bouie* v. *South Carolina,* Justice Douglas said that "the right to be served in places of public accommodation is an incident of national citizenship." But for all of the Court's return to the controlling purposes of the Civil War amendments, only two or three Justices, at best, can today be counted on to sanction so broad an interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 rescued the Court from the necessity to repudiate its strict interpretation, yet even in the 1964 Act Congress paid deference to the Court's state-action tradition by grounding the legislation mainly on the commerce clause, a thought which never occurred to the Congress that had written a similar bill in 1875, so convinced was it that the Fourteenth Amendment created all the necessary authority.

Loren Miller does not neglect other periods, and often without explicitly making

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the point gives us clues to modern practices, such as the preference for civil suits today as against the criminal remedies of the old civil rights laws. After the Civil War, Congress had sought to share the Court's guardianship of the Negro through the enactment of criminal statutes which allowed the government to initiate suit for the penniless Negro. All-white juries unwilling to indict and convict and the absence of follow-through jury reforms from Congress soon made such suits impractical. With the rise of private corporate litigators like the NAACP to bear the expense, civil suits have become the pattern in modern civil rights litigation.

Miller's book is an important reference and synthesis. Nowhere else will the layman find a complete and readable account of the Court's long-time dealings with the Negro. Occasional strings of clichés mar the text ("But the case was not permitted to die with a whimper instead of a bang, because it had become a pawn in a struggle for political power as it dragged its way through the courts"); nevertheless, *The Petitioners* is a significant contribution to the literature of race and of the Court.

The Longest Journey

THE LONGEST WAY HOME: Chief Alfred C. Sam's Back-to-Africa Movement. *By William E. Bittle and Gilbert Geis. Wayne State University Press. 229 pp. $8.50.*

ANN J. LANE

Miss Lane teaches American History at Sarah Lawrence College. She was one of the founders of the Socialist Scholars Conference, held in New York in the fall of 1965.

On August 21, 1914, the *S.S. Liberia,* flying a British flag and carrying sixty passengers, cleared the port of Galveston and headed for the Gold Coast, British West Africa. The passengers were all Negroes who were returning home to their own people, they believed, and to the promise of a better existence. The leader of the group was Alfred Charles Sam, who claimed to be an African tribal chief, and who had spent the previous year recruiting emigrants from back-country cotton farms in eastern Oklahoma. Left behind as the *Liberia* pulled away were some 500 persons, part of Sam's following who could not make the African trip this time. Another body of Sam's faithful was abandoning the camp at Weleetka, Okla., where for eight months they had collected, hoping to be among those departing for Africa.

The story of these people is told in *The Longest Way Home* by two sociologists whose interest in the rise and growth of all-Negro communities in the Southwest led them independently to this subject. The unique value of a small study of this nature is that it can illuminate problems well beyond its immediate scope. Such is the case here, for this is a tortured story which traces the evolution of fantastic hopes to total desperation of a group of people whose final solution was to reject a country they no longer could regard as their own.

The Sam movement illustrates an ultimate stage of passivity in a people who were not acquiescent: in the extreme, the most vigorous and for them only feasible protest — the emigration to a distant and fictionalized homeland. But like all stories built on fantasy, the reality is grubby and pathetic.

Efforts at colonization dot the history of the American nation. In the early 1800s the American Colonization Society founded Liberia as a refuge for American freedmen. But this was the first large-scale back-to-Africa movement conceived exclusively by a Negro and for Negroes. It was a program in many ways unique in American history, for it still stands as the only plan which posed emigration to Africa as its primary goal. (The Garvey movement of a few years later included not only emigration to Africa, as almost an afterthought, but also the establishment of the Universal Negro Improvement Association to project the Negro into commerce and industry and to provide him a context in which his development might equal that of the whites.)

The details of Sam's movement, how he arrived in Oklahoma, his method of reaching the Negroes, the events which followed when his party of colonists sailed for Africa, and the ultimate outcome of his efforts, fill only half the pages. The earlier sections describe the backdrop of Oklahoma in 1913 against which the movement was acted out, and the Negro-white relations characteristic of that period.

In Okfuskee County, Okla., where Sam did the largest share of his recruiting, Negroes were numerous; and during its youthful Indian Territory days a number of Negro enclaves evolved. In a period in which anti-Negro sentiment was consolidating throughout the nation, accompanied by violence and the establishment of Jim Crow patterns, a new resolution of the racial problem was developing: the establishment of politically and socially free all-Negro communities. It was with such a vision that the city of Boley, in Okfuskee County, came into existence. Recruitment began for settlers: "Come and help prove . . . that the Negro is a law-making and law-abiding citizen, and help us solve the great racial problem that is now before us."

> *Say have you heard the story*
> *Of a little colored town,*
> *Way over in the Nation*
> *On such lovely sloping ground*
> *. . . . O 'tis a pretty country*
> *And the Negroes own it, too*
> *With not a single white man here*
> *To tell us what to do —*
> *In Boley.*

The inhabitants of Boley had taken seriously the American creed, not yet aware that it was not to apply to them. Booker T. Washington, among many others, had grand hopes for Boley.

> It is a striking evidence of the progress made in thirty years. . . . (This is) not a helpless and ignorant horde of black people, but land-seekers and home-builders. . . . Boley . . . represents a dawning race consciousness, a wholesome desire to do something to make the race respected.

Results of the election of 1906 carried an ominous warning for the white people in the region surrounding Boley. The Negro settlement, united and determined to stay united in its franchise, held the key to the area's strength. Thus began the end of Boley's short-lived dreams of county control. What happened to the Boley Negroes occurred, in one form or another, throughout the nation. Their political power was broken, first by indirect means such as gerrymandering, and then with a frontal assault by the adoption of a "grandfather clause" which defined the right of franchise in terms of ancestry. Simultaneously, Jim Crow regulations were being enforced and upheld by the courts.

The Oklahoma Negroes, still clinging to their dreams, went through all the legal forms of protest, but slowly these dreams, based as they were upon expectations of legal justice, were relinquished. Meanwhile, a wealthy Negro resident went to Africa to seek prospects for settlement of Oklahoma Negroes. In that same month, the new state of Oklahoma had its first lynching. White organizations were formed to discourage further immigration of Negroes and to encourage the withdrawal of those already occupying land. The Negroes responded:

> Typically, they attempted to deal with the articulated rationalizations of the clubs, the removal of the backward and worthless Negroes, rather

> than with the real principle . . . the fiery opposition to the presence of any Negroes.

Negroes began to ferret out their own worst element, trying desperately to do the work of the clubs before the clubs had a chance to do it for themselves.

Ultimately disillusionment came with the understanding that there would be no Negro autonomy in Oklahoma, no Negro dignity, no growing respect from white neighbors, and no industrial and agricultural prosperity. It was into this situation that Alfred Charles Sam, emissary for the Chiefs of the Tribes of Akim, came. He could hardly have made a better choice or come at a better time.

Chief Sam, soft-spoken and gentle, covered rural Oklahoma, trying to convince Negroes to buy shares in his company, selling at $25 each, with which he would purchase a ship to transport the stockholders to Africa. His plan? To bring "his wandering black brothers back to their fatherland."

The local white papers assumed he was a tool of white confidence men, unable to believe that a Negro could have concocted so elaborate a fraud himself. The Negro press, traditionally fairly conservative, joined the anti-Sam attacks. He was labeled a fake and a swindler, but the masses flocked to his meetings and purchased his stock. Thousands sold their property, accumulated their belongings and gathered together in makeshift camps, awaiting their departure. The weather turned severe and the situation for the colonists reached desperation. Sam was finally able to raise the necessary funds to purchase a ship.

Negro leaders and politicians continued to be, at best, critical of the movement. But it was the official and unrelenting harassment from British and American authorities that provided the most serious obstacles. From his diplomatic post in Washington, Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, Britain's ambassador to the United States, tried unceasingly to abort Sam's colonization project. One would think that with his government threatened with a European war, the Sam affair could not have seemed more trivial. Yet the possibility of a Negro exodus from the United States to a British colony posed an embarrassing prospect to the ambassador. The United States Government instituted a harassing investigation. But this investigation found, as did the others that followed, that the company was legitimately established, funds collected were indeed used to purchase the ship which was to carry the colonists to Africa, that Sam had filed a deed in Accra for lands on which the colonists would settle. Yet the two governments continued to help perpetuate the dilemma: permitting conditions so dreadful that the Negroes wished to flee and yet refusing them the right to do so.

The colonists remained faithful through long, cold and despairing months during which the *Liberia* lay at anchor. Sam's dream was now the only one they had. They listened and believed when he said: "Our plan is established and when the people of our race see that we are successful, this ship will be crowded on every trip that she makes to Africa."

Despite a head tax of £25 per immigrant imposed by the British, despite a devastating forty-five-day delay for "inspection" held by the British at Sierra Leone, the *Liberia* did arrive at the Promised Land.

At this point in the story the source material, meager all along, becomes even sketchier and only the outlines of the final disillusionment exist. "They did not want to be Americans; but now they found that they did not want to be Africans either." Debts mounted and the company went bankrupt. But it was the psychological dissociation of the emigrants from their brethren which was the final, and perhaps worst, defeat in the long and fruitless search for a place. These Negroes had truly lived the torments of their dilemma.

The brief life of this experiment attests once more to what Gunnar Myrdal has called a "dissatisfaction so deep that it amounts to a hopelessness of ever gaining full life in America." If only briefly, Sam at least had given them something to live for, although that expectation, like the earlier ones, was based on fantasy.

The authors have pieced together an interesting and moving account from the extremely limited primary materials available. But some unsatisfying aspects remain; principally, the enigmatic and distant characterization of Sam. The authors' claim that "whether or not Sam was a fraud is in every sense unimportant," is something of an evasion; similarly, if the details of life in Accra are unavailable (what actually happened and why the settlements failed so miserably), then perhaps the authors might have provided a fuller picture by way of speculation on the nature of emigration and its implicit ramifications for the American Negro.

But within its limitations, *The Longest Way Home*, a journey which the Negro community has barely begun, is a fascinating contribution to historical literature.

ART / Maurice Grosser

Mr. Grosser, artist and writer, is the author of The Critic's Eye *(Bobbs-Merrill).*

The two most popular exhibitions in Paris this spring are about the 1920s. Six days a week lines wait before the doors of the Musée de l'Orangerie des Tuileries where the Paul Guillaume-Jean Walter collection of modern old masters—given to the nation by Mme. Guillaume-Walter, widow of the two celebrated picture merchants — is now on permanent display. And the exposition called Les Années 25 at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs, of furniture, objects, paintings, dresses and two automobiles, is equally well attended, and will be until it closes on May 16. The two shows, taken together, give a nostalgic picture of what we liked and admired and bought when the world was forty years younger than it is today.

The Guillaume-Walter collection has 145 pictures by twenty-four artists. Les Années 25 has fewer pictures and more names—Kisling, Chirico, Delaunay, Jean-Gabriel Domergue, Foujita, Gris, Leger, Lurçat, Marcousis, Pascin, Picabia, Tchelitchew, and many more who are not included at the Orangerie. There are robes by Poiret and Lanvin, Vionnet and Reboux. There is a Peugeot and a Voisin, both 1925 models; theatre and costume design by Bakst, Benoit (who did Petroushka), Lepape and Erté; Stravinsky's beautifully calligraphed manuscript of the *Sacre:* and Diaghilev's death mask in bronze. Along with this, great quantities of furniture and decoration of the period, both from France and from Germany and the north.

It is easy to see from the furniture here which side came out on top in World War I. The good French work is in the *style riche*, signed by great and respectable houses like Lanvin, Ruhlmann et Laurent, Süe et Mare and Baccarat, and by designers like Meré, Lalique, Iribe, Jensen and Fabergé. They are *articles de luxe*, made with the richest materials and the most expert workmanship, the lines derived from a mixture of traditional motifs and *art nouveau*. The German and Dutch work is decidedly in the *style pauvre*, clearly planned to be mass-produced out of the most ordinary materials by not particularly skillful workmen. The design itself is based on a simplified form of cubism; the designers are the great modern architects, the De Stijl group, and the students and faculty of the Bauhaus, people like Breuer, Gropius, Mies van de Rohe, Moholy-Nagy and the French Le Corbusier. These are architects, not cabinet workers, more accustomed to work in flat layout than in actual wood and metal, and the execution of the pieces is competent but dry.

For the needs of the luxury trades, the wood is sometimes precious and the metal chrome. But mostly the materials are nickeled tubing and plywood, surfaced with veneer. After forty years, pieces like the chrome-steel-and-leather chairs of Le Corbusier, made with good materials, have lasted. Most of it has not stood up so well. For example, the dining room set designed by Marcel Breuer for the painter Kandinsky (both of the Bauhaus) with the latter's help and advice—rectangles and rounds of plyboard, lacquered black and white and mounted on metal pipes—is hard, ugly and certainly most uncomfortable. And the "chaise Berlinoise" of G.T. Rietveld, also in plyboard and black and white lacquer, looks like the work of an ingenious child who had some odds and ends of lumber but no saw to cut them with, and therefore put them together as he could.

None of this can bear comparison in style or quality with the luxury products the French were turning out—for example, the bathroom by Jeanne Lanvin in yellow and white Sienna marble and green patined bronze. Just the same, the world we live in and the styles available today owe much more to the Bauhaus than to Lanvin.

The Guillaume-Walter collection at the Orangerie has a family resemblance to the Barnes collection in Philadelphia; they are of the same period. There are sixteen Cézannes, twenty-four Renoirs, a Gauguin, a Monet, a Sisley and a Van Dongen, nine Henri Rousseaus and ten Henri Matisses, twenty-six Derains, twelve Picassos, ten Utrillos, twenty-eight Soutines, some Marie Laurencins and Modiglianis. All, with the exception of Soutine, were names particularly famous in the 1920s when Paul Guillaume, a young and brilliant picture merchant, was making his name and forming his collection. Since that time, the reputations of Marie Laurencin and Derain have somewhat diminished. Soutine's has climbed, and Van Dongen's has held steady. Only the most famous of the works exposed are familiar, and then only from reproduction. Coming upon them for the first time, and with the other exhibition still in mind, one is inclined to regard them less as valuable collectors' items than as picturesque examples of the taste of an epoch, and to judge them according to how well they still hold our interest.

As a whole, the Cézannes, the Renoirs and the Matisses stand up best. The pictures here were chosen with a sure eye and with love, not so much as investments but as pictures to be lived with. One of the most beautiful of the Cézannes is a small head and shoulders of the artist's son at the age of 8 or 9, with highly simplified, quite sculptural forms. The still lifes, particularly the small ones, are all excellent. There is a well-known portrait of Mme. Cézanne seated, and two tiny paintings of nudes in landscape—"Nymphs by the Sea"—quite unexpectedly reminiscent of Fragonard or Watteau. The landscapes from the country around Aix-en-Provence are somewhat dead in color. But then the color of that landscape is itself not particularly subtle or varied.

The twenty-four Renoirs comprise one of the best collections of that artist's work I have yet seen. There are most wonderful portraits of children, and the famous picture of two girls at a piano, perhaps the most successful version of a subject he used so often. The colors of all the Renoirs seem a little faded. One has the impression that the varnish has dirtied, or perhaps the brown of an underpaint is eating through. The Matisses, like those of the Cone collection in Baltimore, come principally from the years 1918 to 1925; they are smaller and more intimate pictures than he painted later, and all of exceptional quality.

The twelve Picassos, on the contrary, are an uneven mixture. There is the famous "l'Etreinte" of 1902—a large, gray-toned pastel once owned by Vollard—representing two standing nudes, a man and a pregnant woman, embracing, their faces hidden in each other's shoulders; the extraordinary "Femme au Peigne," a nude in tones of red and gray, massively sculptural, and with a very curious foreshortening as if seen slightly from above. It was painted in 1908 in the early "Negro" style, very like the head in the Gertrude Stein portrait in the Metropolitan. There is a tiny sketch of "Three Women at a Fountain" of 1926 in red-earth colors, charming and very Greek; and a monumental and impressive "Grande Baigneuse," also a neo-Greek, Pompeian evocation. Its companion piece, "Grand Nu à la Draperie," less successful, is spoiled by a badly painted hand. The same sort of wooden left hand and arm mars the otherwise delightful "Femme au Chapeau Blanc." The hands with sausage fingers which appear in so many of Picasso's pictures of the 1920s—influenced, I am sure, by certain of the Cézanne portraits—have not aged well. They are beginning to appear willfully manneristic, even incompetent, as though he were using an acrobatic trick to get out of a difficulty—which is exactly what Max Jacob once accused him of.

THE CUP

A water tower to stand
for monumental thirst
straddles our graveyard,
bears the town's name and
brims with iron-red hard
water, a toast raised up
to common things we die
without. Across the flat land
we see that landmark first
when we turn homeward, come to lie
down under that lifted cup.

NANCY PRICE

The Marie Laurencins are more complex than those generally encountered and are period pieces indeed. There is a sweet and poetic representation of Mlle. Chanel with bird and poodle, and a pensive Mme. Paul Guillaume with flowers and another kind of dog. The Utrillos are early; there are two cathedrals, one extremely fine. The one Van Dongen is a portrait of Paul Guillaume and no more convincing as a work of art than any other fashionable commissioned portrait; it is a pitifully poor example to present of such a brilliant painter. On the other hand, the portrait of Guillaume by Modigliani is a vivid, convincing depiction of a forceful, capricious and acute personality.

The twenty-eight Soutines include many of the well-known portraits—"Le Petit Patissier," "La Jeune Anglaise," "L'Enfant du Choeur" and the "Garçon d'Etage," frightening and oppressive in their nightmarelike presence. There is also a series of still lifes of skinned, dead animals, and of landscapes of villages. The landscapes seem to wear the least well. They are all the same color—snarled threads of brightest yellow, orange, red, green and blue—and the wave-surface distortion systematically imposed on all the forms renders the works unnecessarily dramatic for their subject matter—like someone suddenly shouting "boo" in your ear. The nine Rousseaus also have not worn well; perhaps because the collection presents the "cuter" side of Rousseau's talent. The color is labored, the drawing ignorant, and the pictures all too well known. The joke, I am afraid, has now worn thin.

The most uneven of all are the Derains; they are by far the weakest part of the collection. Unfortunately, perhaps, one sees the best one first. It is hung in the entrance to the exhibition, a huge, square, 6-foot canvas displaying a Harlequin and a Pierrot with sympathetic, ugly faces, against a background of sky and barren plain, laboriously dancing a jig. It is most beautifully conceived and beautifully executed, the picture from which the work of Balthus must certainly derive. Equally fine are the half-dozen landscapes of the south of France, in warm colors and solid painting. The four nudes are monstrous and badly drawn, the still lifes thin, the portraits superficial and all, for the most part, executed in hasty, liquid brushwork.

Clearly, it is with pictures just as with furniture. If a piece is to strike its epoch as a modern work, it must embody a new idea. But a bright new idea is always so quickly copied that one is never sure who the inventor was. So that if the piece itself is to last, it must be made with the best materials and the best workmanship. The final judgment, however, is something else again. As Matisse was overheard to mutter to himself at a Picasso retrospective, "After all, it is the gift that counts."

RECORDS / Benjamin Boretz

DIAMOND: String Quartet No. 4. BARBER: String Quartet Op. 11. Beaux-Arts String Quartet. Epic LC 3907/BC 1307.

The Diamond Fourth Quartet is certainly not for the casual listener; in fact, I suspect it is not for the listener at all. What it mainly conveys is a determination to compose a whole long piece in the face of insuperable deficiences of technique and idea. It proceeds in the manner of a real piece, becoming loud and soft, thick and thin, fast and slow, active and sustained by turns—doing, in short, all the external things that musical compositions traditionally do in the course of articulating relations of ideas. But it does them without having anything to articulate, so that they come in no particular order and with no evident local or overall qualities. The result is like a very long dramatic monologue, full of inflections and gestures, in which none of the word successions make sense. As a listening experience, the fascination with the fact that such a phenomenon can actually take place is severely limited, and this quartet extends considerably beyond that limit.

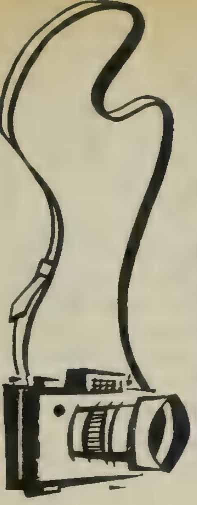
The legend that the enormous promise revealed in Samuel Barber's student music remained unfulfilled in his later works is clearly belied by his String Quartet, which is an early work that quite unmistakably forecasts all the facile dullness of mature Barber. On the other hand, the capacity to formulate polished sonorities that is evident in such recent works as *Vanessa* and the Piano Concerto (though far from equally in all others) is also present throughout the Quartet, and not just in the notoriously slick *Adagio* (later the *Adagio for Strings*). The Beaux-Arts Quartet, even in this minimal challenge to their capacities, seem impressive enough to arouse one's interest in their subsequent activities.

IVES: Symphony No. 4. American Symphony Orchestra; Leopold Stokowski, cond. Columbia ML 6175/MS 6775.

The current enthusiasm for the Ives Fourth Symphony as a *locus classicus* of compositional originality strikes me as particularly obtuse. For here, even more than elsewhere in Ives, the extreme surface complexity emerges as uncorrelated complication rather than as significant relational depth, and is thus always a purely textural rather than a structural factor. The constant contradiction between the elaborateness of the presented surface and the literalness—or imperceptibility—of internal relation produces an unclarity that is surely the precise converse of originality in any sense. As ever, there are unquestionably striking local moments; but as ever, their obvious suggestiveness remains unrealized except in the works of other composers. Moreover, the claim that Ives fathered a wide spectrum of "advanced" American music seems unwarranted; except for a few rhythmic ideas suggested to Carter, his uncritical pendulation between primitive homespun simplicity and unmitigated chaos seems far more generative of the Cowell-Harris-Cage periphery than of the best recent American music. Ives contrived, here as elsewhere, to articulate juxtapositions of highly differentiated events, but they are forever "different events" rather than multiple aspects of a single idea, and hence cannot be distinguished from any fortuitous conjunction of either these or any other separate musical contexts. Such an absence of discriminative bases virtually defines musical triviality, and I am unable to find anything in the present recording to make me think of Ives's work in any other terms.

MESSIAEN: *Chronochromie*. KOECHLIN: *Les Bandar-Log*. BOULEZ: *Le soleil des eaux*. B.B.C. Orchestra and Chorus; Antal Dorati (in the Messiaen and Koechlin) and Pierre Boulez (in the Boulez), conds. Angel (S) 36295.

For all its reputation as a work of great complexity and originality in texture and sonority, *Chronochromie* is notable mainly for the one-dimensionality of its events,



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the absence of any real sense of multiple simultaneity even in those sections where the apparent "polyphony" of highly differentiated parts is most extreme. Evidently, the parts entirely cancel out as individual entities, and simply project as a "block" of texture of a certain kind. And this, however initially novel (and it is so only minimally, in the exaggerated emphasis on high-register sonority in general and glockenspiel-xylophone-marimba conjunctions in particular), soon becomes just another unitary, stationary element, sustained long past any point of perceptual function. Moreover, in the alternation of these sections with passages in which the attacks are all in thick monolithic blocks at every point, even in fast figurations (an idea no more "original" here than in Chausson or Honegger) the supposed "chronometric" invention seems like nothing so much as one of those pale imitations of the *Dance Sacrale* from the *Sacre du printemps* that proliferated in the late teens and early twenties.

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Boulez, on the other hand, is instantly identifiable as a presence of considerably greater interest, with—at least—ideas for ways to approach all the immediate aspects of his piece: voice-word relations, phrasing, registration (especially), voice-instrumental alternation and conjunction. The quick flicks between extremes of duration, articulation and sonority — without "expressionist" intensity, but simply on-off—are particularly striking, and quite securely controlled despite the relative immaturity of the work in other respects. Thus the denser passages do not quite escape the Honeggerian "noise" that seems an invariant presence in French works of a certain pretentious monumentality. The performance is on a far higher level than those on the rest of the record.

It would be amusing to be able to assert that the overtly old-fashioned Koechlin *Bandar-Log* was no sillier than the pretentiously *avant-garde* Messiaen, but it is, considerably. Most of this piece is plain Hollywood spookery, and the rest is sheer incidental music, about as incidental as music can be. The score does possess a certain historical interest as a compendium of almost every cliché of bad French academicism, from slippery chromatics to obligatory fugues, of which its inordinate length is an essential aspect as well.

BRITTEN: *Cantata Misericordium* (1963). *Sinfonia da Requiem.* Peter Pears, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, soloists; London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Benjamin Britten, cond. London 5937/25937.

The *Cantata Misericordium* is one of the more refined, if less elaborately contrived, works by this master of *musique d'occasion,* turned out in his best minor-league Stravinsky manner, making all the appropriate noises and evoking all the right historical-musical associations, with the consummate professionalism of a master popularizer. The *Sinfonia da Requiem* is not only from a much earlier period, thus manifesting considerably less compositional finesse but also represents a less agreeable aspect of Britten's activity in its pretensions to profundity and official "expressive" grandeur.

STRAVINSKY: *Le sacre du printemps.* Four Etudes for Orchestra. Orchestre National de la Radio-Télévision Française; Pierre Boulez, cond. Nonesuch H-1093/H-71093.

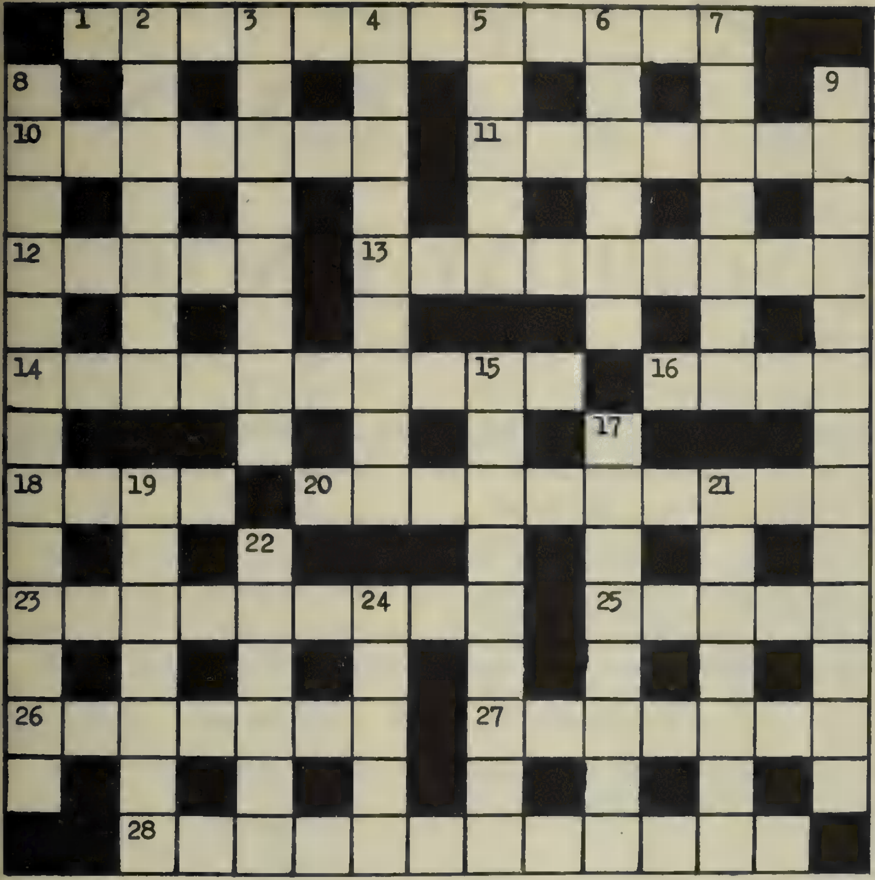
This is a very special performance of the *Sacre,* a treasurable conjunction of the wonderful precision and delicacy of French wind ensemble and solo playing with a conductor who demonstrates a deep awareness of and control over every rhythmic articulation and sonorous balance in the score. The textural transparency that results, and the absolute clarity and accuracy in every detail projected through it is an unforgettable experience to one who has known the score for years but never really heard all of it. This quality far outweighs any residual objections to the absence of an equal concern for the projection of long-range continuity and structure that tends to characterize Boulez's conducting. In the Etudes, too, the orchestra's response is so much more precisely adjusted to Boulez's demands than was the B.B.C.'s in their Carnegie Hall performance under him last spring that the interpretative deficiencies noted here at the time simply recede into insignificance beside the sheer virtuosity of the ensemble playing.

BERG: *Wozzeck.* Evelyn Lear, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; Karl Christian Kolin, Helmut Melchert, Gerhard Stolze, Fritz Wunderlich, soloists. Chorus and Orchestra of the Deutschen Oper, Berlin; Karl Böhm, cond. DGG 991-92.

The formidable mechanical difficulties of performing *Wozzeck* are past history; but its very accessibility to the technical capacities of conventional performers now also subjects it to the conventionalization they impose on everything they perform, and thus raises a new, interpretative crisis of even more formidable proportions. When Mitropoulos recorded *Wozzeck,* for example, it was still impossible (at least for the Philharmonic) really to *play* it, and much of the work had to be suggestively "faked" to give some indication of the qualities of the missing and distorted events. What emerged was surely not *Wozzeck,* but a rather powerful conceptual image of its musical identity. Böhm's performance, on the other hand, is completely out of the Mitropoulos class in its largely reliable—and hence valuable—documentation of the score for the first time on records. But its accomplishment of this through the subjugation of every unique configurational and successional quality of the work into a smooth, efficiently propelled "standard-repertory" featurelessness raises the awful possibility of a new performance "tradition" for 20th-century opera that may require another Mahler to restore it once again to the domain of significant musical experience.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1151

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Exercise in the classic form. (12)
10 Involving hard work, as the poet might say to the flower! (7)
11 A festive party for Alice, livened up by Aphrodite. (7)
12 To almost choose the subject? (5)
13 The result when some students are sated with problems? (9)
14 Though reasonably tolerant, are they responsible for a bad turn in Asia? (10)
16 The city couldn't help Custer, in the end. (4)
18 Bag of loot? (4)
20 Keeping someone waiting, though rising to the occasion. (8, 2)
23 The position of a pillar, in a way, though not the younger of two merchantmen. (9)
25 In the house of O'Hara, I and you might consider it valuable. (5)
26 One might use it in painting the less weighty subjects. (7)
27 Find it soothing, but never in trouble.
28 Attack the underground? They offered a certain amount of protection. (5, 7)

DOWN:

2 One of Terence's comedies, played in Philadelphia. (7)
3 Were knights like Merrimac? (8)
4 Their past might prove helpful, in a way. (9)
5 At least pieces of it were valuable. (5)
6 Drones. (6)
7 One might find it at sea, in over-supply. (7)
8 Study the pages of the itinerary, perhaps, but the rest might be under them. (7, 6)
9 What did Wedgwood do for those in the latest style? (7, 6)
15 With such money, would one be half again as jolly? (9)
17 Does it seem true to fact about the shore? (8)
19 Do they carry bags with tea in them?
21 One might be expected to look through his output with no difficulty. (7)
22 Stigma with naught for the actor! (6)
24 A family of rabbits? A thousand—with lots of females! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1150

ACROSS: 1 I'll be seeing you; 9 Theresa; 10 Country; 11 Elongate; 12 Island; 14 Noticed; 15 Sates; 17 Logic; 19 Twosome; 21 Look up; 23 Signpost; 25 Combine; 26 Hailing; 27 Inclined planes. DOWN: 2 Lie down; 3 Energetic; 4 Elasticity; 5 Inch; 6 Grubs; 7 Outlast; 8 and 1 down Dyed-in-the-wool; 13 Admonished; 15 Spoonbill; 16 Shortages; 18 Goodman; 20 Emotion; 21 Lucy; 22 Uriel; 24 Lean.

Note to Puzzle Fans: If you are planning to attend the supper meeting with Mr. Lewis (see box at right), please let us hear from you. Reservations must be closed at the end of this week.

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Newspaper

LETTERS

phone hoodlums

Brewster, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: In your editorial, "Phone Pollution" [Apr. 18] you say, "The assumption among Army personnel is that [abusive or obscene telephone calls to relatives or survivors of soldiers, especially their wives or widows] are the work of leftist agitators, but it is at least as plausible that they are a device employed by right-wing extremists who wish to defame the peace movement." This is a field in which one can only conjecture, but I submit that on the basis of the available evidence the latter hypothesis is by far the more plausible.

I have taken part in several anti-Vietnamese war demonstrations and have been impressed by the orderly and well-mannered demeanor of the participants. In contrast, the hecklers look, talk, write and act like hoodlums. A typical sign carried by a counterdemonstrator in New York on March 26 read: "Kill a Commie for Christ." No one in the roughhouse crowd seemed to find it offensive. The veterans who led the parade, some of whom had their grandchildren with them, were singled out as "queers," among other epithets. . . . The use of the common sexual terms for general abuse is, of course, of ancient standing but, in its current political form it . . . may furnish a clue to the telephone problem. We know that nonpolitical, obscene telephone calls to women are a widespread nuisance, and some individuals may combine this form of sexual gratification (although this may be subordinate to a desire to shock) with the homicidal urges which are manifest in the public behavior of the counterdemonstrators. The motives and psychopathology may vary, but certainly if I were a policeman I would regard the counterdemonstrators as much more likely to include miscreants of this type than the anti-war demonstrators.

Coming to your second point: penalizing telephonic misbehavior is complicated, even when the call can be speedily traced, by the difficulty of positively identifying the caller. The recently publicized "voiceprint," or sound spectogram technique developed by Lawrence G. Kersta at the Bell Telephone Laboratories may mark progress in this direction. I am not enthusiastic about this acoustic analogue of fingerprinting, since it is just as likely to be used against decent people who are dissenters from the socially acceptable manias and delusions, but it is a possible weapon against telephone misdemeanors, as well as against more serious forms of crime. *Carl Dreher*

facts on media

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Desmond Smith, reviewing two official reports under the headline "On Media Trouble" [*The Nation*, Apr. 4], is full of praise for the high information quotient of government reports. The same cannot be said of Mr. Smith's own accuracy. His quotation of the "conservative" but unattributed estimate that one-third of the Congress owns television or radio interests is offered to explain what he believes is the broadcaster domination of the Congress. The fact is that the most recent review of licenses somewhat less than a year ago shows that only fourteen Representatives and nine Senators have interests in broadcast facilities. The difference between Mr. Smith's 33 per cent and the actual 4 per cent can hardly be accounted for by faulty arithmetic.

Nor is it true that "nearly half of the U.S. . . . is served by single television stations." Over 90 per cent of all U.S. television families have service from at least three networks. Mr. Smith's "glance at the television

(Continued on page 556)

EDITORIALS

Not So Ancient History

There was drama and historic interest in Hubert Humphrey's participation in this year's annual meeting of Americans for Democratic Action. The Vice President was one of the founders of ADA, and for seventeen years one of its luminaries. Prior to his April appearance, the ADA delegates had adopted a strong resolution bitterly assailing U. S. policy in Vietnam, calling for an end of bombing in the North and for de-escalation in the South, and expressing the view that this country had only a "marginal interest" in Vietnam. The gap between the founder-sponsor and the delegates was wide indeed; in the corridors there were mutterings of "traitor," "cheer leader for LBJ" and like anathemas. But the convention managers handled the public aspects tactfully and the Vice President was received in a polite and friendly fashion.

To do the Vice President justice, he said in 1950 and in 1955 essentially what he says today. From the ADA convention he went to the more convivial atmosphere of the Associated Press in New York, and the hard line he took before the newspaper publishers was consistent with his earlier views on Communist revolutions. For all his many virtues on domestic issues, Humphrey, like his boss, has always been addicted to "reflex anti-communism."

As for the ADA, however, the clash between its official position and the Johnson Administration is something that cannot be bridged. The ADA had to condemn the American role in Vietnam or lose its reason for being. Humphrey, as spokesman for the Johnson Administration, felt compelled to go down the line for its Vietnamese policy; if he had any qualms, he kept them to himself. At the Associated Press luncheon he did not even resort to the pious Johnson rhetoric about going anywhere, doing anything, for peace. He did not say, as many supporters of the President have said, that it was a mistake to take sides militarily in Vietnam in the first place. "We are there," he said. "I'm not going to argue about that, because that's ancient history and can't be repealed."

Ancient? To the ADA delegates, it seems extremely current, as it does to many others. Essentially, the membership of ADA now says of Asia what non-ADA liberals—and some conservatives (the late Ernest T. Weir, for example)—said about Europe in the late forties and fifties: that the danger of a Communist military take-over was vastly exaggerated, and that the cold war was in large part a make-work and make-profit enterprise. Indeed, judging by the present views of George Kennan and others, it is clear that the non-ADA liberals and radicals were closer to the truth than the ADA.

Another reason this is not ancient history is that it bears on the future course of American foreign policy. John Kenneth Galbraith, in a brilliant address at the ADA convention, made a plea for a foreign policy that takes a "somewhat less paranoiac view of our mission in the world." Liberals, he said, "should stand equally opposed to the divine right of wealth and the divine right in the field of foreign policy of Sullivan and Cromwell; Millbank, Tweed, Hope, Hadley and McCoy; Lucius Clay; Henry Stimson, Nicholas Murray

Butler and the more impeccably traditional members of the permanent foreign-policy establishment." He went on to say that Dean Rusk would no doubt wish to be associated with "the New York syndicate" as would Dean Acheson. "Having lived on the same planet with the Russians without coming to blows for fifty years, there is a growing disposition to keep on trying." But to the old establishment or syndicate, this is heresy. To them peaceful coexistence is a "snare and a delusion. Occasionally, and I think increasingly, the State Department responds to suggestions for keeping peace with cautious approval."

As to Vietnam, it is "not important to us" and is neither a bastion of freedom nor a testing place for democracy. The foreign-policy outlook of the old establishment has been based on the premise that "any non-Communist leader, however repugnant, would, as a matter of expediency, have to be supported against the Communist conspiracy." To have all this said and warmly applauded at an ADA convention is striking evidence that the assumptions which have rigidly controlled American foreign policy during the cold-war period are being rejected by increasingly influential sections of the public, and that a change of direction is imminent.

The Peace Candidates: 1966

In a run-down published by *The Washington Post* (April 25) Julius Duscha names twenty-six peace candidates—five for the Senate, fifteen for the House (all but two are Democrats), Harold Stassen running for governor in Pennsylvania, and a few others. We would add William Bennett, a candidate for attorney general of California, who has taken a forceful stand against the war in Vietnam; Paul Gregg, a candidate in the 37th Congressional District in California, and William P. Martin, a candidate for Congress from Maryland. There are doubtless others.

Peace candidates who entered the lists in previous years have not fared too well. In 1958, for instance, five such candidates gained seats in the House: Byron Johnson, Charles O. Porter, Leonard G. Wolf, William Meyer and George A. Kasem (see "Peace Wins An Election" by William P. Irwin, *The Nation*, December 6, 1958). All of these men succumbed in 1960, but it should be noted that they were elected from normally Republican districts in the Democratic ground swell of 1958; also to be noted is the fact that in 1960 all of them ran ahead of John F. Kennedy in their districts. H. Stuart Hughes polled a disappointing vote in his bid for the Senate (from Massachusetts) in 1962; he received 50,013 votes or 2.3 per cent of the total. But Hughes was a victim of the Cuban missile crisis and wound up with only the hard-core "peace" vote.

However, new factors have emerged since 1958. A general endorsement of peace was never a very strong issue, and "disarmament" falls into the same category. This year the candidates have a specific, highly charged issue—Vietnam—on which the nation is seriously divided. The general international situation is more advanced: note, for example, the widening split in the world Communist movement. This year there are more peace candidates than ever before and the geographical focus has shifted; the largest number of "peace" candidates is now to be found in California. And

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THE NATION *Volume 202 No. 19*

while most of those running this year are amateurs, some of them are waging campaigns that reflect an awareness of the need to use unconventional techniques in order to reach the widest possible audience. For example, Robert Scheer, the foreign editor of *Ramparts*, who is campaigning against Rep. Jeffrey Cohelan in the 7th C. D. of California which includes the Berkeley area, enlivens meetings with "topless dancers," night-club entertainers and other *divertissements*. Scheer, incidentally, has the endorsement of the California Democratic Council in his district, which he won by a vote of 555 to 148. To be sure, Cohelan did not seek the endorsement but then he knew he could not get it. Another *Ramparts* candidate is the publisher, Edward Keating, who is making his bid in the 11th C. D. against Republican J. Arthur Younger. The California primary date is June 7.

The campaign in Oregon (primary May 24) and Michigan (primary August 2) are of particular interest. In Oregon, Mark Hatfield, the Republican candidate for the Senate, started out lukewarm on the Vietnamese issue but his criticism has become sharper as the campaign has progressed. Howard Morgan, who agrees with the Morse-Fulbright position, is running in the Democratic primary for the Senate seat to be vacated by the retirement of Sen. Maurine Neuberger. His opponent is Rep. Robert Duncan, who is favored in Washington. Morgan, a former state Senator and corporation commissioner, also formerly a member of the Federal Power Commission, is getting the full support of Senator Wayne Morse, who heretofore has always stood aloof from primary contests. In Oregon, also, Charles O. Porter is making another try for the Congressional seat he lost in 1960. In Michigan, Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh of Detroit is opposing former Governor G. Mennen Williams for the Democratic Senatorial nomination. Cavanagh wants China seated in the UN, is highly critical of U. S. policy in Vietnam, inveighs against a foreign policy that is locked into the past, and calls for new ideas, which in itself is heretical. He also challenges the comforting guns-*and*-butter thesis.

The handicap of the peace candidates is obvious: most of them are bucking the established order. Some are campaigning exclusively on the peace issue, and any single-issue campaign is difficult to bring off. Also, a sharp change in the situation in Vietnam might prove upsetting. Even so, this latest attempt by rank-and-file Americans to disrupt the bipartisan consensus on the cold war is a hopeful sign.

Surgical Spectacular

Few medical science stories have been more spectacularly reported than Texas surgeon Michael E. DeBakey's heart operation on Marcel De Rudder, an unemployed 65-year-old Illinois miner. Few have been more inaccurately, more prematurely, or more tastelessly reported.

Readers of wire-service accounts learned that the surgeon "inserted an artificial heart for the first time into a human being," that the patient was suffering from a damaged aortic valve, that Dr. DeBakey decided to "plant" the "heart" only when he opened the left side of the patient's heart and saw "clotting" and "significant damage" to the mitral valve.

In fact no "artificial heart" was used; the patient's aortic valve was not involved; the decision to try the device was made in advance because of the patient's severe pulmonary hypertension; it was not "inserted" or "planted"; and the attempt was the third, not the first, in which such devices have been tried in human beings.

What Dr. DeBakey actually employed was an externally placed, externally powered, single-chamber "left ventricular by-pass." Its function: to take a portion of the oxygenated blood entering the left atrium from the lungs and pump it directly into the aorta. Normally such arterial blood passes through the mitral valve into the left ventricle, which then contracts, expelling the blood into the aorta. Dr. DeBakey's device is intended to relieve some of the left ventricle's work load. As an emergency measure, he first tried it nearly three years ago. The by-pass worked for four days, but the patient died of other complications.

Last February, another attempt to use an auxiliary ventricle was undertaken at Maimonides Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, by Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz. It was kept secret. The device he tried is really implanted within the chest, but it, too, relies upon an external source of power. Dr. Kantrowitz installed his device in a patient whose heart muscle had been fatally weakened by alcoholic myocarditis. The patient recovered consciousness, talked with his doctors, and seemed to be doing well. The Kantrowitz pump apparently played its part well too, but the cirrhotic liver of the patient—whose name, unlike that of Dr. DeBakey's patient, has never been disclosed—proved unable to stand the strain of surgery. He died in twenty-four hours. Dr. Kantrowitz defended Dr. DeBakey's decision to try his device and wished "both him and his patient the best of luck." Mr. De Rudder did not have much. He remained unconscious after the operation; on the fifth postoperative day he died.

Meanwhile, he had become a *cause célèbre*. Days before the operation was scheduled, TV, radio, wire-service and newspaper reporters had been alerted to its imminence. A special pressroom was set up. When closed-circuit TV proved cumbersome in the crowded operating room, a surgeon with microphone was assigned to describe the procedure step by dramatic step. The scene, wrote one reporter, was "more like a big space shoot" than a surgical operation.

Curiously, these elaborate preparations seem only to have compounded the amount of mis- and noninformation emanating from Houston. A spate of errors was put on the wires, but not the fact that the operation was performed just two days after the deadline for submitting bids on six development contracts related to the DeBakey and Kantrowitz devices had passed at the National Heart Institute in Washington. More than $5 million in research and industrial development has already gone into these devices.

This is tolerably small business compared to the long-term stakes. Of the 900,000 or so Americans who suffer heart attacks yearly, 400,000, some experts believe, may one day need a perfected version of one or the other device—or, conceivably, of some auxiliary not yet developed.

Dr. DeBakey announced last month that no device perfected by his group would be patented. That was as much in keeping with medical tradition as the public relations furor at Houston was not, but two larger questions continue to cast an unhappy aura over the Houston operation.

The first of these concerns the rampant competition that plainly inspired the "space-shoot" atmosphere at Houston, both on the occasion of the surgery and after Mr. De Rudder's death. One may, and many quietly do, question whether the pressures thereby brought to bear upon those who must decide what research shall and what shall not be supported are conducive to calm judgment.

The other has to do with Mr. De Rudder as a particular patient and as a representative of patients. Was it wise to subject him and his wife—who first learned of the operation from the press—to such fanfare? Is it ethical?

"It has been a long-standing scientific tradition to report the results of one's research first to one's professional colleagues," said a cardiac surgeon who, like most, preferred not to be quoted by name. The reasons for such a tradition are founded both in humane considerations concerning the individual patient and scientists' skepticism of "first blush" results. They prefer to examine such experiments in the undistorted light of unpublicized, precise reports. In this way, fewer false hopes are raised among the desperately ill and, conversely, less despair is engendered when a trial results in less than complete success.

The CIA Above the Law

The CIA, known around the world for taking the law into its own hands, has now demonstrated that it considers itself above legal restraint even at home. This new recklessness emerges from a suit brought by one Eerik Heine, an Estonian expatriate who claims a long history as an anti-Communist freedom fighter. The defendant is one Juri Raus, another Estonian expatriate who admits to being an agent for the CIA. Raus had charged publicly that Heine, far from being a patriot hero, is really an agent of the KGB, the Soviet secret police. Heine sued Raus for slander. Some $100,000—to say nothing of Heine's reputation—rides on the judgment. The case is now pending before Judge Roszel C. Thomsen in the Federal District Court in Baltimore.

Raus does not deny that he made the charges. But—incredibly—he maintains that he made them on orders of the CIA and, as a result, has no obligation to prove them. The CIA acknowledges that it sought to buy off the victim in an out-of-court settlement. But Heine, to the agency's dismay, has insisted on a trial to clear his name.

Surfacing to protect its man, the CIA filed an official affidavit with the court which says that "Raus was in possession of information furnished to him by the Central Intelligence Agency, and when he spoke concerning the plaintiff on such occasions he was acting within the scope and course of his employment by the Agency on behalf of the United States." Raus's attorneys argue that "under these circumstances, there arises in favor of the defendant an absolute privilege which precludes, even under a showing of malice, any possibility of recovery by the plaintiff."

How similar this contention sounds to the claim of the Stuart monarch, James I, who declared in 1609 that kings are "judges over all their subjects and in all causes and yet accountable to none but God only. They have power to exalt low things and abase high things, and make of their subjects, like men at the chess, a pawn to take a bishop or a knight. . . ." It was this contention, of course, which led to England's revolutionary war and the affirmation—once and for all, we had thought—that kings (to say nothing of CIA agents) were subject to law.

The implication of the CIA's assertion is enormous. If not challenged, it means that an agency of government can inflict any manner of harm upon the citizenry and remain —upon claim, however shaky, of overriding national interest—immune from responsibility. The CIA says that a more elaborate defense might expose its entire counterespionage apparatus in the United States. Even if the allegation were justified (and there is no way to verify it), it scarcely entitles the CIA to stomp on people's rights in the process.

The CIA argues that the Supreme Court affirmed its power to libel Heine in a 5-to-4 decision (*Barr* v. *Mateo*) in 1959. The decision, one of the Warren Court's less felicitous ones, established the risky principle that an official could not be sued for libel committed in the course of duty. It did not say—which is what the CIA contends it says—that the government has a right to resort to slander as a conscious instrument of policy. It did not, furthermore, say the government could haughtily withhold any defense, on the ground of executive privilege. Attorney General Katzenbach, happily, has refused to lend his personal authority to the CIA position. Even Judge Thomsen, who has been sympathetic to the CIA's dilemma, was forced to observe: "I think that the plaintiff is entitled; assume the plaintiff is a Communist, assume he is everything you say, everybody has some rights in this country." The question, obviously, cannot go unchallenged. It is to be hoped that this case will soon find its way to the Supreme Court.

In Loco Parentis

To what extent should an employer, or an institution of learning, take the place of parents in enforcing strict standards of sexual purity? The colleges are going one way, J. Edgar Hoover's FBI the other. The crime busters and the deans are put in striking opposition in two stories in *The New York Times,* April 24 and 26. One, based on a survey by Jonathan Randal, finds Grundyism in precipitate retreat at the Ivy League universities; the other, written by Frank P. Graham, seems to show that the soul of Queen Victoria has lodged in the body of Mr. Hoover. This has nothing to do with security; it is solely a question of morality. A spokesman for the Bureau says: "We have hundreds of young men and women coming to work for the FBI in Washington. We must be sure that their parents can be confident that they and their colleagues are living under exemplary conditions."

The exemplary conditions include, in Graham's words, "an enormously effective surveillance system" that reaches down to the lowest clerical employees and requires a prompt report by any employee who discovers an indiscretion committed by another employee. If two FBI employees have the misfortune to become lovers, each must promptly inform on the other. If they neglect to do so, they are likely to be found out anyway, since most unmarried employees live in apartment houses "recommended" by the Bureau.

Thus, Thomas F. Carter, a 25-year-old Air Force veteran, was dismissed from his clerical job after his "girl friend of long standing from Texas" stayed overnight in the two-bedroom apartment he occupied with three other FBI employees. All four men were required to sign statements giving "specific details." Eight days later a letter signed by Mr. Hoover was handed to Mr. Carter, dismissing him as of that day for "conduct unbecoming an employee of this bureau." He is now suing Mr. Hoover to get his job back.

What a contrast between the high moral standards of the FBI and the permissiveness of the universities! At Columbia the administration has dropped the rule that the door of a student's dormitory room must be left slightly ajar when he is entertaining a woman visitor. She may stay behind a totally closed door until midnight on Friday and 1 A.M. on Sunday. At Yale, Dean George S. May says flatly: "We are not interested in the private lives of students as long as they remain private." At Cornell, Ruth Darling, the assistant dean for residence halls, says: "We don't ask what they do and don't want to know."

At one university a student was discovered in bed with a girl in his dormitory room "well after visiting hours." The university notified his parents, who couldn't see anything wrong with junior's behavior—whether being in bed with the girl or being in bed with her after hours, the story does not say. Time was when a student thus caught in *flagrante delicto* would have been summarily expelled, but now the university ponders motivation. "For example," the reporter explains, "if the couple have been going together, were in love, had been to bed before, then such factors would amount to extenuating circumstances."

The defense of having been in bed before may prove especially attractive. Without any implication of sinful behavior on the part of Mr. Carter and his long-standing girl friend from Texas, it is evident that a variant of this defense failed to move J. Edgar Hoover. It is also evident that Mr. Hoover's parietal rules are not universally popular with the help. The Justice Department discloses that whereas the turnover of government employees as a whole in Washington is under 20 per cent, the FBI lost more than 34 per cent of its Washington employees last year.

FOUNDATION PIPE LINES

THE BENEFICENT CIA

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

One of the "in" games in Washington is uncovering the funny business of the Central Intelligence Agency, especially as it relates to funneling money through a maze of foundations for the purpose of shaping foreign policy. Last month Group Research, Inc., a fact-finding organization based in Washington, made a high score in this game by picking up a cold trail (a couple of years old, thanks to the Internal Revenue Service's tardiness in assimilating and releasing such data). It was nevertheless a significant trail, because it appeared to lead to the American Friends of the Middle East, an anti-Zionist, pro-Arab, organization; and to the Cuban Freedom Committee, sponsor of "Free Cuba Radio" and certainly the most belligerent anti-Castro radio series broadcast out of this country, whose advisory board includes several galloping right wingers.

Followers of this mystery serial may recall that two years ago Rep. Wright Patman of Texas, investigating the CIA-Kaplan Fund-IRS arrangement, demanded information relating to eight other foundations. [See editorial, "Foundations as 'Fronts,'" *The Nation*, September 14, 1964.] The Kaplan Fund, he had discovered by stubborn detective work, was a conduit for CIA funds, and these other eight foundations had been contributing to the Kaplan Fund; so Patman wanted to know if they were part of the CIA pipe line.

At that point he ran into what he called "a hint that I had better not touch this because it involves foreign operations of the CIA." Taking the hint, he rang down the curtain and the rest of his inquiry was finished in executive session. The public learned nothing about the eight foundations: the Michigan Fund, the Gotham Foundation, the Price Fund, the Edsel Fund, the Andrew Hamilton Fund, the Bordon Trust, the Beacon Fund and the Kentifield Fund. Now, as a result of Group Research, Inc.'s investigations, one corner of the bureaucratic curtain has been lifted to reveal as neat a performance of fund swapping as one will find in the IRS files.

Seven of these foundations (the Michigan Fund does not seem to be involved in this ploy) have been giving money to Christianform and/or the American Friends of the Middle East. The benefactions to the American Friends were transmitted through the Brown Foundation, the Jones-O'Donnell Fund and the Marshall Foundation, and these three, plus six of the seven original donors, also gave to Christianform; the Andrew Hamilton Fund gave directly to Christianform but to none of the three intermediary foundations, and Gotham gave nothing directly to Christianform. If these transactions sound complicated, it must be remembered that fiscal simplicity was probably not the first consideration. The point to be noted is that seven of the eight foundations that are known to have been pumping money into the Kaplan Fund have now been found aiding Christianform and the American Friends. How, then, do the recipients use the money?

Christianform is an organization that dates back to 1949. Its founder and president is Nicholas T. Nonnenmacher (Major, Air Force, ret.), former assistant editor of the right-wing publication *Human Events*. For four years he was staff specialist of the American Legion, assigned to its subversive activities committee, and is now administrative assistant to Glenn Andrews of Alabama, one of the more unreconstructed Congressmen. Nonnenmacher's latest achievement was writing the script for the movie, *Peace or Communism*, which gives the peaceniks the usual rough treatment. One notable adviser to Christianform has been Paul Crouch, the professional ex-Communist who left his smudge on several Congressional investigations.

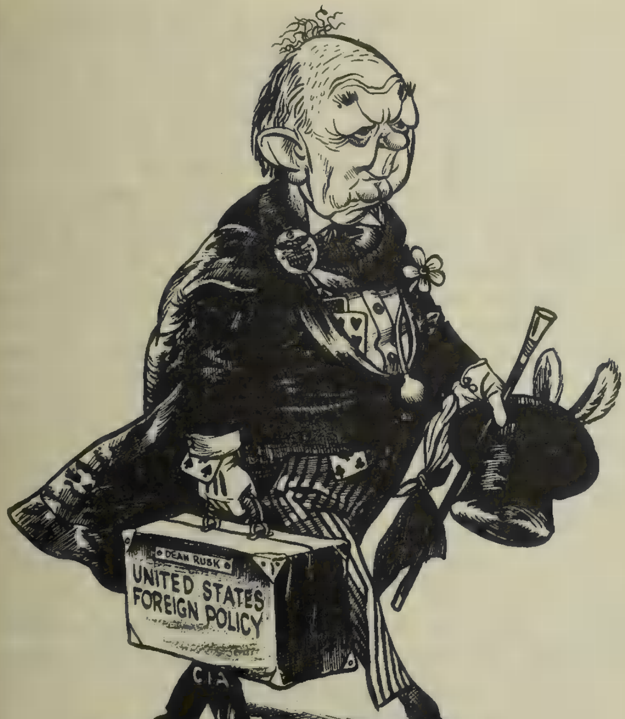
The income of their organization having mysteriously soared from $3,100 in 1959 to more than $250,000 in 1961, the patriots of Christianform spawned the Cuban Freedom Committee and went into the nonprofit business of propagandizing the Cubans and other Latin Americans via three radio stations—WGBS in Miami, WKWF in Key West and WWL in New Orleans. More than 200 hours of propaganda are broadcast from these stations each month, and canned portions of the program are rebroadcast over twenty stations in Latin America.

As with any heated propagandizing effort, Free Cuba Radio often gets tangled in its own tales. Its promotional brochure notes that "today in Cuba in moats, centuries-old fortresses, jails and concentration camps . . . under indescribably unsanitary and filthy conditions, exist more than 50,000 political prisoners, subjected to torture. . . ." Yet in a press release from the organization, one learns that a Cuban "newly arrived in the United States, who was jailed for forty-three days in Havana, related how he and his fellow prisoners listened to the Cuban Freedom Committee programs right under the noses of the guards." (Prisoners were allowed standard radios to listen to Castro and the Communist propaganda.) With what other luxuries are those torture chambers equipped?

However, *aficionados* of Free Cuba Radio are less likely to go to it for precise history than they are for the kind of humor heard on the program, "If It Weren't So Tragic, It Would Be Comic!" A typical quip on a recent program:

> Announcer: After he heard of the police raids Fidel had initiated against drinking and other vices, Raul, his brother, went to a doctor and begged: "Please, doctor, go tell Fidel that what I have isn't a vice."

Officials of Free Cuba Radio believe that Raul is a homosexual, and this joke is supposed to be an allusion to that.



Macpherson, Toronto Star

Sorcerer's Apprentice

On other occasions the comic announcer will talk about "Mother Raul" and his long hair.

Mrs. Mariada C. Arensberg, executive secretary of the Cuban Freedom Committee and director of the radio propagandists headquartered in Washington, said that this kind of joke is a real knee slapper in Cuba.

Another program tells the Cubans how to sabotage the sugar cane: "Plant the sugar cane seed upside down." And still another offers Cuban military officers the logic that they needn't obey the Castros because "they are politicians, not military men."

Somebody in the United States likes that kind of material well enough to shell out $400,000 a year, which is what Mrs. Arensberg says the radio assault costs.

Mrs. Arensberg told *The Nation*: "I would just as soon you didn't write about our advisory board," and as for the financing of the radio barrage, she said that comes "from foundations, but I would just as soon you didn't write about that either."

The advisory board displays quite a potpourri of ideologies. It includes Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, publisher of the Houston *Post* and once in Eisenhower's Cabinet; Edward G. Miller, former Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs; Sen. Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island; Rep. Roman C. Pucinski of Illinois; and Walter Williams, former Under Secretary of Commerce.

But the most vocal members of the board are Donald C. Bruce, former Congressman from Indiana (Nonnenmacher was his administrative assistant when he was in Congress); Peter O'Donnell, Dallas businessman; George S. Schuyler, associate editor of the Pittsburgh *Courier*, and John B. McClatchy, Philadelphia businessman and chairman of the advisory committee. Together, they make a shining constellation of ultraconservatives:

¶Throughout his Congressional career Bruce advocated total naval blockade of Cuba; public support of a "Cuban army of liberation," and recognition of a government-in-exile. He has spoken for the Manion Forum, for Human Events Political Action Conferences, for the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, and for the National Right-To-Work Committee. He believed President Kennedy "opposed Castro, but not communism."

¶Board Chairman McClatchy participates in the Human Events Political Action Conferences and is a life member of Christian Anti-Communism Crusade. He contributed $10,370 to Christianform in 1960, the year Free Cuba Radio was formed — the only individual to make a big money contribution.

¶For a time, Gen. Albert Wedemeyer, a former member of the advisory board of H. L. Hunt's Life Line and a spokesman at just about every important right-wing gathering, was on the Free Cuba Radio board, but he got sick and quit. The remaining members of the board remember him as "being hard to get along with."

¶Peter O'Donnell is best known for having led the National Draft Goldwater Committee, but he is also a guiding light for the Young Americans for Freedom and other earnest organizations of the type.

¶The most interesting member of the board is George S. Schuyler, Negro journalist, who has made something of a name for himself by addressing John Birch conventions on the general theme: Why the South Is a Beautiful Place for Negroes to Live. At a John Birch convention in Denver, in March, he said that when Negroes live in ghettos, they do so because of "the natural human preference." Schuyler was identified with the old China lobby, and he presently is on the advisory committee for the Committee on Pan American Policy, one-fifth of whose members are either on the John Birch Society's national council or on the advisory committee of Rev. Billy James Hargis' Christian Crusade.

In 1962, just prior to the Punta del Este consultation of foreign ministers, called by the Council of the Organization of American States, Mrs. Arensberg wrote letters to Congressmen and Senators in which she urged a tough go-it-alone line: "The fetish of continental unity is hampering the United States of America in her effort to isolate and to thwart Communist Cuba. . . . The United States of America must go to Punta del Este with a strong policy to defend the inter-American system and to protect this country if left alone."

Much the same sentiments were expressed by Schuyler in an article he wrote in 1965 for the John Birch magazine *American Opinion*: "Our leaders are mentally shackled against any effective action in dealing with the Communist threat in this hemisphere; our hands are tied by preposterous OAS commitments. . . ."

The same zealous enthusiasm to strike out, and to hell with diplomacy, motivates the staff of Free Cuba Radio today. Dr. Herminio Portell-Vila, who writes many of the radio's propaganda programs, says: "I believe in killing Castro. I believe in blowing up Cuba's refineries. These things I believe in doing."

Mrs. Arensberg says: "We do not think in terms of ten years from now. We think in terms of six months. Anything could happen in that time. Castro could be killed. Anything could happen."

The purpose of Free Cuba Radio is to create an atmosphere in which "anything"—including the death of Castro—is more likely to happen, soon.

For fifteen years the American Friends of the Middle East has been operating on the tightrope philosophy that it isn't anti-Israel, it is merely anti-Zionist—a distinction some Jews have had a hard time following. As one of its regional representatives once explained, "Since AFME is frankly pro-Arab, it is necessarily anti-Zionist, but that is its *one and only negative* aspect."

AFME has always been able to point to some "name"

(Continued on page 556)

'ABUNDANCE' IN PERSPECTIVE

Should Men Compete with Machines?

ROBERT THEOBALD

When, almost exactly three years ago, The Nation *published Robert Theobald's "Abundance: Threat or Promise?" as a special issue of the magazine, the basic challenge there presented to the traditional work-pay basis of society—the suggestion that minimum income should itself be a birthright—was widely greeted as an ingenious adventure in utopian thinking. But partly because of the stimulation provided by that article (later published in an expanded form as* Free Men and Free Markets; *Clarkson N. Potter) and partly because of the pressure of events, Mr. Theobald's economic challenge has come to seem a relevant issue of our time. Thus the war against poverty has been launched since Mr. Theobald first wrote, and already it appears to have lost its impetus—to the degree that Richard Cloward in last week's* Nation *proposed a strategy for throwing the welfare apparatus into a state of such crisis that it would be abandoned for more sweeping federal measures.*

*On the one hand, poverty persists in the country even during the economic stimulation of the war in Vietnam; on the other hand, the computer and automation are taking over work areas at an accelerated rate that is both exciting and frightening (*The New York Times *of April 24 distributed a special magazine section, "The Computer and Society," prepared by the American Federation of Information Processing Societies). The situation has advanced to the point where the President's National Commission on Technology, Automation and Economic Progress is itself discussing, and in part recommending, the proposals that seemed so bold when Mr. Theobald discussed them in these pages only three years ago.*

In this context, Robert Theobald restates below his basic concept of the economy of the future, his belief as to how it will affect society at large and the psychology of the individual, his appraisal of the fruits it offers and the process by which they are to be harvested. He is still ahead of the nation's prevailing ideas on these subjects, but the gap is ever narrowing.

It is difficult to overstate the transformation that has occurred in America's perception of its economic and social problems over the past three years. The members of the National Commission on Technology, Automation and Economic Progress (Automation Commission), for example, recently collectively accepted policies which some of them had rejected as individuals as recently as two years ago, when the Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution sent its report to the President. It is now clear that the speed and sweep of events are convincing those who are willing to learn that bolder measures are urgently required.

Unfortunately, there is still no agreement upon *appropriate* measures. This lack stems in large part from a failure to develop an analytical framework in which it would be possible to examine critically the implications of a rapid-growth economy based on highly sophisticated machinery. In addition, such reports as have been made, notably those of the Ad Hoc Committee and of the Automation Commission, not only disagree on the realities of the present situation but obscure the key value question posed by the potential of abundance.

We shall make little progress in developing appropriate policies until we decide whether the immediate goal of America should be the continuation of full employment or the most rapid possible movement toward a state of full *un*employment, where each individual would have a right to enough resources to free him to do what he wished and where he would be challenged to develop himself and his society. Obviously, the two goals require very different policies.

Both the Automation Commission and the majority of the Ad Hoc Committee declared for continuation of full employment. In addition to myself, only one signer of the Ad Hoc Committee report challenged this view. We argued in a footnote: "The two major principles of the transitional period will be (1) that machines rather than men will take up conventional work openings, and (2) that the activity of men will be devoted to new forms of work and leisure." This article will investigate the meaning of this statement, define the areas of agreement and disagreement among economists, indicate the real choices open to America in terms of patterns of growth and employment. It will also discuss the relevance of the guaranteed income.

The present socio-economic system uses a very simple mechanism for distributing resources: it assumes that the overwhelming proportion of those seeking jobs can find them and that the incomes received will provide the job holder with adequate funds to live in dignity. Such a distribution mechanism requires that enough effective demand exist to take up all the goods and services that can be produced by all the capital and labor that can be economically used.

Accepting this as the goal, economists have come to concentrate on the rate of production growth that can be achieved, and thus the increase in demand that is required for continuing employment. The Gross National Product is expected to exceed $725 billion in 1966; the Automation Commission has estimated that: "The output of the economy—and the aggregate demand to buy it—must grow in excess of 4 per cent a year just to prevent the unemployment rate from rising, and even faster if the unemployment rate is to fall further." The Automation Commission does not expect that it will be easy to keep demand growing at the required pace, for it has stated that the American economy "has seldom, if ever, grown at a rate faster than 3.5 per cent for any extended length of time."

The problem of maintaining an adequate growth in demand will be even greater if production should, in fact, increase at a rate faster than is anticipated by the Automation Commission, and many analysts believe that the Automation Commission underestimated this particular difficulty. They base their case in part on historical trends and, in part, on new developments which they claim will reinforce past experience. As regards historical trends, they point out that the annual rate of increase in productivity has been rising steadily. Thus, according to the Automation Commission, "in the thirty-five years before the end of the Second World War, output per man hour in the private economy rose at a trend rate of 2 per cent per year" and "between 1947 and 1964 productivity in the private economy rose at a trend rate of about 3.1 per cent a year."

The Automation Commission might therefore have been expected to base its calculations on a continuance of the steady historical acceleration: they chose, on the contrary, to assume that no further rise in the rate of productivity increase would occur over the next ten years.

The assumption appears particularly dubious in the light of accumulating evidence about the implications of modern advanced machinery, and particularly of the computer. The potential of the computer is still not generally perceived—indeed, the report of the Automation Commission effectively dismissed it without analysis: "It is beyond our knowledge to know whether the computer, nuclear power and molecular biology are quantitatively or qualitatively more 'revolutionary' than the telephone, electric power and bacteriology."

In these circumstances, a few facts should be emphasized. The first commercial computer was installed in 1950; the number of computers operating in the United States had grown to 5,000 by 1960, and is conservatively estimated to reach 70,000 by 1970. During the decade of the sixties, the technique of time sharing will come into general use: it is even today well beyond the experimental stage. (Time sharing allows several people to use the same computer at the same time without even leaving their offices, thus greatly increasing the capacity of each computer.) In addition, major improvements are being made in the handling of information, both in terms of the efficiency of the computer itself and also in the programer's ability to provide the computer with information in the form most suitable to its capacities.

It is, of course, difficult to develop figures for the effects of these last two developments, but it may be helpful to provide even extremely crude estimates. Thus, it is probably conservative to estimate that an average of ten people will use each computer simultaneously in 1970, as compared to one in 1960; it is equally conservative to estimate that the average computer in 1970 will handle information 1,000 times more efficiently than in 1960. When one multiplies these two figures by each other and by the increase in the number of computers during the decade, one arrives at an estimate for the increase in computer information handling capacity of 140,000 times. Most of the impact of this increase in capacity will make itself felt between 1965 and 1970.

Many analysts therefore expect that the Automation Commission will turn out to have underestimated the actual rate of productivity increase. However, even economists who are most impressed by the potential rise in productivity that can be achieved in the immediate future would agree that policy measures could *still* be devised to use all of the economic productive resources. Indeed, the experience of this year shows that full employment can always be achieved—although it still appears to require war expenditures to break through the political constraints on spending. There is no *economic* problem in achieving full employment of all economic resources for an indefinite time in the future.

Thus, we should not ask whether we can employ all economic resources, for the answer to this question is clearly "yes": rather we should examine three different issues. First, will America be willing to accept the fundamental changes in institutions that will be required for the adoption of policies necessary to keep supply equal to demand when the war in Vietnam ends? Second, is it inevitable that certain types of people will become "unemployable" because they will be more costly than machines? Third, at what point should we decide that further economic growth is not the prime necessity, and that the preservation of the link between jobs and income, which requires keeping supply and demand equal, should therefore be destroyed?

I intend to pass briefly over the first of these questions. It is now part of the conventional wisdom to argue that there are massive unmet economic needs among the American poor, massive unmet social needs in America, and massive requirements for goods and services elsewhere in the world. It is, however, surely clear that American society is not yet ready for the major restructuring of its institutions that would be required for an all-out attack on the causes of poverty, both internal and external, and an all-out attempt to build an attractive environment. Whether one believes that the necessary rethinking will take place as fast as will be required to keep up with technological change depends on personal judgment.

Analysis of the prospect of unemployability due to the increasing efficiency of machines systems is the second area where the rapid development of computers and advanced machinery raises profound questions. The present position accepted by the Administration and by most economists is that the pace of improvement in educational accomplishments will counterbalance the increase in the efficiency of machines, and that special education and retraining programs will be adequate to deal with the relatively few people who require further help.

But this forecast underestimates both the growing impact of advanced machinery and the results of continuing increases in the amount and coverage of the minimum wage. Despite the obvious social desirability of better minimum wage provisions, the evidence becomes ever clearer that increases in the minimum wage decrease the attractiveness of marginal employees. The most disturbing study so far available on this subject resulted from a special census report of the South Los Angeles area following the rioting in Watts last year. During the boom period of 1960-65, when general economic conditions in the United States were improving at an unprecedented rate, conditions in South Los Angeles were no better than static, and some key indicators actually showed declines. For example, the male unemployment rate for South Los Angeles was 11.3 per cent in 1960 and 10.1 per cent in 1965: nationally the unemployment rate for nonwhite males dropped from 12 per cent to 6 per cent during the same period. Median family income in South Los Angeles actually declined during a period in which the typical American family's rose substantially.

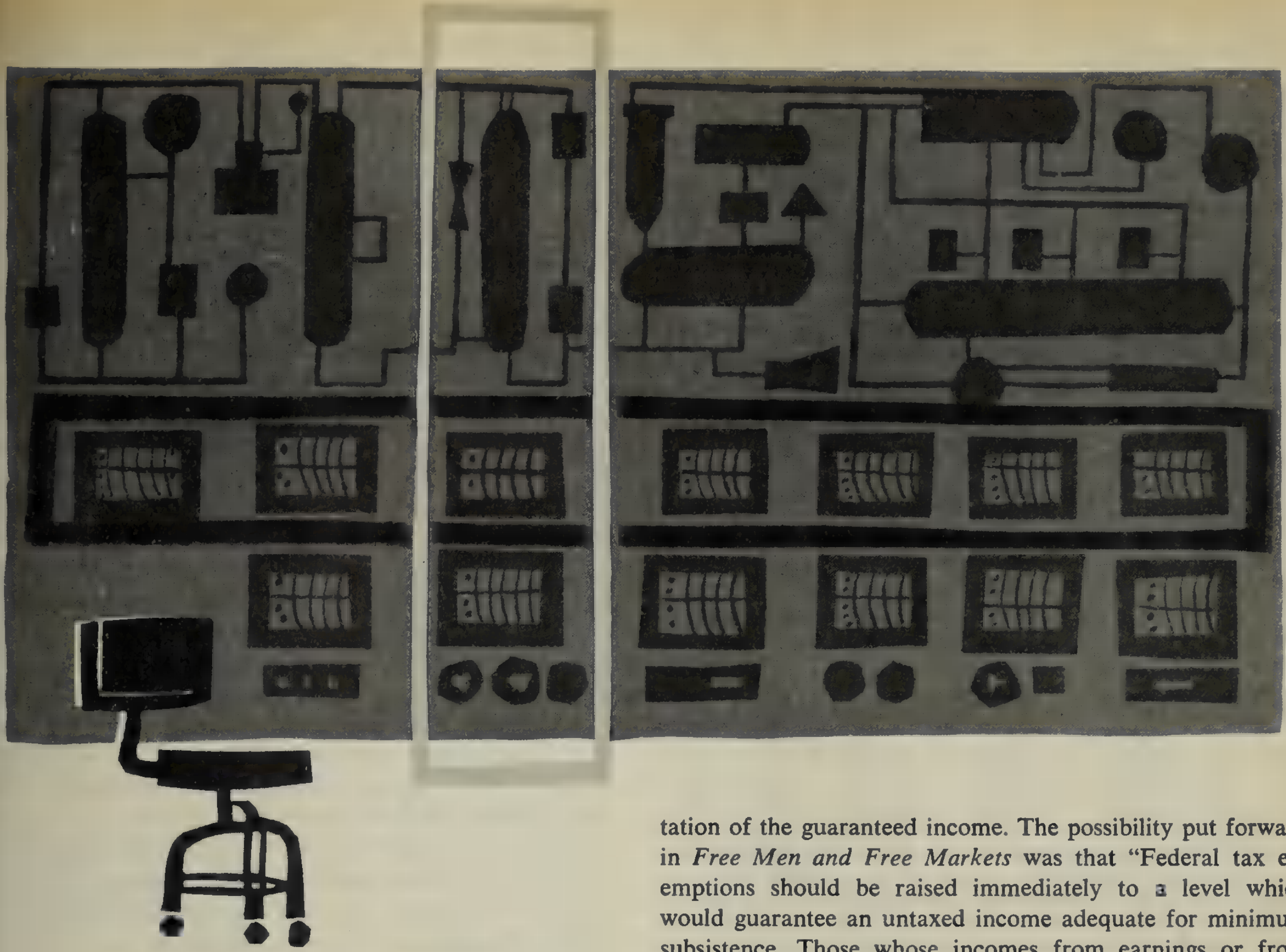
A severe problem of unemployability appears to be emerging. Certain types of workers have insufficient inherent capacities to be worth employing at any job for the socially determined wage rate. In these circumstances, employers can be expected to claim that there is a severe shortage of workers even at times when large numbers of people assert that they cannot find jobs.

It is still not recognized that the problem of ultimate unemployability is not confined to the blue-collar worker. A recent *Wall Street Journal* story stated that even during the present boom a substantial number of middle-management personnel are finding it impossible to keep up with the new knowledge required for effective administration. The lead sentence of the article set the tone: "Today's fast-changing business methods are spawning a new breed of executive—the obsolete executive." In particular, companies that rely ever more heavily on computers find it necessary to give responsibility to younger people who have an understanding of computer management, thus limiting the prospects of older people who would normally have continued to move up the management ladder. A recent survey by the American Foundation on Automation and Employment indicated that the problem could be expected to deepen with almost totally unexpected rapidity.

The argument of this article has so far been concerned with what is possible, but that is surely far less relevant today than a study of what is desirable. I shall therefore cease to examine whether man *can* compete with machines, and examine whether man *should* compete with machines—that being the third point itemized above. Once this latter approach is explicitly developed, it becomes immediately clear that the economists' view of the problem has, in fact, caused us to lose sight of the very purpose of increasing productivity, which originally aimed to free man from the necessity of meaningless and degrading toil. We are now entering a period when machines can toil for us, and it is therefore surely grotesque that we continue to insist on competing with them for the ever-shrinking amounts of toil that are available. Attempts to preserve the right to a job will result in eliminating all other individual rights.

It is at this point that the debate on the guaranteed income—or Basic Economic Security, as I prefer to call it—becomes immediately relevant, for we cannot free man from toil unless we achieve fundamental change in our techniques of distributing resources and also fundamental change in Western man's view of what gives value to his life. Take first the problem of income distribution. Western society requires, as we have seen, that men who wish to hold jobs should be able to find them, for only thus can they obtain resources. Our socio-economy is curiously deficient in financial mechanisms that enable the individual to act as an institution, self-directed, and alone responsible for his activities.

Some isolated examples of the individual as an institution *do* already exist: the independent rich and those receiving grants or fellowships. Such individuals can act outside the constraints typical of the industrial-age, market-oriented, task-structured system. In contrast to industrial-age, generalized time patterning, their work often requires that they adopt a highly personal rhythm of activity and inactivity. This manner of working is therefore not amenable to remuneration according to present economic criteria and mechanisms; if alternative mechanisms are not forthcoming, society will not be able to take advantage of the potential of a significant number of individuals who are capable of acting



in this way but who lack financial support. Clearly, new mechanisms for distributing income to these individuals are urgently needed.

Basic Economic Security (BES) is the fundamental new principle of income distribution appropriate to the era of cybernation. Although it is designed to meet our immediate needs of underwriting the activities of creative individuals and improving our methods of financing the educational system, the most significant aspect of this proposal is that it is an economist's approach to the social and cultural self-devaluation problem of the currently unemployed and those who will become unemployed. This is a *general* economic principle, applicable to every member of society, and underwriting his status as a member of society; rather than a mere economic mechanism that enables a human being to remain alive even though society has virtually ceased to recognize him as one of its members.

The guaranteed income is a philosophical principle which argues that at a time when machines can produce enough for all, every man is entitled to a minimum income. It is valid only if man proves willing to rise to challenge and does not have to be coerced into action by a fear of social deprivation. I believe that we can develop a society wherein men will accept the responsibility that is an inevitable concomitant of freedom.

However, immediate implementation of a new philosophical principle must be expected to raise severe problems: it is impossible to devise an ideal technique for the implementation of the guaranteed income. The possibility put forward in *Free Men and Free Markets* was that "Federal tax exemptions should be raised immediately to a level which would guarantee an untaxed income adequate for minimum subsistence. Those whose incomes from earnings or from capital did not reach this level would then be entitled to receive Federal government payments sufficient to raise their incomes to this level and ensure their Basic Economic Security . . . it might be expected that a level of $1,000 for every adult and $600 for every child would . . . be feasible levels to use as a starting point for calculations."

Subsequent debate has made it clear that this technique —now generally known as the negative income tax—is the only feasible way of implementing the guaranteed income. This remains true despite the preference of some analysts for the "demogrant"—a flat payment to every individual regardless of his income. While there are considerable obvious advantages to the demogrant proposal in terms of administrative simplicity, the cost makes this technique effectively impossible. It can be estimated that a negative income tax based on rates of $1,000 per adult and $600 per child could be introduced for between $12 billion and $20 billion; the cost of a demogrant of the same magnitude would be around $140 billion.

The negative income tax, however, is a far from ideal technique. It is vulnerable to underreporting of income. It raises awkward questions of family splitting: many people now in a family unit but who do not earn anything might split themselves off in order to qualify for payments. A further problem arises from the fact that if each adult receives the same amount of money, the single individual will receive a less adequate income than a married couple; while if a proportionately larger allowance is given to the single individual, a decision to get married reduces total income substantially.

The only adequate justification for the negative income tax technique is that it makes possible the introduction of the *guaranteed* income and thus advances the idea that *every* individual is worthy of certain fundamental rights, including an income sufficient to live with dignity.

Thus the apparent present community of interest between supporters of a guaranteed income, with the negative income tax as the technique to achieve it, and supporters of the negative income tax as a way to eliminate poverty for the "deserving" poor, is not only illusory but extremely dangerous in its implications. The scope of the guaranteed income is the total society; prior to the current debate, the key volume was Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* an 1888 description of a new society based on a new philosophy of human purpose and activity. In contrast, the restricted applicability of the negative income tax technique used as an overall proposal was already apparent in a 1946 statement by George Stigler: "There is a great attractiveness in the proposal that we extend the personal income tax to the lowest income brackets with negative rates in these brackets." It is clear that this concept originated *before* the emergence of the new productive technologies—automation and cybernation—and was perceived merely as a device for "dealing with" the poor.

Supporters of the guaranteed income must recognize that the key element in the proposal is for an absolute constitutional guarantee. While the additional funds made available would have some short-run benefits even if a constitutional guarantee were not adopted, the long-run effect would be disastrous, for the payment of benefits under the negative income tax plan would then become a weapon to force conformity, as is presently the case with the distribution of poverty funds. If the right to an income is not absolutely guaranteed, some method of determining eligibility for the guaranteed income would have to be introduced; those applying the eligibility rules would have overwhelming power. We must allow some people to abuse the guaranteed income—as they will in the early stages—rather than provide any government with such potential for tyranny.

Such a position is, of course, only logical if the percentage of those who would choose to be idle is small. Available studies of many groups—from those on welfare to those in middle management—show that idleness is greatly feared and that the vast majority of Americans do not want to be mere cultural spectators but rather hope to fulfill some societal role.

Full employment does not promise the full achievement of America's potential. People will act more creatively if they have the right to an income and are challenged to develop themselves and their society. BES is, in my opinion, essential if we are to preserve our goal of individual freedom. It is not merely one possible solution to the problem of cybernation which can be compared with many others: on the contrary, it is the prerequisite to other policies which we must develop to deal with emerging problems. In American society today, there is a vast amount of human energy that cannot be employed because of a lack of available independent financial resources: the provision of BES will lead to cultural, social and political advance on an unprecedented scale.

For society at large, and especially for those creative individuals now shackled by the absence of BES, the situation is analogous to the introduction of limited liability in the 19th century. Limited liability was introduced to encourage risk taking by those investing in companies. The concept of a joint venture was replaced by the concept that the stockholder's liability for company debts no longer put a lien on his total wealth but only on the amount he invested in the company. Limited liability was a pre-condition for the taking of risks: it did not insure risk taking or innovation but it did make them possible, thus allowing the economy and society to benefit from the self-interested acts of individuals.

Similarly, BES provides the individual with the ability to do what he personally feels to be important. This allows risk taking and innovation in areas where the existing and emerging needs of society are not being met by an otherwise efficiently functioning free enterprise market system. The minimum income is not mediated through the offices of any other individual or organization within the market system and therefore does not bring with it built-in pressures for the recipient to continue doing what is already being done through the market system.

BES will perhaps have its greatest importance in the development of education, which will become vital to life. We shall recognize in the very near future that mere extension of the period of education will not be enough; that we shall need major changes in concepts of education to meet the new challenges. We must face up to the fact that today's school and university were designed to serve the requirements of the passing industrial age. [See "The Post-Industrial Generation: Roots of Student Discontent" by Mervin B. Freedman, *The Nation,* June 14, 1965.] If we are to educate for the future, we must find ways to develop creativity, and enlarge the capacity of the individual to think in terms of his own uniqueness. We shall have to teach people to think for themselves rather than merely to absorb and then regurgitate, with maximum A-level accuracy, the theories of past thinkers. The best way to achieve this is to change our educational system from being discipline-oriented to being problem-oriented.

We should have far more "unemployment" in the future than there is today, but we shall come to perceive unemployment as favorable rather than unfavorable. The individual and society now fear unemployment for two reasons: it usually implies an inadequate income; it threatens cessation of all meaningful activity and encourages anti-social activity. When we provide adequate incomes to all and develop each individual's uniqueness so that he himself knows what he wants to do, unemployment, which will then be redefined as the condition of *not* holding a job, will be seen as highly desirable. Paradoxically, therefore, economists can best serve society by directing their organizational effort and their professional skills toward full unemployment rather than full employment.

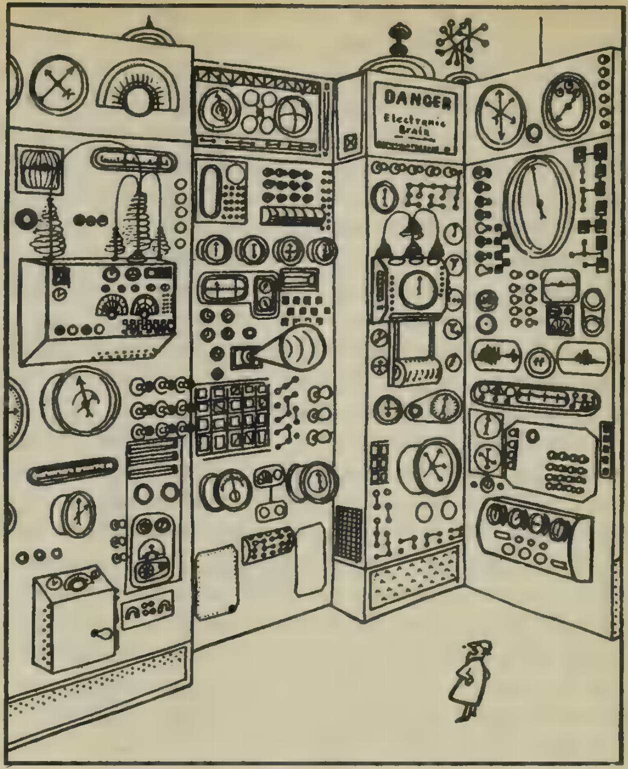
However, full unemployment does not, and will not, appear a desirable goal to those who were brought up in the Protestant ethic. There are many people who will wish to be employed, but do not have the capacity to develop their own lives within the freedom provided by BES. It is extraordinarily unfortunate that many of those ultimately unemployable within the existing job-structured productive system seem likely to be those most in need of structured activity to make their lives meaningful. This is true both for blue-collar workers and for middle-management and similar groups with high levels of professional training.

The upbringing and education of those most immediately threatened by cybernation have limited their horizons so severely that they cannot fully benefit from the potential abundance which their own work has created. Society crippled these people in order to get them to produce efficiently. As their productive efforts are no longer required, society must not only provide them with rights to adequate incomes but must *also* provide new types of activities that will give them a sense of satisfaction in their lives.

This can only be done through new types of organization, and BES will greatly simplify the provision of new work roles for individuals who will not have to be paid wages. We can anticipate the organization of what I have called "consentives": productive groups formed by individuals who come together on a voluntary basis, simply because they wish to do so. Articles made by these consentives will not compete with mass-produced goods available from cybernated factories; the consentive will normally produce the "custom-designed" objects and services that have been vanishing within the present economy.

This type of productive unit will continue far into the future, for skilled handwork is one of the most satisfying of occupations. But the proportion of the population that spends most of its time in production will decline as education in its fullest sense takes an ever more central position and other activities come to seem more challenging. For the present, however, it is essential to recognize that we face an acute transitional problem. We may reasonably hope to change the educational process so that those still within it will understand that toil is unnecessary and will accept the freedom made possible by cybernation. It will be far more difficult to bring an older generation that was raised within the Protestant ethic to this point of view. Will we have to develop political policies to preserve jobs for the older members of society while challenging the young to work in nonstructured situations? And if this is indeed necessary, what social norms can we develop to prevent a profound generational split?

The context of this article should make it clear that BES is only a short first step toward a free society; toward achievement of the long held dream of Western man that one day it might be possible to achieve an overwhelming abundance of goods and services, and that at the same time we might draw nearer to our stated ideal of social justice and individual freedom for all, without distinction of class, creed or color. BES will make a true, if limited, start toward fulfilling both goals. However, if we are to progress beyond it, we must develop firmer criteria for economic and social policies to deal with the new technologies.



Punch

"What d'you mean—obvious to the meanest intelligence?"

For one thing, we must deal with the problem of those of middle-level incomes who will be displaced by the new technologies. I argued in *Free Men and Free Markets* that we would need to introduce a middle-income maintenance scheme if we were successfully to pass through the transition from the industrial to the cybernated era. It was made quite clear that an indefinite continuance of income differentials under the two schemes would not be desirable, but I did not spell out how we could eventually achieve a system in which every human being would have the right to all the goods and services he required.

As the debate has developed, it has become evident that the provision of income as a right will render money an anachronism. Money was needed in the past to ration scarce goods and industrial services, but it is a highly unsatisfactory means of determining priorities in a cybernated era. Society will find it most satisfactory, in terms of scarce resources, to distribute many types of goods and services without money payments. Thus, although we should certainly strive to achieve a rapid rise in BES entitlements (I have suggested a built-in increase of at least 5 per cent a year), we should also endeavor to increase the amount of goods available without cost.

However, we cannot move to a system providing free goods at the present time. Today we are all imbued with a fear of scarcity, and individuals could therefore be expected to hoard or waste if free goods and services were offered. We can move toward providing them only when people are convinced that they would *always* be available and that wasting resources was societally intolerable.

What reasons can be given to suggest that in the foreseeable future we shall become accustomed to abundance and cease to accept waste? Two relatively new lines of analysis provide some hope that such a development is probable.

Arguments about the need and the desirability to limit consumption have in the past been primarily based on the social undesirability of a life pattern that emphasized consumption. Analysis along these lines has had little appeal for a society that has always basically believed that "enough" is $1,000 more than present income. Recent experimentation, however, has confirmed the significance of the problem of sensory overload: that is, of an inability to absorb more than a certain amount of experience in a given time. Sensory overload results in a deadening of all the senses. This can be illustrated on one level by the new anesthesia technique, used particularly in dentistry, of providing earphones to the patient and then raising the level of sound to the point where pain ceases to be felt. A similar phenomenon occurs during world tours: it becomes impossible to absorb more sights or sounds. The implications of this understanding of sensory overload are critical because there is increasingly general agreement that creativity depends upon a period of low sensory activity; in other words, upon an opportunity to reflect. As individuals come to realize the reality of sensory overload, they can be expected voluntarily to restrict their input of sensory perceptions; this will inevitably force limits on purchases and on travel.

In addition, society will be forced to limit waste by changing its pattern of rewards and sanctions. It cannot be done successfully, in my opinion, by appealing to the assumed shortage of raw materials, for man's ability to produce new materials through physics and chemistry could grow at least as fast as his need for materials. Rather, the need for limiting waste—whether caused by exaggerated rates of obsolescence, the development of a throwaway culture, the acceptance of polluting by-products or other reasons—will be based on our growing knowledge of ecology: on the necessity to limit the degree of change in the environment if man is to survive.

Recognition of these two realities which will cause limitation of consumption makes it possible to bring the argument full circle. The discussion began with a statement that our socio-economic system cannot remain viable unless every individual who desires a job can find one, and that it is therefore necessary for society to keep demand equal to supply. The discussion can therefore close with a statement that it is no longer desirable, *for personal and social reasons*, to force demand to grow as fast as supply, and that we must therefore begin to restructure our institutional and socialization systems.

The pre-condition for any such restructuring is the breaking of the link between jobs and income, so that people can live without holding a job. Until this step is taken, we cannot eliminate the need to create enough demand to buy all the available production. Once we have broken the link we can start to make policy in terms of human needs.

ESP: SCIENCE OR DELUSION?

DANIEL COHEN

Mr. Cohen is a free-lance writer specializing in scientific subjects.

A few months ago the writer and critic Marya Mannes said on radio that Russia had eight large laboratories experimenting with extrasensory perception, and that they were getting remarkable results. Thus another wild ESP story was kept spinning. This one, which has been around for three years, seemed to come from an unimpeachable source.

A *Chicago Tribune* feature writer, Norma Lee Browning, first mentioned the eight centers early in 1963. She said that they "conducted experiments which, if the results are half as good as the Russians claim, indicate that they may be the first to put a human thought in orbit or achieve mind-to-mind communication with men on the moon." This sort of journalism is not calculated to blow up much of a scientific storm, but Dr. Eugene B. Konecci, director of Biotechnology and Human Research for NASA, repeated Miss Browning's remarks almost word for word, but without giving credit—and thus seemed to give NASA endorsement to the report. Unfortunately, the story isn't true. The Soviet Union has one small ESP or parapsychology laboratory, and if the results are even twice as good as the Russians claim, they are still not very good at all.

Another well-circulated ESP rumor is that the U.S. atomic submarine *Nautilus* has engaged in highly successful ship-to-shore telepathy experiments. This one started in the usually reliable French publication *Science et Vie*. Not only is the story unconfirmed; it has been flatly denied by absolutely everyone who could have been connected with such experiments, and the *Nautilus* itself was in dry dock at Portsmouth, N.H., when the alleged experiments took place.

A source of continued embarrassment to the interesting little field of ESP is the fact that too many people find it much too interesting. Enthusiasts suspend disbelief so quickly that they accept the wildest exaggerations, misconceptions and downright hoaxes. Since serious study of ESP began late in the 19th century, the field has been a gathering place for crooked mediums, phony psychics, fraudulent mind readers and an assortment of public crackpots.

Small wonder that most scientists are wary of ESP; they do not want to be caught in bed with the table tippers and ghost chasers. Universities, foundations and the government are also conventional to the point of disliking to hand out other people's money for bizarre-sounding research projects—particularly when these projects are certain to be well publicized. The press swings between regarding ESP as an established fact and treating it as a big joke, but in either case the stories get published.

In 1963, the Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratories began a project aimed at testing for extrasensory perception with a machine. It was a small project, just a beginning really, and the results were inconclusive; but it made newspapers all over the country. Today, as far as can be determined, no government or military ESP work is going on, and government scientists are unwilling to talk publicly about the subject. In private they admit that they are still interested and rather wistfully hope that somewhere, someone will appropriate the money for further research.

The small number of Soviet scientists interested in parapsychology have been even more embarrassed. Late in 1963, they announced that they had found a woman, Rosa Kuleshova, who could read newspapers with her fingers while blindfolded. Soon three other "finger-tip readers" were found. Although finger reading is the least spectacular of all the presumed extrasensory abilities, the fact that the experiments had been performed by supposedly hardheaded, materialistic Russians made a good story. It inspired Dr. Richard P. Youtz, a psychology professor at Barnard College, to search for the same abilities here in America. He found a Flint, Mich., housewife, Mrs. Patricia Stanley, who could identify colors with her finger tips. He told the Eastern Psychological Association that "eyeless vision" was a "real phenomenon." A few weeks later *Life* was giving its readers do-it-yourself finger-tip vision tests.

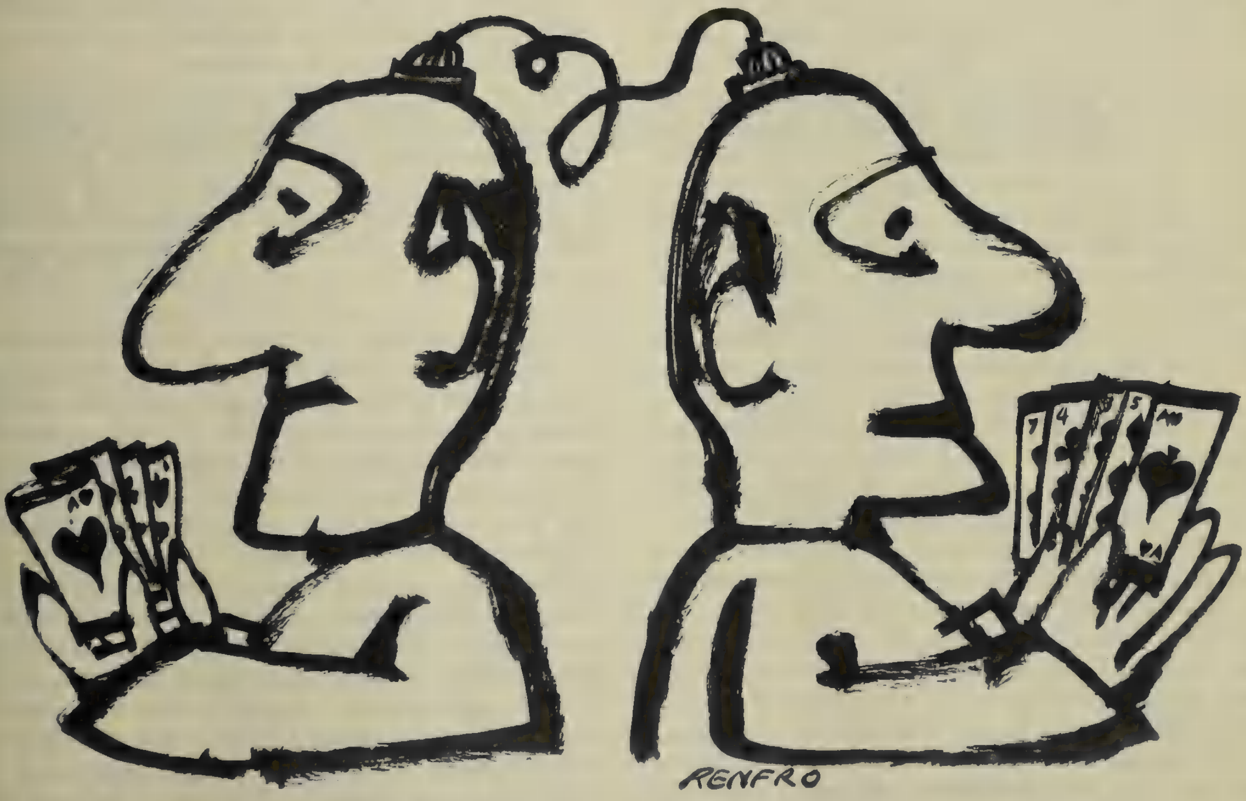
All sorts of explanations were offered for eyeless vision. The most common was that the women were able to detect subtle heat differences between different colors or between printed and nonprinted portions of a piece of paper. A magician friend who looked at the photographs of the Soviet tests in progress offered another explanation. "It's a fraud," he said flatly. He thought it would be almost childishly simple for the women to see through or around the blindfolds. Magicians, he pointed out, were able to do the same thing with much more elaborate eye coverings. "Scientists are not conjurers; they are very naive about tricks. I have seen them fooled many times."

Within months Lev Teplov, science reporter for the Novosti press agency, had come to the same conclusion. He arranged controlled tests for Rosa Kuleshova and her three imitators. Those who agreed to take Teplov's tests failed miserably. He wrote: "It would be wrong to treat all of these 'phenomena' as sheer deceit. Apparently these cases are related to symptoms of hysteria." It turned out that one of the women was a known swindler and another a patient in a mental institution. Teplov's comments on the gullibility of the scientists were cruel.

Dr. Youtz's claims were less sensational and his tests more carefully controlled, but when he retested Mrs. Stanley, after initial successful and well-publicized experiments, he found her ability had fled. My magician friend was critical of Dr. Youtz's techniques and pointed out that it was quite possible for a subject to receive unconscious sensory clues and thus deceive without being aware of it.

References to eyeless vision have been dropped from the most recent articles announcing that ESP has finally been proved. The new excitement centers upon an experiment performed by Drs. T. D. Duane and Thomas Behrendt of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. They reported the unexplainable occurrence of a particular brain-wave pattern among pairs of identical twins. Sets of such twins were seated about 15 feet apart in separate rooms. Each had electrodes attached to his scalp to register the pattern of his brain waves. One twin was told to close his eyes, thus producing the alpha rhythms characteristic of this sort of activity. Fifteen sets of twins were tested and Duane and Behrendt noted that in two sets the alpha rhythm appeared in the other twin, though his eyes were open. Interesting, but hardly cause for breaking out the champagne to celebrate the long-awaited laboratory confirmation of ESP.

Since the invention of the electroencephalograph by Hans



Berger in 1929, a great deal of ESP research has centered on brain waves. Berger himself thought his instrument could be used to record the energy responsible for extrasensory perception. To date this hope remains unfulfilled. The brain does generate electrical pulses and in theory it might be possible for one brain to receive and interpret these impulses from another. But there is little experimental evidence to support this theory and a good deal that points in the other direction.

Westinghouse tried to test brain-to-brain communication without success. Dr. Edmond Dewan of the Cambridge Research Laboratories was actually able to open and close electrical circuits with alpha waves from his brain. However, he had electrodes attached to his scalp, and even then he was able to send messages only by means of a light or buzzer at the rate of one letter every twenty seconds. This is a very long way from brain-to-brain communication.

Clearly, no physical basis for telepathy has been established. For other presumed ESP abilities, clairvoyance (seeing distant events) and precognition (seeing future events), which seem to operate in complete independence from time and space, no physical theory has even been offered. Yet the evidence for clairvoyance and precognition is every bit as good as that for telepathy—and often it is better.

The best results ever published were reported by Dr. B. F. Riess of Hunter College. In 1937, he used a card-guessing technique to test a New York girl who was known as a "nonprofessional psychic." She scored 1,349 correct responses out of 1,850 tries. Chance expectation was 370. The girl guessed cards that were being turned up one-quarter mile away.

Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University, the pope of American ESP, conducted the most famous of all such tests in 1933. As his subject Rhine used Hubert Pearce, a divinity student who had shown an unusual ability at card calling. Rhine's assistant, J. G. Pratt, and Pearce sat in different buildings 100 yards apart. Both had synchronized their watches. Pratt laid cards face down, without looking at them, at one-minute intervals. Pearce recorded his guesses, and later Pratt recorded the sequence of cards. Duplicate copies of both records were sealed and sent to Rhine before the two men saw each other. In 300 trials Pearce made 119 correct calls. The number to be expected by chance was 60.

Even more puzzling are the experiments performed in the 1930s by the British mathematician S. G. Soal. He also used the card-guessing technique on 160 subjects over a five-year period. He recorded some 100,000 guesses, and after analyzing his figures found no evidence of telepathy. Later he was persuaded to re-evaluate his records. This time he found a displacement effect. Two of the tested subjects had scored abnormally high in guessing the card one or two ahead of the target. When these subjects were retested they continued to make his scores, for a while.

This brings up another problem: no one scores well consistently. A subject can get impressive results one day and nothing the next. Approximately three-quarters of the people tested show no ESP abilities whatsoever. The rest show a tiny non-chance effect, which supporters say is ESP and skeptics say is a statistical error. Then there are a few "stars" who get really high non-chance scores. But even Pearce, the best subject Rhine ever had, was not consistent. When he was retested years later he seemed to have lost his ability entirely.

Finally there is the suspicious problem of attitude. Tests seem to work well only when both subject and experimenter believe in ESP. Recording a long series of card calls in an ESP test is dull work and inevitably errors creep in. Some scientists believe that a person who favors ESP will unconsciously tend to make errors that support his belief. In 1952, Richard S. Kaufman of Yale University tested this by training concealed cameras on both recorders and subject. The camera record showed that while the actual test produced results that conformed to chance, the believing recorders made enough mistakes to indicate a non-chance, ESP effect.

Obviously successful ESP experiments are not repeatable, and thus do not meet a basic requirement of all scientific experiments. Little wonder that scientists are far less enthusiastic about the results than the general public. Dr. Montague Ullman, director of psychiatry at Maimonides Hospital in Brooklyn, estimated that there were only about six full-time and forty part-time academically trained psychical researchers in the United States today. ESP gets most support, or at least sympathy, from psychologists and psychiatrists, but even in these traditionally free-wheeling fields acceptance is distinctly a minority opinion. It is hard, however, to ignore the stature of some of the supporters, most notably Dr. Gardner Murphy of the Menninger Foundation.

Most physical scientists would probably agree with Dr. George R. Price of the University of Minnesota who wrote: "My opinion concerning parapsychologists is that many of them are dependent on clerical and statistical errors and unintentional use of sensory clues and that all extra-chance results not so explicable are dependent on deliberate fraud or mildly abnormal mental conditions."

But then there is Dr. Henry Margenau, professor of Physics and Natural Philosophy at Yale University, who told a November meeting of the American Society for Psychical Research: "I have no more reason to doubt the authenticity of [ESP] reports from respected psychologists and psychiatrists than I have to doubt Dr. Alan Sandage's reports of quasars. . . . The old distinctions between the natural and supernatural are spurious."

The American Society for Psychical Research is the oldest and most respectable of U.S. parapsychology organizations. It was founded in 1885 by a group of proper Bostonians including psychologist William James. A newer, more active group is the Parapsychology Foundation, headed by retired trance medium Eileen J. Garrett and bankrolled largely by Rep. Frances P. Bolton of Ohio, who sports the title of "the richest woman in Congress." The foundation supports parapsychology research, sponsors conferences, and issues a steady flow of literature. Its now defunct popular magazine, *Tomorrow*, ran articles which ranged from the mildly oddball to the completely crack-brained. Now, however, the foundation's publications are quite serious and responsible in tone. The editors will not tolerate fakery and even temper their enthusiasm with a surprising degree of skepticism.

The third and newest organization is the Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man, headed by Dr. Rhine himself. The FRNM's vaguely defined objective is to encourage research into those properties that distinguish man from his physical environment, yet lie outside the scope of orthodox science. In reality, FRNM's function is to take up the work of Rhine's parapsychology laboratory at Duke University which closed last year. FRNM is still housed in the old laboratory building on the Duke campus, although no longer an official part of the university.

Rhine is undoubtedly the towering figure in American ESP, not merely because of his longevity (he has passed 70 and has been flipping cards in tests for over forty years) but also because of his unquestionable honesty. When his methods were criticized, as they often were, he tried to correct them. If the results suffered—so be it. He has been almost as open about his failures as he has about his successes.

This dedication to scientific principles is curiously impressive when one realizes that Rhine is absolutely convinced that ESP is a supernatural or spiritual force. He has said it "liberates the sciences from the confinement of a materialist metaphysics."

Rhine once considered becoming a minister, but turned to psychical research after attending a lecture on spiritualism by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. (Doyle, creator of that relentless logician, Sherlock Holmes, became one of the most gullible mystics in history.) Rhine is basically a religious man, but religious leaders have rarely displayed a mutual attraction for psychical (psi) research. Rhine has complained: "It is in the very nature of orthodoxy not to welcome, let alone support, an experimental invasion of the domain of authority and faith." However, a few churchmen, particularly in England, have associated themselves with psychical organizations.

Rhine's frankly spiritual outlook embarrasses some of the more physically or psychologically oriented members of the psychical research fraternity. He was all right in his day, they confide, but now we must have more sensitive and accurate tests. A brave ambition; unfortunately, no one has yet devised such tests.

Rhine's experiments have also been criticized by the other wing of the psychical research field. These radicals see little use in all the card shuffling and statistics. Who cares if someone can guess eight correct cards rather than five, out of a pack of twenty-five. The really exciting things are the prophetic dreams and the dog that howls at the moment his master dies a thousand miles away. These "spontaneous psychical occurrences" are the touchstone of interest in ESP; any attempt to "quantify" psi in the laboratory is not only doomed, it will lead the field astray. Strange stories are obviously more fun than dry statistics, and many striking and even startling psi events seem well documented. But tales of this type inevitably contain an unacceptable vagueness, and just collecting such oddities, in the manner of Robert Ripley, will lead nowhere. Articles will be published in Sunday supplements, but not in *Science*.

Every year serious conferences are held at which important people proclaim that ESP has arrived—or almost. It has been going on now for more than fifty years. In the early 1900s, William James said that psi investigation would be the most important part of psychology in the decades to follow. He was the first in a long and often distinguished line of investigators to sight a false dawn.

It is tempting, therefore, to conclude that the whole soggy business is utter nonsense and be done with all the irritating enthusiasts and their wild stories. But there are those niggling little bits of evidence—not conclusive, not even persuasive, but damn persistent and interesting. For if it were true. . . .

BREAKFAST WITH SUKARNO

DESMOND SMITH

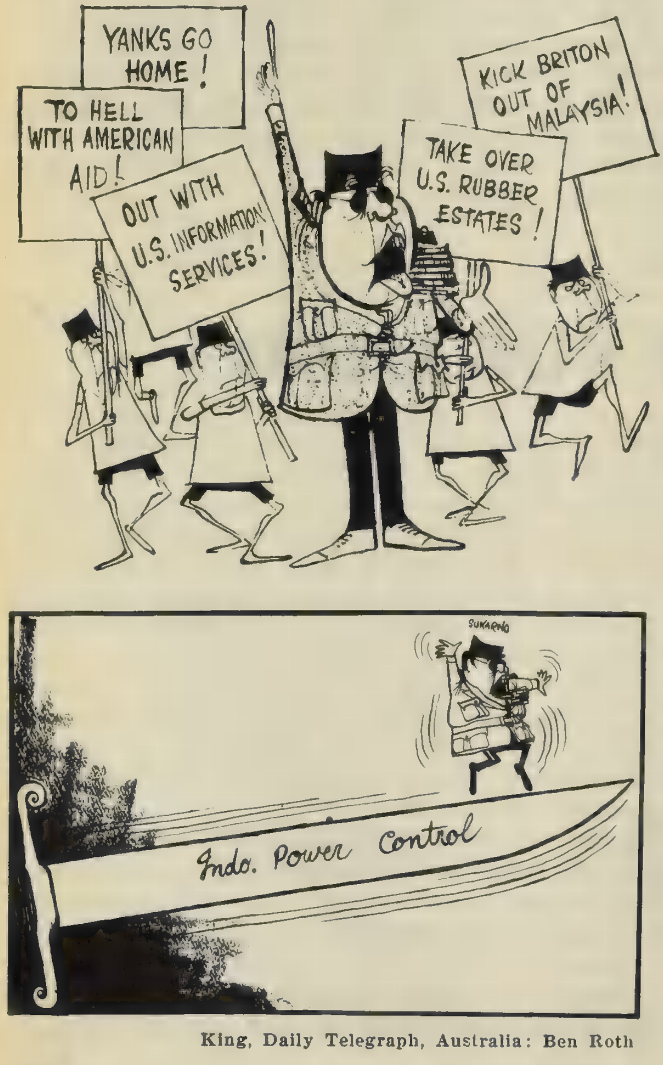
Mr. Smith is a writer on economics and business who contributes frequently to The Nation.

I arrived in Jakarta, Indonesia's hot and crowded capital, one night late in March. And I came with a good deal of trepidation. Friends in Bangkok had already warned me that *all* hotel rooms used by foreigners in Jakarta were bugged. I was urged to be extremely careful about what I said in private. A few days later I dutifully checked in at the glossy American Embassy. On the way there I passed what the London *Daily Express* had described as "the waist-high ruins of the British Embassy." The building, though clearly damaged, was intact. A mood of doubt and despair settled upon me, intensified by the unfamiliar surroundings in which I found myself. There was no comfort to be found at the embassy. Beneath the Great Seal of the Republic (ours not theirs) a very senior lady official urged me to be terribly careful about what I might say in public. "Sukarno's spies are everywhere," her voice dropped to a confidential whisper: "secret police." Over a plate of chilled papaya at the Hotel Indonesia I glanced at my new notebook. Two entries were scratched on the first page—"don't talk in private, rooms bugged" and "say nothing in public, spies everywhere." It was shaping up as a silent month ahead.

After a week in Jakarta, the idea of everything being so super-CIA in style turned out to be merely laughable. I discovered that almost all Indonesians are crazy to talk about Sukarno as soon as the subject is broached. And they speak of the Great Leader of the Revolution in much the same way that people in Texas might speak of Lyndon Johnson—some love him, some hate him, and they haven't the slightest hesitation about saying so.

The innocent visitor to Indonesia, that is to say a visitor whose knowledge has been gathered chiefly from reading *The New York Times* and *Time*, receives a rude shock. He arrives expecting an armed camp, a dictator state, and an economic disaster area. Instead he finds as many soldiers in public enterprise as he does in formal military duties; he finds a dictator state where the dictator is treated as though he were one part Kennedy, one part Cary Grant and one part Mr. Chips—and he finds a bankrupt nation where few go hungry. Why? The visitor begins to understand once he discards some of those imported misconceptions. The real point about the Indonesian army is that, in spite of its CRUSH MALAYSIA program (a huge private joke), it is scarcely a functioning army in the Western sense at all. In Jakarta, of course, it cuts an impressive sight. The army has plenty of bright new Toyota jeeps, bought with the last round of Japanese credits. The shops on the Pasar Baru, the city's main shopping street, are crowded with soldiers buying flashes and medals and brightly colored berets.

However, as my Indonesian friends were quick to point out, Jakarta is not Indonesia. In fact, on the map it represents only a pinprick on the chain of more than 3,000 islands that stretch from Thailand clear across to Australia. Take a look at the army in Sumatra or West Java. What I saw there made a very different picture. The tanks, bought five years ago from the Soviet Union, are much too heavy for the red dirt roads and frail bamboo bridges. The armored cars originally came from the United Kingdom but nowadays—thanks to the Malaysia confrontation—they are stalled for lack of the spare parts that Britain won't sell. The grease guns and M-1 carbines, a reminder of the days of U.S. aid, are presently getting by on stocks of Chinese ammunition. But since last November, when the army moved against the Communists, China has cut off aid.


YANKS GO HOME!
TO HELL WITH AMERICAN AID!
OUT WITH U.S. INFORMATION SERVICES!
TAKE OVER U.S. RUBBER ESTATES!
KICK BRITON OUT OF MALAYSIA!
SUKARNO
Indo. Power Control

King, Daily Telegraph, Australia: Ben Roth

Indonesian army officers smile when they tell you about these things. The truth is that this army—in spite of Sukarno's bluster—is not about to invade anybody. It is an army that knows exactly what it is doing, and what it is doing concerns the internal affairs of Indonesia. Since 1955, when General Nasution—the hero of the fight against the Dutch—came back to power, he has steadily enlarged the army's role in civilian life. And that's why, when the showdown came last September 30, the army was the only organization that could confront the Indonesian Communist Party at every level—from village to capital city. A second point is worth mentioning. As the Dutch possessions—about $2 billion worth—were taken over in 1957, the army moved in to assume the management. Since that time the army has steadily increased its control over Indonesian life. What is therefore emerging in Indonesia is a new kind of society—a military enterprise society in which the generals attend board meetings while the civilians attend militia exercises. It may be neither efficient nor practical from the American point of view; but, as Indonesians inevitably say, that's exactly the point. It is the Indonesian way.

I saw President Sukarno on three occasions: twice at the Merkeda (Freedom) Palace, and once in the palatial home he keeps for himself and his fourth wife, Devi (a strikingly beautiful 26-year-old Japanese girl whom he met on an earlier state visit to Japan). These three occasions were in no sense interviews. Sukarno made it clear that he no longer allows himself to be interviewed by "Necolim"—his acronym for neo-colonialist—journalists. On the first two occasions I was invited as a guest for morning coffee. Sukarno (like many Indonesians, the President has no first name) gets up every day at five. A devout Moslem, he prays, then returns from his private mosque in the palace. By seven, when coffee time begins—he has been up two hours—the guests arrive bleary-eyed. Outside the palace security is maximum and the visitor has to argue his way through a dozen check points before reaching the main gate. Surprisingly enough, once inside the palace the security precautions are almost nonexistent. No one, for example, searched Sukarno's visitors for arms. The coffee sessions are a pleasant custom that last from seven until eleven each weekday morning. The guests sit in cane easy chairs along a wide and open verandah looking out over the magnificent palace grounds. Behind Sukarno is a Sukarno oil painting (like Churchill and Eisenhower he is an amateur painter—a good one) and behind the oil painting *tchitchuks*—small green lizards—play an endless game of tag on the high white plaster walls.

At first sight, Sukarno is much less severe than his pictures. Also he seems a good deal younger than his 64 years. His morning attire is a pair of faded blue slacks reaching almost to his chest, an undershirt and no shoes. There are usually about thirty guests, a mixture of ambassadors, businessmen, and army generals. Sukarno turns from guest to guest, talking first in Japanese, then in Dutch, in Indonesian and finally in English. It is a bravura performance all right. In spite of the crisis that was clearly going on at the time, I don't recollect that a single telephone call disturbed the four hours of small talk. There are no servants present.

Lawrence Gaynor

Instead, the President and party are attended by a detail of extremely pretty lady paratroopers—all of them, when not working the palace detail, part of the CRUSH MALAYSIA program.

Sukarno leads the conversation. At seven in the morning, his guests try to look alert. Sukarno talks! Coffee in one hand, an American cigarette in the other (he smokes seven a day), he urges everyone to eat more cake. Sukarno asks questions. Has anyone present kissed Joan Crawford? (He has.) Who has tasted Durian (a foul-smelling, sweet-tasting fruit known for its aphrodisiac qualities)? Why do American women carry such enormous handbags? You cannot use *kindly* in that manner: "You may say the Dutch Ambassador is a kind man, but you cannot ask Sukarno kindly questions. That is bad grammar." Again: "This is my most loyal general but the trouble is he speaks so softly I cannot hear what he says."

On and on through coffee time Sukarno talks. I think of Sulzberger of *The New York Times* sitting in the coffee shop at the Hotel Indonesia and writing another column about the "aging" Sukarno. Aging, no. Exhausting, yes!

The last time I saw the President was at Madame Devi's house in the outskirts of Jakarta. She was angry because *Time* had just shown a photograph of her in a bathing costume and had written that students had thrown garbage into her swimming pool. "Can you see a swimming pool?" she asked. The house had everything, including air conditioning, marble floors and a lighting switchboard not unworthy of Radio City Music Hall. But it did not have a swimming pool. It was late afternoon. Suddenly Sukarno entered the living room. The most singular memory I have of that meeting was Madame Devi's words as Sukarno, President for Life, Great Leader of the Revolution, plumped himself down on a Louis Quatorze sofa and propped his feet up on a crystal coffee table. She said—and I swear to it—"Did you have a hard day at the palace?" and Sukarno replied, "Yes. All morning I scolded the generals, all afternoon they scolded me."

Indonesia, as American editorial writers like to remind their readers, is an economic basket case. No comparable counterargument can be made, since Indonesia has seldom taken seriously such things as balance of payment or national income figures. It is no secret, however, that government tax receipts have fallen steadily over recent years. A further source of trouble has been the extraordinary rise in population of 3 per cent a year—total population was 80 million before the war, is 105 million now, and is expected to reach 120 million by the early 1970s. When to falling exports is added the fact that only 300,000 citizens out of 105 million pay taxes, the road to ruin—at least in theory—should already be there. "Why is it," asked an American journalist not long ago, "that these people don't riot like the Indians?" The answer is classically simple: the Indonesians have not been bothered by the adverse trade balance because they leave it alone. This has worked in the past because Indonesia (unlike India) is a phenomenon of nature, a land so rich in natural resources that crops have three seasons. It is quite literally a land where bananas drop from trees, where diamonds can be found on the ground and where the fish come to the fisherman.

Sukarno's blind spot has always been economics. He cannot abide the subject. It is entirely typical of his attitude that in the last cabinet the powerful post of Minister of Economics was held by a physician.

But change, and big change, is on its way in Indonesia. This will come about—indeed, is coming about—because Sukarno has made two serious mistakes. First he overplayed his hand with the Communists. Even after the September 30th attempt by the PKI (Indonesian Communist Party) the President still tried to protect them. For example, he violently opposed the bloodbath that followed. He had to yield to the army and the Moslem party, and quite clearly it hurt him. Moreover, the army has now arrested virtually all his favorite ministers (including his hand-picked successor, Dr. Subandrio), charging them with corruption.

Second, he underestimated the students. And this is the most interesting point of all, for the students—the first post-revolutionary generation of Indonesians—have now emerged as a powerful political force in their own right. They are demanding an end to the chaos, the mismanagement and the corruption of the past. It is clear that this revolutionary situation did not come about through power-hungry generals or ambitious politicians. Yet it must be emphasized that at no time has there been any direct criticism of Sukarno himself. It is, however, astonishing that among the thousands of slogans daubed all over Jakarta, there is practically no LONG LIVE SUKARNO. Indonesia is witnessing this spring something far more interesting and significant than a *coup d'état*; an epoch is drawing to a close. In the palace a great man still lives out his days, but already a new generation is preparing to take over.

THE CIA *(Continued from page 544)*

officers. The late Dorothy Thompson was a founder. Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick and William Ernest Hocking have been regulars. Earl Bunting, a former president of the National Association of Manufacturers, has served as chairman of the board of AFME. Eisenhower's pastor, Rev. L. R. Elson, was a national chairman of AFME. While insisting that he was certainly not "anti-Israel," he said he considered its creation to be "a diplomatic debacle." The Reverend Elson also said that the Zionist movement was as foreign to this country as the German-American Bund activities supporting Hitler before World War II.

AFME has always stressed the need to keep the Arab nations soothed in order to safeguard our oil interests in that area. Prominent Senators and Congressmen from oil states turn out for AFME soirees in Washington. On AFME's board is Kermit Roosevelt of Gulf Oil Company and, in his day, quite a government cloak-and-dagger man himself.

Hidden behind an Internal Revenue Service exemption that permits the AFME to keep secret the sources of its income, the anti-Zionist organization has spent money like a drunken sheik. For some time the CIA has been suspected of sinking money in the AFME. The suspicions were around long before Bushrod Howard, Jr., an agent for the Yemeni royalists, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1963: "Some are putting all the blame for the problem of the Middle East on Israel and American Jews. To counter these alleged evils they have, over the years, put some $4 million of government funds into an anti-Israel organization."

For some reason the committee didn't ask—and he didn't volunteer to say publicly—who "they" are or what the anti-Israel organization is. But many who follow the undercurrents of Middle Eastern affairs felt the answer to both was pretty obvious. The State Department, of course, issued a memorandum saying: "There is no factual basis for Mr. Howard's charge that U.S. officials support an anti-Israel organization."

The amounts going into the American Friends of the Middle East as uncovered by Group Research, Inc., are minuscule when compared to the $4 million rumor (they come to only $100,000); but at least they help fill out the history of the fund-channeling and put the State Department's demurrer in a questionable light. Up to now only the Dearborn Foundation and the San Jacinto Foundation, the latter a legitimate one (meaning, not a dummy for the CIA) backed by a Texas oil man, had been trailed into the tent of the AFME. These previous discoveries were made by I. L. Kenen, editor of *The Near East Report*.

Now, despite the hedging of those sly dogs in the IRS and the CIA, we know three more foundations that pump money into the anti-Zionist work. They are the Brown Foundation, the Jones-O'Donnell Foundation, and the Marshall Foundation. We also know that *those* foundations, in turn, received large donations from five other foundations which were cornered by Patman in the CIA-Kaplan gambit. There must be many other conduit foundations involved, so the game has really only begun.

LETTERS *(continued from page 538)*

map" would equate the desert reaches of Nevada with the highly populous areas where people live and watch television. Finally, Mr. Smith's run-down of bad practices by broadcasters is stated in a manner that would have your readers believe that misdemeanors or worse are common among broadcasters. The fact is that the wrongdoings are limited to a very small percentage of licensees whose practices, incidentally, are not applauded any more by their fellow broadcasters than by Mr. Smith himself.

Roy Danish, Director
Television Information Office

New York City

Dear Sirs: The spectral wail emanating from the National Association of Broadcasters' very own Television Information Office was perhaps to be expected. I can understand Mr. Danish . . . being aroused by my remarks on the state of broadcasting in America. What I cannot understand is that he should dare to challenge my accuracy—unless he does so with a firm tongue in his cheek.

Item: It is utterly specious of Mr. Danish to talk of 4 per cent of Congress owning broadcast interests. What he is quoting is actual *licenses*. By this standard, the President of the United States has no broadcast interests since, by legal device, he is no longer the owner of any broadcasting interests in Texas. The one-third of Congress is a figure given to me by a member of the FCC. I have no reason to doubt it. The technique of using law firms, "blind" corporations, partners, wives, nephews, is too old and too familiar for anyone to be fooled by the mere 4 per cent of Congress who care to level with the public.

Item: Fatuous is the only word for the notion that broadcasters provide service when a single channel covers a city of more than a million people. It is no answer to say that that station carries all three TV networks. My concern is with choice—the station owner's or the public's? At the present time almost half the nation has to settle for the station owner's program choice. A minimum of three television channels should be available across the entire United States. Finally, it was not *my* run-down of bad practices but the Federal Communications Commission's—and they should know, should they not?

Desmond Smith

what the left hand does

Rice, Minn.

Dear Sirs: The U. S. Supreme Court's five-to-four decision in the Ginzberg pornography action [editorial, *The Nation*, Apr.4] seems to be a case of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. For example: when the Justices take their oath of office they solemnly place their left hands on a book that contains records, as Thomas Paine said, of obscene stories, voluptuous debaucheries, torturous executions and unrelenting vindictiveness that have served to corrupt and brutalize mankind.

Would it take a Supreme Court appeal in a criminal action against Holy Bible publishers to acquaint the learned gentlemen with the contents of the book they treat with such reverence?

Stewart Graves

Ford lore

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: For a history of the Ford Peace Expedition of 1915-17, I would appreciate hearing from anyone having letters, diaries, reminiscences, photographs or other pertinent information. Please address: 2801 Quebec St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008.

Barbara S. Kraft

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Paris Falls Again—Into This World

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig received his doctorate from the Sorbonne. He is a poet who lives and teaches in France, and at the summer session at Columbia University.

Paris has committed the indiscretion of outliving itself. Or, to put it another way, perhaps more accurately, those who come to Paris looking for smoke-filled Gothic basements, and some allegorical shadow composed of part Ezra Pound, part F. Scott Fitzgerald and part Henry Miller—looking, in short, for a certain moveable feast, find instead a live city well known for its traffic jams, its irritability, and a lack of genius at least as noticeable as in England or America. Paris has come down with all the modern illnesses, including the automobile, the snack bar, plastic-covered café tables and neon. It has insisted on keeping up with itself. When André Malraux several years ago ordered centuries of dirt to be washed off the monuments and houses along the main arteries, there was a shudder of tenderness for all that venerable filth to be done away with so brutally. Today, we have had grudgingly to recognize that Paris, as a result, is more strangely beautiful than it has been for decades.

The fact is that this city has become a problem. For generations it has been a kind of cultural Tahiti: exotically serious, refined or naughty, compared to which every place else (and especially America) seemed crass and culturally undernourished. It has now been located on the map of real places. One now actually comes to Paris; spends days, months or years here. The voyage is measured only in money—a commodity which seems to be more widely available than imagination—so that, after a short subway ride over the ocean, the summer (or winter) traveler gets out not in *Paris* but in a real place named Paris. This is surely what was meant by a recent article in *The New York Times Magazine,* entitled "The Third Fall of Paris." After having fallen to the Germans, Paris has at last fallen into the world: it has rheumatism, growing pains, crises, ugly suburbs, some monstrous edifices, three-star restaurants with bad food, impudent waiters. Life in the happy islands is not supposed to be like this. A little more, and Paris will be as bad as New York; in fact it may actually be New York.

When all this is said, however, there remains a problem which cannot be traced to the nostalgia for some former Paris that may never entirely have existed. More and more Frenchmen are becoming aware of a change in the cultural atmosphere of Paris. The sociologist, Michel Crozier, in a recent article, speaks of a *crise de la culture*. The crisis takes many forms; some are institutional, concerning the university, the situation of the art galleries or the financial fiasco of Parisian concert orchestras. In order to dramatize this last dilemma, the director of the Conservatory orchestra announced some weeks ago that his society would play no contemporary French composers, and would be ultra-traditional in choosing its programs. This was meant as a gesture of protest against the badly organized setup of Parisian music which makes it too much of a financial gamble to present any but the most popular programs. What seems to be needed is a complete reorganization of both concert halls and orchestras, in addition to an ample subsidy from the government.

Although Paris has never been especially noted for its musical activity, the case of the university is different. The Sorbonne, in many people's minds, still carries some of its formidable weight of the Middle Ages, when academic and theological orthodoxy throughout Europe was ruled by its authority. The *Docteurs en Sorbonne* today, however, belong to a different breed, and preside over an institution which, since the war, has become increasingly gouty, fossilized and overcrowded. Students attending a popular course in literature (the situation is the same in most of the standard disciplines) may wait in line for an hour to get a seat. When they do get in, bodies will be spread in the aisles, on the podium, along the window ledges, almost on the professor's desk. A thousand students pack into an auditorium meant for several hundred. Classroom procedure, in the case of the more prestigious and stuffy professors, is scholastic: an auditorium of open notebooks inscribes, word by word, the entire lecture of the authority who speaks slowly enough so that nothing will be lost. Between the ear and the finger tips there is no room for distortion, or disagreement. Rigid exams insure the student's docility.

The classroom scene dramatizes a contradiction in the French spirit which Tocqueville commented on a hundred years ago. The French, he says, are remarkable for their unruliness and "individualism" in all the small matters of life; but when they are faced with an authority in black robes who undertakes to resolve the larger doubts, they are inclined to respect him more or less unquestioningly. Behind the Sorbonne professor stands the combined shadow of de Gaulle, Louis-Phillipe, Napoleon and Louis XIV. Tocqueville's explanation for this trait of the French character applies surprisingly to today's overcrowded, overworked and docile university. The cause, he felt, lay in the amazingly centralized administration which had emptied the provinces of any need, or ability, to decide public matters locally. One result was to drain France of all local and personal initiative, turning the capital city, Paris, into a cultural oasis for all of Europe, but also into an overburdened administrative monstrosity. The situation today has scarcely changed, especially as far as the university is concerned. With some exceptions, it is unheard of for a professor to make his career in one of the provincial universities. What is more, few French students will undertake a doctorate in any faculty other than the Sorbonne. Some Sorbonne professors have as many as 100 theses to direct, while an equivalent professor at Grenoble or Bordeaux may well have none.

The situation reached such a degree of absurdity that several years ago the student union began a series of protest movements, culminating in a project to occupy the Sorbonne overnight. This produced the edifying spectacle of 5,000 policemen deployed shoulder to shoulder throughout the Latin Quarter, refusing passage to anyone under middle age. That night I slept at a friend's apartment, since I could convince no one in the opposing army that I really lived there, behind the enemy lines.

Under these conditions, it is not surprising that so much of the intellectual life in Paris has long since rejected the university. Poets and novelists shun the academic life. Even philosophers like Sartre and Camus found academic restrictions too stifling. One sign of change, in this respect, is the creation of a number of parallel institutes, such as L'Ecole des Hautes Etudes Pratiques, which sprout half in and half out of the university and tend to be somewhat less oppressive in their outlook. These half measures, however, are far from being satisfactory, and have had the curious effect of drawing into a sort of academic limbo men like Lucien Goldmann, Roland Barthes or Henri Lefebvre who, after years of resistance, seem only too happy to be institutionalized in this way.

Aside from the problem of institutions, there is, however, another, more elusive dimension of this *crise de la culture* in France. Paris for centuries has been a center from which cultural values were generated. One thinks of the years following the war when Sartre, Merleau-Ponty, Camus, Simone de Beauvoir and Genet created an atmosphere of expectation and intellectual excitement. Talents like those of Adamov, Beckett and Ionesco were revealed. After the Second World War, as after the First, Europe and America discovered the heart of their moral and creative dilemma in the cultural world of Paris. The expectation of those years, however, did not materialize. Two decades later, one feels more and more that the genius of the postwar period has done little to renew itself, with the exception perhaps of Genet whose theatrical talent reached its peak a decade later, during the 1950s. The career of a man like Sartre is exemplary, largely because of the vigor and the intellectual honesty which has prevailed in all of his writings. One follows the disarray of a brilliant mind and a moralist who has spent his life searching for a coherence which finally escapes him. There is, in the end, no progression—only a casting about for new, and always disappointing, positions. The early work, *l'Etre et le Neant,* remains his most permanent effort. Sartre's failure—if one can speak of failure in a man of his undeniable stature—has become exemplary of a larger failure in French culture.

The years of the war formed a watershed. The experience of those years, and of the intense political activity which followed, was a hard school for those who had then just reached maturity and who now, twenty years later, occupy the center of the cultural scene in Paris. In many ways they form a decimated generation. The Resistance was far from a general uprising against the Nazi invaders, but those who risked their lives, and lost them, were often the best: the most lucid and the most courageous. What's more, the ideological climate of Paris during the late forties and fifties was scarcely conducive to the kind of reflectiveness that is required by a creative mind. The failed revolution of 1945 had not discouraged a general sense of impending change; an almost apocalyptic expectation which was organized by a powerful, but extremely conformist, Communist party. Few intellectuals were not touched by the party; few resisted the terrible conformity of thought and action which it imposed on its members. When, after 1956, more and more of the most articulate among them left the party or were excluded from it, they remained marked in curious ways by so many years of repressed inventiveness and self-reflection.

This ideological habit of mind has, I think, tended to reinforce a trait of the French literary imagination which has long been apparent in many of its greatest triumphs, and which can be summarized, as simply as possible, as an excessive distrust of reality. The force of men as different as Rousseau, Baudelaire or Valéry lies in their refusal to accept a compromise with what life has to offer, attempting, instead, to discover some absolute spiritual strength that would change their lives. When such a habit of mind, of itself often extremely fruitful, is reinforced by an ideological refusal to accept, on any terms whatsoever, the compromised realities of bourgeois society, the result may be a strange impoverishment of the imagination; a refusal to touch those parts of oneself that have inevitably been molded by one's society: one's childhood, one's emotions, even one's language. It creates a moral atmosphere which may have a curious corrosive strength, a power of destruction that is not always unwanted, but which is eventually hostile to artistic creativity.

Among other things, there was a newspaper interview with Sartre which touched on a book by a young poet, René Abadiou, entitled *Amalgeste*. The book is an assemblage of verbal pyrotechnics, in which all the syntactical links that make language communicable are shattered in many ingenious ways. The result is an all but incomprehensible poem, simply in terms of its grammatical arrangement. One thinks of Mallarmé who, in all but a few poems, is clear as water compared with most of *Amalgeste*. This book, according to Sartre, represents a heroic effort to break the heaviest of those chains that bind an artist to the compromises and the moral obscenity of bourgeois society: the chains of language which, as we all know, are permeated by the values of the society whose vehicle it is. Sartre has often been accused of being an anti-artist, and statements like this help us to understand why.

The phenomenon of the *nouveau roman* can be understood in similar terms. The young men associated with this movement are grouped, in part, around the magazine *Tel Quel,* and their most respected elder is Alain Robbe-Grillet. Robbe-Grillet's literary style is *nouveau* indeed, but in a way which makes the reader wonder if the newness is not simply one of omission rather than of genuine insight. Nowhere in Robbe-Grillet's novels do we find the kind of narrative, description or dialogue which is intended to dramatize an emotional conflict; for, in the world of Robbe-Grillet's novels, there are no emotions. His characters perceive things and one another with the regularity of a photographic cell. His style carries Camus' *prose blanche* a step further in the direction of impersonality: it is the clear concise prose of department store catalogues and legal assessment sheets. Dramatic interest, when it is sustained, cannot depend on any insight (or lack of it) attributed to the characters. Instead, it must invoke clever tricks of plot and narrative, intriguing the reader less by what he learns than by what he hasn't yet learned about the story. It is the technique of detective stories where plot is more important than psychological penetration. It is not surprising that Robbe-Grillet's most successful novels are really detective stories. His world resembles nothing better than the deadened, ghostly world of schizophrenia, minus the eruptions of terror and lucidity, a kind of schizophrenic utopia.

These characteristics, which certainly place Robbe-Grillet's version of the *nouveau roman* at the far limit of what is artistically possible, are not accidental. They reflect a desire to renovate the traditional novel in one very important respect: to eliminate from it the complicated, "used out" insights of "bourgeois subjectivism." The emotions of private life have decayed into a series of conventions which have to be broken and, according to the French literary critic Roland Barthes, Robbe-Grillet's novels do just that. They reject all forms of subjective sensibility, as soiled by bourgeois values. One wonders whether so radical a cure has not also killed the patient. Robbe-Grillet's "revolutionary" point of view echoes, unexpectedly, the Stalinist judgment on bourgeois subjectivity; and the aesthetic of the *nouveau roman* simply carries a step further the dictates of Socialist realism: a step further, because Robbe-Grillet not only exorcises the private emotions but the public ones (patriotism, devotion to an ideology, etc.) as well.

In the world of music, Pierre Boulez continues to make his influence felt, both as composer and conductor. His direction last winter of Alban Berg's opera *Wozzeck* was memorable; and his encouragement has certainly helped young composers like Paul Mefano, who are sure to be heard from within the next few years. The regular concerts of the *Domaine Musical* have given new life to the activities of experimental, contemporary music in Paris. In another field of musical activity, the young harpsichordist, Raphael Puyana, continues his career, with concerts and new records, and is already being recognized as the most gifted performer on the instrument since Wanda Landowska.

Both painting and the theatre are examples of how Paris still is—and is not—the cultural capital of Europe. All winter there were important showings in galleries and museums. At the Bibliothèque Nationale an exhibit of the world's greatest engravings; at the Modern Art Museum an exciting exhibit of the Fauves. Elsewhere, a collection of van Gogh's drawings. The Orangerie has opened again, exhibiting the famous Guillaume-Walter collection. [See Maurice Grosser, *The Nation*, May 2.] Among the younger contemporary painters, the only major exhibit has been that of Bernard Buffet, who has become a kind of fixture in the world of cocktail-party aesthetes, presenting his collection each spring, along with the other high-fashion collections.

The theatre season has also been an exciting one. There have been fine revival productions of Giradoux's *La Folle de Chaillot*, and of several very amusing plays by Feydeau. Two short pieces by Pinter, *The Collection* and *The Lover*, are currently having a successful run. But a list of the most interesting plays reveals few new ones worth mentioning, and a goodly majority of those are by foreign authors. Among the new French plays, Barrault's production of *Une Journée Entière Dans Les Arbres*, by Marguerite Duras, made a good evening. Another notable exception is *La Promenade du Dimanche* by a young playwright, Georges Michel, who was discovered several years ago by Sartre. His first play, *Les Jouets*, was also quite successful.

Paris is not a desert, not a backwater community left behind by some high tide that has flowed on elsewhere. It is a city with difficulties that can be understood. Despite the present "crisis" there are voices that manage to be heard, mostly old, but some new ones too. A pantheon of venerable old shadows still haunts the horizon of French cultural life, much as poets like Eliot, Pound or Williams in America lived far on into a world that had begun to live without them. Henri Michaux, René Char, Saint-John Perse, André Malraux, Henri de Montherlant, Picasso, Chagal, André Masson, André Breton—all the old greats of the *entre deux guerres* are still here. Their presence makes even more dramatic the strange hollow sound which we have become accustomed to hearing from those who are a generation closer to us.

The open question, of course, concerns the great numbers of younger people; those who are near 30 today, and to whom what I have described can apply only partly. They have the difficult task of inventing everything for themselves, of making things over again; and, what is more discouraging, of addressing themselves to gallery owners and publishers and a public who will find difficulty in recognizing their new language, once it has been found. It is the very familiar battle of the generations: the three ages of man, forever succeeding one another in unpeaceful order. What simply makes the battle sharper and more difficult in Paris today is the curious emptiness which seems to have made itself a virtue for the middle of those three ages.

Identity Crisis

THE IDENTITY OF MAN. *By J. Bronowski. The Natural History Press. 108 pp. $3.95.*

FREDERICK H. GARDNER

Mr. Gardner has been on the board of editors of Scientific American. *He is now writing a book about Lillian Hellman.*

As the bill for science rose in the years following World War II, many educated laymen began to question its value and its values. The crass excuse that science serves military ends only made them ask with more urgency: doesn't it have anything better to do? Replies in lectures, books and the mass media came from a number of scientists, ex-scientists and journalists who wanted to explain the nature of scientific work, and to distinguish it from technology, military and otherwise. It turned out that the expositors were gifted. By the end of the 1950s, they had managed to evoke public discussion of such topics as automatic control, cybernation and the proper role of scientists in government. The most prominent subject, of course, was the two cultures—C. P. Snow's label for science, art, and the relationship between them.

One of the earliest and most successful efforts to shed light on science by comparing it to art was made by J. Bronowski in a special issue of *The Nation* (see "Science and Human Values," December 29, 1956). Bronowski, a Polish-born, English-trained mathematician, literary scholar and philosopher, observed that the acts of discovery in science and creation in art are identical in some respects. The insight was shared by Snow, who developed its political implications. Snow said that Western culture suffered in its anti-scientific lopsidedness because it could not appreciate the ethics generated by the practice of science. He accused faction-minded intellectuals of fostering hostility and mutual misunderstanding between the two realms of human accomplishment. Soon F. R. Leavis, a critic, provided living proof of Snow's point by counterattacking. The acrimony and the involvement of a critic created a fad, and it became fashionable to argue whether physicists appreciate Botticelli more than painters appreciate Torricelli.

Bronowski has tried to restore seriousness to the discussion. His afterthoughts on the two cultures, presented in four lectures at the American Museum of Natural History in March, 1964, comprise the present volume.

Nowadays, Bronowski perceives, man is undergoing a third crisis of confidence, akin to the one brought on by Galileo's hint that our planet does not occupy a vaunted place in the universe, and to the crisis precipitated by Darwin's idea that man is just another animal. The source of present misgiving is twofold: living and dead matter are alike, and machines can do what we think is thinking. In the wake of these revelations man wonders—or philosophers do, on his behalf—whether he is a machine or a self.

Bronowski's answer is: "a machine by birth but a self by experience." We thus use two languages, one to describe the machinery of nature and another to describe the thoughts and feelings of other men. We are not schizoid, however, be-

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cause the languages grow in parallel directions. For example, the discovery of the electron by J. J. Thompson ("he added a new word, that is, a new concept") is analogous to the coining of the word *Blitzkrieg* because both events represent "a massive packing into a single idea of a whole new strategy of organization." Bronowski also finds the languages comparable in their ambiguity. He takes issue with the long-standing view that the terms of science are one-dimensional, arguing that the history of science makes every concept tentative and every term richer than its definition of the moment.

Not only the language and practice of science but the findings of science, too, indicate that the machinery of nature admits of diversity and individuality. It is now known, for instance, that an animal's eye sends the brain a message geared to the special needs of the animal. Thus a frog, which may have to save its life by jumping from foliage into a pond, is particularly sensitive to blue, the color of the sky over the pond. Bronowski is at his very best as he describes such phenomena in his lucid manner, piling examples on top of one another to substantiate his point. And yet there are times when his facility seems dangerous, when he grows overconfident in his belief that anything can be broken down into simple blocks and reassembled to form a neat structure.

The expositor's hubris mars the important chapter in which Bronowski, having established parallels between science and art, looks for the quintessential differences. Discussing *King Lear,* he points out that Edmund speaks for "Epicurean nature, the chaotic play of atoms in which there is no law but the survival of the fittest"; Edgar for "the grave Stoic dispensation in which everything has a natural place"; and, interestingly, "the two conceptions of nature, the small-scale disorder and the large-scale order, the statistical play between them, these are the very stuff of modern science." He then goes on to generalize: "But in science they have to be resolved. . . . We act in science with decision in the face of these uncertainties. We form theories which resolve, locally and for specific uses, the conflict between the two concepts. The point of *King Lear* and of all literature, tragic or comic, is that there is no such resolution."

Why is Bronowski not content to make a nice point about *King Lear*? Why is he constrained to sum up all literature (and by implication all art, since he has chosen literature as the easiest form to discuss)? Perhaps he shares the feeling of Shaw and Toynbee and A. J. P. Taylor that philosophy calls for overstatement rather than qualifier and counter-example. I offer this defense, not knowing if Bronowski would make it on his part, and not prepared to accept it on mine. An effective overstatement can seem untenable; but it cannot seem preposterous, as some of Bronowski's do.

Here is one: "Literature does not try to provoke in us the response of action, and therefore does not need to resolve its ambiguities." Bronowski might have said that literature never succeeds in provoking action; but to deny that some writers *try* to provoke action seems careless in a world that has read Brecht. (That self-explainer is on record as wanting his work to "arouse a capacity to action.")

Bronowski once wrote that "science is the acceptance of what works and the rejection of what does not." I do not think the most ambitious section of *The Identity of Man* works, but I do not urge its rejection at all. For one thing, the sheer audacity of someone trying "to create again a coherent philosophy of man" is stunning. The book is written in a splendid personal style (hearing the lectures I attributed the flamboyance to Bronowski's delivery; reading them I see that it's in the prose). Finally, Bronowski adds a symmetry to the whole discussion of the two cultures when he describes the values generated by artistic creation (the discussion had previously concerned the values generated by scientific practice). It was man the artist, Bronowski thinks, who developed tolerance and respect for other men and for their work and views and feelings.

Tortuous Shore

THE DISCOVERY OF TIME. *By Stephen Toulmin and June Goodfield. Harper & Row. 280 pp. $6.95.*

CHESTER JOHNSON

Mr. Johnson is a free-lance science and technology editor and writer, presently on special assignment to the book division of Time-Life. *He is the author of* Clocks and Watches *(Odyssey Press).*

"A thing measured," said an ancient Roman, "is never lost except time itself." Since then the very concept of time has been all but lost—it was never, until recently, a timely topic with Western philosophers, theologians, historians or scientists. In comparison with other ideas (such as the quantity of angels capable of dancing on the heads of pins) it appeared obscure and irrelevant—or, for reasons of religious dogma, not a fit thing to be discussed out of its theological context. Over the past fifty-four centuries time has been measured in a variety of ingenious ways, but conceptualized in very few. As a concept it has remained an out of the way and untapped reservoir beside the mainstreams of the humanities, and a comparatively way-out concept with the scientific disciplines. Only within the last two centuries has our concept of time developed grander dimensions than those measured by hours, minutes or even millennia. Most books on time have been, therefore, about time measurement; fascinating as most of them are, they make (with a few very recent exceptions) almost no mention of other aspects of time. Only in the last decade has the exploration of the concept of time become an in-thing with the Two Cultures—and consequently with fingers-on-the-pulse publishers.

Although until now unremarked, the idea of time has had its own history within the evolution of Western thought—and the study of this history has opened new dimensions not only to scholars but to the general reader looking for something new in nonfiction. From anthropology to Zwinglianism, whatever one's leisure "discipline," it can be refocused and refreshed by reading the three or four new and unique books about time: *Man and Time* by J. B. Priestley; *The Voices of Time,* edited by J. T. Frazer; and—the subject of this review—*The Discovery of Time,* a profile of the tortuous shore lines of thought Western man has had to navigate in order to glimpse time's mythical, philosophical, historical, geological, biological and cosmic horizons. Most would read this book, a general history of our concepts of time, first; the other two volumes (which are more expensive) use a much more particularized, nonsequential, "special effect" approach. Drs. Toulmin and Goodfield combine both philosophy and science in their academic (including Oxford) backgrounds; their book is the third in a series of four outlining the ancestry of science, the two previous being *The Fabric of the Heavens* and *The Architecture of Matter*.

The authors' first three chapters outline the first faint prismatic fringes in man's myopic view of time. Philosophers of the Ionian school were the first to speculate empirically on the nature of time, suggesting (as did Anaximander of Miletus) that man was generated from inferior forms of life—in other words, his becoming human took time. The later Athenian divorce of history and philosophy put a stop to this—by Plato's time all such speculations were in disfavor: events were seen as being the visible facets of the invisible structures of eternal reality. Historicity lacked the concepts of progression or essential change, order in the universe was considered changeless—and it was this sense of timelessness which permeated Western thought for the next 2,000 years. Plato concluded that God was time-transcending; Aristotle held that all living species had neither origin nor end. For the Greeks, time was infinite in both directions, worldly phenomena were but ripples on the surface of the unfathomable, a consequence of vast, never-ending cycles generated by "eternal verities" in the ahistorical heavens.

Official Christianity, although somewhat influenced by Aristotelian and Platonic modalities, rejected this cyclic version of the continuum; Adam and Eve had fallen

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- **b) North Vietnam broke off negotiations.**
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once, not over and over again. Although God was time-transcending, the Word was God's parenthesis in time; within this parenthesis—the pivotal point being the advent of the Messiah—time related only to human experience under God. Time outside this theological context was meaningless; outside the parenthesis of the Word it was unthinkable. Throughout most of the history of Western thought the concepts of God and time were, therefore, not separate. St. Augustine took time out from his confessions to speculate mildly about the possible contingencies of pasts, presents and futures, but dogmatists refused to tolerate scriptural boat rockers who might (perhaps in reference to fossils) ask other than theologically circumscribed questions about the history of earth and the nature of earthly time. Judeo-Christian man was not, understandably, very curious about the nature of time. To medieval man, time was an unimportant parameter of human experience, personified by dancing death until the final trumpet blast.

The authors then proceed to trace a re-examination of the world's history as it became freer from Catholic and Protestant party lines. Renaissance historical criticism, with its questions of social decay, change and intimations of progress, could—lacking the insights and hard edges of scientific facts—effect only a slight crack in the orthodox capsule. The artifacts of time: lithified sediments of primordial sea beds; convulsed rock strata, those geological fragments of a continent's earlier incarnations; stone tools used by the earliest of men—all were at hand (Da Vinci found fossil sea shells on mountains), but most went unrecognized or unacknowledged until their implications became unavoidably clear to minds attuned to phenomenological continuity catalyzed by change, evolution and the progression of events.

Recognizing change was necessary in order to understand time, but recognizing some form of evolution—social, biological, geological—was necessary in order to understand change. Giambattista Vico of Naples postulated in 1720 that human history is a continuous process managed by divine providence, but his theory simply sank out of sight in the mire of traditionalist thought; as long as there were the eternal verities, there was no need to verify the temporalities of this world. By the early 19th century, biologists and geologists, stewing within a theologically confined conceptual pressure cooker, had accumulated enough pressure of evidence to raise the lid. Even as late as the 1830s, lightning flashes of geological insight into the murk surrounding the earth's real past drew thunderclaps of orthodox condemnation; scriptural authority (and even its evolution was denied) could still sound alarm bells in the minds of the faithful.

By mid-century archaeological discoveries (Layard's unearthing of Nineveh) revealed that Babylonians, Assyrians and Egyptians could not, in contrast to Old Testament heroes, be conveniently confined to scripture's side lines. Earth and man were beginning to acquire an irrefutable history, and life itself a demonstrable genealogy. Realizing that the world was not born from the Word on October 27, 4004 B.C. at 6 o'clock in the morning was the shock that shook the theologically drugged sleepwalkers awake. God's parenthesis (not to mention the Ark) now had to accommodate not only varieties of extinct plants and some truly vast reptiles, but flint tools in certain conjunction with fossil mammals—and Darwin's *Origin of Species* and *Descent of Man* as well. Man had at last begun to discover geological and biological time, a perspective far grander than the Garden of Eden.

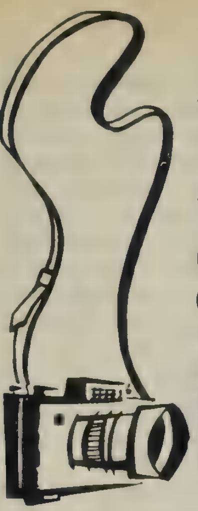
The last chapters of the book discuss the beginnings of a unified approach to the study of time, highlighted by the rival theories of the universe's origin: Big Bang, Steady State and Oscillating. In the process of scientifically discovering new aspects to time we find the old emphasis of the problem rephrased: does time exist apart not from the Word but from the universe; will time continue to exist after the universe ends; is the universe eternal; is it a function of time or time of it? Theologians are still trying to focus our telescopes on their answers; Pope Pius XII, for example, welcomed the Big Bang theory (the universe as created at a "point" in time by a primordial nuclear explosion) as being the closest in concept, although some 6 to 12 billion years more remote in time, to the Creation pictured in Genesis.

Although we are left with these currently unanswerable questions, the authors make it clear how far we have come in the discovery of time: man has revealed himself to be not the tragically flawed hero of a special creation but a recent and changeable animal related to other more or less ancient (but mostly changeable) animals—all living on a planet of vast antiquity bearing traces of life at least half as old as itself. In discovering time against a background of secular history he discovered himself as the cultural heir of vanished civilizations. In discovering time as an attribute of certain aspects of space and matter he discovered himself and his own continuum in reference to that of the universe.

The authors could also have demonstrated—although they unfortunately fail to do so—that man's discovery of time characterized his thought on just about everything else: between Eastern and Western concepts there are striking dissimilarities, in strong enough contrast to outline whole silhouettes of historical and philosophical profile. Concepts of time are beautifully analytical factors of thought. Chinese concepts of time were in many ways much more highly developed than ours, and along some weird and fascinating avenues. Why is there almost no mention of other than Western concepts of time in this history? The authors could, at least in passing, have touched on (as do in detail the other two books mentioned) Chinese and even Indian concepts.

Although chronological, *The Discovery of Time* often lacks a sense of time within its own context. There used to be a convention kept by mandarins: when discussing history (especially Chinese) one avoided the mention of dates; it smacked of commerce and bill collecting, and demeaned the majesty of the moment. Scholars Toulmin and Goodfield forget that many of their readers will lose their way in a history of concepts scanty with dates. There is thus a discursive vagueness, although they give us fine focus with great depth and detail, and an uneasy sense of interfringing fuzziness between the various concepts and conceptualizers involved. The later chapters are compressed; on entering the main stretch the authors plug on through many of the complex phases without stopping to wrap up neatly those gourd-like questions growing in the reader's mind: who, for example, first recognized fossils?

The index (oh, editors' bane!) is only token; it does not even mention fossils. As the reader nears the epilogue, the authors guiltily recapitulate material that they have not made clear earlier. But these criticisms, compared to the almost unique character and focus of the book, are nit pickings. *The Discovery of Time,* although unpathed and brambly here and there, is about the only fully modern study known to this reviewer on the history of the discovery of the concept of time.



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The Stone and the Sermon

OMENSETTER'S LUCK. *By William H. Gass. The New American Library. 304 pp. $5.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL
Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

"If there is any difficulty in reading what I write it is because of the material I use. In my case the thought is always simple." Joyce's comment on *Ulysses* suggests a useful approach to *Omensetter's Luck.* For the "material" of Gass' novel—involuted characters, confusing happenings and a bizarre, knotted prose style—is quite difficult; however, when pressed into shape, this material supports thematic concerns which, if not quite "simple," are as basic and human as the distinction between life and death. Gass' characters are driven to ask what life *is.* Should one be like a stone, dead to the world he lives in, or should one risk the "painful beauty" of a real involvement with life? Fortunately, these abstractions are not free-floating; they underlie a vividly textured surface.

Brackett Omensetter—"a wide and happy man" who settles with his family in Gilean, Ohio in the 1880s—gets under everybody's skin because he seems to live all the way inside life, fulfilled in the things of this world. He is all instinct and his instincts are invariably right; he knows when it will rain, how high a flood will rise, even the sex of his unborn baby. Israbestes Tott is an old town storyteller who can "remember everything" about the past of Gilean. He sees Omensetter's luck in his ability "to lose the heaviness of life." Henry Pimber—Omensetter's cursed, unlucky landlord — goes even further. Pimber thought Omensetter was like a cloud, that he "knew the secret—how to be." Or, putting it another way, Omensetter was a paradox; while he gave himself completely to material things he remained, completely, himself. Pimber saw the chance for personal resurrection, in this world, in Omensetter's example, "the chance of being new . . . of living lucky, and of losing Henry Pimber." When he realizes that Omensetter's instinctive union with life is qualified by self-consciousness he hangs himself from a tall oak tree.

Jethro Furber — a sex-haunted, God-intoxicated minister on the far edge of self-control, a characterization which owes much to the Reverend Hightower of Faulkner's *Light in August*—is most troubled by Omensetter. *"Whatever Omensetter does he does without desire in the ordinary sense, with a stony mindlessness that makes me always think of Eden,"* Furber thinks. He realizes the subversive implications of Omensetter's life; its unself-consciousness challenges Furber's attempt to make his life *mean* something or other; its commitment to this life mocks Furber's desire for death and questions the existence of another life. As Furber says in a sermon, "we are here [in the world] —yes—yet we do not belong. . . . Anything that draws us nearer to this life and puts us in desire of it is deeply wrong and greatly deceives us." Furber comes to see, like Pimber, that Omensetter is less one with life than he seems. Furber survives Omensetter's challenge and proves that modes of awareness and detachment are, too, life. These characters embody the tensions of Gass' novel. How much death is there in life, how much life in death?

Circumstances in the novel are concrete, vivid, far out, like the incident which combines two arm infections and the death of an unlucky fox. Omensetter got a thumb infection from a splinter, paid no attention to it, just laughed when the blacksmith's hammer missed its mark and burst his swelling. "Pus flew nearly across the shop. Omensetter measured the distance it shot and smiled with pride, washing the wound in the barrel without a word." Then a fox fell down a dry well. But Omensetter refused to interfere with the natural order of events. "He'll have to stay . . ." Omensetter said firmly. "Spring will float him to the top." This was too much for Pimber; he took his shotgun and shot the fox with both barrels. He knew that he was really trying to kill the mindlessness which Omensetter represented. Pimber was struck by a ricochet of buckshot, got infected and, Pimber's luck, lockjaw. No one could help but, of course, Omensetter, who "made a poultice of mashed raw red beet and bound it to the wound with rags." This absurd remedy works and Pimber—who shot the fox because he felt Omensetter "took no care with . . . life"—has Omensetter to thank for his life. Before Gass interests you in the philosophical basis of his work he draws you into a knotty, bizarre world of circumstances.

Stylistically his novel is, in complexity, like *Ulysses* or *Absalom, Absalom!*; Gass is, in his own way, quite as successful as Joyce or Faulkner. Stephen Dedalus' statement—"hold to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past"—serves as a built-in justification of the concrete style of *Ulysses*. Like Stephen, characters in *Omensetter's Luck* serve as aesthetic apologists. Early in the novel Israbestes Tott contrasts free imaginative indulgence with fact-bound, historical reconstruction. Tott's reflections on the uses of the imagination serve as a parable for a novel which is not an exercise in imaginative self-indulgence but an effort to reconstruct the solid histories of men caught in life. Furber, similarly, states an aesthetic rationale for the novel when he says, "please remember that I always speak in figure . . . through emblem and design, you understand. They enlarge my voice like cupped hands." Because "the body of every symbol [is] absurd," so is his own body, Jesus' body, even Omensetter's body. Thus, Furber feels, he is justified in going beyond the stones of reality to the sermons he knows to be in stones. So too does Gass' novel evoke a rich, sometimes absurd surface and then push beyond it to essences. Just as it was for Joyce and Faulkner, rhetoric is the bridge. Hyped-up, jagged, imagistic prose ranges from the lyrical to the scatological. It even leaps its bounds into witty verse.

Creep away, sneak away, leak away
—hide
There are animals hunting in Furber's
inside.

Finally everything bears on the same points, the novel coheres. Style, characterizations and themes all center on a vital tension between two poles—the real and ideal, the concrete and abstract, the symbol and meaning, the stone and the sermon. The novel works in dialectics and paradoxes, like a Donne poem. While it is true that "men, like all things, resist their essence, and seek the sweet oblivion of the animal—a rest from themselves that's but an easy counterfeit of death," it is clear from other evidence in the novel that this is not the whole truth. There is much to be said for Omensetter's way. As Furber says, in a poignant prayer, "Heavenly Father, You may call our soul our best, but this, our body, is our love."

William H. Gass, who teaches philosophy at Purdue University, has written a difficult, dazzling first novel, important in its stylistic achievement and haunting in its dramatic evocation of the most essential human questions.

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SCHUBERT: *Die Winterreise;* Six Songs. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Jörg Demus, piano. DGG 139 201/202.

WOLF: Mörike Lieder. Hermann Prey, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano (with Pfitzner: Eichendorff Lieder). London 5946/25946. Evelyn Lear, soprano; Erik Werba, piano. DGG 138 979.

Fischer-Dieskau's performances have tended to become less idiosyncratic recently; he has seemed progressively more interested in singing the pieces being performed than in offering hyped-up readings of the poems, more or less on pitch. The present recording of *Die Winterreise* is notably superior in this respect to his earlier Angel recording, and it has the additional great advantage of the sensitive and musicianly Demus as pianist in place of the pretentiously fussy Gerald Moore. Thus the pitch-relational balance between voice and piano is quite delicately maintained in all the places where Fischer-Dieskau adopts a restrained vocal approach; but the new musical emphasis also underlines his inherent vocal limitations, for his sound still loses distinction at higher dynamic levels, becoming quite rough and almost pitchless at times. And as ever, the tonal relations among songs stipulated by Schubert are quite capriciously altered to suit immediate vocal convenience, thus disregarding and destroying the most crucial aspect of the work's large-scale development. The recording itself is unusually resonant, noise-free and responsive.

The Wolf Mörike songs are relatively early works that primarily reveal Wolf's skill in shaping compact and functional musical continuities, clearly associative with the Schubert-Schumann tradition, in a considerably expanded range of sonic inflection. But unlike later works, or the special phraseology of Wagner, the external shapes remain conventional, with few original ideas about texture, voice-piano or vocal line-text relation, continuity, contour or rhythm, so that the many striking harmonic nuances seem rather superimposed.

The are a number of interesting exceptions: *Heimweh,* with its precisely measured phrases and counterpointing of the piano's and voice's partitioning of the same articulation space; *Gebet,* with its remarkable harmonic depth; *Verborgenheit,* with its clever development focused on a single initially stated pitch relationship; and *Gesang Weyla's,* with its transference of Wagnerian phrasing into song context and dimension. Prey's selection is generally more distinguished than Lear's and his performances are more careful and considered, if not superior vocally. But Lear's fast tempos and carelessness about inflection result in a skimming of the musical surface that her modest advantage in vocal quality fails to redeem.

BERLIOZ: Requiem, Op. 7. Cesare Valletti, tenor; Temple University Choirs,

READING A BOOK OF POEMS

I have been reading
a book of poems
looking for a poem
I know is there.
It is about
a streetlight
on the outskirts
of a small town
in North Dakota
where it is dark,
hard dark,
and the snow
is five feet deep.
A car passes through
the light, unnoticed,
heading toward
the black snow fields,
the clack of a loose
link against the
fender fading.
I read them slowly
stacking and unstacking
the words in small
even piles, waiting
for the poem
I know is there
to come.

ROGER MITCHELL

Philadelphia Orchestra; Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia M2L 330/M2S 730.

L'Enfance du Christ. Peter Pears, Elsie Morrison, John Cameron, John Frost, Edgar Fleet, soloists. St. Anthony singers; Goldsborough Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. Oiseau-Lyre (S) OL 60032/3.

Berlioz's Requiem, a work whose originality consists primarily in its sharp differentiation among highly intensified conjunctions of extremes in dynamics, density, tone color and rhythms, is here performed within a narrow range in each of those dimensions, and with the maximum smoothing in every articulative succession. The corresponding absence of sense or sensibilia reveals a great deal more about Ormandy's musical perspicacity than about the Berlioz Requiem. *L'Enfance* is one of Berlioz's few attempts at French genre composition, with its attendant pose of delicacy and restraint. But while the restraint consists mostly of uneventfulness, and the delicacy involves mainly sonorous dilution, the piece does explore a kind of "neo-classic" approach that differs entirely from the Brahms-Schoenberg-Hindemith concept, and associates much more directly with that of Stravinsky (but without inner voices!). The piece poses no problems in performance, and the present group has no difficulty in realizing it.

SCHUBERT: Symphonies (1-9). The Orchestra of Naples; Denis Vaughan, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 6709.

Schubert's capacities as a composer of symphonies were at best limited. Whereas he could create a fully and intensively ramified structure of relationships in a song context, his large works tend to be loosely and incompletely realized, cutting many conventional corners, indulging in unvaried repetition and other space-filling routines to satisfy formal proportions, rather than generating them out of the maximal "composition" of every instant. This, as one might expect, is even truer of the earlier symphonies; except for a locally imaginative sound or connection, all but the last two are completely routine, and even occasionally gauche.

The performances are of the kind that seem to be tolerated by the recording companies only in Complete Editions, presumably on the ground that virtue inheres in numbers—numbers of deficiencies included.

CHOPIN: Four Ballades. Trois Nouvelles Etudes. Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. London CM 9422/CS 6422.

Concerto No. 2 in F-minor (with Bach: Concerto in D-minor). Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano; London Symphony Orchestra; David Zinman, cond. London CM 9440/CS 6440.

Ashkenazy's Chopin performances contain playing of remarkable delicacy in works that require a great deal more for their ultimate realization. Still, the clarity and accuracy of his score reading permits a perceptive listener to discover for himself the composition within. And the sound produced is quite lovely in itself. The Bach, however, is another matter; the piano is so manifestly the wrong sonority to combine with Bach's orchestra that one wonders why the transcriptive effort is ever made. The problem is entirely different from the solo keyboard works, where the completely internal sonorous relations can be reinterpreted; but where an orchestrational balance is involved—in accompaniment or solo passages—the sense is totally perverted by the presence of a hard, self-assertive piano attack in place of the harpsichord's sharp pluck and immediate absorption thereafter into the string texture.

MOZART: Piano Concertos, Volume I: No. 12 in A, K. 414; No. 18 in B-flat, K. 456; No. 20 in D-minor, K. 466; No. 23 in A, K. 488; No. 24 in C-minor, K. 491; No. 26 in D, K. 537. Lili Kraus, piano; Vienna Festival Orchestra; Stephen Simon, cond. Epic SC 6054/BSC 154.

Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, K. 505; Divertimento, K. 287. Berlin Philharmonic; Herbert von Karajan, cond. DGG 139 004.

Symphonies; No. 29 in A, K. 201; No. 33 in B-flat, K. 319. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. DGG 139 002.

The first volume of Epic's projected Mozart concerto series contains a number of later works that are simply too remarkable and original to be entrusted to the "complete-edition" performances they receive here. For aside from a few small, fussy ideas about accents, Lili Kraus demonstrates no apparent concept of the large-

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scale structure of the works, nor any sense of the individual qualities of the interior events; she treats them all as decorative figurations, an even more fatal mistake in Mozart than elsewhere. But additionally, the playing itself, neat enough in easy passages, becomes uneven under the most minimal technical demands, so that scale passages, trills and intricate configurations are frequently smeared and generally unstable. The orchestral playing, too, is adequate only in uncomplicated situations, as in some of the earlier works. Elsewhere, it reveals a typically unprofessional lack of coordination in attacks, and in the haphazard balances in which sonorities pop in and out of different parts of the texture with no apparent control or meaning.

Herbert von Karajan's Mozart recordings seem labors of indifference, smothered in fat sound and sticky articulation. None of these are Mozart's most significant music, of course; the two serenades are about as facile as music can get, with that unvarying felicity of consummate craft whose objectlessness is finally more irritating than impressive: the typical and paradoxical problem of the young Mozart. The two symphonies, however, are certainly among the most interesting of the earlier group, exploratory in sonority and structure far beyond the music characteristic of Mozart's work of this period. Of these, No. 33, more broadly scaled, emerges in proportionately better shape from its subjection to von Karajan's sheer grandness of conception (or is it lofty condescension?). But the difference is superficial at best, and even here the lassitude with which the wonderful Haydn-derived Minuet is performed is really unforgivable.

STRAVINSKY: Violin Concerto (with Bartók: Concerto No. 2). Joseph Silverstein, violin; Boston Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2852.

Mavra. Joan Carlyle, Kenneth MacDonald, Helen Watts, Monica Sinclair, vocal soloists. *Renard.* Gerald English, John Mitchison, Peter Glossop, Joseph Rouleau, vocal soloists. L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; Ernest Ansermet, cond. London CM 5929/OS 25929.

Ansermet's principal contribution as a performer of the Stravinsky literature has been his remarkable capacity to make it seem rhythmically neutral and sonically dull. *Renard* is particularly astonishing in this regard, plodding along as no one acquainted with either the old Craft (Dial) or newer Stravinsky (Columbia) recordings could imagine possible. But since *Mavra*, Stravinsky's only, if rather limited exploration of the possibilities of bel-canto continuity, is otherwise unavailable (the long out-of-print Craft-Dial having been the only earlier recording), the present recording is useful despite its marginal performance of that work as well.

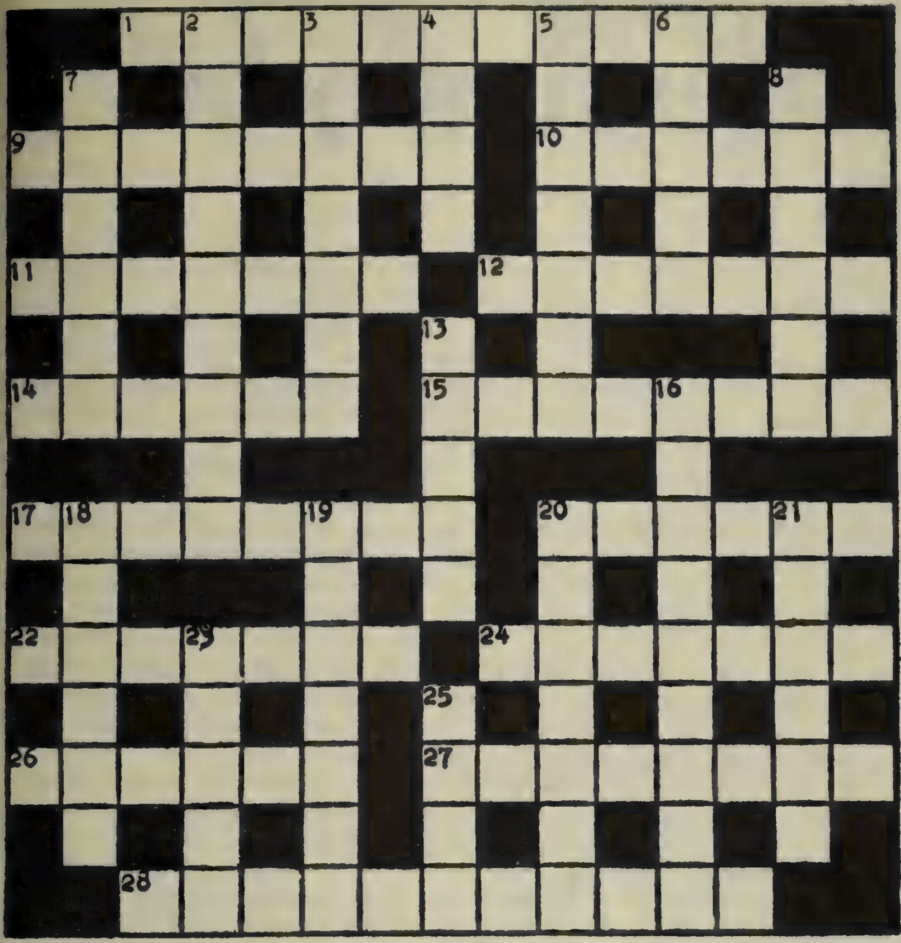
Stravinsky's violin concerto is one of those works of the twenties and thirties in which he focused single-mindedly on large-scale relations by developing through successions of continuously "patterned" rather than highly differentiated sectional interiors. This approach requires a precision of balance, sonority and attack in performance for which the Boston Symphony's customary scale of quantification is simply too crude. Silverstein's playing is more precise in pitch and rhythm, if not dynamics, but his sound in both the Stravinsky and Bartók works is too small and unvaried to assert a significant instrumental or interpretive presence. In the Bartók concerto, with its strange, aimless continuity wandering among reminiscences of many diverse 20th-century textures from Strauss to Schoenberg, and its typically confused and capricious orchestration (Bartók's weakest point in any case), the tendencies toward incoherence seem emphasized by the orchestral imbalances (the percussion and brass writing are not quite as primitive as they are made to sound), and the neutrality of Silverstein's technique.

MENDELSSOHN: Violin Concerto. Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto. Erick Friedman, violin. London Symphony Orchestra; Seiji Ozawa, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2865.

Erick Friedman's playing reveals a high degree of intonational and digital competence, if not quite the subtlety required by the Mendelssohn concerto. The orchestra, too, is quite competently controlled and balanced; its sound is voluminous and full, though not as flexible or distinguished as those of the Philharmonia or B.B.C. Orchestras. In any case, Seiji Ozawa demonstrates an impressive ability to shape transitions, and to project precise distinctions in articulation, clear rhythmic shapes and individual sonorous qualities. Together, Ozawa and Friedman are obviously capable of conceiving and shaping individual events effectively, but they don't seem to have considered the special qualities of the total continuity as well. This is particularly evident in the Mendelssohn; in the Tchaikovsky, their approach is better planned in its "saving" of sonority and volume, so that further extremities always remain available; this restraint, while it does emphasize the minimal eventfulness and serious over-extension of the work, projects the continuousness of its unfolding more convincingly than I have heard in performances elsewhere.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1152

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Truly possessed by Wallace in the '66 campaign? (7, 4)
9 and 13 down Some people used to leave them descriptive of St. Louis when away from home. (8, 5)
10 At meals we might be rinsed out this way. (6)
11 Tin cans really weren't made of such material! (7)
12 Avoiding people, even at such a party? (7)
14 What I did to the rider's seat, with Joris along. (5)
15 A man seen in difficulty with some of those in Vietnam? (8)
17 Draw? Not if progressive. (8)
20 Shout for a long time in Japanese. (6)
22 Old city state about shows man's maturity. (7)
24 Three in play, ideally. (7)
26 Not close in a grain. (6)
27 Well-known, but not necessarily well-liked animus of this? (8)
28 Satisfied with water or oil, specifically? (4-7)

DOWN:

2 Certainly not Confederate money as a standard! (5, 4)
3 Fixing a point, with a point not well taken altogether. (7)
4 Near darkness, almost. (4)
5 and 21 down The way of gray flannel? (7, 6)
6 An invigorating keynote. (5)
7 It's best to make the vessel mine, when lifted. (3-3)
8 Not all that one might see are bad fakers. (6)
13 See 9 across
16 Midget statue in New England? (9)
18 Not knowing the way to be like the old dog? (6)
19 Letters that go up and down? (3, 4)
20 It's a fine mess in what might be placed to help somebody! (7)
21 See 5 down
23 Wind in wet circumstances. (5)
25 Evidently the legendary queen acted on nothing! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1151

ACROSS: 1 Calisthenics; 10 Operose; 11 Galatea; 12 Topic; 13 Aftermath; 14 Unitarians; 16 Reno; 18 Sack; 20 Standing up; 23 Eldership; 25 Tiara; 26 Thinner; 27 Nervine; 28 Storm cellars. DOWN: 2 Adelphi; 3 Ironclad; 4 Therapist; 5 Eight; 6 Idlers; 7 Satiate; 8 Contour sheets; 9 Fashion plates; 15 Ninepence; 17 Littoral; 19 Caddies; 21 Glazier; 22 Brando; 24 Harem.

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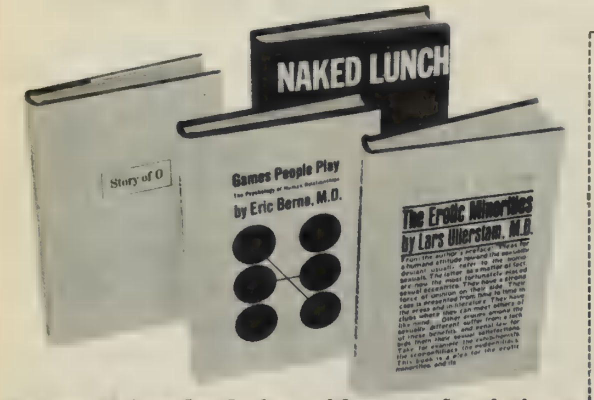

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LETTERS

justice in Iran

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Dear Sirs: Fifty-five young Iranians are being tried behind the closed doors of the military courts of Teheran. Because of the nature of justice in Iran, we are deeply concerned about their fate—particularly that of Mohammad Bodjnourdi, who has been sentenced to death. A representative of the International Lawyers Association has not been permitted to attend the trial. Unless world public opinion is aroused against the arbitrary treatment of these political prisoners in Iran, the cause of human justice will suffer.

Carol Kaupp, President
Cosmopolitan Club
University of South Dakota

the exception of war

Claremont, Calif.

Dear Sirs: As an old contributor and steadfast reader, I venture to extend congratulations to editors and writer alike for "The Ideological Vacuum" by Henry S. Kariel [*The Nation,* Apr. 18]. This seems to me the most perceptive analysis of the American dilemma I have seen in many a year.

I would add one caveat, which Kariel implies but does not spell out. Granting that all generalizations about "national character" are dubious, I would agree that most Americans want "government" limited to the narrowest possible scope. The exception is war.

Obsessed, like all other people, by what Arnold J. Toynbee has termed the "false and maleficent religion" of nationalism, most Americans are willing to accept any amount of regimentation in the name of "national defense. . . ." The feeble efforts of the "merchants of death" in the 1930s have been replaced by the Pentagon—now the largest arms salesman in the world.

The ultimate implications of this process, which is seemingly irreversible, are too painful to contemplate. Meanwhile, congratulations to *The Nation* and to Henry S. Kariel for further illumination on the gravest issue of our time. *Frederick L. Schuman*

the Harlem Six

New York City

Dear Sirs: The review of *The Torture of Mothers* (and there's a grabber of a title for you!) by "poet and writer" June Meyer is one of the phoniest pieces a good magazine has ever presented [*The Nation,* Apr. 25].

This sensitive lady has been reduced, if I may be inelegant in such a dainty presence, to a mass of snot and tears by the sob story of "six poor Harlem youths" who, after several prior run-ins with the police, merely happened to stab to death an elderly shopkeeper and critically wound her husband. That boyish escapade is tossed away in one sentence, buried in about 2 pages of weepy indignation over the way the story was treated in the *Times* and the way their case was handled by court-appointed counsel.

Much more important than the killing and the second attempted killing (to sensitive Miss Meyer, that is) are the recorded words of the boys' mothers—words that "move on the page like poetry and capture the rhythm of every voice. . . ."

Dear Miss Meyer, poet and writer, what do you think you'd have heard if Truman Nelson was on the scene with his tape recorder when the "six poor Harlem youths" swarmed into Mrs. Sugar's store and savagely knifed her and her husband? *That,* poetic lady, would

(Continued on page 587)

EDITORIALS

The Anomalous CIA

The *New York Times* series on the Central Intelligence Agency represents, as one might expect, a high level of journalistic competence, integrity and enterprise. For all its excellence, however, the series seems to have been organized around the wrong question, namely, do proper controls exist? To this question the authors of the survey—Tom Wicker, John W. Finney, Max Frankel, E. W. Kenworthy and other *Times* staff members—respond that whatever the situation may have been in the past, there is little evidence today that the CIA is making or sabotaging foreign policy or "otherwise acting on its own." True, the survey points out that "the danger of its getting out of control of the Administration exists and ought to be taken seriously within and without the government. The Bay of Pigs stands as an enduring testimony to that fact." But responsibility for the supervision and control of the agency, the authors feel, rests with the President, his highest advisers and the director of the CIA, not with Congress. In fact the problem of control can "only be met peripherally by Congressional oversight, and then with increased danger of security leaks and domestic political pressures on the agency."

It seems to us that the facts recited in the survey call for a different conclusion. Over a period of nineteen years, according to the *Times,* at least 150 resolutions have been introduced in Congress—and then abandoned—calling for legislative control and supervision of the agency. Quite plainly, Congress has been deeply and persistently concerned about the CIA and has never ceased to feel that it should be brought under Congressional supervision and control. And the reason for this feeling is obvious: the CIA is an anomalous agency; it does not fit into the established constitutional pattern. If it were solely an intelligence agency designed to aid the President, then perhaps it could be said that it should be under his supervision and control and directly responsible to him. But it is many other things as well. It is, for example, an agency that carries out plans and projects, some of which fall under the heading of "black" operations or "dirty tricks," including bribery, sabotage, slander (the Heine case on which we commented last week), armed insurrection, espionage, etc. These are warfare tactics; in fact the CIA in a sense grew out of, and succeeded to some of the functions of, the wartime OSS. In a word, the CIA is, in part, an arm of the Department of Defense. It is also an instrument of foreign policy, though not directly responsible to the State Department.

But what policies does it execute—those we publicly avow at the United Nations or those we privately pursue? *Newsweek* (May 9, p. 29) carries an intriguing story that would appear to link the CIA with an operation whereby planes were ferried to Portugal for use in Mozambique and Angola, in covert contravention of policies we had proclaimed at the UN. In addition, many of the CIA's activities have domestic implications: subsidies to universities, book publishers, magazines, etc. Senator Fulbright recently called attention to a new ramification of CIA influence. Should the agency, he asked, permit its analysts to present official statements and conclusions to the public in the guise of independent scholarship? (Mr. Fulbright cited an article by George A. Carver, Jr., in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Mr. Carver is identified as a student of political theory, with degrees from Yale and Oxford, a former officer in the U. S. aid mission to Saigon, and author—presumably this qualified him as an expert on the Vietcong!—of a tome entitled *Aesthetics and the Problem of Meaning.)*

Given these wide-ranging activities, which overlap several established departments, why should Congress have to accept the Administration's evaluation of the agency's performance? How can Congress understand and appraise the conduct of foreign policy without being fully advised about the work of the CIA? Initially the CIA had a budget of $46 million; it now employs 15,000 persons and spends "about" $500 million annually. How can Congress, in all conscience, in effect delegate to the President the power to determine the budget of such an agency? If the CIA is to be regarded as the private arm of the President, then the President must be held accountable not merely for everything it does—which can be bad enough—but for all that it is accused of doing. Every time a government topples in Zambia or a regime is overturned in Ghana, the first reaction of the world press is to blame the CIA. If Congress were fully advised, it might well decide to lop off the "dirty tricks" capers and confine the CIA to the business of gathering intelligence. In brief, to place exclusive reliance on the President and his advisers for the supervision and control of this secret agency is dangerously to extend the power of the Presidency and, by the same token, to diminish that of the Congress. What is needed is not a "watchdog" committee, that does not watch, but a select nine-member Senate committee—three from Armed Services, three from Appropriations, and three from Foreign Relations—of the type proposed by Senator Eugene McCarthy. Such a committee should conduct its own investigation of the agency, recommend whatever changes in structure and function seem desirable, and then establish procedures for airtight supervision and control.

Encounter with the CIA

The *Times* survey points out that the Central Intelligence Agency, through various devices, has supported the work of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. It also points out that *Encounter* magazine, a London-based "anti-Communist intellectual monthly," was "for a long time—though it is not now," an indirect beneficiary of CIA largess (funds were channeled through a foundation). There is nothing new in these disclosures; other publications, *The Nation* included, have known the facts for some time but were unable to confirm them (see editorial "Foundations as 'Fronts,'" *The Nation*, September 14, 1964). No doubt it is too much to expect that the Congress for Cultural Freedom and *Encounter* will now offer the public some explanation for their long continued but carefully concealed collaboration with the CIA. How long was *Encounter* subsidized? in what amounts? for what purposes?

The public, of course, will be told that considerations of "national security" and "top secrecy" preclude the possibility of an explanation. But the questions merit an answer all the same. Presumably *Encounter's* subscribers and con-

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tributors were not aware (although some of the contents should have placed them on notice) that the magazine was so subsidized. Throughout its history, the Congress for Cultural Freedom has made a practice of denouncing various radical and left-wing groups as "Communist fronts" and the like; but were the prominent intellectuals, the artists and writers, who attended its various assemblies told of the Congress' tie with the CIA? Some weeks ago, the Soviets accused two of their writers of associating with an American "agent" who, it turned out, was connected with *Encounter.* The charge was no doubt preposterous, but are the Soviets to be blamed for being suspicious? The undisclosed acceptance, over a long period, of CIA funds by two organizations avowedly dedicated to "cultural freedom" provides an ironic notation to the cultural history of the cold war.

The Air War Heats Up

Dr. Franz Schurmann and his colleagues at the Center for Chinese Studies at the University of California have worked out an interesting correlation between political crises in Saigon and American decisions to escalate the war. As reported by Marshall Windmiller, of San Francisco State College, the study suggests that every time there has been a danger of neutralists coming to power in Saigon—forces that might move toward some sort of settlement with Hanoi—we have escalated the war. The latest Buddhist demonstrations, by this reading, probably prompted the stepped-up air raids to the north of recent weeks. "Almost without publicity in the U. S.," states *U. S. News & World Report* (May 9, p. 27), "American bombings of the North have been steadily escalating." The escalation has, predictably, produced a response: on April 24, two of the supersonic, latest type MIG-21 fighter planes attacked four American jet fighters over North Vietnam. The next day a MIG-21 was shot down, just 20 miles from the Chinese border.

The first reaction of the State Department was to repeat a previous warning that we would not tolerate the idea of sanctuary; in other words, the doctrine of "hot pursuit" would apply. But the next day a White House spokesman explained that, in each instance, our all-seeing, all-knowing President would himself "personally" decide whether American planes could cross into China in "hot pursuit" of enemy aircraft. Great as are the powers of Lyndon Baines Johnson, and close as his personal supervision of military operations in Vietnam has been, it is not instantly clear how he will "personally" command dogfights taking place 8,000 miles from Pennsylvania Avenue. But a trusting Washington took the reassurances with the faith and confidence in the President's powers that he himself at all times radiates.

However, one skeptic, John Maffre of *The Washington Post,* did point out that the President is "not aboard each plane to make the pilot's decisions for him." There is nothing, in fact, to stop an American airman over North Vietnam from chasing an intruding Chinese plane into China. "The fighter pilot," as Mr. Maffre notes, "is the loneliest warrior in the world, and is a law unto himself to a large degree." Actually the President is relying not on his psychic powers but on the circumstance that our fighter pilots have been ordered not to invade a 20-mile buffer strip south of the Chinese border that has not yet been hit by U. S. planes. But this is a thin buffer indeed and could be easily violated, by accident or miscalculation or from an excess of combat exuberance. With the Air Force itching to have the restrictions on areas and targets removed, an "incident" might be very much to its liking. The point to note, however, is that our escalation of the bombing is what brought the MIGs into combat. If we continue to play the game of "escalation" long enough, we shall invite the response that we say we do not want. However reluctant the Chinese may be to intervene, it would be a grave mistake to think that they will never do so. They will, if they feel that they must.

Sex Spies

Among our many repressive and irrational laws on sexual behavior—long criticized by *The Nation*—attempts to ban homosexual conduct are perhaps the most useless. Since the British Wolfenden Commission's 1957 recommendation that private homosexual behavior between consenting adults ought not be a criminal offense, there has been an ever-widening professional and public demand for reform in this area. The general and growing openness in sexual matters (notwithstanding the Supreme Court's surprising Ginzburg-*Eros* decision) has facilitated debate. Furthermore, as Howard S. Becker pointed out in these pages ["Deviance and Deviates," September 20, 1965], deviants themselves increasingly organize to fight for their rights. Whether or not one believes it appropriate to consider homosexuals a major "minority group" in American society (as some spokesmen of this "homophile movement" assert), it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the laws against them do more harm than good.

In a recent 200-page report, the *UCLA Law Review* presents findings from an exhaustive study of anti-homosexuality law-enforcement policies and practices. Besides a general analysis of sex deviation laws in the various American jurisdictions, the research team made a detailed inquiry into the situation in California (and more specifically Los Angeles County) analyzing all available data on large samples of felony and misdemeanor cases, tracing out exactly what happened to these defendants as they went through the various enforcement stages, and conducting numerous interviews with enforcement officials, judges, attorneys, psychiatrists and homosexuals themselves.

Not unexpectedly, the study found enforcement largely limited to controlling blatant public displays and to general measures of harassment. Although harsh penalties can be imposed under California's sex statutes (and there is also a provision requiring persons convicted under certain homosexuality statutes to register permanently with the police as sex offenders), it was found that the normal sentence for public homosexuality was no more than sixty days in the county jail and a $200 fine. Judges were found to view public displays of adult homosexual behavior primarily as a nuisance. Significantly, analysis of case records showed that none of the 493 defendants in the felony sample had any prior record of child molesting, and only one had been arrested previously for a crime of violence. The study also makes clear the considerable confusion created in California by the existence of a variety of distinct statutory provisions (a confusion which seems infinitely greater when one views the problem nationally), and also the enormous discretion given to officials at various stages of the enforcement process to "decide" just who is to be charged with what, when, and with what results.

Because there is no complaining "victim" in private consensual homosexuality, any enforcement efforts that are to go beyond routine patrolling must use questionable means of obtaining evidence. The UCLA report describes in considerable detail the use of police decoys and (apparently even more widespread) clandestine observation techniques. Few readers of the report will fail to be disturbed by the implication that we are permitting in this area an active program of public spying.

Although recognizing society's interest in controlling public displays of homosexuality, the UCLA researchers see no evidence that the prevailing pattern of enforcement could significantly deter such conduct. The state of Illinois already has enacted a provision equivalent to the Wolfenden recommendation—and no data have been presented showing either a vast upsurge of homosexuality or any other resulting social harms in that jurisdiction.

The UCLA report alludes to some of the harms done to the suspected or convicted homosexual under present laws —including loss of job, increased dangers of blackmail, and being forced into ever more devious and defensive patterns of behavior. If some discernible social gain were produced through repressive policy, if even there were some definitely applicable "cure" for homosexuality which could readily be applied in such cases, then perhaps the social costs might somehow be justified. As it is, and quite apart from whatever we consider to be the "causes" of homosexuality, the major consequences of these laws seem entirely negative.

Students' Rights

The question of the scope and privacy of university student records must be viewed not only in the current civil liberties aspect, but against the background of the presently developing political situation in the United States. The views Senator Fulbright expressed in his April 28 speech before the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association should be soberly considered in this context. Among the ill effects of the Vietnamese adventure Mr. Fulbright foresees a rising war fever which, as the casualty lists mount and no end can be envisioned, will overcome the good sense and humanity of a section of the American people—perhaps a predominant section. Every possible means should be sought to prevent, or at least retard, this brutalization, and to shield its future victims as far as possible. Protecting university students against complaisant or repressive university administrations will promote both objectives.

At the University of Minnesota the student association passed a resolution earlier this year asking the dean's office not to disclose organizational affiliations if a student so requests. As reported in the *Minnesota Daily* (April 22), Dean E. G. Williamson replied that "although there are definite guidelines, the decision about whether to release any student's record must necessarily be a value judgment." As to what this particular dean's value judgment would be in a particular situation *The Nation* has not the slightest idea, but recently at Wesleyan College in Middletown, Conn., an FBI agent asked Dean Stanley Idzerda for the names of all students in the local Students for a Democratic Society chapter. Mr. Idzerda replied that the college kept no such lists, and added, "Things like this can be a danger to a free and open community if men change their behavior because of it." At Minnesota, although it is stated that no records reflecting political activity are kept, the dean undertakes only to appraise carefully a student's written request to withhold information (which in itself puts the student on the spot) and to conduct his evaluation "in the light of the university's responsibilities to report information in response to legitimate inquiries" from other institutions, prospective employers and government agencies.

There are of course many different types of information; the sensitive one is political information, which is also the easiest to misinterpret or garble. The National Council of the American Association of University Professors takes a view which should commend itself to discerning university administrations, and which is particularly timely when further untoward developments are possible. The AAUP urges that academic and disciplinary records be kept separate, that no records be kept which reflect the political activities or beliefs of students, and further that professors should not release information about student beliefs that they acquire in their roles as instructors, advisers and counselors—in effect the counterpart of physicians' and lawyers' obligations to respect their clients' confidences. The AAUP recommended that administrative staff and student personnel officers follow the same practice.

Students, like all adults, should be responsible for their actions. But they should not be responsible to the FBI for their beliefs and the orderly expression of what they believe in, and the university can best protect their rights—and its own—by following the AAUP prescription.

The Rebel President

In earthquake prone California a minor socio-political temblor has been recorded at Stanford University: a spokesman for the New Left has been elected president of the student body. David Harris, a 20-year-old junior and honors major in social thought, won the post by a margin of 535 votes out of 4,252 votes cast—the largest turn-out in a student election in the university's history (about 10,000 students were eligible to vote). Harris is an admirer of Mario Savio, who was a leader of the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, and of educational critic Paul Goodman. "I was forged with the student revolutionary spirit," he contends, and his credentials confirm it: a stint with SNCC in Mississippi, peace activities and marches with the Delano grape pickers.

No one was more "shocked" by the results than Harris, who had anticipated that he would be lucky if he received 200 votes. He campaigned in dungarees, a rumpled sport coat and sandals. During the campaign he took a strong stand in favor of student strikes, abolition of fraternities, abolition of the grading system and of required courses, and insisted that students were entitled to representation on the Stanford Board of Trustees. "The university structure," he said, "has forgotten about education, and has shifted its emphasis away from concern with the students which should be the reason for its existence."

Students interviewed on the campus were not quite sure themselves how it was that Harris' campaign caught on, but *The Stanford Daily* concluded that the new president's candid and outspoken style was for many a welcome relief from the usual drivel of student politics. His candidacy became "a symbolic gesture, a protest." And there may be a larger significance in Harris' victory than he or the *Daily* suspect. When the New Left can win at affluent Stanford, there is life in the body politic. Politicians may be forced to take note of a new axiom: the more affluent the community, the better the chances of the rebel candidate.

The Consumer Wave

A few observers—notably the late Estes Kefauver—asserted that the consumer interest should, and some time would be, the wave of the future, but it never seemed to work that way. Apparently consumers were too large and inchoate a group to exert political influence. Nevertheless, John F. Kennedy broke precedent by being the first President in U. S. history to send to Congress a message entirely devoted to consumer problems and the consumer interest. Unfortunately he did not set up any operable machinery to carry out his good intentions. He did create, in June, 1962, a twelve-member Consumer Advisory Committee, for what little it was worth. In January, 1964, President Johnson appointed Mrs. Esther Peterson as Special Presidential Assistant for Consumer Affairs. Mrs. Peterson has done as good a job as could be expected, with no real power, and with consumer representatives scattered in some thirty-two government agencies, with the consumer not knowing where or how to lodge a complaint. Yet now, after all these years of only slight progress, it looks as if the great mass of consumers may get some worth-while attention.

A combination of factors has improved the outlook:

(*1*) Rising prices and the danger of inflation.

(*2*) The imperatives of politics. Great Society programs require money, but the canny Lyndon B. Johnson can make a considerable stir about the woes of the consumer at little or no cost.

(*3*) Corporate irresponsibility has reached such a point that enlightened business leaders, and the industry press in some areas, have taken alarm. Ralph Nader, after many a lance had been broken on windmills, took on the auto industry and showed it was not invulnerable. The media which, out of consideration for auto advertisers, had long neglected safety in car design, suddenly took interest when they sensed the ground swell of public outrage. The drug industry, and many others, are equally open to correction.

(*4*) As we move into a synthetic environment with all sorts of complicated technological devices necessary for routine living, all of us need help as consumers. In the good old days (when children died of strep throats and heart attacks were thought to be "acute indigestion"), a buyer with some experience and good eyesight probably would not get stuck with a spavined horse; the auto buyer of today needs technical advice. In *The Intelligent Buyer's Guide to Sellers,* which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the fall, Dexter Masters tells the whole story.

What is necessary now is to prevent LBJ from skimming off the political cream without giving the consumer what he should have had long ago. The President should throw his weight behind the Truth in Lending and Truth in Packaging bills, and then create a formal setup that can effectively protect the consumer interest.

LSD: RESEARCH & JOY RIDE

J. THOMAS UNGERLEIDER
and DUKE D. FISHER

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LSD 25, an indole derivative from ergot, was synthesized by Hoffman in 1938, but for a good many years little attention was paid to the drug. Then, within the past year or two, interest in this psychedelic or "mind manifesting" drug has soared among both professionals and the lay public. LSD has been widely publicized in nonmedical publications, a number of sociologic studies exist, and a journal has been founded to report experiences resulting from its use.

Three different approaches to LSD have been described and studied to date. The first is the experimental administration of the drug in controlled laboratory setting, a record being kept of subjective and/or objective effects. Initially the so-called "model psychoses" induced by LSD were compared with schizophrenia and with delirium. However, this method of comparative study has proved to be somewhat disappointing.

The second aspect of study has been the psychotherapeutic use of LSD to increase awareness, lift repressions and facilitate insight during psychotherapy. LSD is also used for treatment of specific disorders such as alcoholism.

The third type of study, and the one which concerns us most, has to do with the psychiatric side effects that follow ingestion of LSD. Most of this study is concerned with self-administered doses of the drug. The side effects occur regardless of the sources of the drug and regardless of the setting in which it has been administered, but far more LSD is bought on the black market (it is either imported illegally from Mexico or produced locally by amateur chemists) than is given experimentally or psychotherapeutically. LSD obtained on the street often contains a number of impurities; sometimes other compounds (among them atropine) are sold allegedly as LSD. Black market doses, usually diluted as they are passed on, contain an unknown number of micrograms of LSD.

Psychiatrists throughout the country have been observing increasing numbers of severe side effects from the drug over the past seven or eight months. (An excellent early personal account of a "bad trip" from LSD was "They Split My Personality" by Harry Asher, *Saturday Review*, June 1, 1963.) At the UCLA Medical Center, approximately one psychiatric disorder associated with LSD ingestion had been turning up every other month. However, beginning in September of 1965, the figure jumped to between five and fifteen cases a month. Other local facilities in the Los Angeles area have reported a similar increase. The new Federal Drug Abuse Control Amendments of 1965, which went into effect on February 1, have had no apparent effect in decreasing the number of LSD cases seen in our psychiatric emergency room. About one-third of the LSD cases at UCLA have required admission to the psychiatric hospital; approximately half of these to the ward on which the authors work.

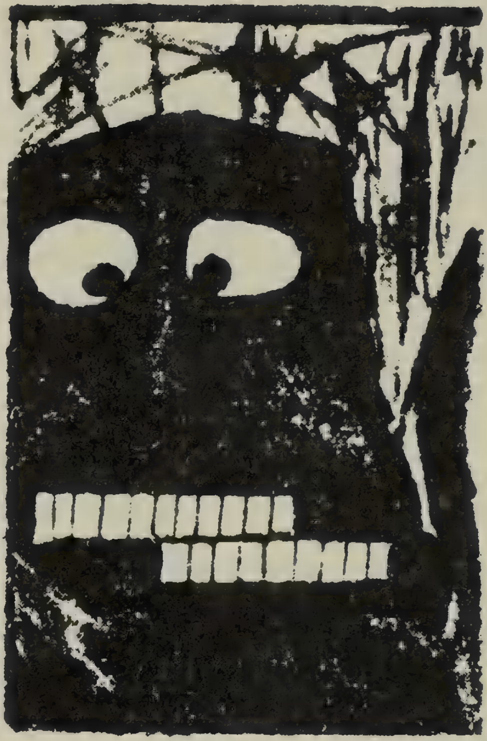
In addition, we have conducted group therapy sessions once a week for several months among all the hospitalized LSD patients whose doctors would permit them to attend. The purpose was to learn what reactions these patients had experienced and to become acquainted with the patients themselves. The LSD users who come to the hospital are primarily young, single, Caucasian, male; few are religious. They live throughout the Los Angeles area, but particularly in the Hollywood section and the beach cities. Most of them are unemployed, but some are students. Many of our patients had used other drugs besides LSD, particularly marijuana; some had taken LSD as often as sixty times. These people came to the emergency room suffering from confusion, anxiety, depression, suspiciousness and hallucinations.

During this study we became curious about the overall LSD population. Were we seeing atypical reactions or were others reacting the same way to LSD but not being brought into the hospital? As word spread of our interest, informants began to appear at the hospital. They told us of other LSD users in the community and of their aberrant behavior. We heard about people wandering about in chronic states of confusion, and the psychiatrists on duty at the hospital received many phone calls about threatened or already attempted suicides and other disturbed behavior. Many of these people refused to come in to the hospital.

We then began to go out into the community and attended a number of LSD sessions held in private homes or "pads." We observed what we would consider obvious psychotic behavior: suspiciousness, grimacing, inappropriate affect, apparent hallucinations and motor restlessness. These affects seemed eventually to wear off and the patients we saw did not apparently harm themselves that day. We heard about others who had had unpleasant symptoms or utterly lost contact, and then recovered only to have these symptoms return weeks or months later *without* their having taken LSD again.

Besides these acute difficulties, there are other, more chronic problems. For one thing, LSD seems to affect a person's value system. We have found that in many instances formerly productive individuals have adopted the attitude that one should live merely for subjective experiences, and not play the various "games"—like work—that society demands. We have met this attitude in musicians, lawyers, psychologists and doctors. Since many people who experience this change of attitude are never seen by psychiatrists, one can only speculate as to its frequency.

Another chronic difficulty is perceptual distortion. For example, a band leader phoned us because his players were producing such terrible music. Nor could he talk to them, for they were on LSD and utterly convinced that the band was playing the most beautiful music ever heard. A law student told us that LSD had given him such new insight and opened such horizons that he felt his legal studies were dull and boring by comparison. He speculated at length about the advisability of giving the world's leaders LSD so that they would love and not hate. At last contact he had not decided whether to pursue his law studies or to continue with LSD full time. We have observed this degree of subjective distortion among many LSD users. A group of them whom we studied fairly intensively over several months were convinced that they could "pick up vibrations" from other people, that they could tell if someone else had used LSD by casual inspection, that they had a keen awareness of music and art. Nevertheless, objective tests showed that their ability to discriminate was below normal, and that their powers of observation had been actually decreased by LSD.



New Scientist

Drawing by LSD Patient

At various community dances which we attended, the young girls were in their "psychedelic slacks" and the teenage boys wore long hair and sunglasses. They moved beneath undulating lights in bright "psychedelic" colors. At such gatherings the drug seemed to replace personal contact and to substitute for the drives of sex and aggression. We watched seven or eight sailors dancing with one girl on the floor. There was little male-female awareness or physical contact; each was in his own fantasy world.

The criteria for mental health, according to Freud, are the ability to work and to love, and LSD users seem to deteriorate in those very areas. We have already mentioned the numerous individuals we have studied who have either lost their jobs or lost the incentive to work after using LSD. The ability to love, that is to have psychic intimacy with another person, seems also to be decreased by LSD. In contradiction to the claim that the drug helps one to get closer to people, we note that users become more introspective and invested in themselves. The extreme results are autism and psychosis.

Advocates of LSD have maintained that proper screening techniques would enable one to predict individual reactions to LSD and to eliminate those who would have "bad trips." Our experience at UCLA indicates that such predictions are extremely unreliable. We know of patients who, though carefully screened for research purposes, suffered severe LSD reactions, with dramatic alterations of their value systems, resulting in a diminished level of functioning. On the other hand, we have come across members of the community whom we would have judged fairly unstable but who showed little or no change after using LSD.

The number of high school students and teen-agers who take the drug is increasing rapidly. Most adolescents are struggling with feelings of aggression and sexuality, along with their need to establish an identity. LSD can seem a "magic" solution to such problems. It offers a ready-made identity with fellow users and the introspective experience helps to deny the feelings of both aggression and sexuality. Their conversation becomes "acid head" talk. Bad "trips" are "freak." Every stranger is "the man" (police) and to talk to one would be to "cop-out" (squeal). Suspicion to the point of paranoia is common. The adolescent is frequently overwhelmed by the LSD experience, with the result that the search for identity becomes a florid psychotic nightmare. There is perhaps no period of life more loaded with conflict, and one might therefore expect that adolescents who took LSD would experience severe complications, including panic states, prolonged psychosis and severe depressions.

Another disturbing aspect of LSD usage is the missionary zeal it seems to induce in many of its users. We have no doubt that the enthusiasm is sincere, since we have come upon cases of mothers who have given LSD to their children, brothers who have encouraged their sisters to take it, and many individuals who have selected their closest friends and used every means possible to convince them that they too should share in the world of psychedelia. In several instances, individuals have devoted a great deal of their energies to buying LSD and passing it out free among the population in an attempt to "save the world."

The right environment for taking LSD (often alluded to by acid heads as necessary for a good trip) means having a "sitter" to guide you through the LSD state. However, neither a favorable environment nor a guide guarantees a pleasant or meaningful experience. If the trip goes bad, and LSD users are brought to a medical facility in the acute phase, tranquilizers and barbiturates will help most of them, but not all. Many of our hospitalized patients have remained in the hospital for more than a month.

Until more is known about LSD and its short- and long-term effects, it must be considered a very dangerous drug. Unfortunately, the ready market for and easy manufacture of the drug have resulted in an almost unlimited black market supply, and the buyers are often the very people who have the most to lose from its use. We certainly hope that LSD research will be continued, but we appeal to those who loudly proclaim that "everyone" should take LSD to remember the highly subjective response to the drug. We have known the most ardent enthusiasts to become the most eloquent opponents—often after just one bad experience.

The controversy continues to rage, some investigators maintaining that side effects are frequent, others stating that the potential gains far outweigh possible side effects. We are worried by what we have seen. California and other states are now considering legislation to supplement existing federal legislation; Sandoz Laboratories, the principal legitimate source, has discontinued manufacture. The future of LSD remains controversial and uncertain.

WHY FIGHT?

The Ruble-Dollar Road to Peace

ROBERT C. GARRETSON

Mr. Garretson is executive vice president of the Carling Brewing Company. During World War II, he was with the rationing division of the OPA. As early as 1930, he visited Russia to help install American machinery in Soviet food plants; he was there again in 1963 to revisit a factory in Krimskaya and to discuss economic trends with industrial leaders and economists in Moscow. He is the author of The Abundant Peace *(World).*

In the 1950s and 1960s the greatest threat to world peace has been the possibility of a nuclear conflict between the United States and the USSR. In both countries, fear of nuclear attack has been demonstrated in the campaigns for bomb shelters, and in the amount of time and money invested in warning systems and anti-missile missiles. Yet the economies of both countries reach new heights year after year, with continuously better resources of trained and educated workers and improved machines, and with continuously higher levels of production.

There are no valid reasons why the United States and the Soviet Union should threaten each other with economic subjugation or with nuclear war. Their nearly identical goals are, first, to achieve economic security with comfortable living standards for all their people and, second, to expand their trade with the rest of the world and thus increase their economic and political influence and, at the same time, assist many backward parts of the world to move toward peaceful economic security. To accomplish these goals each seeks to increase its Gross National Product as rapidly as possible. This does not mean that they have in mind the same allocations of production by industries, products and services, or the same distribution of the goods produced by segments of the population. But it does mean that they both want to achieve the same maximum rates of efficiency in producing and distributing the merchandise that they need.

Their mutual irrational fears may disappear as their economies continue to grow. Their competition in outer space, originating in military objectives, should become more cooperative when they recognize that neither can gain an offensive advantage at any level of the stratosphere.

The ideology of communism is no longer an asset on the world stage to the USSR. The underdeveloped nations want efficient production and full employment. They want to know how to use all their resources of men and materials to improve their living standards. Communism is no longer the glossy, new product that it was in the 1930s. It has been tested in a tough competitive world, and it hasn't done too well. Many varieties of socialism and capitalism have done better for all the classes. Russia has made the best communistic record, but the Soviet leaders admit that it isn't really communism, yet. Economic growth in the USSR has been impressive in the last twenty years. Russia has demonstrated a way to eliminate poverty and to find economic health and security, but it required exactly the combination of ruthless force, practical ingenuity and puritanical idealism that came together in Russia following the revolution. It required the economic, moral and social situation that had been created out of Russian history. A similar situation does not exist anywhere else, and communism in China and Yugoslavia doesn't have the same meaning.

The people of the world are comparing the progress made in the United States with that of the Soviet Union, and are thinking in terms of per capita incomes rather than theories of socialism and capitalism. Communism is a depreciating currency. It has nothing to offer an exploited working class. Few capitalist workers are as poor as the Communists in the USSR, and the record of Communist China does not stir the imagination of the Africans and South Americans who are looking for ways to escape their poverty. Even in the USSR, attention is turning to production standards and technologies, and it is hard to stir up a serious discussion of ideologies. When I first visited the Soviet Union in 1930, the Soviet people had nothing but theory. They were illiterate, hungry and without boots. Now they have begun to count their gains. They have inside plumbing, frozen foods and space missiles.

The changes in the economies of the United States and the USSR since 1929 have been so great that it is impossible not to anticipate even greater and more significant changes in the years ahead. These exciting prospects led me to a study of the economic trends in both countries that resulted in *The Abundant Peace*. In looking for answers to the following questions, I tried to avoid the clichés and sentiments attached to communism and capitalism and to stick to the dull statistics and actual records of what the two peoples were doing.

Can the United States and Soviet Russia continue their current rates of economic growth for another thirty-five years? If so, will they still have to fear that a nuclear war might destroy them both? Will the meanings of communism and capitalism change as the Soviet Union and the United States learn how to measure the material needs of their societies and plan to satisfy those needs with the same kind of automated, electronically controlled production? How different will the benefits of state ownership and private ownership of the means of production turn out to be when they are measured in terms of the consumer goods that will be available for all the people in both societies?

My conclusions, after analyzing the available statistics and computing the significant economic trends, were:

(*1*) Both the U.S. and the USSR could continue to grow for another thirty-five years at the average growth rates of the last thirty-five years without getting in each other's way; in fact, both could achieve total production levels measured in trillions of dollars without being inhibited by their competition for world markets or by their different ideologies.

(*2*) The growth rates of both economies will not be determined by their political philosophies, whether Communist or capitalist, but by their ability to realize their economic potentials.

(*3*) The growth that is achieved in each economy will, nevertheless, affect and change its political philosophy.

(*4*) Continued growth at optimum rates does depend on ability to avoid a nuclear war.

(*5*) Economic trends in the United States and the Soviet

Union do lead both countries in the direction of world peace.

(*6*) Curiously, both economies are developing techniques of production and distribution that have the same goals of efficiency and profits, and they will turn out to be nearly identical by the end of this century.

The economic trends in the United States and the USSR since 1929 weren't legislated by Congress or decided in management committees. They may have been planned, as in Russia, but in the end they were determined by the needs and possibilities of the two economies. The trends that are recorded may have been affected by political and philosophical pressures but their direction had to follow the availability of economic resources of capital and labor. That there will be further changes in the political philosophies of the two countries as a result of further economic expansion is more than just a possibility; it is inevitable.

A projection of trends into the future should be nonideological, nontheoretical and amoral. It isn't even a hypothesis or a conjecture, but simply a statement of what would happen if the trends did continue. But it is not a fact or a statistic, and it must be tested with judgment and logic, and measured against all possible alternatives.

If our economy continues to grow at the average rate of the last thirty-five years, where will it be in 1999? From 1929 to 1964, the economy of the United States grew at an annual rate of 3.5 per cent. If this rate were maintained, our Gross National Product (in 1964 dollars) would be $2.1 trillion in 1999. At our most recent rate of growth of more than 4 per cent, the GNP in 1999 would exceed $2.5 trillion, and if we could increase the rate to 5 per cent, we would reach $3.5 trillion. These are simple mathematical projections of alternative probabilities. A growth rate of at least 3.5 per cent is essential to avoid serious unemployment and depression, and a growth rate of about 5 per cent will be needed to take full advantage of our increasing population and improving rates of productivity.

At these growth rates, per capita personal consumption would more than double in the next thirty-five years. From an average of $2,140 in 1964, it would increase to more than $5,000 at an annual growth rate of 3.5 per cent, and to an estimated $8,400 per capita at a rate of 5 per cent. Personal consumption for the average family would be up to more than $17,000 and very few families would have less than enough for security and comfort.

In the Soviet Union, the GNP would be nearly $1.2 trillion in 1999 if the growth rate of 4 per cent achieved since 1929 were to continue. A 6 per cent rate, less than any Soviet economist would dare predict, would result in a GNP of about $2.2 trillion. During the years since 1942, Soviet growth has frequently exceeded a 6 per cent rate and the potentials are limited only by the availability of new capital and skilled workers. However, it is unlikely that the share of total production allocated to capital goods can remain as high as it has been since 1929, and maximum growth rates depend on a continuously high investment in new factories and new production.

It is estimated that the Soviet GNP has been divided about equally between consumer goods and capital goods. As a result, per capita household consumption in the Soviet Union was still only $660 in 1964, or less than one-third the average in the United States. A growth rate of 4 per cent would bring household consumption in the Soviet Union in 1999 almost exactly to the $2,140 per capita achieved in the United States in 1964. At a rate of 6 per cent, Soviet per capita personal consumption would be about $3,900, but even if only a 4 per cent rate of growth is achieved, the USSR will have succeeded by 1999 in creating an economy in which no one has less than enough of material goods, and will have proved that a planned economy can operate efficiently and profitably.

What all these projections mean is that over the next thirty-five years the average family in both the United States and the Soviet Union will be able to acquire three times as many additional goods for household consumption as a similar family could buy from 1929 to 1964. Soviet living standards will increase at a rate faster than living standards in the United States have increased since 1933. There will be an abundance of comfort in both countries, with very few families left at levels of want or poverty, and there will be comfortable abundance for more than half the families in the United States.

The varying degrees of affluence that will be enjoyed by different segments of both societies will be less important than the ability of everyone to have a decent standard of living. It is even possible that factors other than wealth may begin to have significance in measuring the living standards of both societies.

But are these literal projections of past growth meaningful? Isn't it possible that the trends in either the United States or the Soviet Union could be reversed without warning, as they were during the 1929-to-1933 depression in the United States? Isn't it likely that setbacks will occur in the growth of both economies? What are the chances that the trends can be improved?

For many reasons, the projected growth rates of 3.5 per cent and 4 per cent for the United States and the Soviet Union seem extremely conservative. In the next thirty-five years nuclear power and automation, teamed with market research, could propel the United States economy ahead faster than any of the current trends suggest. Productivity is increasing annually by more than 3 per cent, and with nearly 2 million workers added to the labor force each year, a growth rate of better than 4 per cent is required simply to hold present levels of employment and take advantage of the new machines and new methods that are waiting to be used. The economy of the United States is at a level that has never before been reached, and at a stage of economic growth that is a new experience in the world. No one knows what it can do, but a growth rate of 4 per cent or 5 per cent over the next thirty-five years is a realistic possibility if that is what we decide we want.

Both countries will need to exercise vigilant control of all the factors contributing to growth and stability if these rates are to be maintained. A high degree of efficiency in producing the right products and in distributing the goods produced is essential just to keep economies as large and complex as these in balance, and to avoid recessions and wasteful interruptions of production.

In 1964, the Soviet Union was starting from a point about equal to that reached in the United States in 1929. Our economy declined from 1929 to 1933, and then, partly because of the new economic measures initiated by the government, and partly in response to the pressures for increased production stimulated by the war, it turned upward again, and achieved rates of growth that averaged more than 4 per cent per year from 1933 to 1964.

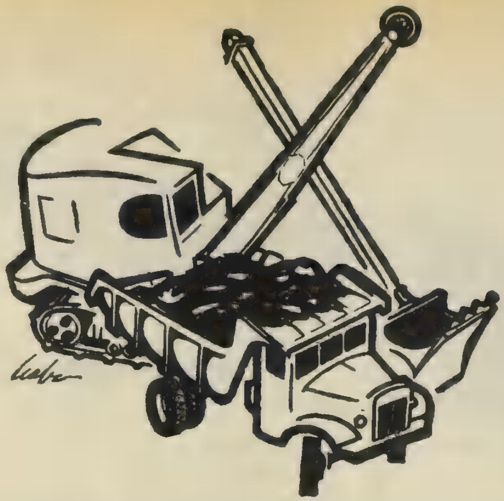
Russia is now moving steadily along the same course, with every intention of improving on the American record. It is off to a good start, having avoided a recession that seemed imminent a year or two ago, and having reached employment and income levels that compare favorably with those in the United States in 1929, before the depression. It may well succeed in surpassing our performance, for it has our experience to use as a guide, and it can put to work immediately the machines and techniques that were developed as we moved our economy ahead to new standards of productivity. Some of its industries are already employing automated methods that were unknown in 1929, and it has in being an educational program adequate for training the skilled labor it will need.

The Soviet economy produced four times as much in 1964 as it produced in 1929. Its average annual growth rate of 4 per cent was accomplished in spite of the war. In the early 1930s the Soviet Union had to establish a new industrial economy out of confusion and chaos. There were years of famine as well as years of war. An economic organization had to be created, and illiterate workers and peasants had to be educated and trained for entirely new jobs. Its transportation and communication systems were obsolete and in bad repair, and Soviet management was not only untrained but was often afraid to make any decisions at all.

Today, Russia can point to a record of growth since 1942 that is unmatched in economic history. Its management may still suffer from too much bureaucracy, but it now has the experience and courage it lacked, and it is running a growing industrial economy with confidence and skill. Although it may not be able to regain its unusually high rate of growth since 1942, an average rate of 5 per cent should be a realistic possibility.

It is difficult to predict how these growth rates will affect the economies and the political philosophies of the United States and the Soviet Union, and what arriving at new plateaus of abundance will do to their ambitions and ideas. The steps that each economy will have to take to reach its objectives will determine the changes that will come about in the allocations of resources by industries, the quantities and kinds of consumer goods that will be produced and distributed, and the relative living standards of different segments of the population that in turn will be reflected in their political and social theories.

If we in the United States want our economy to grow faster than 3.5 per cent per year, it is likely that we shall have to make some changes in the way we use our economic resources. It seems obvious that we have almost everything we need to increase our GNP by more than 5 per cent per year. We have the necessary resources of materials and skilled labor. We have the ability to step up the pace at which we are automating production, and we know what new factories and services could make efficient use of the workers that automation would make available. We know how to attack and solve every production problem, how to build larger and more efficient units in every in-



dustry, how to speed up and improve the efficiency of every production operation. We know how to produce.

What we don't know so well is *what* to produce. To achieve our maximum potential growth rate we shall need to know a year or two ahead of time what goods we can plan to sell at a profit in an economy that will be using all of its resources, including all of its labor force, with the most efficient machines and methods to obtain the greatest possible production.

Assuming that the GNP could be 12 per cent larger in two years, how should that additional production of goods and services be divided by industries and by products? What assortment of the GNP would be required to satisfy the needs that will exist in order of their urgency? What goods could be marketed most efficiently and profitably?

To answer these questions, better and more accurate research techniques are being invented every year, and are being tested and perfected in practical situations. The time will come, perhaps within the next thirty-five years, when continuous market research will determine with strategically located meters, counters, tapes and viewers exactly what consumers think of every product that is being produced. Like a daily census, the facts will be made known to everyone concerned. The most suitable advertising appeals and the most efficient media will be selected automatically by consumer motivation studies keyed electronically to the research dials. As marketing problems are discovered, the memory of computers will be appealed to for their most effective and economical solutions.

The trend to computers is already well under way in both the United States and the USSR. The collecting and communicating of more and more facts about what will be needed and how it can be produced and distributed will make a continuously larger contribution to the lowering of costs, and elimination of wasteful operations. Not only will fewer bankers be needed to determine how our resources should be allocated by industries and by individual enterprises, but fewer advertising experts will be required to find markets for what those enterprises produce. Advertising experts are those who can guess most successfully what is wanted and will be consumed at a profit if its availability is publicized. When it is no longer necessary to guess, less advertising will be needed, and undoubtedly standard procedures will be instituted for creating what is required.

As research provides more information, planning will improve in the United States as well as in Soviet Russia. Individual plans for separate enterprises in the United States will surely be related to all the information available concerning the opportunities for growth and profits in each industry, taken as a whole, and to the total needs of the economy. With an abundance of cold facts confronting every marketing director, plans will tend to be more practical and realistic, and as planning becomes more efficient the risks associated with private enterprise will largely disappear.

With automated production, mechanized marketing, punch-card finance and electronic administration, the economy will function like a mathematical formula, adjusting continuously to the incoming information concerning needs and wants, production techniques, hungry children in Africa, war threats in South America, new inventions in Russia, schools and roads, manpower and capital resources, birth rates and depreciation. And if all of this automation is keyed to the goal of maximum production, it seems likely that any economy with the same goal will eventually be automated in precisely the same way. Although the Soviet economy may be lagging thirty-five years behind that of the United States, there are many indications that it is gradually making use of all our techniques, and is moving toward the same kind of automated efficiency.

In the Soviet Union, the mechanizing of production has first priority. There are many industries still to rebuild, and many operations still to be improved, but already evident is the need for more efficient distribution, and even for advertising to tell consumers what goods are available. As the Soviet economy continues to grow, it is clear that, in addition to using the same machines and the same methods in its factories, it will need the same computers for measuring efficiency and the same tools for evaluating consumer markets that are being perfected in the United States.

Soviet planning, though centralized, is finding that it must take into account all of the information about individual enterprises that is needed for efficient planning in the United States. As both economies become more and more efficient and relatively scientific, they also become more and more alike.

The way to peace is through economic security. To have a peaceful world, we must eliminate the causes for war, and most causes are economic, although they may be framed in political and philosophical language. In fact, philosophical and political differences are nearly always rooted in economics. If this sounds like dialectical materialism, it isn't. Many values are not materialistic, and perhaps they are the most important values. But the bogy of Marxism should not prevent us from weighing realistically the economic reasons for our ideological disagreements.

In the past, someone could always hope to gain power or wealth in a war, but in a nuclear war no individual can count on winning, and the possibility that any state could obtain a meaningful advantage is more and more remote. Consequently, the people who want wars and who make wars have largely lost their personal motivations.

As the United States and the USSR continue their growth toward trillion-dollar levels of production, the chance that they will attack each other with nuclear weapons continues to diminish. Even now they both have too much to lose and very little to gain.

The Soviet Union, in particular, is pointedly aware of having everything to lose. The Soviet people have been paid, in consumer goods, for only about half their hours of work since 1929, and if they have to continue investing a large share of their labor in building new productive units, they will become increasingly reluctant to hazard all that they have accomplished in a nuclear war.

By 1999, with poverty abolished, employment assured, and comfortable living standards taken for granted in both economies, it is likely that the pressures for peace will be more than adequate to overwhelm any war schemes that may be invented by men seeking power at any price or that may be generated out of reckless adherence to worn-out political theories.

Whether the United States with the aid of the Soviet Union and the other equally healthy economies of the world, including Europe, the British Commonwealth and Japan, will be strong enough to maintain peace throughout the world is less certain. However, if nuclear war can be avoided for the rest of the century, all of us will have the same selfish economic reasons for insuring a peace that is essential to our survival. By the year 2000, even China will have considerably more to lose than to gain from a war. If China has by then reached the economic levels of Russia in 1964, which seems likely, it is very possible that the world will have passed through the time when there was the greatest danger of a nuclear war, and will finally have found the road to a continuously more abundant peace.

DOORBELLS

THE POLITICS OF ACTIVISM

WILLIAM MEYERS

Mr. Meyers is a New York attorney and businessman.

The political activist, spurred by moral principle, has little enough in common with the professional politician, who is moved primarily by the logistics of politics. And yet, unless the activist is willing to learn what any ward leader can teach him in a few easy lessons, social theory will not be translated into political reality.

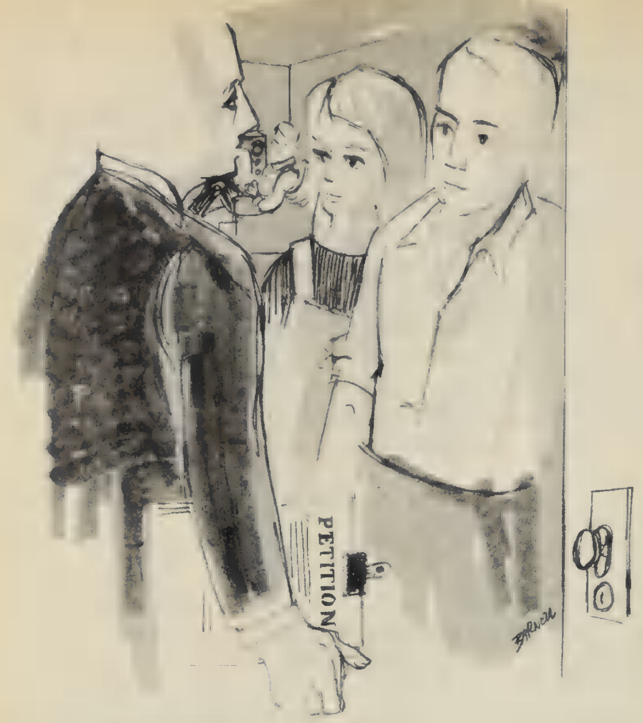
Last Thanksgiving, following the peace demonstration in Washington, several peace activists on the North Shore of Long Island gave a party to honor those who did the major work on arrangements for the demonstration. And of course we were there to congratulate ourselves for being part of a gigantic witnessing action. Nevertheless, in spite of our free-flowing spirits (both kinds), we all had doubts as to the effectiveness of our actions. Had our demonstrating really brought peace any nearer; had any of the other steps we had conceived thus far been useful?

An idea began to take shape. Perhaps a demonstration is too diffuse an action to affect the Administration. How does it strike our Congressman? Could we find a better way to influence him? Why should the Congressional district not be a focal point of activity to help convince him—as well as potential candidates for his job—that the peace sentiment (anti-Administration variety, of course) is the majority opinion of his constituents? So, after much backing and filling, we agreed that the logistical unit of the Congressional district should be our arena. Each of us agreed to be responsible for calling to a meeting the leaders of the various peace movements in our district, the clergy of the community, Democratic and Republican Party members who had spoken up for peace, and all other individuals who would recognize the urgency of that course and be willing to work for it.

Our first meeting was hardly a model of organization. As temporary chairman, I found myself with no guidelines on which to hang an agenda. We had come together to do something "political," but exactly what did that mean? Still, we could see that we had something new here—after all, this was the first time in our district that the leaders of SANE, Women Strike for Peace and the Long Island Committee to End the War in Vietnam had met with heads of social-action groups in temples and churches and with civic leaders, both Democratic and Republican, who stood for peace.

Then something happened. Out of someone's pocket came a statement made by David MacReynolds of the War Resisters League. MacReynolds pointed out that the peace activist had reached the end of the line. His demonstrations and other activities were leading nowhere. Unless he started ringing his neighbor's doorbell, he might just as well give up. It took a few minutes for this startlingly new but old revelation to sink in. Who is our neighbor? Is he as worried as we are about the war? Does he have a draft-age son? Is he too exhausted, too busy, too unenlightened, too something else to become an activist in the peace movement? Is he waiting for someone to stir him? Does he vote? If so, does he understand the effect of his vote in the district? How many other neighbors are there in the district like him? How dare we then *not* talk to our neighbor? Our committee was born.

Other questions came thick and fast. First, what do you say when someone answers the doorbell? Do you carry literature? Do you ask for something specific to be done? What about a petition? We realized we would do better to turn the tactical questions over to a subcommittee. Then someone offered another good idea. Since clergymen all over the country, and in our district as well, were moving toward activism, why not get them together—perhaps in a joint meeting with our Congressman? Another committee was set up to pursue that idea. Still other subcommittees were set up: one to prepare a general statement of policy for



the new organization, another to find a good name and work out our organizational development.

We did not have to wait for a second meeting for things to start happening. Our Congressman, Lester L. Wolff, had just returned from Vietnam with a generally pro-Administration outlook. He had beaten a Goldwater Republican by a narrow margin in the previous election, and neither he nor the regular party leaders wanted to jeopardize his future chances by taking a stand that would prove unpopular with any sizable fraction of the constituency. In public meetings, Mr. Wolff voiced cautious approval for present policy, tempered by an awareness of the strong dissent felt by some members of the audience. In opposition to his party's notion that Mr. Wolff be allowed to coast under the Johnsonian coattails this fall, our temporary chairman was authorized to state that the committee would work to support whatever candidate showed the deepest concern for ways to peace. The issue was joined.

More than forty people showed up for our second meeting early in January. We took a name (Citizens Committee for Peace of the Third Congressional District of New York), elected officers and acted on committee reports. We accepted a petition that was to be presented by the doorbell ringers. A statement of purpose centering on an appeal to all those who "seek to translate into citizenship education and meaningful activity their dedication to the ideal of world peace" was submitted and accepted.

The subcommittee working with the clergy obtained a declaration signed by sixty religious leaders. It quoted from Pope Paul VI, the National Council of Churches and the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, and was used as the basis for a meeting between Mr. Wolff and the clergy. At the same time, a phone campaign succeeded in getting 200 people to send telegrams to Mr. Wolff, urging him not to vote for the supplementary appropriation to carry on the war. He did vote for the appropriation, with the disclaimer that such a vote should not be construed as a mandate to escalate the war. He also joined with seventy-five other Congressmen in asking for no further escalation of the conflict.

Our Congressman—like most Congressmen—is concerned about re-election. Although he believes that to some extent our committee is hurting his chances, we believe the reverse is true. Our job is to get out the voters for peace, and we think them to be in the majority. If our voters are for coalition with the Vietcong in a future Vietnamese government, and if our Congressman expresses public agreement with that idea, then he must win the election, since the war has been made an issue in our district. If our voters know his opponent's hawklike views on the war, our Congressman will win.

A more difficult job for the committee is to decide what to do about a peace candidate who has stated his intention of running in the Liberal Party primary. At the present writing, most of us believe that our bell ringers should try to reach thousands of voters before we do more than publicize all the candidates' positions on peace without endorsing any. Otherwise, the danger is great that our ability to apply pressure would be limited because we supported a candidate whose strength lay in one issue alone—even when it was an issue as important as peace. The experience of Ronnie Dugger, who withdrew from the Texas Senate race rather than risk election of a Goldwater Republican, has been cited as an example for our committee to consider. Some of us have even felt that pushing a peace candidate was a way of "copping out" because in our district he has no chance of winning. Of course, where a "good" candidate or incumbent is likely to win anyhow, a primary fight involving a better candidate may very well be in order. In any case, we cannot be subject to hard and fast rules because our situation changes constantly: as the nature of the war in Vietnam changes, as our country changes, as world opinion changes, as our newspapers change (even Long Island's daily, *Newsday*, is changing for the better), as our Congressman changes and as our own techniques change.

What happens next? The fact that doorbell ringing is the crucial job may not be enough to keep our activists working. People must learn how exciting it can be, although it is time and effort consuming. My wife and I found ourselves in home after home on our first tour of bell ringing, certain that we should be spending all our time on this activity alone. These were all worried, frightened people eager to do something to help correct the situation in Vietnam. More then half signed the petition. I am sure we made an impact on all of them. We were moved by our experience.

We have not confined ourselves to bell ringing alone. For example, we have our own 4-page newspaper, *Peace Bulletin,* which carries district news on peace matters together with information on the current positions of our Congressional candidates. We praise our Congressman when he stands for inclusion of the Vietcong in negotiations, we publicize the fact that his opponent calls for the bombing of Haiphong; we encourage both to take a better position on China. The bulletin goes out to all who have signed the voters' petitions, all the peace workers, and to all others who want to be on our mailing list.

Other activities include a survey by a college within our district similar to the survey made by Stanford University. We've added a new category; we shall try to determine the extent to which Republicans who switched to Johnson are reswitching because of his Vietnamese policy. We have held many meetings, one of the latest being an evening when more than 250 people jammed a local meeting room to hear a member of the Lawyers Committee on American Policy Toward Vietnam and two ministers speak on "Is there an alternative to Administration policy in Vietnam?" We have tried to involve all the available talent. Although there are always those who seem to look for the first opportunity to become disenchanted, we have grown enormously; at this time, there are more than 100 bell ringers in our district, along with other workers on other projects.

After the first giant step was made, it seemed that it should be easy to pass on the idea of a citizens' (or voters') committee to our neighboring Congressional district, and it was. The 5th became activated because a minister there had seen our petition and suggested the formation of a similar committee. As is the case with all good ideas, they borrowed some and improved on others. We in the 3rd changed our petition because the 5th included endorsements of ministers on theirs; it is certainly a great way of encouraging the timid. Since the 4th district is sandwiched in between the 3rd and 5th, it was organized in short order. Incidentally, this district sent a Republican to Congress in the last election. The 1st and 2nd districts had their first organization meeting in the middle of April. Exchange of ideas is taking place across all districts. We have learned many things from these exchanges. For example, we find that Negro communities which never were involved openly in the civil rights or other social movements are joining us in our work, perhaps because of the unequal burden they are carrying in this war. And miracle of miracles, males, who have not been doing much of anything in the way of liberal causes for perhaps twenty years, are at least equal in numbers in our committee to those of the more militant sex.

Those of us who are participants believe that what has been done in these five Congressional districts, with a combined population of more than 2 million, can be done around the country. Each of our Nassau and Suffolk County districts is different from the others, yet many of our problems are the same. Surely out of the hundreds of thousands of voters who know that our foreign policy has gone wrong, out of the tens of thousands of clergy, educators, lawyers and others concerned, out of the thousands of peace activists, there must be in each of the remaining 430 districts of the country that handful of people who will call the first meeting of a Voters' Committee for Peace and begin the work of doorbell ringing that will translate into action our goal of awakening the conscience of America.

FESTIVITY AND RITUAL

REFLECTIONS ON TRUE THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

There are numerous and complex obstacles to the establishment of true Theatres among us. I do not say repertory theatres because, while I believe the repertory procedure to be the most conducive to rich results, it is by no means essential to the running of a significant theatre organization. The Group Theatre was such an organization but did not function on a repertory basis. What it had, and what counts in this regard was a permanent company of actors and directors with a consistent artistic policy.

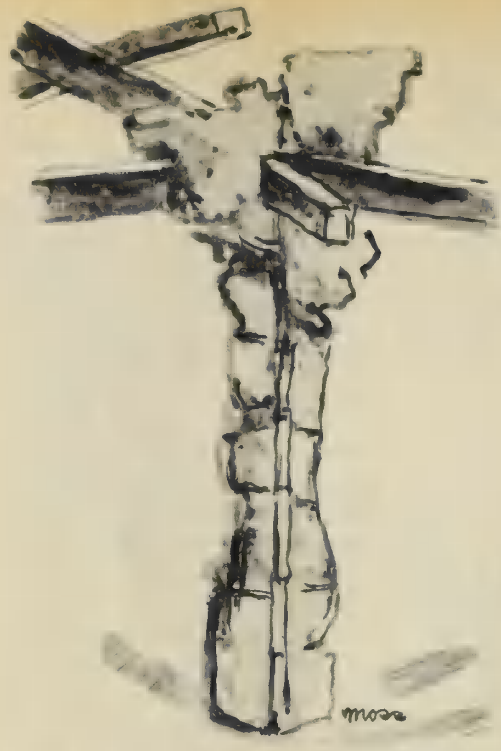
I cannot be sure that the terms I have just used, though commonplace, are clearly understood by many who engage in theatre discussion. What, for example, do the words "true Theatre" connote? To define and illustrate them I feel obliged to revert to "ancient history" and first principles.

When the first directorate of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, Robert Whitehead and Elia Kazan, were dropped or resigned after less than two seasons of activity, the press was packed with surmises and interpretations. Among these the most plausible was the dire failure of *The Changeling* coming on top of the poor impression made by O'Neill's *Marco Millions* and S.N. Berhman's *But For Whom Charlie.*

But it is true that while Arthur Miller's *After the Fall* and *Incident at Vichy* were not "universally" admired, and while the production of Richard Wilbur's translation of Molière's *Tartuffe* was criticized in some quarters, these three productions attracted and generally interested large audiences. The second season which was to wind up with a new staging of Giraudoux's *The Mad Woman of Chaillot* had to be abandoned, largely because of the organizational upset. Speaking professionally, three hits out of six offerings constitute a favorable record in any theatre at any time. The management moreover presented its six plays at less than the originally stipulated budget.

Sharper criticisms on another level were made of the theatre's first two seasons. The Whitehead-Kazan program was almost wholly confined to contemporary American plays which might just as well have been done under ordinary Broadway auspices. It is certainly true that the Behrman piece might more advantageously have been staged at a West 45th Street house.

One aspect of this criticism we shall examine further on, for it is a matter of crucial artistic concern. In regard to the main objection to the Lincoln Center Repertory program or policy, it must be remembered that for its opening season at the Vivian Beaumont Theater the management had announced the following plays: The Belgian Michel de Ghelderode's *Pantagleize,* a difficult but brilliantly provoca-



The Caucasian Chalk Circle (set detail)

tive "farce," which though written in 1929 has never been given a full-scale production in New York; Robert Lowell's version of the Aeschylus Oresteia trilogy (commissioned by the management), and Alfred de Musset's *Lorenzaccio* (1834), to be directed by Zefferelli. Negotiations were also under way to produce Brecht's *Galileo* (among Brecht's plays the most relevant to our time), and to have the Russian director Zavadsky stage a Chekhov play.

Another complaint was that Arthur Miller seemed destined to become Lincoln Center's "house playwright." Probably so—and others, it was hoped, would join him in this function. But it should be clear that "house playwrights" are not only desirable but necessary to the maintenance of a permanent organization. Chekhov and Gorky were "house playwrights" to the Moscow Art Theatre. Hauptmann was connected with Otto Brahms's renowned "Free Theatre" in Germany as a sort of "house playwright," and what would the Berliner Ensemble be without its "house playwright," Brecht? The fact that Miller is no Chekhov, Hauptmann or Brecht is entirely beside the point. He is one of our best playwrights. And Miller should be esteemed for his willingness to have his plays produced at a repertory theatre; most playwrights prefer the Broadway gamble. There's more money in it for them—or so they suppose.

Whitehead and Kazan, it was also said, represent "the theatre of the thirties" and what was needed was a "theatre of the sixties." Was Erwin Piscator at the age of 70 simply a man of the twenties when he produced Hochhuth's *The Deputy* and Peter Weiss' *The Investigation* at the Berlin Volksbühne during the past three years? Does production of plays by Buechner, Wycherly and Brecht constitute an example of "the theatre of the sixties"? The use of such glib catchwords, though they often issue from high-brow sources, is actually loose talk.

In a similar vein certain critics argued that Whitehead and Kazan were unfortunate choices in the first place because they were part of our theatrical establishment. Aside from the fact that both men had honorable records, one as a producer and the other as director (Robinson Jeffers, Carson McCullers, Inge, O'Neill, Anouilh, Williams, Miller, T.S. Eliot, Marlowe, Wilder were among the writers they had dealt with), the notion of an "establishment" in our theatre is laughable. There is no such thing—would that there were!

The brute fact is that none of the criticisms—justified or not—leveled at Whitehead and Kazan were the causes for the overthrow of their regime. The board of directors were eager to retain Kazan and Miller on the theatre's roster. Whitehead was the target. And this was due not to any administrative negligence or to such calamities as *The Changeling* about which Whitehead was as unhappy as anyone else, but to the fact that he had literally forced the board's hand in building the ANTA-Washington Square Theatre, an action to which the most powerful member of the board was unalterably opposed. The complaints I have mentioned and perhaps others more valid were merely convenient pretexts.

The appointment of Herbert Blau and Jules Irving as the new artistic directors of the theatre was undoubtedly encouraged by several critics adverse to Whitehead and Kazan from the outset. Though I was appointed "executive consultant" to Whitehead and Kazan after the organization had been more or less set on its course, I too judged the Blau-Irving choice to be sound. I had written a piece in these pages commending what I had seen of their work in San Francisco: a production of *Galileo* and a rehearsal of several scenes of Genet's *The Balcony*. I knew them to be intelligent, informed, intrepid pioneers. Where else in San Francisco could plays by Beckett, Pinter, Brecht, Genet, Shaw, O'Neill be seen in regular succession? I had no reason to expect the equivalent of a first-rate European company, but it wasn't too much to hope for an organization that might convince the skeptical that a repertory theatre would excite our town with a sense of renewed vitality.

There is no doubt that a lively anticipation of such an eventuality exists: witness the large number of subscribers enrolled from the beginning of the Lincoln Center enterprise to the present. But Blau and Irving's first steps at the Vivian Beaumont have been a sore disappointment.

It is plain that while they are hard workers with the best of intentions, good ideas and courage, they are, to say the least, not mature craftsmen, or even particularly endowed with the ability needed to stage the plays that most interest them. It is still more evident that the company they brought with them from San Francisco, while staunchly devoted to their leaders, is ill equipped to satisfy an audience accustomed in New York to seeing the best American and British actors. The original company at the ANTA-Washington Square Theatre, while generally deficient on the distaff side, gave promise in its male contingent of growing into a better ensemble than any which had been presented in the United States for years.

My purpose here is not to blame or praise any individual or company, though I confess myself reluctant to be harsh with any group that comes to us with something more than pecuniary ambition or snob appeal. My inquiry aims at facing the fundamental question of how a true Theatre is made, what indeed it is. Unless we learn that, we shall be forever led astray in our efforts to establish one.

A true Theatre, in my understanding of the term, is one that plans for *continuity* along well-defined lines, so that its productions may acquire an identity, a face, a style, a fundamental objective beyond the generalization that it be "good." In the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries such theatres came into being, so to speak, "automatically," due to the homogeneity of the societies that bred them and the limited audiences that attended them. And because of the old tradition such theatres exist alongside a thriving commercial stage in most European countries today.

For example, in the Soviet Union there are many different types of Theatre. Since 1936, the authorities have decreed a more or less totalitarian approach known as "Socialist realism" and every Theatre claims the Stanislavsky system as the basis for its actors' training. Yet the Vachtangov Theatre is not at all like either the Moscow Art or the new Contemporary Theatre. Before 1936, the Soviet Theatre was perhaps the most varied in the world: the productions of Meyerhold, of Tairov, of the Theatre of Satire, the Theatre of the Revolution—not to mention those at the numerous aesthetically independent studios—were distinctly different from one another. The Komische Oper in East Berlin and the Berliner Ensemble are not at all similar in style, and there are several other companies in that area that differ from both.

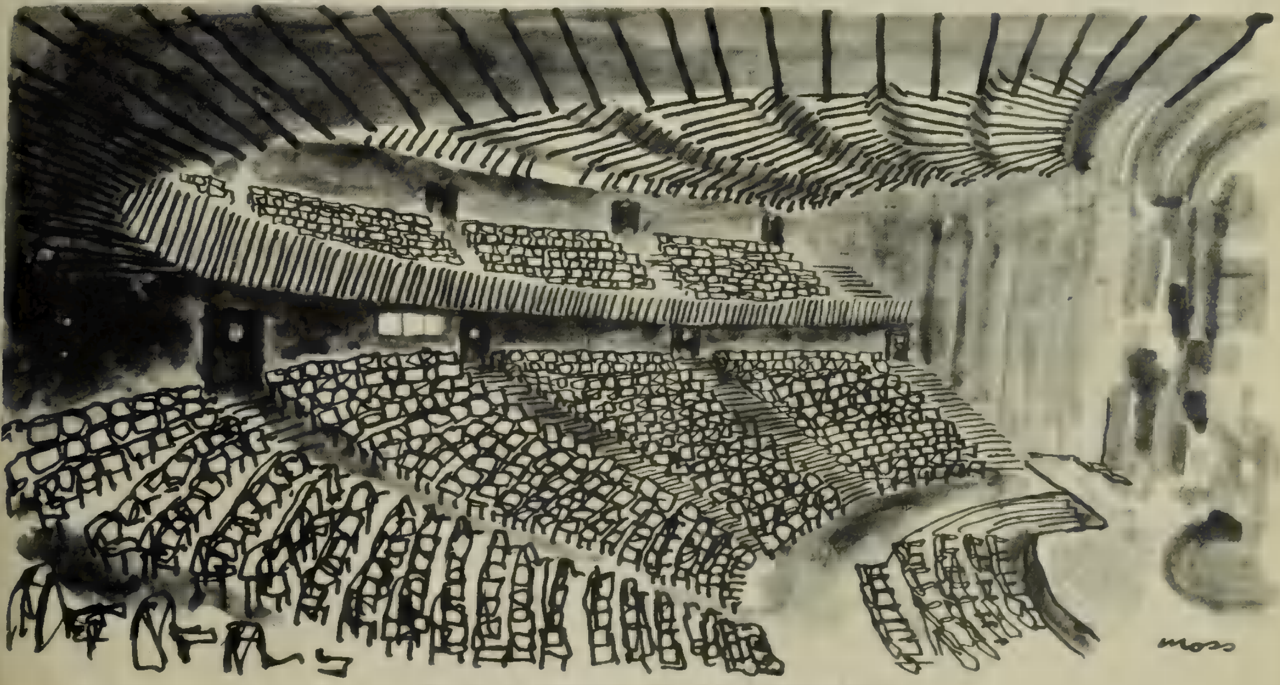
It might be argued that no such Theatres are possible with us because there are no federal or municipal subsidies on the European scale. With us the primary interest concentrates on the construction of new buildings—the edifice complex. True Theatres are not born of preoccupation with real estate. The point of departure must be the desire of actors, directors, dramatists to express something. The impetus arises from the community's need for communication through play.

Blau and Irving's Actors Workshop in San Francisco began that way. It is one reason for the respect in which it was held. In a way, the early Provincetown Players, whose "house playwright" was O'Neill, was also such a group. The same might be said of The Neighborhood Playhouse and The Washington Square Players (1914-17), and even of the Theatre Guild during the twenties. The latter organization devoted itself largely to modern European drama because the production of plays by Tolstoy, Andreyev, and Molnar was still held to be extremely hazardous on Broadway. Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre served for several years the honorable purpose of presenting plays by Chekhov and Ibsen at popular prices.

It is generally agreed that in more recent years the most productive theatrical enterprise was the Group Theatre (1931-41). It was founded by three young people of some theatrical experience who, through a long series of meetings from 1928 to 1931, gathered a group of actors around themselves. Most of these were relative beginners though a few had already proved their mettle. Without reputation, funds or aids from foundations, or subsidy of any kind, these actors and directors endured and progressed by dint of sheer will and awareness of their task.

The long period of preparatory work, as well as the "propaganda" among playwrights, was one of the factors that explains the perseverance of the Group in sustaining the hardships of its career. My chief criticism of the Whitehead-Kazan conduct of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center when I went to work with them was that they had been hasty in the formation and education of their company. (I refer to education for a permanent Theatre.) "In the theatre, as in so many other things, Americans build from the roof," I said, quoting Jacques Copeau.

There may be a certain ambiguity in my statement that a Theatre must be impelled by an idea. If so I can clarify



The Vivian Beaumont Theater: Lincoln Center the point by saying that the Group Theatre aimed first of all at establishing a permanent collective of actors, directors and designers who would develop a common technique and thus engender a coherent body to say the things they felt and believed in. As a group they reacted against the fun principles of the twenties, but at the same time they wanted to raise their voices against the despair of the depression. As they abhorred the fecklessness of Broadway show business, so they espoused an active humanism. They were moral enthusiasts.

Their plays were only occasionally topical, but they always sought those relevant to the temper of their generation. All but one play was by a living American. (The only play they failed to raise money for was Chekhov's *Three Sisters*! They presented the first work of several new dramatists—Saroyan among them—and Clifford Odets, *after four years in the ranks* as an actor, emerged to become the representative playwright of the time.

The dissolution of the Group was caused by the fact that no such Theatre can fulfill its purpose if it maintains itself by financing each production separately, as commercial managers do. With the advent of war, a new ideological orientation was required, and in the climate of the time the ground for this was shaky. The end of the war brought a return to "business as usual" in which the cultural atmosphere had altered: the idealistic past was not simply forgotten, it was shunned. We all had to begin from scratch. Today, though there is the will and the possibility of a reformation, our thinking in theatrical matters is more muddled than ever.

It may be wholly fitting for towns like Minneapolis to cultivate a Theatre for plays of classic stature. They have been dismally deprived in this respect. But a true Theatre is not a museum or a library—unless as with the *Comédie Française* its official function is chiefly to serve in these capacities. (The *Comédie Française* has a modern "annex" at the Théâtre de France under Jean-Louis Barrault. The Barrault repertory is largely French; the state also supports the low-priced Théâtre National Populaire where the emphasis is not so predominantly native.) A true Theatre does not simply present plays; it generates them and new concepts for the presentation of old plays. In the main, it does not look backward but forward, not far afield but to its own vicinity.

We in New York can certainly benefit by a theatre for masterpieces of the past—they are impracticable on Broadway unless they are "Burtonized." Such a theatre might furnish us with a beacon to light our way: to provide us with solid standards. But for a truly live theatre we must have something else. The English stage did not quicken with strength in recent years through the Old Vic and the house at Stratford upon Avon which had been established long before the war. New action and interest were aroused with the formation of the Royal Court Theatre and the discovery in 1956 of its "house playwright," one of the company's actors, John Osborne. The Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych in London added power to the new wave (here Harold Pinter has become increasingly present), while the British National Theatre attempts to synthesize various theatrical trends by alternating productions of Shakespeare, Congreve, Chekhov, Ibsen, Pinero and early Noel Coward, with plays by Brecht, Beckett, John Arden and other important contemporaries.

There is a kind of criticism that sneers at dramatists whose work does not carry a seal guaranteeing enduring eminence. (This is coterie criticism of which the aesthetic principle is that the more savage the sneer the loftier the critical posture. Such critics behave as if they were the annointed of the Muses, but they are more frequently literary gangsters hungry for power.) This is the antithesis of the creative attitude. John Osborne's eventual status in literary history is far less important to a functioning theatre than his value for its audiences now. The fact that Clifford Odets' plays may prove ephemeral did not lessen their cultural value for the time, place and people of their day.

No great Theatre has been a retrospective theatre only, or chiefly a theatre of foreign imports. The Moscow Art Theatre's fame is not based on its productions of Shakespeare, even though one of them was directed by Gordon Craig; the Abbey Theatre is memorable not for championing Ibsen but for providing a platform to Yeats, Lady Gregory, Synge, Lennox Robinson, St. John Ervine. The Theatre of Louis XIV contributed to the enlightenment of nations not by productions of Euripides or Seneca, though they were imitated, but by the plays of the contemporary Corneille, Racine and Molière. (And the German theatre was weakened for a long time by its dependence on these French masters.) Works of the past and those of strange lands may move us deeply and influence us greatly but we do not mature unless we nurture talents born of contact with our own world. Our grandchildren's children will pronounce on the "greatness" of plays written in our day—and perhaps make as many mistakes as we do. Bernard Shaw thought Ben Jonson, John Webster and most other Elizabethans "a crew of insufferable bunglers and dullards."

It may still be possible to make true Theatres within the monumental new edifices. But the boards who pull the wires within them must include a few people not so abysmally ignorant of the arts that they depend on hearsay from fashionable experts.

The public must be taught that theatre is not entertainment as titillation but entertainment (yes!) as the engagement of the heart, mind, soul and senses. The theatre is not a show shop, where luxury commodities are to be sold piece-

Theatre in America

Beginning with next week's issue, *The Nation* will publish over the next several months a series of articles by Julius Novick on professional theatre in America outside New York. The first piece is a general estimate of the kind and quality of the work being done; subsequent articles will deal with the older theatres of Pittsburgh, Cleveland and points south; the Pacific Coast; Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; New England; Minneapolis and the Midwest. Mr. Novick's investigations, undertaken on a grant from the Ford Foundation, included a transcontinental tour and a number of shorter trips.

meal and haphazardly. As a business it is doomed in our time.

When new theatres are formed their directors must understand that the measure of choice for the repertory cannot be set by an assessment of literary excellence alone. A play is not a document; it is an *address*: the first consideration must be the relevance to the audience for which it is to be performed. It must furthermore be played by actors equipped to do it—by training, feeling, intimate understanding. Chekhov maintained that Russians couldn't do Ibsen properly! The theatre—festivity and ritual—must be a persuasive forum to an audience sought out as its own by those who lead it. One may then organize a theatre of traditional values, a rebellious theatre, a religious theatre, a theatre for farce, musical comedy or tragedy, for realism or poetry, or a composite of some of these, provided there is a central concept to unify the elements into an organic whole. The craftsmanship in each case is to be wrought on the premise of the theatre's purpose. The beginning of such craftsmanship is a secure sense of the desired destination.

LETTERS

(continued from page 570)

have been a "true polyphony of pain," rather than the dull mutterings by the boys' mothers—carefully set up in type to resemble vers libre. . . .

Mary Mackintosh

New York City

Dear Sirs: Miss Mackintosh misrepresents the aim of my review: concern for the just determination of guilt is not the same as indifference to the crime.

The reality of suffering is not an either/or dilemma: There is not the pain of Mrs. Sugar as she died, *or else* the pain of the mothers as they live. There is pain.

We disagree on the rights of the Harlem Six; rights to counsel, protection from brutality and a fair trial.

June Meyer

Tibet

Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Sirs: Marilyn Young, reviewing *The Timely Rain* by Stuart and Roma Gelber [*The Nation*, Mar. 14], reports, without comment but with much implication, that one out of every four males in Tibet were monks, that 700,000 of a population of 1.25 million were "serfs" and that 200 aristocratic families shared power with the clergy and a middle class of 10,000 merchants and shopkeepers and artisans. The most cursory perusal of the literature on Tibet (and at least some of it is not as fuddle-headed as we are led to believe) raises a number of questions that any responsible reviewer might want to ask of the Gelbers. How in the world did 700,000 "serfs" support 550,000 clergy, etc.? That is a ratio of one and one-half "serfs" per non-serf. Tibetan productivity must indeed have been fantastic. In fact, the vast majority of the monks in Tibet were members of the so-called lower classes, and were supported by their own families and returned to their homes at planting and harvest time. . . . And nowhere do we see the reviewer ask exactly what the Gelbers mean when they mention 200 families. How big is a Tibetan "family"? Is it ten, or 100 or 1,000? The merest guess suggests that it is somewhere between the second and third numbers, so that perhaps as many as 100,000 to 200,000 Tibetans in some way were members of the aristocracy—a ratio of participation in the exercise of power to be envied by any of the world's democracies. . . .

One is struck by the childlike faith the Gelbers or the reviewer have in the naïveté of readers when one reads that there are fewer monks in Tibet today because the clergy is no longer an upwardly mobile profession. That is why, perhaps, there are so few Romanoff princes in the Soviet Union, or why so few people are going into the landlord business in China. . . .

It is also inconceivable that the Gelbers or the reviewer could so soft-headedly accept the Chinese claim to sovereignty over Tibet (and it *is* sovereignty, not suzerainty, about which we are talking). The very idea that an empire can legally reclaim any part of its lost domains when it is strong enough to do it must gladden the hearts of imperialists everywhere. . . . Certainly pre-1951 was not a paradise, but it remains to be explained why the Kham tribesmen, who were virtually independent from Lhassa and who were leaders in vigorous demands for reform, rallied to protect the Dalai Lama from the Chinese and remain in a state of rebellion against the reforming liberators. . . . Nor have Mrs. Young or the Gelbers bothered to ask why the Chinese find it necessary to quarter 300,000 troops in a country with a population of a million and a quarter. . . .

James F. Downs, Ph.D.

farewell, alas

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs: In saying "Iran: Goodbye to the Nightingale" [*The Nation*, Apr. 18], your contributor, F. M. Esfandiary has indeed bade farewell not only to his own cultural heritage and literary legacy as an Iranian, but also to the pride of his profession as a writer. He has, in fact, said goodbye to sense and sensibility in brushing aside centuries of Middle Eastern literature with a curt statement that "Arab, Iranian and Turkish literature has been immature and insignificant," and that "Iran, like the rest of the Middle East, has had a handful of gifted poets but never an illustrious literature."

Ignorance is happily blissful to those who have failed to study, much less to understand, what is and what is not "illustrious literature." To your contributor, F. M. Esfandiary, literature seems to consist of explosive writings on "parent-child relations, rivalry among brother and sister, conjugal relations, religion, sex." One is led to suggest that his preoccupation with these themes leaves him far behind the historic and sociological realities that sex does not have that much importance in what he calls the Moslem countries of the Middle East. The great Persian poet, Nezami, and the Arab writer, Imru'l Qais, described and delineated all that centuries ago. Now if your contributing writer is ignorant of all that, is it the fault of the literature of the Middle East? . . .

A. M. Shapurian, Press Counselor
Imperial Embassy of Iran

New York City

Dear Sirs: I can only repeat what I explained in the article—that because our people are subjected to relentless psychological, economic and political pressures, they lack the self-esteem to face, much less to criticize, their shortcomings. In desperation, they gloat over phantasied glories, exaggerate part accomplishments, glorify "sacred" mediocrities.

Painful as it is, we must try to face our problems realistically.

F. M. Esfandiary

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Gruppe 47 at Princeton

CHRISTIAN MAYER-AMERY

Mr. Amery is a German novelist and journalist who has done postgraduate work in American universities. He is one of the participating members of Gruppe 47.

From April 22 to April 25, the German writers' group called Gruppe 47 existed in Princeton, N.J. As offbeat as this statement sounds, it is more exact than any other which could be made about the group. It does not have an office, it does not have a roster of members, and if a file exists, it is in the head of Hans Werner Richter who alone decides on the invitations. Nevertheless, this loose conglomeration of very individualistic individuals is one of the most efficient units of cultural life in Germany today. It functions, as Hans Magnus Enzensberger has described it, as a "clique," as a batch of people who happen to like one another—and, therefore, are able to be mutually helpful. An organization of that character cannot be surpassed in efficiency.

Gruppe 47 (named after its founding year, 1947) comprises about 80 per cent of the mainstream writers of today's Germany or, better, of German-speaking Central Europe: one of its prize winners, Ilse Aichinger, is Austrian; one, the late Johannes Bobrowski, was a citizen of the German Democratic Republic; and the last one, Peter Bichsel, is a Swiss schoolteacher. Others are Heinrich Böll and Günter Grass, names that do not need an introduction in this country. It is important to state, however, that their broad reputation was enhanced by their receiving the Gruppe 47 prize, regarded as one of the most effective and forming influences in German literary life today.

None of the efforts made by friendly and not so friendly critics to assess the aesthetic or socio-political profile of the group has been very successful. No possible literary "ism" can circumscribe the concerns and methods of the writers and poets gathered each year to listen to the reading of a work in progress (not yet published) and to criticize the passages offered. Much has been said about its tendency to favor a flat, descriptive realism—politically engaged or otherwise—but most of the prize winners are no realists at all. Witness Grass; Ilse Aichinger, a teller of tender and fairy-storylike tales: Bobrowski, a poet of almost mythical bend. It can be said safely that the only uniting bond is political: concern for the democratic potentialities of Germany, and a deep distrust of the forces shaping its present course. But even that concern seems less prevalent when one reviews the critical content of the meetings. Oral criticism emphasizes formal aspects of writing, and there is no doubt that this painstaking effort has rescued postwar German literature from its shoddiness in the forties, and paved the way to the sort of structural excellence that readers and theatregoers all over the free world may now enjoy.

Having been invited rather regularly during the last ten years, I may assume that I am a "group member." I confess that the bonds of companionship this offers have given me a lot of comfort, but I am not blind to the pitfalls which, by necessity, must trap the way through nineteen years of an ever precarious undertaking. In this year 1966, the group's greatest difficulty may well be that it has been a little too successful for its own good.

When Hans Werner Richter and his friends were blocked as political writers by a military government ban of their weekly *Der Ruf*, and commenced their readings in a little house in the Bavarian mountains, nobody expected too much of that group in terms of literary excellence. Today, it seems that many young writers regard the group as an established trade union or peer group controlling their future destiny. During the last three years, one has heard mutterings from the ranks of those 25- to 35-year-olds against the "first row": the august professional critics who occupy privileged seats at meetings and are heard after almost every single reading. In this they seem to concur with the group's severest outside critics.

At the Princeton meeting (which was made possible by the generosity of the German Language Department and the Ford Foundation), this muttering erupted in a desperate and somewhat unorganized frontal assault. Peter Handke, a young and handsome writer from Austria, protested against the whole "trend," called most prose pieces read "flat and descriptive" and the style of the critics "dumb and silly." Probably, he will be the literary Man of the Year because of this refreshing bit of entertainment. (A group of reporters rushed into Sunday evening's little beerfest panting: "Where's Handke?" The man they asked was last year's prize winner, the eminent Swiss stylist Peter Bichsel. He directed them without flinching.) For the sake of German literary discussion, I wish Handke sufficient attention; still it is unfortunate that his own literary performance does not promise to live up to his critical standards.

More interesting was the reaction of the group as a whole. Handke's few arguments were immediately taken up, much more vigorously and trenchantly, by other members, including Grass and — woeful destiny of today's rebels—by one of his chief targets, Hans Maier, professor of German literature first at Leipzig and now at Heidelberg, a critic who can build a little work of art of his own on the most insignificant reading. There, it seems to me, looms the second pitfall the group has to beware of. It is the limitless benevolence of the Almost Great Society, which can be more stifling to an aggressive talent than rejection. However, benevolence to works read is certainly not a characteristic fault of the group; in fact, foreign observers are astounded by the merciless on-the-spot analysis which must be suffered by a defenseless victim (the reader remains in his chair while he is being criticized, but may not answer except in cases of technical questions asked). It is true, however, that criticism is not as savage as it was in the beginning. Part of this change is the direct consequence of the group's work: almost none of the texts offered, particularly in prose, are as bad as some I remember from the middle fifties. A general awareness of craftsmanship pervades today's literary production. This is not typical of German literature in the past and approaches French standards of requirements. The arrival of a genius cannot be expected every year, not even every fifth year, and Grasses are by necessity few and far between. This was not different in the past; the difference lies in the general level of performance, which has certainly improved. To put it in Western terms, German literature is more sophisticated than it ever was.

This sophistication carries with it another possible danger. It is well known that many members of the group are engaged in left-wing activities, the latest example being Peter Weiss and his public embrace of Marxist socialism. More significant even is the record of Günter Grass and his Berlin friends, who did not hesitate to work actively in last year's election campaign for the Social Democrats, above all for Willy Brandt. That they had little practical effect is beside the point; Grass' speeches were fine examples of political oratory and could set a standard in any nation. Unfortunately, literary and argumentative sophistication are not the characteristics of the "floating voter." Herr Franz Josef Strauss, who knows better in private, moved a hall full of backwoods listeners to howls of laughter by simply reciting a poem supporting the opposition SPD party, written by Grass. In other words, he can use the deplorable state of literary education in German schools for his purposes. Sophistication, which is the result of nineteen years of critical effort, stands in the way of the effective political engagement earnestly sought by many members of the group.

While it is hated by the Right as a potential power of the Left, the net effect of the group on German literature's reputation abroad is overwhelmingly positive. If tangible proof was necessary, it was and is given by recent readings abroad—in Sweden in 1964, and in Princeton in 1966. German official representatives, aware of the group's domestic record of rebelliousness, do not yet seem to grasp this fully; and I suspect that it is not clear to many members of the group either. Some of them did not attend the Swedish and Princeton meetings; they argue that such visits abroad can result only in strengthening today's German establishment.

While I regard this argument as faulty, East German officialdom is busy compounding it by its refusal to issue travel permits to the GDR members of the group. It did not help their case that they issued a blatantly false statement which tried to shift the blame to alleged delaying tactics of the U. S. State Department. Hans Werner Richter had to set the record straight in some opening remarks to the meeting.

Still, the question remains whether a group of sophisticated writers, dedicated to their work, can influence the political destiny of Germany. By strengthening international bonds; by giving German emigrants (particularly those living in the United States) a personal connection with contemporary German literature; by making known the political integrity of a significant part of the German intelligentsia; by influencing (or, at least, embarrassing) the East German party line on literary policy, something certainly is being achieved. More important, at home, are the influences exerted on the mass media, particularly German radio and TV.

But it is here, more than anywhere else, that sophistication stands in the way of possible effectiveness. We have had many political manifestoes, signed by dozens of top-notch intellectuals in the last few years, from the first threat of German rearmament to the presently planned emergency laws. To an extent, they all share the fate of Grass' poem, read to beer-drinking Bavarians by an unscrupulous politician. We know, too, what our Chancellor thinks about the efforts of our writers to interpret recent history—they were called *Pinschers* (little yapping dogs); and he declared that they ceased to be poets and writers of belles-lettres. (See "Letter from Berlin" by Helga Lohr, *The Nation*, January 10.)

KAUNAS 1941

Town,
branches over the river,
copper-coloured, like branching candles.
The banks call from the deep.
Then the lame girl
walked before dusk,
her skirt of darkest red.

And I know the steps,
the slope, this house. There is no
fire. Under this roof
lives the Jewess, lives whispering
in the Jews' silence
— the faces of the daughters
a white water. Noisily
the murderers pass the gate. We walk
softly, in musty air, in the track of wolves.

At evening we looked out
over a stony valley. The hawk
swept round the broad dome.
We saw the old town, house after house
running down to the river.

Will you walk over
the hill? The grey processions
— old men and sometimes boys —
die there. They walk
up the slope ahead of the slavering wolves.

Did my eyes evade you
brother? Sleep struck us
at the bloody wall. So we went on
blind to everything. We looked
like gipsies at the villages
in the oakwood, the summer
snow on the roofs.

I shall walk on the stone banks
under the rainy bushes,
listen in the haze of the plains.
There were swallows upstream
and the woodpigeon called
in the green night:
My dark is already come.

Reprinted from *Shadow Land: selected poems by Johannes Bobrowski*. Translated by Ruth and Matthew Mead. Alan Swallow. 59 pp. $3.50.

As soon as the German writer oversteps the invisible boundary drawn for him by German middle-class ideology, the boundary of *Innerlichkeit* or soulfulness impracticable in, and inapplicable to, public life, he is bound to run into distrust and aversion. And this is all the more probable if he insists on attacking what is called the "moral foundation" of society. Günter Grass' election effort was largely neutralized by CDU and CSU governing party workers spreading "salacious" quotations from his works, a propaganda trick the more effective because our Social Democrats try so hard to cater to middle-class respectability.

All this hardly affects the group's meetings. There are always a number of silent witnesses present—witnesses of the time when German postwar literature was concerned with immediate realities of guilt and survival, dealing with them in a crude, sparse style called *Kahlschlag*, referring to the denuded landscape left after wholesale timber cutting. These men still make a living in the mass media and the nonfiction market. While their names hardly ever appear in print when the group is mentioned, or as readers at the sessions, Hans Werner Richter keeps inviting them. I never talked to him about it, but I suspect that he has very good reasons for it. Some of them may be inherent in some of the difficulties I tried to describe here.

There was a time also, when the work done by writers of Gruppe 47 was more esoteric than today. A difficult style of poetry, prose and playwriting of the "absurd" was preferred in the middle fifties. Some very good work resulted from this trend, but the spiral seems to have turned once more. With the arrival of Peter Weiss as a storyteller and playwright, of Grass as a poet and novelist, of the new and astringent lyrical style of Hans Magnus Enzensberger, Peter Ruehmkorff and others, some sort of "enriched realism" takes the center of the stage.

It is inevitable that some lesser talents not only are influenced by it but try to change it into a formula—a formula which could convert rather thin strata of experience into something remarkable and sophisticated. It is this trend which has evoked Handke's attack; and perhaps we are in for another turn of the spiral, whether the rebel can achieve it or not.

The meeting at Princeton ended on April 25, with a writers' symposium on the topic of "The Writer in an Affluent Society," a session which I found to be disappointing. Probably, it was nobody's fault—or nobody's in particular. Alexander Hall is not meant for radio and TV; the glare was frightful; the loud-speaker system made it impossible to hear what was being said; the panelists, including such distinguished Americans as William Jovanovich, William Meredith, Susan Sontag and Leslie Fiedler, and buttressed from the German side by Grass, Weiss, Marcel Reich Ranicki, Hans Maier, Erich Fried, H. M. Enzensberger and Dr. Walter Hoellerer, offered very good observations which tended to cancel one another out. And the questions from the floor hardly managed to get off the ground. It was here that the positive results of the day became tangible in a feeling of problems shared among writers and writers—problems which surpass the semantic boundary of the term "affluence." There is still too much mental and material misery which demands action, even for those who may sometimes believe that benevolence, the great monster, is starting to swallow us all.

Intellectual Love Affair

ESSAYS ON THOMAS MANN. *By Georg Lukacs. Grosset & Dunlap. 169 pp. $3.95. $1.95 paper.*

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

Mr. Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Conquest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press).*

Georg Lukacs' recently published *Essays on Thomas Mann* contains a collection of pieces which he wrote between the years 1909 and 1955, but mostly in the 1930s and 1940s. The book is fragmentary, and the assembled pieces do not add up to a coherent study. All the more remarkable, therefore, is the consistency of Lukacs' basic interpretation of Mann's work. In his earliest essay, he summed up in a single concluding sentence his impression of *Royal Highness,* Mann's novel which appeared shortly after *Buddenbrooks.* "There is in Mann's writing that now vanishing sense of bourgeois patrician dignity: the dignity which derives from the slow movement of solid wealth."

When Lukacs wrote these words he was, of course, not yet a Marxist. But he set here the tone for many of his later comments. Taking up the theme between the two World Wars, and then again in 1945, he emphasized "the bourgeois ideal as the guiding principle in Mann's life and work." This was, of course, meant as an objective judgment, as classification and assessment, not as denunciation. "Mann's stories," Lukacs says, "never reflect the day-to-day moods of the German middle class," still less its reactionary moods; they mark, on the contrary, the "summit of bourgeois consciousness." Even when Mann is in opposition to the bourgeoisie, "he never parts company with it," and "his influence reposes on this firm social basis." ". . . he symbolizes all that is best in the German bourgeoisie."

Finally, in 1955, Lukacs reiterates: "Mann's originality—his buoyancy, serenity, and humour—springs from a true self-knowledge of the contemporary bourgeosie."

Unfortunately, this "true self-knowledge" is a rather elusive, quasi-Hegelian concept: it denotes presumably the summit of consciousness to which the German bourgeoisie ought to have risen but did not rise; it expresses an ideal rather than a historic reality, but it presents the ideal as reality. In truth, Mann's attitude to the German bourgeoisie was less idealistic than Lukacs suggests. From *Death in Venice, Buddenbrooks* and *The Magic Mountain,* to his last novels, Mann dealt with the splendors and miseries, the predicaments and the decay of his social class in a spirit of tense love-hate and even of despair, rather than of "buoyancy and serenity." And how indeed could he, while embodying the "conscience" and the "true self-knowledge" of bourgeois Germany, be so "serene"?

But we are dealing here with something like Lukacs' intellectual love affair: he interprets every one of Mann's novels as a stage in the writer's heroic struggle for the soul of his nation or in his "search of bourgeois man" in Germany. ("He seeks the spirit of democracy in the mind of the German bourgeois, tracking down the newest hints and signs in order to awaken and foster them in fictional form.") True, during the First World War Mann exhibited a vulgar militaristic chauvinism and a haughty hostility toward all that the German Left and German democracy had stood for. In a passage not quite free from special pleading, Lukacs speaks of "Mann's paradoxical and near-tragic situation" and adds: "Even the greatest of men need not feel ashamed of having made mistakes . . . especially as in this case they were not subjective and personal, but arose out of Mann's deep involvement with Germany. . . . " Then again, in the early years of the Third Reich, certain ideological ambiguities in Mann's attitude aroused Lukacs' apprehension: he wondered whether Mann's "slow, organic growth" which had already once, in 1914, "landed him in a dangerous situation," might not once again "threaten his development." Did Lukacs fear a temporary conciliation between Mann and the Nazis? If so, the fear was groundless; but its mere possibility points to the ideological complexities in Mann's outlook and his "deep involvement with Germany."

The sincerity and courage of Mann's opposition to the Third Reich were beyond any doubt; and the significance of his attitude was all the greater because of the inner resistances he had to overcome. But the impulse that moved him into opposition and exile was not just "progressive anti-fascism"; it was rather the antagonism of the cultivated patrician bourgeois to the savage plebeians, the *Kleinbürger* and *Lumpenproletarier* who were running amok in the shadow of the swastika. Because of its so strongly defined character, the writer's antagonism to Nazism was "organic" and intense, but also relatively narrow, although he sought to overcome its limitations.

Somehow Lukacs does not come to grips with this problem, perhaps because he does not appraise properly the social background of the Third Reich against which so much of Mann's work has to be set. Considering that most of these essays were written in Russia and Hungary at a time when literary criticism was reduced to the crudest Stalinist clichés, it is remarkable to what extent Lukacs remained true to his discriminating tastes and his academic Hegelianism, with all its good and bad qualities. Even so, he belongs essentially to the Stalin era; and, despite the legend that presents him as the hero of an intellectual resistance to Stalinism, and despite his brushes with the Rakosy regime in his native country, he may be described as the only *Stalinist* literary critic of high stature. To be sure, his philosophical background and aesthetic fastidiousness did not allow him to become totally submerged in the orthodoxy. His case was nevertheless one of genuine surrender to Stalinism, a surrender which was difficult and painful, yet voluntary, and therefore in a sense irrevocable.

This is not only a matter of Lukacs' ritualistic participation in the "personality cult." For example, in 1963 he wrote an introduction to this volume in which he speaks of the traditions of German democracy and socialism: "Since Marx and Engels they had been buried under reactionary falsification. One mark of the poverty of German history common to both bourgeoisie and working class is the fact that Marx and Engels have so far not entered into the national cultural heritage as Lenin and Stalin have in Russia."

Historically this is not quite true: during the half century that lay between Marx's death and Hitler's rise to power, Marxism deeply penetrated into the consciousness of the German working class—as deeply at least as Methodism and Fabianism impressed themselves on British labor. With a stroke of his pen Lukacs deletes from history that half century and with it the work of Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Liebknecht, Franz Mehring, not to speak of Kautsky (whose better writings exercised a decisive influence on Lenin), Bebel and others. True enough, since 1933, and then again after 1945, the Marxist tradition was discredited and destroyed in Germany by the efforts of Nazism, social reformism and last but not least, Stalinism. Instead of acknowledging these facts, Lukacs simply opposes to Germany's "historic poverty" the Stalinist contribution to Russia's "national cultural heritage." In his foreword he does not even hesitate to state without qualification that "for over thirty years socialism has existed and grown strong in the Soviet Union."

Lukacs' ideological dependence on Stalinism is deeper than even such declarations suggest. He has been one of the very few theoretically educated adherents of "Socialist realism," perhaps the only important expounder of the "aesthetic ideal" of Zhdanovism. Analyzing Mann's *Doctor Faustus* (in a 1948 essay) he states: "By a remarkable coincidence (if coincidence that be) I had just finished reading *Doctor Faustus*, when the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union published its decree on modern music. In Thomas Mann's novel this decree finds its fullest intellectual and artistic confirmation. . . . " That decree contained the Zhdanovist denunciation of the works of Shostakovich and Khachaturian, the ill-famed signal for a furious witch hunt against the "decadents," "formalists" and "cosmopolitans" in music and the other arts. Lukacs, of course, was not one of the vulgar witch hunters; but he had embraced zealously the principle underlying the witch hunt and elevated it to the level of philosophic-historical theory. Lukacs found the antecedents of Socialist realism in the "critical realism" of the great bourgeois literature and arts of the pre-revolutionary epoch. He undertook his elaborate classification and assessment of the cultural heritage in accordance with this principle: he identified critical realism with progress and rejected any discordant idea and style as reactionary. The exalted place he accords to Mann is that of "the last great representative of critical realism" who "has never been modern in the decadent sense."

How does Lukacs define "critical realism"? Sometimes he interprets it so broadly that the concept becomes useless as a tool of criticism; at other times he interprets it so narrowly that he turns it into lifeless dogma. "Thomas Mann," he remarks, "is a realist whose respect, indeed reverence, for reality is of rare distinction. His detail, still more his plots, his intellectual designs may not stay on the surface of every day life; his form is quite unnaturalistic. Yet the content of his work never finally leaves the real world." This is sheer tautology. Of nearly all the despicable "decadents," from Proust and Joyce to Sartre and even Beckett, it may be said that the "content of their work never *finally* leaves the real world."

Mann himself gives Lukacs some trouble, for his attitude toward the "decadent *avant-garde*" was ambivalent and he claimed affinity with Joyce and the "un-novelistic novel." At this point Lukacs rushes to rescue Mann from Mann himself and explains Mann's rationality and objectivism as setting him apart from the literature of bourgeois decay. Lukacs equates critical realism with rationalism, objectivism and social optimism; he subtly projects the "positive hero" of the Zhdanovist canon into the Western novel and drama. He fails to see that the pessimism and despair of contemporary Western artists may be forms of protest against our social order and the disarray of our civilization, and that much of the irrationalism of modern writers and painters expresses a distrust of the banal and complacent "reason" of the bourgeois Establishment. Even the decadents' "sense of doom" reflects in some measure the destructive global stalemate between revolution and counterrevolution (or between degenerate possessing classes and politically paralyzed working classes), a stalemate affecting the whole spiritual climate of our time. How can Marxists expect of art and literature a moral break of the historic deadlock that politics has so far failed to break practically?

The antithesis of self-confident rationalism and irrationalist pessimism is, of course, deeply rooted in bourgeois ideology. In Victorian England Macaulay and Carlyle embodied the contradiction. Marxism, at its best, has not identified itself with one of these elements and rejected the other, but has absorbed what was vital in each of them and transcended them both. Marx and Engels themselves had just a little more tenderness for Carlyle's "rebellion against reason," despite its dark implications, than they had for Macaulay's brilliantly superficial optimism.

Lukacs' predilections go the other way. He argues primarily from his German background and sees the ideological sources of Nazism in Schopenhauer's, Wagner's and Nietzsche's *Zerstörung der Vernunft*, even though he senses at times that he may be doing Nazism a quite undeserved honor by attributing to it such ancestry. Actually, Nazism, insofar as it appropriated any philosophical tradition of the "rebellion against reason,"

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only parodied it in the most repulsive manner, just as, on a different level, it caught the anti-capitalist emotions of the ruined middle classes of the 1930s only to exploit them and deceive them. It appropriated even the name and the symbols of socialism; it called itself *Arbeiterpartei*; and in this way it harnessed to its counterrevolutionary cause many immaturely revolutionary moods floating about in German society. Indeed, it derived an immense dynamic momentum from its identification with every kind of rebellion against the bankrupt "reason" of the capitalist Establishment. It managed to do so because the parties of the working class failed politically and spiritually to make a common stand against it. In any case, the task of Marxists was not to invoke against Nazism the "reason," "the patrician dignity" and the respectable traditions of the bourgeoisie; still less was it to denounce all the immature and irrational forms of rebellion. Marxism could prevail, if at all, only by restating convincingly its own program and principles and demonstrating their relevance to the terrible crisis of those years. Yet Lukacs' literary critical work consisted precisely in invoking against Nazism the rationalism and the respectability of the bourgeois tradition. His approach reflects the failure of his party to see its task and even to grasp its error after the event.

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The corollary to this is Lukacs' essentially conservative aesthetics. "It is characteristic," says Lukacs, "of both Goethe and Mann that though they never ignore new literary trends, they greet them with reserve." This is certainly more characteristic of Lukacs than either of Goethe or of Mann. Goethe was himself a great innovator; and even in his old age he greeted, without reserve, Byron's poetry, the boldest innovation of European romanticism. And we know of Mann's foible for Joyce. Lukacs' own reserve toward "innovation" touches the absurd when he approaches modern psychology and voices his violent and ill-informed prejudice against Freud. Psychoanalysis is to him still one of the repugant excesses of reactionary irrationalism. "Just as Nietzsche and Spengler so Freud and Heidegger . . . are the veriest signposts of the intellectual disasters of the imperialist period. . . ."

He even manages to put Freud and the Nazis into one and the same ideological bag. Here again he is in trouble with Mann who was Freud's devoted admirer; but he tries to get out of the difficulty by dismissing Mann's famous *Festrede* on Freud as the aberration of an "idea spinning essayist." Inevitably, he treats all artistic repercussions of psychoanalysis as worthless and culturally harmful. Here the conservatism of the pre-Freudian academic philosopher blends with plain Zhdanovist incomprehension.

In surrendering to Stalinism however, Lukacs did not adapt himself to all its aspects with equal ease. The crudities and cruelties of the "personality cult" must have made him shudder more than once. He was certainly disturbed by the ultra-Left zigzags of Stalinism, even while he was following them obediently. But he identified himself wholeheartedly with the "moderate" and rightist aspects of Stalinism, in particular with the Popular Fronts of the 1930s and their prolongations in the 1940s. It is no matter of chance that most of his literary-critical *oeuvre* dates from these two periods. He elevated the Popular Front from the level of tactics to that of ideology: he projected its principle into philosophy, literary history and aesthetic criticism. It will be remembered that the Popular Front was Stalinism's reaction against its own ultra-Left follies, through which it had smoothed Hitler's road to power. Stalinism then sought to insure itself against the consequences of that disaster by means of an appeal to the "anti-Fascist conscience" of the Western bourgeoisie, for the sake of which it abandoned, and indeed, banned, all forms of revolutionary-proletarian and Socialist-oriented action.

Stalin resumed this line after Hitler's attack on the USSR and persisted in it in the early aftermath of the war when he still hoped to keep up the Grand Alliance. In all these situations the Communist parties outside the USSR worked to overcome the bourgeoisie's distrust of Russia and fear of communism; and so they played down or even denied their revolutionary Marxist commitments and upheld (and where necessary helped to restore) the regimes (and ideologies) of bourgeois democracy. Since Nazism had aroused the lower middle classes against the traditional ruling groups, Stalinism aligned itself, wherever possible, with the latter and helped to maintain their sway over the popular masses.

For the intelligentsia which followed the Communist parties this entailed certain historical-philosophical reorientations and a break with many habits of thought. Leftist academicians, writers and artists were persuaded that they ought not to "reject" patriotic fetishes any longer; that they must not indulge in militant anticlericalism; and that they should not show too marked a preference for the revolutionary-plebeian, as opposed to the "aristocratic" strands in their cultural heritage. Communists learned to behave as good patriots; to "stretch out a hand" to their erstwhile clericalist enemies; and to treat with discreet or unashamed flattery the conventional cultural values of the bourgeoisie.

Lukacs' work is the great, refined masterpiece of that flattery. His writings on Mann are a *pendant* to the Stalinist "struggle for allies." It was Lukacs' assignment, as it were, to establish a common ideological front with those "intellectual forces" of whom Mann could be regarded as spokesman—Mann, the only great, truly patrician, and truly German anti-Nazi writer in exile, the only one whom the Wilhelmine and Weimar Establishments had accepted and honored for many years. The premise for such a common front was a "liberal" appraisal of Mann's work, an appraisal in which the edges of Marxist criticism were blunted.

This is not to suggest that Marxists should not have been or should not be concerned with the struggle for allies or that they should not be intensely preoccupied with the problem of the cultural heritage. The point is that Stalinism abused

THE NIGHT WATCH

Outdoors, like a false morning,
Fog washes the pine trees. It
Shoulders against the windows,

Spreading across their surface
On its way upward. In this
Moment between sleep and thought,

This holding back, I can hear
The fog start to rise, the slow
Memory of an ocean,

And I, like a ship, begin
To stir, to lurch in its swell,
And to move outward, beyond

The steel jetty, the lighthouse,
The red-flagged channel buoys,
— Beyond, at last, sleep even —

Into a deeper water,
Pale, oracular, its waves
Motionless, seagulls absent.

CHARLES WRIGHT

these concerns and preoccupations for its shallow and opportunistic tactical games. The Stalinized parties conducted their search for allies so unscrupulously and perversely that they lost themselves in the process, i.e., they lost sight of the interests and aspirations of the working classes. Their much advertised anxiety over the cultural heritage provided them with excuses for startling displays of philosophic and artistic philistinism.

This was the context in which Lukacs aired his prejudice against "artistic innovation." This accounts, *inter alia,* for the fact that while he was eulogizing Mann's alleged "search of the bourgeois man" and artistic traditionalism, Lukacs had nothing to say about Bertold Brecht, the other great anti-Nazi writer who was, however, in a sense Mann's antipode. Brecht's utter irreverence for the "bourgeois man," his provocatively plebeian sympathies, and his extreme artistic unconventionality—so many dialectical counterpoints to Mann's outlook—implicitly conflicted with the mood of the Popular Front and were alien to Lukacs. His silence about Brecht is thus an unwitting commentary on his own shortcoming as a critic.

This is not to deny Lukacs' better qualities, for even when he speaks from a notoriously Stalinist standpoint, he still does it with the erudite sophistication which is able to present the most ludicrous superstition and the most rigid dogma as a rational, or at least a debatable, idea. He moves with apparent freedom and ease and "dignity" within the confines of the most constricting orthodoxy; and so he even manages to loosen its constraints. Hence the fascination—but also the deceptiveness—of his argument and style, especially for some people of the New Left. Lukacs' role in Budapest during the events of 1956 has done something to surround him with a halo; and people recall vaguely that even several decades earlier the Comintern had frowned on his *Geschichte und Klassenbewusstsein.* In an upsurge of sympathy for him one is apt to forget his Stalinist record and the ambiguities of his behavior in the critical events of 1956. This is unfortunately one of those cases when a *cultus* is established without sufficient prior examination of the virtues, the martyrdom and the miracles attributed to the Venerable or Blessed Person. The record of this particular claimant deserves serious attention, perhaps even respect; but an *advocatus diaboli* has still to throw full light on its seamy side.

Critic on a Razor Edge

THE GERMAN TRADITION IN LITERATURE 1871-1945. *By Ronald Gray. Cambridge University Press. 384 pp. $11.50.*

RONALD HAUSER

Mr. Hauser teaches German literature at the University of Massachusetts. He is completing a book, Georg Büchner, *to appear in Twayne's World Author Series.*

The writer's special obligation to act as the guardian of public morality is basic to the thesis of Ronald Gray's latest book, *The German Tradition in Literature 1871-1945.* For it is Mr. Gray's contention that the most influential German writers of the 19th and 20th centuries were, in effect, upholders of a tradition which led to the moral bankruptcy of 1933.

That the German tradition did lead to disaster is historical fact; hence the tradition as a whole stands indicted by history. It would seem, therefore, to be the literary critic's obligation to weigh the constructive against the destructive elements, and to show how the latter had the greater impact upon the generation which manned Hitler's armies and death camps. Such a judicial approach, difficult as it might be, would have the considerable advantage of influencing some of those whom Gray would most like to influence: the new generation of German intellectuals. But Gray appears, instead, in the role of prosecutor, hoping to prove the guilt of German writers from Goethe to Mann.

Gray does not comb through German literature in an attempt to find ideas which might have been useful to the Nazis. He aims for a much higher level of criticism by trying to define a *Weltanschauung* which, on one hand, encouraged the development of such ideas and, on the other hand, created a climate wherein inconsistency and paradox became the accepted standard. National Socialism—and Gray does not overlook the dichotomy of the term—was made possible by 150 years of conditioning the German mind to accept the false fusion of opposites.

This is the charge which emerges from the introduction of the book. While admitting that the idea of duality, or polarity or dichotomy—terms hardly differentiated in the text—ultimately come from non-German sources, Gray sees in it a German preoccupation. There can be no doubt that polarity was one of the most important aspects of Goethe's *Weltanschauung,* but it is not, as Gray seems to suggest, a purely philosophical abstraction but is directly related to the duality which Goethe felt within himself. The attempted reconciliation of opposing tendencies was a matter of the most vital personal con-

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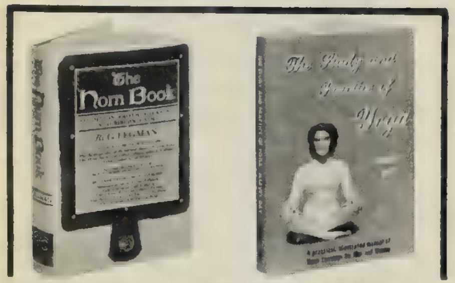

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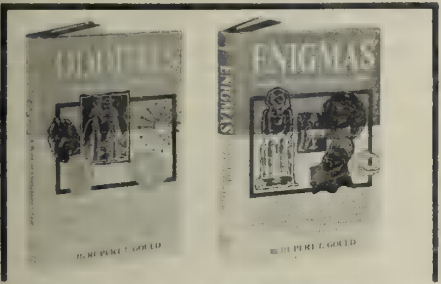

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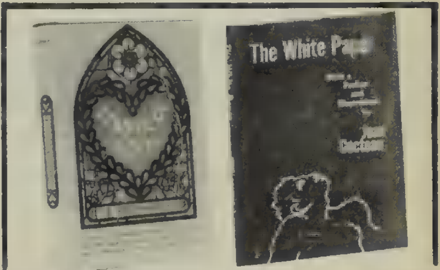

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cern to Goethe who, as a young man, had been brought to the threshold of suicide by his inner conflicts. True to his chosen role, Gray does not elucidate Goethe's "notion of polarity," but obscures and ridicules it, by quoting a particular example from Goethe's color theories which appears absurd in the light of modern knowledge.

Any number of other examples might have indicated a strong relationship between the idea of polarity and reality, but Gray prefers to show it as an abstract notion which, in the years after Goethe, rooted itself ever deeper in German thought and poetry. Schiller, Hegel, the Romanticists, Kleist, Schopenhauer, Hebbel, Wagner, Marx, Nietzsche—all were intoxicated by this notion. Entering the period of his primary concern, 1871-1945, Gray finds it the dominant method of thought in literature. Only a few writers are exempted from complicity. Foremost among these is Kafka, whose works were "uncorrupted by willing self-contradiction," while Hugo von Hofmannsthal is exonerated to some degree for at least attempting to place things in their proper perspective in his comedy, *Der Schwierige*.

There is no question but that "willing self-contradiction" is a most important, perhaps even the most important aspect of modern German literature. But Gray apparently sees his duty as one of discrediting the "philosophy of polarity," and this repeatedly leads him to distortions. The charge of "insane and brutal nationalism," leveled against Heinrich von Kleist, will not ring true to those who know his works. Nor is the characterization of Friedrich Hebbel's *Agnes Bernauer* as "a play in defense of the tragic necessity to destroy subjects of the State, however morally innocent, who cause trouble" a fair representation, since Hebbel took great pains to show that the "trouble" threatens the state with destruction. In the light of more recent history, the idea of such a drama might still seem noxious (after all, the Nazis also took pains to show that the Jews threatened the state with destruction), but Hebbel's *individual-state* polarity leads to a recognition which is no less true than it is tragic. No matter what the political ideology might be, a state which would not sacrifice an individual in order to save itself and its population from destruction is inconceivable. This is certainly not a pleasant fact, but a fact nonetheless, and the method by which Hebbel demonstrates it can hardly be invalidated on the basis of the result. It is fairly safe to assume that if Hebbel had indeed come to the conclusion that the state must eliminate people who merely "cause trouble," he would have had considerable difficulty in finding a public sympathetic to this idea in the 19th century.

The author, by using such distortions (and there are others), seems to want to stretch his point beyond its validity. While his argument that the "philosophy of polarity" is highly susceptible to perversion is convincing, he would like to move as far as possible toward the idea that this philosophical system itself is a misrepresentation of reality. The result of this attempt is to cloud the real and valid point.

The second and third parts of the book show the consequences of such clouding. Here Thomas Mann and Rainer Maria Rilke, Germany's most influential novelist and its most popular lyric poet of the 20th century, are re-evaluated at considerable length. Not surprisingly, Gray discovers a multitude of "false syntheses" in their work, but the logical conclusion—that they were apparently highly imperfect writers and made themselves partially responsible for the Nazi debacle by demonstrating how to deceive and make the deception sound convincing through the misapplication of a philosophical system—eludes him because his thesis demands that the philosophy itself be the target.

After unearthing a mass of "contradictions, platitudes and cruel mockeries" in the *Magic Mountain* for example, the direction of Gray's accusing finger changes abruptly from the author to his tradition:

> To understand Mann better, however, we need to realize that, as he saw things, there was indeed a general validity attaching to the picture he drew, a validity which would be recognized by the greater number of his contemporaries in the German-speaking world, whether men of letters or politicians.

The German-speaking world, apparently victimized by generations of writers and thinkers, has developed the knack of making sense out of nonsense, according to Gray. Even Mann, whose most famous novel has just been charged with purposeful falsification, is excused in part because he too was a victim of the tradition.

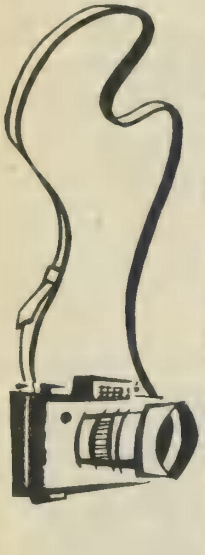
How much validity there might be in Gray's evaluation of Mann and Rilke is too large a question to be treated here. He charges Mann with making paradox and ambiguity an end in itself. He criticizes the detachment with which Mann synthesizes such opposites as *artist and Bürger, depravity and beauty* or *good and evil*. In the case of Rilke, he focuses upon mysticism (a term Gray sometimes spits out like a rotten piece of apple) and finds a vacillation "between theistic and natural mysticism, emerging only momentarily into an acceptance of unambiguous realities, unambiguous fulfillments." As a special friend of "unambiguous realities," Gray finds Rilke's poetry "not equipped" for meaningful affirmations.

Gray's approach to Mann and Rilke itself poses some questions about the limitations of literary criticism. That he himself was aware of these is indicated in a discussion of the necessity of re-evaluating accepted German masterpieces:

> The task is even more difficult when the critic must often walk on a razoredge, distinguishing the false synthesis from the true one (or the one that at all events rings true), the Inquisitor from the Christ, and when writers are so often bent on confusing these issues.

Is his danger of falling off the razor edge not sharply increased by the fact that, as his own statement shows, the author has severe doubts about even the possibility of a "true synthesis"? Does not the insistence on "false syntheses" act as a powerful deterrent to the search for meaning and truth in the works of Mann and Rilke? Gray makes some real efforts to maintain his balance, but the scope of his book does not allow him to exhaust sufficient possibilities to make his case convincing. At times he does seem to yield to the dangerous temptation to which his approach exposes him. At times he does seem to be taking the meaning out of the meaning.

The last chapter of the book, entitled,



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"English Resistance to German Literature from Coleridge to D. H. Lawrence," contains an unexpected turn in the presentation of the case. Gray, a lecturer in German at the University of Cambridge, here attempts to see the European future in the English past. Creating what appears to be a perfect polarity by placing the German and English traditions at opposite poles, he expresses his hope for some future European tradition foreshadowed in D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*:

> *Women in Love* is deeply indebted to German ideas, but it is also . . . a particularly English novel; it marries something from the English world, especially an insistence on individuality and morality, with something from the German world that had better just be called mysticism, whatever the misunderstandings that may arise: anti-nomianism, the sense of all-embracingness, are two of its features.

Apparently morality and anti-nomianism (the belief in freedom from moral obligation) can be fruitfully "married" after all. The possibility, let alone the desirability, of such a synthesis would seem to exonerate the "philosophy of polarity," and certainly does make the message of the book rather confusing.

THEATRE / Robert Pasolli

Mr. Pasolli spent the 1962-63 season at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis on a Ford Foundation grant and was later associated with the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in New York.

Günter Grass' American career is by now operating according to the rule of geometric progression: for every new admirer enjoying a meaningful response to Grass' work there are multiples willing to admire him merely because others do. *The World of Günter Grass* at the Pocket Theatre (off-Broadway) is for the latter crowd and perhaps for the former few; it is certainly not for the uncommitted rest. A vaguely dramatic assemblage of material culled from Grass' novels and poems, the production is a low-keyed, ephemeral work, not without imagination and insight of an occasionally impressive order but utterly lacking in the power to move.

Mine is the opinion of one of the uncommitted, the works of Grass, comprising three novels, five plays and enough poems for a selected edition, having eluded my lazy eye. Since seeing *The World of Günter Grass* I have read *The Wicked Cooks*, which Prof. Robert W. Corrigan considers Grass' best play and one worthy to be included in his second anthology of *The New Theatre of Europe*. A work compounding thematic fantasy with dramaturgical intemperance — a misalliance which Giraudoux, for example, who also knew the wisdom of fantasy, was too sage to contrive — *The Wicked Cooks* struck me as ill conceived, if provocative.

The World of Günter Grass is provocative in much the same way: it gives you the sense of having got its finger on something important that had been overlooked in the ongoing debate. The nature of that something might be imprecise, but Grass' wide-ranging fancy and witty invention often manage, notwithstanding, to attach one's attention to questions one had considered too exhausted for further life, as for example the anti-Semitism that lurks deep in the heart of the friendly Aryan.

For the rest, *The World of Günter Grass* limns a landscape of the artist's sensibility which I found all too flat. Perhaps the arbitrary and special character of Grass' material makes for private promontories that are to us invisible. Per-

BRIEF LETTER

Let us live in a warehouse with green blinded shutters
Where I will store like stuffed owls my griefs
With a violet-paned lamp on an arm at the door
And keep an old barge nearby.
Let the shape of the building be like this —
But I cannot draw —
With a hook at the top for hoisting up
Whatever has fallen headfirst below.
You have heard of my lunacies before
But do you know of my simpler pleasures?
How I would bake oysters or roast eggs in a trunk jammed with hay
And to what I am committed when it seems so right
That the windows should fully receive the skies, like flowers,
In the evening when the sea rides up the long arms of the canals
Under the green flats laid down by the boughs
And it is no accident, it was shaped that way,
And it is guarded, this belle *harmony*
Both so civilized and instinctual, so airy and grave
That it steadies and strengthens our frayed resolves.

And will you not understand
That when I fling open these cuckoo doors
To the hard edifices outside
Of our doubtful legacies and our dear dead god
I am thinking, too, of those turning the other cheek
To the Founders of State,
And the long prisons for those who will not quit the vision
Of what they have truly learned
Burns like time's face in the tower's clock.

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haps the low relief of the production style, while conceivably faithful to Grass' vision, conjures the scene virtually without effects. Such attenuation, however precious in poetry or the novel, is rather less valuable in the theatre. It seems to me an attribute that functions, in an art form deriving at least in part from dancing bears, to leave the spectator without spectacle.

ART / Max Kozloff

At the Guggenheim Museum this month, we are being offered the latest and most revealing glimpse into *l'affaire* Barnett Newman. I say affair because from the beginning there has always been something extra-artistic, even sociological, about the presence of this painter in the history of postwar American art. It is a presence that has loomed enormously large, on the basis of only a scanty showing of work. For Newman is enjoying the enviable career of having been a radical innovator among his own contemporaries during the forties, and of remaining a viable guide to an entirely younger generation today. Alone among the Abstract-Expressionists, his example still reaps new converts to an area (one is loath to call it a style) of undimmed relevance to the current situation. At one time literally a vast colored surface, with central splits, that area now reveals itself to be variations on the theme of a white canvas, vertically subdivided off at its sides by black bars or lines. His present show consists of fourteen such black-and-white paintings, 78 inches by 60 inches each (with one additional, having a left-hand orange border) entitled "The Stations of the Cross: Lema Sabachthani."

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Elsewhere I have stated that Newman's position has been so fecund possibly because it has been so fragmentary. For his work, to paraphrase Delacroix, is the complete expression of an incomplete mind. With his manipulation of only the fewest elements on a monolithic scale, and his great frontal blankness, he could suggest a ground-breaking post-Cubist idiom without having to make individual statements within that idiom. In the sense that this can be an achievement in its own right, that it could provide a general context for others, more particularizing in their theses, Newman's reputation appears creditable. It would seem that he allowed various factors—color, scale and drawing—to be reinterpreted, if only by their dissociation and magnification as "objects" within the picture entity. The pictorial parts overwhelm the concept of the whole.

From the examples that have been exhibited, Newman's color contribution lies in his insistence that a single hue can dominate all other sensations. The color—red, orange or blue—is neither especially luscious nor particularly restrained; but it is optically all-pervading. Scale, of course, has a great deal to do with this. A museum or gallery is never as appropriate a place to demonstrate the effectiveness of such grandiosity as a private home, where a Newman painting will displace a whole wall and reduce into puniness the knicknacks of elegant living. To keep the impression that the core of the experience is still painting, a margin will contrast with the major mass, or a thin bar will funnel down its middle—not so much as a sketch of relationships but as testimony of unremitting weight and disproportion. If Newman were a musician it would seem as if he had restricted himself to composing for a kettledrum and triangle. He forgoes orchestration in favor of maximum differentiation. Finally, although he can be said to have dispensed with drawing in the conventional sense, he apparently wants it to be made known that any edge, even that of the painting, can purvey a drawing function. Lines, then, are not the only form of demarcation. From this has issued the quite clear critical judgment that the artist is not interested in either shape or closure but rather in an extension that belies the superficially geometric finiteness of the façade.

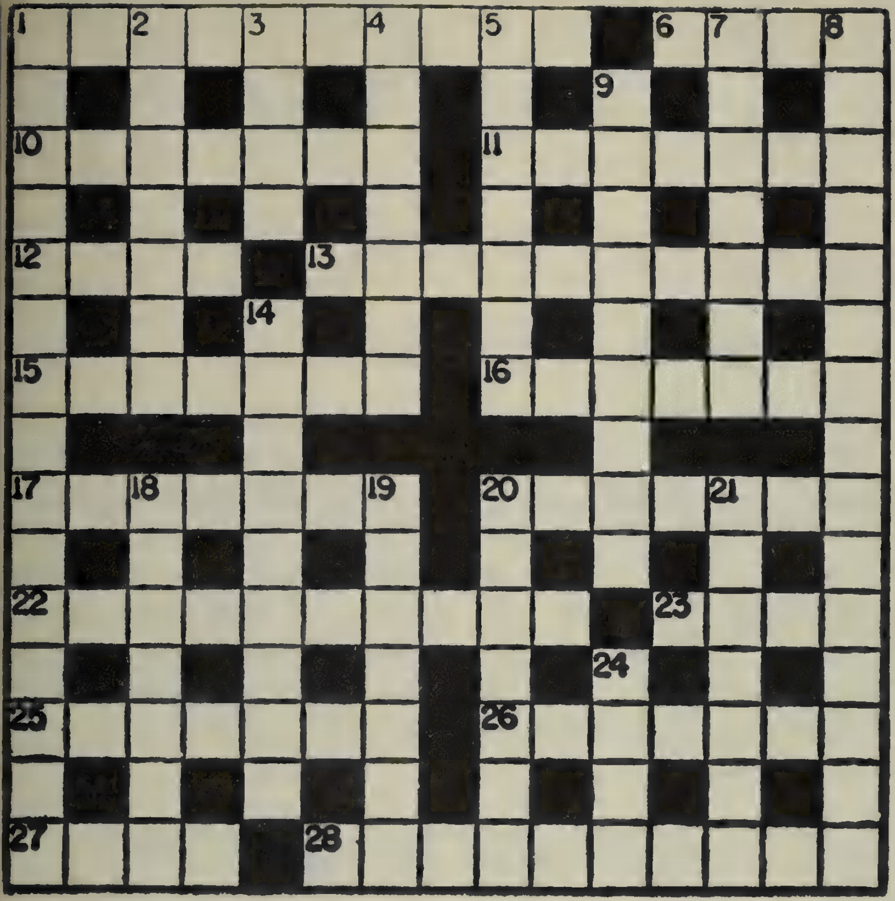
Yet I am let down by the elementary ambiguities of this vocabulary. Despite the calculated look of their structure, so many of Newman's paintings escape the responsibilities of ordering. And their sensuous uncommittedness—neither light nor tactility are energized or altogether dispensed with—leaves one gratuitously suspended and frustrated. Newman, in fact, might be a Puritan who has inadvertently strayed into a big-time context of indulgence, and come out a little confused in the process. On May 1, at the Guggenheim, he publicly permitted himself to say that a non-statement in painting still, after all, provides a statement.

The present suite of paintings, dating from 1958 to this year, are purposeful in visual theme, without in any sense being strictly dependent on one another. Yet, viewed as a group, they play a wide sequence of variations on spacing which, by virtue of the proximity of each canvas, has an unexpected coherence. Here, the idea (one that must go back at least to the mid-fifties), is to contrast a thick left-hand stripe against the foil of a spindle far off to the right. With the latter, by painting over a tape, and then pulling it away, he often gets the effect of a linear absence, thus softening the rather Manichean oppositions within the series. Around about the Sixth Station, he begins to do with line what he had previously done with color masses; and from the Ninth Station to the Eleventh, he plays off the beige unprimed canvas against the suddenly white bars. That Newman is not a finically scrupulous arranger of façade segments (like Mondrian), is testified by the spoliation of many of his compositions by a blatant signature.

The "program" of these paintings, the "Stations of the Cross," has caused a great deal of unnecessary consternation in the popular press (as well as befuddled Lawrence Alloway, who wrote the catalogue). But painters will always insist upon their right to have the most farfetched ideas, or advance the wildest claims about the content of their work. To fail to see some accord between these faceless abstracts and the story of the Via Dolorosa is as inevitable as it would be false to make an issue out of it. The particular moralistic packaging of his art by an artist known for bombast in these matters has always been unconvincing—despite the credence some have given to his earlier mouthings about the "sublime." Rather, with a great deal of ostentation, Newman has aspired to, and attained the bland.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1153

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Is it a requirement to get it to a boiling condition? (10)
6 Fight with one on foot? (4)
10 See 12 across
11 and 23 across Rover passes, if one does. (3, 4, 1, 3)
12 and 10 Red is usually far from a daring quality. (11)
13 Does it take a full crew to make things perfect? (10)
15 Associated with the poor standee, in a way. (4, 3)
16 Water and wine, from Cadiz, for example. (7)
17 Interlard a mob organization from Italy, perhaps. (7)
20 16 of Ceylon. (7)
22 Amiable people, reputedly good family types. (10)
23 See 11 across
25 Like some of the children of Uranus. (7)
26 What Whitman heard singing sails somewhat later than 25. (7)
27 But in back it's probably more than a few feet. (4)
28 Decoration for an order of the same degree? (10)

DOWN:

1 Formerly finished with pale colors? One might tell the barber. (4, 4, 7)
2 Foliage of distinction. (7)
3 A sudden pain in case of the traveler? (4)
4 Times X? (7)
5 Perhaps a complex circle upside the wrong way. (7)
7 The first reader gets zero in the old game. (7)
8 Condition of the elect in Monaco? (It used to be Pennsylvania.) (3, 5, 2, 5)
9 Usually how armies are led? (A biological factor gathering there, too.) (9)
14 Giving the business to the party donkey? (9)
18 Ironclad order kept by one? (7)
19 Faced to the wrong direction, in reality. (2, 5)
20 Certainly not a hot tune that might be blown. (4, 3)
21 Formed a bad word of 20 down (perhaps because often drunk). (7)
24 Turn-pike associated with the military head. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1152

ACROSS: 1 Running mate; 9 and 13 Visiting cards; 10 Diners; 11 Stannic; 12 Asocial; 14 Sprang; 15 Annamese; 17 Backward; 20 Banzai; 22 Stature; 24 Unities; 26 Farina; 27 Infamous; 28 Well-content. DOWN: 2 Union Jack; 3 Nailing; 4 Nigh; 5 and 21 down Madison Avenue; 6 Tonic; 7 Tip-top; 8 Freaks; 16 Minuteman; 18 Astray; 19 Air mail; 20 Benefit; 23 Twine; 25 Dido.

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bachelors of ideology

Orinda, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: There are two basic fallacies underlying Howard Zinn's "The Old Left and the New: Emancipation from Dogma" [*The Nation*, Apr. 4th]. In comparing the New Left with the old Left Mr. Zinn overlooks the fact that . . . the old Left was revolutionary in objective while the New Left described by Mr. Zinn is clearly reformist. One could logically condemn the old Left for being revolutionary and praise the New Left for being reformist, but Mr. Zinn . . . uses the same criteria of judgment for both movements, without any reference to their qualitatively different objectives. . . .

Mr. Zinn's second fallacy, common among critics of the old Left, is that the discrepancy between the humanist principles of socialism and Soviet everyday practice justifies the rejection of its entire theoretical and philosophical basis. And some critics, including Mr. Zinn, extend this view to include all concepts less vague and generalized than a belief in the value of the individual human being.

Like bachelors who prize women too much to marry one, these liberal thinkers prefer to maintain an ever open mind lest they embrace an ideology in its pristine loveliness only to suffer seeing it undergo the ravages of time. Nevertheless, society is perpetuated not by bachelors but by those who marry, and history is made by those who make a definite choice among the available alternatives.

The dismissal of the Socialist alternative because of Soviet aberrations will doubtless prove as hasty and unrealistic as the broad, liberal reaction to The Terror after the French Revolution, which jettisoned as already invalidated the entire theoretical and philosophical basis of the bourgeois-democratic ethos, and thus accepted Napoleon and the succeeding empires with regretful but placid resignation. . . . *Benedict R. Sobler*

rights of the poor

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: If an individual poor man exerted force to establish his "rights" to the contents of someone else's pockets, you probably would agree with me that he deserved a jail sentence. Or would this be true only if it was your pockets he robbed?

Yet you advocate a "strategy" of large-scale force to establish the "rights" of all the poor to part of the income of the rest of us—if they have to bankrupt our large cities in the process ["The Weight of the Poor: A Strategy to End Poverty" by Richard A. Cloward and Frances Fox Piven, *The Nation*, May 2].

There are no such rights—to welfare, guaranteed income or whatever you want to call it. Because we don't like to see people starve, we have set up certain rules so that the genuinely needy can share our tax money. But this money is a grant from the productive to the nonproductive. Since you say only half the poor who might qualify under those rules actually receive what they have a "right" to, it appears that half the poor, at least, are honest. Please don't compromise their integrity by convincing them that they have "rights" to my money. If you want to give them yours, the honest way to do that is individually. *Helen Bugbee*

We dislike contradicting a lady, but the poor do indeed have rights: they are written into the welfare legislation of the nation and the states and are not dependent on the charitable instincts of Miss Bugbee and those who think along similar lines. The reason why half of the poor do not take advantage of those rights is that they

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EDITORIALS

The Momentum of Power

Perhaps no major speech of an American statesman has been more generally misunderstood than the one in which Senator Fulbright, addressing the American Newspaper Publishers Association Bureau of Advertising, used the phrase "the arrogance of power." The President took it as a personal reference and countered with a cute note from Mrs. Zephyr Wright, his long-time cook, admonishing him on his eating habits. Barry Goldwater, swinging as wildly as in the 1964 election campaign, demanded Fulbright's resignation as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Javits, who might be expected to show better discrimination, chided Fulbright over his use of the phrase, and asserted that "there is a deep and mature recognition by the American people that it [the defeat of the Vietcong] is a job that has to be done."

But what Fulbright said was of exceptional moment; if his words are unheeded, the country will regret it for months and years to come. The essence of his warning was that the United States is not in Vietnam for any high-minded purpose involving "freedom," or even in a far-sighted plan for the containment of Communist China, but because it is carried along by the sheer momentum of power. In its headlong course, Fulbright felt, the country "is showing some signs of that fatal presumption, that overextension of power and mission, which brought ruin to ancient Athens, to Napoleonic France, and to Nazi Germany."

Historical analogies may not be reliable in such contexts: one can always find differences as well as similarities. What is important is the emphasis on the blind application of power, as if that were an end in itself. "Our almost unbelievable power," as Secretary Rusk calls it, is dictating policy or, rather, it *is* policy. We have preponderant military power, so we use it as if, by itself, it could solve all problems. When this doesn't work, we do not assess the situation and change the policy that has failed us; we simply apply more power. Indeed, we have little choice in the matter. Since we have nothing properly describable as a policy, there is nothing to change; but power we have to spare—and throwing in more men, more munitions, more materiel, requires no thought.

The prognosis is for more of the same. In the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* Marquis W. Childs writes that the Joint Chiefs of Staff now estimate that not less than 500,000 and possibly 600,000 troops will be "required" on Vietnamese soil. Required for what? That number of men may suppress guerrilla activity for a time, but does anyone suppose that South Vietnam will be permanently pacified, much less become a bastion of democracy, by filling it with American soldiers? And why 600,000? Could it not be 800,000 as easily as 600,000? A few years ago these same generals, or others of the same mold, were reckoning in much lower quantities of manpower, and these were supposed to be final answers, just as the present ones imply a promise of finality.

Until policy prevails over power, the United States will never find its way out of the Vietnamese morass, and the slaughter of the Vietnamese people will continue. The incident of May 10, in which overwrought U.S. military police engaged in a wild shooting spree, was symbolic. Touched off by a minor Vietcong bombing, for more than twenty-five minutes machine gun bullets whizzed up and down a main thoroughfare of Saigon, with no one to ask the officers and men what they were shooting at. It was not much different, except in scale, from what the United States has been doing in Vietnam for many years. The course has led only to disaster and if it continues it can lead only to the larger disaster Senator Fulbright envisioned.

Vietnam vs. Space

The opposition between the war in Vietnam and the war on poverty is self-evident. What is not yet widely realized is that our space program and our enmeshment in Asia are almost equally antagonistic. This clash has been obscured by Congressional and public identification of space exploration with a single project in which we are racing the Russians to the moon. Apollo, an irreversible commitment now at the midway point, is not likely to be critically affected by the course of the Vietnamese conflict, provided it stops short of all-out nuclear war. What worries the space section of the aerospace industry at this juncture is the financing of the post-Apollo projects.

For the same reason that preparations for the moon landing had to begin ten years in advance, the planning, engineering and contracting for ultralunar ventures must get under way fairly soon. And that is where the Vietnamese conflict stands in the way. No later than fiscal 1967 (for which budgetary decisions must be made in the fall of 1966), Apollo follow-on programs will be competing with Vietnam, and it is easy to see which set of demands will have the advantage. By January, 1967, Vietnamese costs will be running at the rate of $21 billion annually, or more. Congressmen's constituents will be concerned not with the exploration of the moon, much less Mars, but with their sons in battle, or about to be drafted. Businessmen will oppose higher taxes and consumers will protest higher prices. Chauvinists will rage, as the greatest military power on earth finds itself unable to complete the conquest of a guerrilla force. The same purblind strategists who got us into the trap are likely to prevail in their demands for still greater commitments, and where will that leave space?

And where will it leave the government-industry team which now comprises some 20,000 companies and 300,000 workers, ranging from top administrators and engineers to the technicians who remove the empty cola bottles? Clearly, as the situation develops, within the great aerospace corporations the interests of the heads of the space divisions—now powerful in their own right—will no longer coincide with those of the military aircraft division heads. The latter may prosper for the time being on Vietnam and other counterinsurgency wars, but their meat will be the other fellow's poison. This clash will be the more acute between companies that produce only space items and those that supply only the armed forces.

Nor is this solely, or even predominantly, a struggle for the best places at the public trough. Aside from jobs, careers and incomes, the space people have created a vast complex of new technologies to which they are passionately devoted.

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When Thorstein Veblen apotheosized the "instinct of workmanship," he could not foresee giant rockets, spacecraft, communication satellites and the like. These machines would amaze and perhaps repel him, but thousands of brilliant minds are now dedicated to their advancement. The votaries of the associated technologies foresee a great future for themselves and their children—provided their claim on a cut of the national resources is recognized and the holocaust which would end it all can be avoided.

The Vietnamese war forecloses that claim, invites the holocaust, and is a disgrace to a nation with the professed ideals of the United States. Even if they do not agree with this characterization, or are indifferent to the moral aspects, on the first two grounds alone the space people would be well advised not to go along blindly with the apostles of destruction. At least for the time being, the interests of the space community run parallel with those of the liberals—the prophets scorned—who opposed the Vietnamese involvement from the outset.

The Sick Alliance

Vast quantities of printer's ink and air time are devoted to the deterioration of NATO, while the more or less equivalent organization in our own hemisphere, the Alliance for Progress, gets much less space in the newspapers and practically no time on the air. Yet the latter may be as important as the former in its long-term consequences, and the Alliance is doing just as badly as NATO. The resignation of the so-called "nine wise men" is symptomatic of the sickness that seems to afflict our coalitions everywhere.

The men who comprised the panel at its dissolution were supposedly impartial technicians who could advise the Alliance on economic questions. At a meeting in Buenos Aires in March, the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, still another arm of the Organization of American States, voted to reduce the panel of nine to five and to subordinate it to the Inter-American Committee on the Alliance for Progress. Thereupon Romulo Almeida of Brazil resigned in protest against the subordination of the panel and "trends within the alliance." The other eight waited, then resigned *en bloc*. One member gave a reason which seems to have influenced them all: the Alliance's trend from "multilateralism to bilateralism," the latter having been fostered, in his view, by the United States.

With so many committees, this development, like much else in the intricacies of the Alliance, could hardly have been deciphered by the normal newspaper reader, but the reality is not as complex as the appearance. The tendency of the United States, increasingly evident, has been to deal with Latin American nations bilaterally—the better, it has been said, to get them to agree to specific points relating to tax structures, control of inflation, and similar economic questions. And since, to the Latin American officials who were to execute the plans, these were political questions, the technical views of the Nine were often felt to be unrealistic. In this sense, the by-passing of the Nine was more or less unavoidable. But the outcome was nevertheless extremely damaging to the Alliance, and will weaken it further in the years ahead. The position of the Nine was that the United States should not deal with its Latin American friends individually because, for one thing, it is too powerful and bargaining could never be on a basis of equality; for another, Latin American countries would not be averse to gaining advantages over their neighbors in such negotiations. The Nine felt that the United States should deal with Latin America collectively; then there would be at least the possibility of equality.

In a letter in *The New York Times*, Raymond Vernon, formerly acting director of the State Department's Office of Economic Defense and Trade Policy and now a professor at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, states the issue bluntly when he writes: "If our arrangements with the rest of this hemisphere are remotely to approach the shape of an alliance, negotiations must take place on a basis of less obvious inequality." Latin America, he says, "resents and fears the overriding power of the United States." Here, as in Vietnam, our very wealth and power frustrates our declared aims. From a long-term point of view, and in the interest of enduring "good neighbor" relations, this country should withdraw from the OAS. This would end once and for all the fiction that we are merely one of many member states and not the "colossus of the north" which in fact we are. Our withdrawal might make it possible for Latin Americans to bargain with us on more nearly equal terms, that is, if they bargained as an entity. Until they can deal with us through institutions of their own choosing, they will continue to hold us responsible for all that adversely affects their societies and economies.

Selective Death Sentence

The present "universal service" law was passed in 1963 for a period of four years—after twelve minutes of debate in the Senate. Had it not been for the Johnson Administration's escalation of the Vietnamese war, that law—despite all its inequities—would no doubt have continued to be accepted with resignation by the public and the academic community. The expansion of the war not only resulted in an expansion of the draft but made it potentially lethal: to be drafted might be a sentence of death.

For a sizable minority it meant something even worse—participation in a war for which they could find no moral justification. A revulsion was bound to come, and it is assuming proportions which may upset the elaborate justifications of the President and his advisers. The Selective Service deferment tests now under way have thrown into bold relief the inherent injustice of the Selective Service System and its basic antagonism to the aims of higher education.

The Selective Service System was in truth bad enough before the tests were inaugurated. It almost automatically exempted middle-class youths whose parents could afford to put them through college, and sent to war the disadvantaged and uneducated. The tests have only aggravated this situation. The type of intelligence required to answer these questions is that of the student who may never have an original idea in his life but who is adept at mechanical learning. The already excessive reliance on grades as a criterion of academic fitness now becomes a standard for survival. If the student knows that the area of a circle varies as the square of the radius (and a multitude of largely similar facts and figures), he stays at college; if he happens to be a poet or musician he is sent to the slaughter. Thus the initial favoritism based on social class is compounded with favoritism toward the utilitarian culture.

This is one of the points raised in a resolution on draft-deferment criteria passed unanimously by the academic senate of San Francisco State College, calling on its president to order the registrar to cease calculating or recording class standings and to deny the use of college facilities for the administration of the qualification tests. A similar protest movement is developing among university faculties in the Middle West, where 142 faculty members from a dozen or more colleges have issued a statement under the name of the Ad Hoc Committee for an Educators' Statement of Principle on Selective Service. These faculty members wish to "discourage the use of the institutions of higher learning as instruments of the Selective Service system."

All of which points up what *The Nation* has emphasized repeatedly before the present crisis arose—that Congress should investigate and overhaul the entire draft system before the present authorization expires next year. (See "Republicans and the Draft," March 14, p. 284.) It may be impossible to devise a really equitable system, but the public need not put up with arrangements under which an enormously successful Hollywood actor, very much in the news at the moment, is deferred because he supports his mother. It is surely within the capacity of the Pentagon and the Congress to devise a system that does not superimpose the outrages of the draft on the outrages of the war itself.

Another Johnson Gimmick

The President will probably get his way on the expanded loan-participation plan for which he has been cracking the whip with exceptional sharpness. The plan is one of those legislative gimmicks that will add millions to the taxpayers' burden but will no doubt improve the President's "image" as a great economizer and budget slicer. What the Administration seeks from Congress is power to expand sales of part interests in government-owned loans—loans, that is, that have been issued by various federal agencies. It would work as follows: the Federal National Mortgage Association would be permitted to sell certificates of participation in pools of loans made by other federal agencies. The government would continue to hold the loans and to bear the risk of default, but the proceeds which it received from the sale of the certificates would be regarded, for bookkeeping purposes, as an offset to other federal expenditures; in some cases the government might make an outright sale of some loans. If Congress approves, the government would sell $4.2 billion of certificates in the fiscal year starting July 1 and thereby appear to reduce the budget deficit by this amount.

No one seems to know just how much this form of financing would add to the carrying charge on the loans, but it would be substantial, for unlike Treasury bonds of more than five years maturity the certificates would not be covered by the long-standing 4.5 per cent interest ceiling. Ordinarily the Democrats are partisans of "low interest," but the President's arm twisting has kept them in line thus far. Oddly enough, it has been the Republicans who have denounced the plan as a "gigantic crap game with the taxpayer as the only one who loses" and as a "federal hockshop." Once this breakthrough in indirect financing has been achieved, the Administration will no doubt proceed to make further use of the same device for the purpose of appearing to minimize the deficit. It is estimated that about $33 billion in negotiable bonds of federal agencies could be marketed to private investors in this fashion. It is indeed a nifty gimmick: the deficit will appear to be reduced, private investors will be cut in on a nice security market, and an additional burden will be placed on the taxpayer for the sake of improving the President's "image."

The Johnson-Connally Axis

For more than a decade the aggressiveness of the Texas liberal movement has been an inspiration to other Southern liberals who have wanted to organize and assault the conservative Democratic establishments. But this month's primary election clearly shows that that inspiration is now gone: the movement is moribund; as a cohesive group, the Texas liberals have been put to flight and the laggards chopped down.

President Johnson's political protégé, Governor John Connally, a corporation conservative, is in control. His victory was as easy as it was complete. Only one liberal came even close to winning an important state-wide contest; he is in a run-off for the office of attorney general but is not likely to win. The liberals had talked of organizing to fight for control of the precinct conventions, with the goal of winning party machinery and thereby being in a position to work at least part of their will in the next Presidential election year. But there was no leadership for the scheme. While Connally's forces went quietly to work months ago to safeguard their domination of the precincts, the Governor's blood enemy, liberal Sen. Ralph Yarborough, went sailing off to Australia and left his backers floundering from lack of direction.

The big oil companies, the industrialists of Houston and the bankers of Dallas and the insurance companies have not since the early 1950s gripped the reins of Texas government with such assurance that they would not be bothered by tax reforms or labor safety legislation. Elected to a third term this year, Connally will have his appointees in every seat on every one of the state's 200 boards and commissions. Connally men will hold five-sixths of the House seats and a majority of the Senate seats. Nothing can transpire in Texas politics in the next two years without his personal approval.

Massa Jim in Trouble

Four times in the last ten years, civil rights bills have passed the Senate, but it was always done by first assuring a vote in one of two ways: (1) putting the bills directly on the Senate calendar as soon as they had passed the House, or (2) sending them to the Senate Judiciary Committee with a fixed return date. In other words it was generally conceded that if some precautionary steps were not taken, civil rights bills would never get out of Sen. James O. Eastland's

Judiciary Committee. Over the years, more than 100 civil rights bills have died there.

Why, then, did the Administration balk at getting a guaranteed date for the return of its latest civil rights legislation (stiffer penalties for assaulting Negroes; fair housing, etc.), as Sen. Jacob Javits requested? The best guess is that President Johnson is doing his old friend Jim Eastland a big, big favor. A civil rights bill bouncing out of Eastland's committee would not do him any good at home, in Mississippi, where he is facing opposition this fall from Republican Rep. Prentiss Walker, who is calling Eastland (such is the madness of Mississippi politics) an integrationist. Mississippians would not understand that a fixed-date bill could not be controlled by Eastland; they would only understand that he didn't stop it. This could mean deep trouble for him.

The nervousness, if not fear, Eastland feels this year is also indicated by his new burst of name calling and subversives hooting, always good in an election year. He has been "exposing" the names of persons who participated in "sing-ins for peace" at Carnegie Hall, and has proposed the improbable restriction of not allowing Americans to leave the country unless they get an exit permit from the State Department—an idea that Congress will doubtless receive as did *The Washington Post,* which called it "a dandy little scheme for converting the land of the free into one vast continental concentration camp."

None of this is to be taken seriously. It is the frantic action of a man who is not accustomed to opposition, and who panics in the face of it. The pressure comes not only from Walker but also from a gallant band of Negroes who are fighting Eastland on his home soil, right there in Sunflower County, and who appear likely to win.

Registered Negro voters in the city of Sunflower now outnumber whites by ten. That's all, just ten. But if they stick together and do not yield to the threats they hear daily, they can elect some Negro in the special court-ordered municipal elections. Imagine Negroes actually serving in city government in Eastland's own county, that "land of the tree and home of the grave," as Fannie Lou Hamer calls it! No doubt in the minds of many Mississippians Eastland would again be credited with having somehow failed his homeland. Things do look grim for Massa Jim.

ONCE MORE THE YELLOW PERIL

C. P. FITZGERALD

Mr. FitzGerald teaches Far Eastern history at Australian National University. He is the author, most recently, of The Third China *(F. W. Cheshire, Ltd.). His other works on the country where he lived for twenty-five years include* China: A Short Cultural History *and* Floodtide in China.

Toward the end of the 19th century, when the Manchu Dynasty was clearly tottering to its fall, the peoples of Europe and to a lesser extent the American people also, became obsessed with a curious myth of their own imagining, the Yellow Peril. China was seen as a menace; its large population, potential resources, outmoded pretensions to a world supremacy which it had once exercised in its own smaller sphere, all these aspects of China were deemed a latent, indeed almost a present, threat to the peace of the world and the balance of power. Vast hordes of armed Chinese were pictured as about to flow over the frontiers of the surrounding countries, ultimately pouring on into Europe itself. Another flood of Chinese "living off the smell of an oily rag" would, unless immediate steps were taken, migrate into the New World and into such countries as Australia, where they would oust the white settlers and colonists, or reduce these unfortunates to destitution. Analogies with the Mongol invasions of the 13th century were cited as clear evidence of the danger. The fact that these Mongols were not Chinese but the conquerors of China was not seen as relevant.

It may now be thought that this myth had a common enough psychological explanation: it was not China that was then engaging in aggressive wars but those who feared it, and their aggression was frequently directed against China itself. The mental trick of picturing the victim of an attack in the role of the cruel and dangerous assailant is an established mechanism for diminishing a sense of guilt. In reality the Chinese had more cause to see a White Peril, and they still do. It was the peoples of Europe who had forced their way into the Far East, seized bases, extorted concessions, invaded China, and at the turn of the century proposed to establish spheres of influence which were clearly understood to be blueprints for future colonial acquisitions. When these activities finally roused the Chinese people, in the Boxer Rebellion, to a movement of blind xenophobic fury, the myth was held to be proved to the hilt. Had not the Chinese people and their Manchu sovereigns attacked, massacred and driven out all foreigners they could find? Was not this the beginning of that vast assault upon the West which had so long been predicted?

When China proved to be on the contrary so weak that a relatively small international expedition was easily able to take the capital itself and drive the Manchu court in headlong flight to the far interior, the alarm somewhat subsided. The danger was not so imminent as had been believed. Napoleon was quoted—"China is a sleeping giant"—but the corollary that sleeping dragons should best be left alone was not accepted. The Western peoples, now joined by their apt pupil, Japan, proceeded to poke and jab at the recumbent form of China until, at last, the dragon did awake—with a roar.

The Second World War brought forth a new form, or rather inversion, of the myth. China was a great power, one of the Big Four. It had to be. At that time the Western peoples were at war with the other powerful independent Asian nation, and those nations which they held under colonial rule were hostile and restless. It was essential, therefore, that one great Asian nation should be on the right side, thus disproving the Japanese claim to be fighting Asia's battles against Western invaders. But the new form of the myth had no more substance than the old one. China was not a great power; it was a weak, distracted and economically backward state, in the midst of a long revolution, threatened by civil war as well as by an invasion which had overrun two-thirds of the country. This became apparent at the end of the war, but the fiction nevertheless had to be maintained, since otherwise there would have been no major Asian nation with a permanent seat on the Security Council of the United Nations. India and Indonesia were not yet independent; Japan had been conquered and occupied.

Twenty years later, it seems we are now once more faced with the Yellow Peril, this time more lurid than ever, in red robes. China, it is alleged, aims to dominate the world. Once again the vast hordes will roll forward across the frontiers, and (somehow leaping the seas) overwhelm our civilization, imposing a Chinese rule that is rendered the more obnoxious by being Communist. It is a fate worse than the prospect of Stalin's victory, for we now have a choice not of being Red or dead but of becoming both Red and yellow or dead. After all, the Russians are white men.

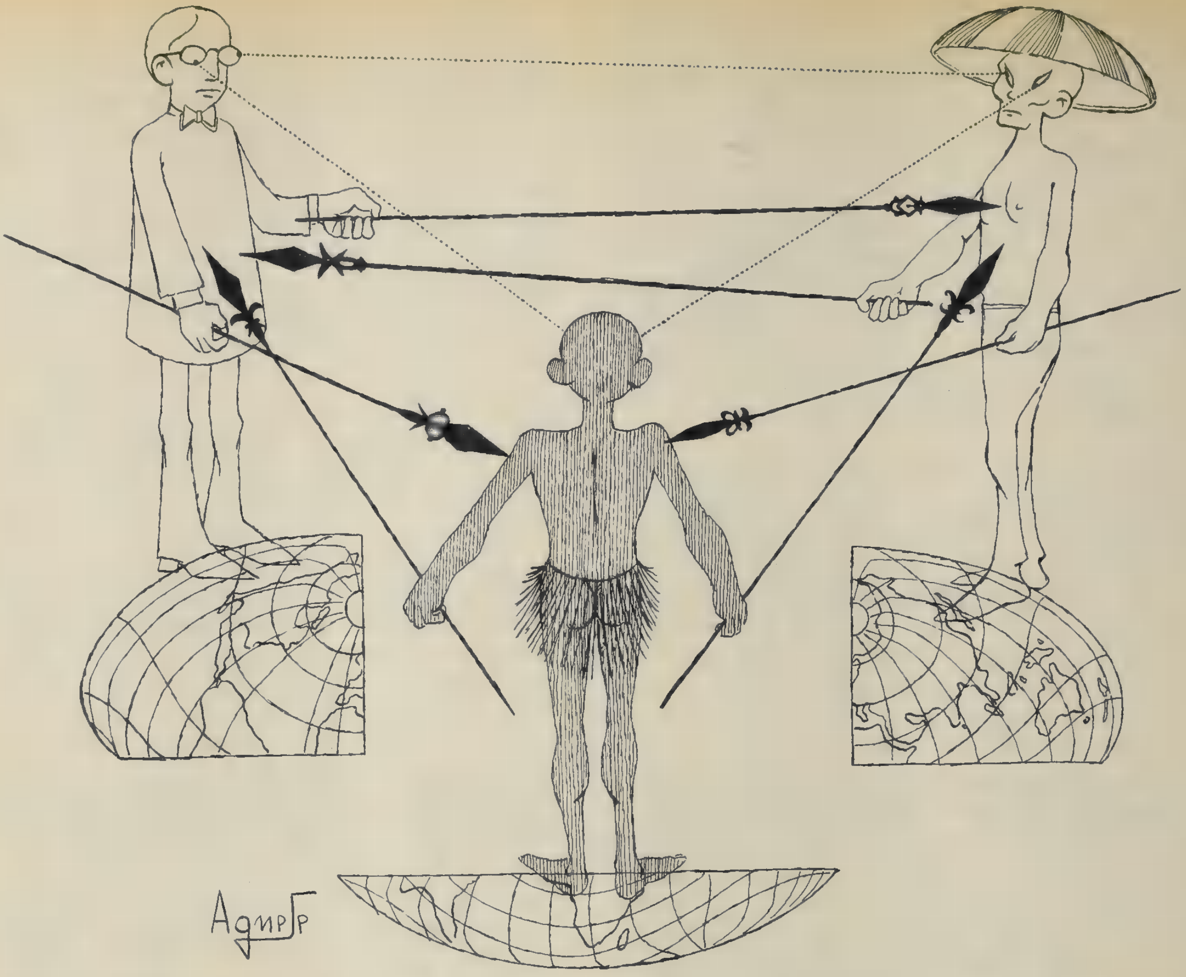
Since the allegation that China seeks to dominate the world is made by responsible statesmen, who furthermore pretend that this aspiration has a real chance of being achieved, it is as well to examine the facts objectively and try to discover how much substance there is in the new Yellow Peril. What, for example, is meant by "dominate"? If this is to be taken as implying an ideological conquest of the rest of the world by the type of communism that China seeks to promote, it is already clear that the Chinese are up against formidable opposition. Their erstwhile comrades, the Russians, are just as much or more threatened as the Western capitalist countries.

To dominate the world in this ideological sense China must first convert all the Communist countries to its own interpretation of Marxism-Leninism—the "Thought of Mao Tse-tung." Only then can it hope to lead the underdeveloped regions in an assault upon the advanced societies that alone could effect the domination of the world. Russia and most if not all of the Communist countries of Eastern Europe (Albania excepted) do not take the Chinese side in this dispute. China has the support of some very small and weak Communist parties in such countries as New Zealand, where the possibility of a Communist government is extremely remote, and the more doubtful support of the Communist governments of North Korea and North Vietnam, both of which are in direct contact with American military power and consequently might be dependent on Chinese protection. In Africa the political forces now dominant are not Communist but nationalist, and there is a tendency for Communist influence, both Chinese and Russian, to diminish in the independent countries of that continent. In Latin America, the only Communist state, Cuba, now openly takes the Russian side. In western Asia, Chinese pretensions to leadership of the Communist world are coolly received, and in all those countries the Communist parties of either complexion are out of power and their leaders in jail.

In short, the Chinese are a long way from dominating the world in an ideological sense, and even if their interpretation of Marxism were more popular than it is, the triumph of an ideology depends on the minds of men being moved to accept it, not upon the policies of national rulers. The powerful kings and emperors of 19th-century Europe were all opposed to democracy, but by the end of the century democracy was everywhere triumphant in their dominions. There is very little reality in the fear that Chinese Marxism will similarly sweep the world. To most peoples it appears too closely linked to Chinese national interests to pass muster as a world-wide credo. The broad movement of opinion in the underdeveloped countries is certainly toward Socialist solutions, but these take local forms and seem only to succeed insofar as they are identified with national characteristics. That, after all, is what happened to communism in China itself.

The ideological Yellow Peril is thus a myth that dissolves under analysis. But the fear that China will try to dominate the world rests on other grounds. The real danger, it is now claimed, is that China is becoming a great military power. Even if the Communist world rejects Mao's leadership, and the rest of the world shows no inclination to follow his teaching, China's potential power may yet threaten us all with naked military conquest. China has tested three nuclear devices. In a few years it will possess a delivery system capable of devastating attacks upon its enemies. The assumption is that it would at once use such power, just as it used to be feared that if the Manchu government could arm the huge population of China with what were then modern weapons, the "hordes" would once again sweep across Asia into Europe. It used to be forgotten that the European nations and also Japan already possessed far superior armaments to those which they feared China might one day acquire. It now seems to be ignored that the United States, Russia, Britain and France are all nuclear powers with weapons systems far more developed and perfected than any experimental Chinese armament; that all these nations, and several others besides, have an industrial economy far more developed than that of China, capable of very rapid adaption to war production, and in addition have naval and air forces in overwhelming superiority to those of China. It is in fact very doubtful whether the disparity between Chinese military power and that of its potential opponents is not greater today than it was in 1900. The difference in China then and now is not in military power, but in the political condition of the country.

A decrepit empire on the verge of revolution was a menace to no one but itself: a revolutionary regime that has reorganized society, reunited the country, and taken some of the first important steps toward industrialization and modernization is no longer a danger to the survival of the Chinese nation, but this does not make it at one bound a danger to other nations. By any objective standard, the idea that China can expect to dominate the world by military power is unrealistic. On the other hand, the same considerations make it plain that China can from now on maintain the security and safety of the Chinese state, except in the extreme situation of a nuclear world war—in which, it must be added, no other nation would be in any better case.



Marshal Lin Piao's well-known analogy between the guerrilla war in China and the present world situation, the view that the great industrial Western nations are the "cities," the underdeveloped countries the "countryside," and that the "cities" will be surrounded by this "rural region" and ultimately forced to capitulate, has been interpreted as a clarion call for world revolution. It can be equally well explained as a warning to the Chinese not to expect too much of the revolutionary movement in the world today. It took more than twenty years for the guerrilla war to attain victory in China; this wider war must be expected to last much longer, even if the analogy were really valid. But the "countryside" of Lin Piao's speech is not in fact a homogeneous nation suffering similar oppression from one corrupt incompetent government. It is a great number of peoples, large and small, with varying traditions and cultures and under many forms of government. There is no real reason to suppose that all these peoples would act in concert, and much evidence to show that they are unlikely to do so. If China cannot exercise ideological leadership in this vast area, and certainly cannot deploy military power adequate to control it, then the analogy with the guerrilla war against the Kuomintang is as unreal as the Yellow Peril myth.

Even in 1900, the Western powers shrank from the illimitable prospect of occupying and conquering all China. They preferred to coax the Empress Dowager back to Peking in the hope that a subservient and chastened dynasty would preserve sufficient order for commerce to prosper under the cover of Western military and naval power. The Japanese found the conquest of revolutionary and disorganized China an endless and unprofitable venture. This lesson has been learned; the angels now fear to tread where fools rushed in. The true objective situation in its military aspect is a stalemate. China could not dominate the world or even any large part of it with its present or immediately potential military power; a Western conquest of China is an impossible assignment, and even the limited invasion of the 19th century could not now be repeated.

The fear that China could promote an ideological movement of proportions that would give it world domination, or the twin fear that China could conquer a great part of the world by military power, are thus illusions. The reality that remains is the apprehension that, sooner or later, China will evict the Western nations (and this means, in effect, America) from all positions of influence and power in eastern Asia. It is indeed very probable that this is regarded by the Chinese as their long-term objective; it conforms not only with their conception of the national interests of China but also with the possible limits of Chinese leadership in a part of the Communist movement. This aim is also consistent with the Chinese view that the real peril is the White Peril, and that there can be no peace until the Western peoples recognize that the 19th century is history, that eastern Asia is China's natural sphere of power, that

Western ways are unwelcome, Western domination intolerable and in the long run bound to disappear.

The real peril is the propensity of mankind to believe in such myths: the West imagines dangers which do not exist; the Chinese cherish myths which have no magic for other peoples. Objectively considered, the Yellow Peril is a myth which justifies policies toward China which are out of date and unprofitable, and soothes the frustration and disappointment of the West as it slowly adjusts to the changed situation in eastern Asia. For the Chinese, the myth of the world-wide guerrilla war continues a glorious tradition, satisfies the need to reassert China's position, and restores its self-respect. "Let them hate, so long as they fear." The answer would seem to be to look fears in the face, find them unreal, and then realize that hate is therefore meaningless

THE WELFARE INDUSTRY

Social Work & the Life of the Poor

ROY LUBOVE

Mr. Lubove is a member of both the history and the social work faculties at the University of Pittsburgh. He is the author of Progressives and the Slums *(University of Pittsburgh Press) and* Professional Altruist *(Harvard University Press).*

Much has been written lately of social work's "disengagement from the poor," and what Saul Alinsky has termed the "welfare colonialism of the social welfare industry." But has it ever been otherwise? That is, has the social work system ever been geared to enhancing the political power of the poor, or to encouraging decisive measures of income redistribution? The ideological and institutional heritage of American social work has not equipped it for many of the tasks demanded by the war against poverty. A dove cannot be expected to become a hawk—at least not overnight.

The problem, historically, is not simply the literal detachment of social work from the poor, but a reluctance to concede (implausible as it sounds) that the commodity desperately needed by the poor is money. The main thrust of social work, especially before the 1930s, must be understood in the context of the American work culture and a commitment to private and voluntary support of charitable enterprise. These decisively influenced the response of social work to the poor, and blocked efforts to deal with poverty as an issue of income maintenance and redistribution.

Organized social work emerged in the 19th century to reinforce, not to protest against, the imperatives of the work culture. Private relief and charitable agencies attributed poverty in a land of opportunity to character defects—notably, to improvidence, ignorance and intemperance. Their mission was to rehabilitate the character of the poor through personal influence and service. The first requirement of the poor was "not alms, but a friend." It was not merely the right but the civic duty of the successful to help acculturate the immigrant and working-class poor. Otherwise class, ethnic and religious differentiation would undermine the stability of the republic. The primary responsibility for socialization, however, belonged to private agencies; public welfare could only pauperize and demoralize through the prospect of readily obtained material assistance. Robert W. de Forest, noted philanthropist and president of the influential New York Charity Organization Society, thus explained: "If the duty of helping their less fortunate neighbors were taken off the shoulders of those who are able to help by having the city or state assume that burden, much of the neighborly intercourse between the poorer and the richer would cease. Public outdoor relief makes for a class separation and the enmity of classes. Private charity makes for the brotherhood of men."

Brotherhood, for all practical purposes, meant the assimilation by the poor of work incentives and disciplines. Their salvation, and that of American society, depended upon the diffusion of middle-class behavioral norms which assured economic mobility: thrift, sobriety, ambition, zeal for self-improvement and, not least important, fear of the consequences of dependency. Far from dedicating itself to the goal of economic security, American social work throughout most of its existence has embraced a deterrent psychology which expected work motivation to arise from fear and the "despair of unemployment, disease and underfeeding." As a social worker at the turn of the century observed: "The working classes are willing to provide for themselves if an unwise charity does not offer a bonus for incompetence."

Few Americans probably realize that long before the depression of the 1930s the American Association for Labor Legislation tried heroically but futilely to institute a comprehensive social security program. The movement flourished in the decade following 1911, when the first workmen's compensation statutes were enacted in this country. Inspired by the achievements of Bismarck and Lloyd George, it attempted to establish income maintenance programs which operated independently of the unpredictable, penurious and humiliating poor laws, not to mention the genteel friendly visitor from the private charities.

Sponsors of the American social insurance movement sought, through a vast enlargement of the public welfare sector, to provide protection against the long- and short-term risks which affected the worker's income—accident, sickness and maternity, old age and invalidism, unemployment and death (resulting in dependent widows and children). Contrary to conventional wisdom, social insurance experts presumed that income security was the pivot of any modern welfare system, and that it was necessarily a public responsibility. Their logic was simple. Survival depended upon work, but work was not always available. Although income could be interrupted at any time, financial obligations remained constant, or might even become heavier in times of adversity like sickness. It was necessary, therefore, to create new welfare institutions which guaranteed a measure of income continuity, and which did not expose the individual to the indignities of private or public charity. It was not a question of character, morality, incentive or the other traits prized by social work, but of the realities of poverty in a wage-centered, capitalistic society.

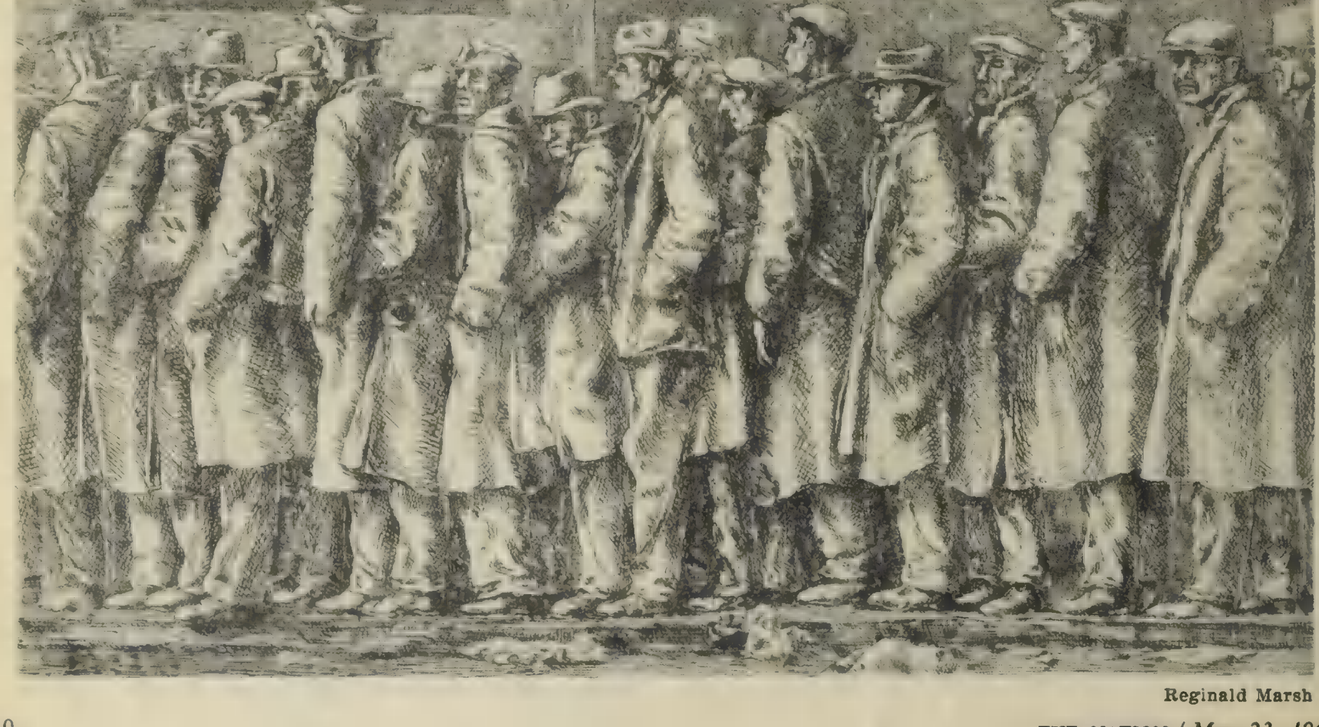
Apart from workmen's compensation and mothers' assistance legislation, the first social security movement failed miserably. The constraints of the American work culture proved too powerful. Equally important, the work culture was rooted in a broader value complex suggested by the term "voluntaryism." By this was meant the right of citizens to define and pursue their goals in free association. Voluntaryism made possible limited government, maximum liberty and free enterprise. Social security, statist in orientation, was incompatible with voluntaryism and, therefore, with democracy itself. Private social work, which viewed itself as a vital expression of the voluntary tradition, usually favored minimal government initiative in its own sphere.

Social work is criticized today for having adapted its service structure in recent years to a middle-class clientele. Yet if poverty is interpreted as a problem of income redistribution requiring substantial changes in the institutions and power relationships of American society, social work has never identified with the poor. Its detachment from the economic realities and pressures which pervaded the lives of the poor was reinforced in the early 20th century by a growing preoccupation with professionalism. This ultimately made psychiatry the key to social work knowledge and function. Professionalism and psychiatry did produce one major change. Intervention in the lives of clients had been justified in the 19th century on grounds of an assumed personal superiority; in the 20th century it was justified by the expert techniques, allegedly acquired through formal education. What remained the same over the years was the emphasis upon case work and counseling services, now geared to the agency's image of itself as a repository of psychiatric wisdom. Since the needs of the poor are often concrete, immediate and material, it is not surprising that the traditional social work system and the poor have experienced a breakdown in communication.

But the detachment of American social work from the economic realities of poverty explains only half the story. Dissident social workers and others who did struggle for public income maintenance programs in the past confronted opposition as well as indifference. Isaac M. Rubinow, the social insurance expert, writing on the eve of the great depression, complained that "social workers almost dread to admit that they deal with poverty—only with maladjustment, which, we are glibly told, may just as frequently arise in any economic stratum."

If poverty did not exist, or if it was rooted in personality problems, there was no need for government programs which might shift the balance of power and influence from the private to the public welfare sector. We could continue, as Rubinow put it, to "sweep away the ocean of human misery with a charitable broom." The depression finally made clear that voluntary institutions had been assigned a responsibility they could not meet—"to serve as a substitute for, and to the exclusion of, a broad program in dealing with poverty, misery, distress, and economic maladjustment." Until the 1930s voluntaryism was the American substitute for a genuine social policy, and long delayed the establishment of public programs in income maintenance, housing, medical care and other fields—programs instituted decades earlier in Europe.

The Social Security Act of 1935 and subsequent developments greatly enhanced the role of the public welfare sector, but the influence of the old traditions remained potent. Indeed, the most masterful achievement of the Social Se-



Reginald Marsh

curity Act was to provide a small measure of economic security for selected risks, with a minimum of income redistribution. We have no better authority on the limited purpose intended for the social security system than Edwin Witte, director of the technical staff of the Committee on Economic Security. Social security, Witte explained, was not designed to "modify the distribution of wealth and it does not alter at all the fundamentals of our capitalistic and individualistic economy." The absence of government contributions to old-age and unemployment insurance suggests the act's fiscal conservatism, limited conception of function and emphasis upon keeping the program as closely work-related as possible.

Today, no less than in the 1930s, our social security system is best understood as an effort to provide some economic security without significantly affecting income distribution; it is thus to some degree an exercise in futility. Excluding education, public social welfare expenditures in 1962-63 totaled $43 billion, approximately 7 per cent of the GNP. In dollar volume ($25 billion) and in percentage (4.5), expenditures for social insurance programs overwhelmed the rest. Health and medical services, and veterans' programs, followed at 1 per cent each; then public assistance at 0.9; and miscellaneous welfare programs at 0.3. In effect, the American social security system is predominantly organized around the contributory social insurances, which are comparatively regressive in terms of the tax burden imposed upon lower income brackets.

On the other hand, private benefit plans have advanced rapidly in the United States, and these are the most regressive social welfare measures of all because of their links to employment stability, seniority and upper echelon personnel. Finally, the United States does not compare favorably with other industrial countries in the percentage of its GNP devoted to welfare purposes. These considerations, quite aside from the circumscribed benefits provided by the statutory programs, suggest that the American welfare state is woefully underdeveloped by income-maintenance criteria.

The public welfare system has, in large measure, been shaped in the image of private social work, with its traditional concern for work motivation, rehabilitation and "services" in lieu of economic support. A good example is the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 and the general tendency of the war against poverty to concentrate upon measures which will enhance the individual's productive potential. Public welfare has inherited from the voluntary sector, and the American work culture, a suspicion of any direct income-maintenance function. Since the days of the mothers' pension struggle in the early 20th century, public officials have parroted the therapeutic rhetoric of private social work in order to justify their role. Income maintenance was not seen as sufficient reason for a public welfare system. The public sector also had to perform the superior tasks of case work and rehabilitation (as encouraged, for example, in the Public Welfare Amendments of 1962). The result is a public sector that lacks the funds and resources for either function, but whose frustrated personnel is nonetheless expected to combine the roles of investigator, clerk and case worker.

The American social welfare system—private and public—has never been equipped to deal with the poverty that is a product of income deprivation, pure and simple. The poor might benefit if private social work devoted more effort to financial therapy, and if public agencies became less apologetic about the income-maintenance function as an end in itself. To face up to the economic realities which govern the life of the poor, however, is to confront the hard questions of power and income redistribution which have been evaded historically by a stress upon social work's service role. It may even be unfair to ask a dove to become a hawk.

ALABAMA'S 'RESTORATION'

Sword in the Heart of Dixie

JOHN BEECHER

Mr. Beecher recently returned to Alabama from California. He is now teaching at Miles College (Negro) and writing a book on the South under contract from Macmillan.

Birmingham

Dismay at the outcome of the most dramatic race in Alabama's Democratic primary on May 3—that in which Governor Wallace's wife Lurleen won a smashing victory over nine opponents (including two former governors)—should not be allowed to obscure the real significance of the election, and the hope it offers for the future. The sickly myth of white "moderation," which rejected the racism of Wallace at the same time that it deplored every civil rights gain and obstructed the implementation of Negro equality, died on May 3.

With the Voting Rights Act less than a year old, the long-submerged Alabama Negro made one of the most spectacular advances in American political history. And this advance is irreversible; the Negro will not be turned back. It is not his object to take over the state; he is a minority there, and it would be beyond his power even if it were his desire. Alabama, however, is going to have to come to honest terms with him.

In less than a year, the Negro has increased his proportion of the registered electorate in Alabama from 5 to 17 per cent, and should soon approach his maximum potential of 25 per cent. This potential strength is strategically distributed, constituting a big majority in the rural Black Belt, and ranging as high as a third or more in the important urban areas. Although the Negro's favored gubernatorial candidate, Attorney General Richmond Flowers, came in a bad second to Lurleen Wallace, it should not be overlooked that Flowers, with few supporters besides Negroes, *was* second. The "moderate" former Congressman Carl Elliott, although enjoying heavy Administration support from Washington and the endorsement of the state AFL-CIO, ran further behind Flowers than Flowers was behind Lurleen. State Sen. Bob Gilchrist, a conservative anti-Wallaceite endorsed by the Birmingham newspapers as the safe and sane bet, was simply nowhere. The same was true for businessman Charles Woods and the former governors, John Patterson, who won his office by "out-segging" Wallace in 1958, and two-termer Jim Folsom, now a bedraggled Populist legend whose principal claim to our grateful memories is that he gave George Wallace his political start in life. The three last-finishing candidates, Todd, Powell and Gore, were invisible men.

Outside the gubernatorial race, where the black vote put Flowers in second place and the white "moderates" fell on their faces, the Negro voter made himself decisively felt throughout the state, placing no less than eighty Negro candidates in races for public office in his first real campaign since Reconstruction. A large number of these survived and will face white opponents in the Democratic run-offs scheduled for May 31. The Negro's accomplishment is the more amazing in that he made his first great political impact on the state in the face of sabotage, slippery double-dealing and actual fraud on the part of white electoral officials. Attorney General Katzenbach's 300 poll watchers professed to find the May 3 election to be clean and above-board, but they couldn't have been watching very vigilantly. The NAACP Legal Defense Fund attorneys on the ground accused voting officials in four counties of trying to hamper or prevent Negroes from exercising their voting rights. "Most of the things we feared would happen have happened today," said NAACP attorney Fred Wallace in Birmingham on May 3.

Lurleen's slender margin of victory—about 36,000 votes out of 888,837—was made possible by the *de facto* disfranchisement of bona fide registered Negroes who were deprived of their votes in sundry ways. In "imperial Jefferson" alone (the county is co-extensive with metropolitan Birmingham and contains a fifth of the state's people, 40 per cent of them black) the votes filched from Negroes went far to boost Lurleen over the critical 50 per cent mark, and to spare her a run-off against Flowers.

For specific background to the May 3 primary, one may turn to Martin Luther King's annual civil rights progress report appearing in *The Nation* for last March 14. "In the most important county in the South, where the city of Birmingham is located," wrote King, "every form of sophisticated evasion was employed" to block Negro registration and nullify the Voting Rights Act locally. "We had to organize daily demonstrations, to face again police brutality, and to arrive almost at the brink of another holocaust, before the Department of Justice finally acceded and appointed federal registrars."

With this intransigence on the part of local officials, conjoined with federal reluctance to make the law good, what was to be expected on election day but more of the same "sophisticated evasion"? This took the form of a massive and intricate impeding of Negro voting. Although the officials have it smoothly rationalized as "inevitable" in view of the heavy registration, the claim is specious. White voters suffered nothing like the same treatment, except in instances where they were so unfortunate as to be assigned to heavily Negro polling places, such as in U. S. Steel's company town of Fairfield. A white woman seeking to vote at the fire station in the dingy steel mill suburb of Ensley took a look at the long lines of patiently waiting Negroes and told an officer in indignation, "If they can't furnish me a white box to vote in I'll just go home." So Lurleen lost one vote in a process that must have cost Richmond Flowers many thousands.

This was the procedure at the Negro polls. The hopeful voter first stood in line to be identified. When the poll worker finally located his name on what was sometimes a badly scrambled list, he received two tickets of divergent color, one entitling him to vote on the state and federal machine, the other admitting him to the county machine. With these tickets, he went to the foot of another line and inched his way toward the state and federal machine. When this ballot was cast—a difficult enough performance since no less than 109 names appeared on it, with 109 levers to match—he went to the foot of a third line and waited some more in order to vote for county offices.

Negro polling places were mostly in crammed fire stations under the hostile eyes of the all-white Birmingham fire department, or in the rudimentary gyms of dilapidated Negro grammar schools. Interiors were jam-packed with sweating bodies, while lines looped and doubled around one another, stretching for blocks down adjoining streets. Nothing whatsoever had been done to get ready for the flood of newly registered Negroes beyond the crowding in of some more voting machines. Sites that had been adequate to accommodate a few hundreds in prior elections were utterly swamped by crowds ranging up to 5,000. Although this had been foreseen, not a single additional polling place was got ready.

The tenacity of black voters not only gave Flowers second place in the governor's race but, even more important, insured a place in the run-off for every one of the four Negroes among the sixty-four candidates for the state legislature from Jefferson County. An ingenious gerrymandering arrangement in the recent court-approved reapportionment scheme set up a number of "places" for the State Senate and House without reference to geographical area within the county. This makes it practically certain that no Negro candidate can possibly be elected to a seat, since in each case he will be matched against a white person in the run-off. Should he win that by some fluke, he would have to meet another white opponent in the general election unless the Goldwater Republicans change their racist spots. It takes courage for a Negro candidate to run under these loaded-dice conditions. None can win in the foreseeable future. Yet four offered themselves, all men of intelligence and high qualifications.

The election results in the Black Belt, while somewhat mixed and occasionally contradictory, again reveal the Negro's spectacular ascent toward political power in less than a year. One Negro candidate for the legislature, attorney Fred Gray of Tuskegee, was believed actually to have won the nomination in his gerrymandered district (which includes Governor Wallace's home county of Barbour). At that juncture the Governor, with his customary magnanimity, announced that he would not vote for Gray in the general election. Wallace denies that he is a racist but he cannot bear the thought of seeing a single black face in his all-white legislature. However, he need not worry. Barbour County officials turned up enough white absentee ballots, at first unreported, to euchre Gray out of the nomination. He will scarcely survive the run-off against a white man.

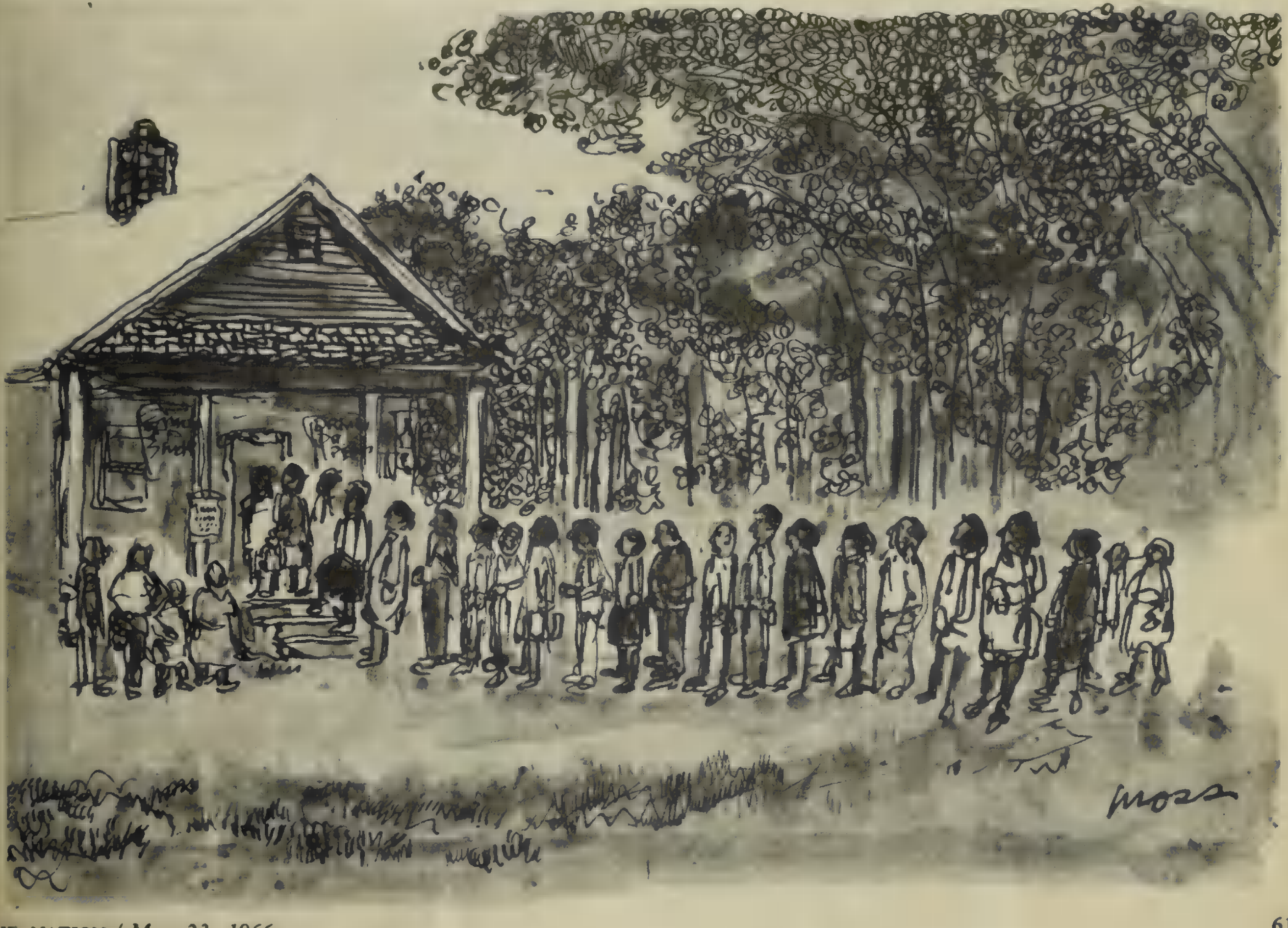
Manifold electoral irregularities and discriminatory procedures were reported from Black Belt counties. The case of the six Negro ballot boxes which Sheriff Jim Clark and his cronies on the Democratic Executive Committee of Dallas County sought to throw out was perhaps the boldest piece of business. A federal judge has impounded these boxes to forestall the destruction of the ballots as Clark and his confederates had planned. It is doubtful that Wilson Baker's nomination as sheriff can be undone in the outrageous fashion which was attempted.

Among other Black Belt irregularities was the mass mix-up in Dallas County, which hardly looked accidental, whereby 400 or 500 Negroes were assigned to the wrong polling places. Turned away there, they milled about the courthouse in Selma all election day without finding out where they were supposed to go. In Bullock County white mistresses accompanied their cooks and maids into the booths and benevolently supervised their voting. White election officials in several counties "helped" black illiterates to vote. Poll watchers were forbidden to observe closely the exact nature of the "help." In Dallas County, white plantation foremen lounged about rural polling places, watching the lines of sharecroppers and wage hands, whose faces poured sweat in anxiety under the hard gaze of their riding bosses.

Other irregularities were reported from Wilcox, Greene, Choctaw, Barbour, Sumter and Marengo Counties. In the latter county, Hosea Williams of SCLC reported that only 1,600 Negroes out of a potential 6,000 went to the polls. Such mass abstention was perhaps inspired by a fear of reprisals.

A special situation developed in Macon County, which has by far the largest "black bourgeoisie" of any rural Alabama county because of the location there of Tuskegee Institute and a largely Negro staffed Veterans Hospital. Professor Charles Gomillion's Macon County Democratic Club, a Negro organization, enjoys considerable prestige because of past achievements, but today is criticized as excessively cautious and collaborationist with the white minority which has traditionally lorded it over Macon Negroes. [See "Murder in Tuskegee: Day of Wrath in the Model Town" by Arnold S. Kaufman, *The Nation*, January 31.] Gomillion's club supported several white incumbents against Negro opponents on the ground of superior "experience." It also endorsed the "moderate" Elliott against the "nigger loving" Flowers, but was unable to stem the tide of Negro support running toward Flowers, who outpolled Elliott 2,849 to 1,901.

The Macon County Democratic Club did, however, ex-



tend an "expression of preference" to Negro Lucius Amerson, who appeared almost from nowhere to challenge Sheriff Harvey Sadler, the personal appointee of Governor Wallace, and two other white candidates for the sheriff's office. Amerson made it into a run-off with Sadler and stands an excellent chance of winning both nomination and election. In three other Black Belt counties, Bullock, Perry and Hale, Negro candidates for the crucial sheriff's office will appear in the run-offs; two of them almost polled a majority on the first ballot.

In "bloody Lowndes"—so dubbed long before last year's murders of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo and the Rev. Jonathan Daniels, the open season on Negroes having endured unbroken there for a century and a half—the "Black Panther" third party was born on the eve of this primary. When the Selma to Montgomery March passed through Lowndes last year, there wasn't a black voter in the county although 80 per cent of the residents are Negro. Today, 2,000 Negroes are registered, approximately the same number as the whites, and the figure continues to rise. More than 900 of these held a convention at Hayneville on May 3 and chose candidates for all open county offices. These black candidates will oppose whites in the November general election. Asked what he thought his chances were, the "Black Panther" candidate for sheriff, World War II veteran Sidney Logan, Jr., replied, "I don't go out to lose." If mass-based organizations like the "Black Panthers" (they are beginning to arise in other Black Belt counties) can actually win elections, the policies of the Macon County Democratic Club will have to be updated.

The short-run prospect for Alabama is for more setbacks like the Wallace victory on the state level and in the reapportioned but racially gerrymandered legislature. However, for Alabama politicians, race baiting is going to be out and even George Wallace will discover it in time, reconstructing his demagogy to fit the new conditions. He has done it before. Meanwhile, the Negroes will continue to progress at the grass roots, winning office after office in the Black Belt, and becoming a sword in the "Heart of Dixie."

CANADIAN JUSTICE

The Ordeal of Steven Truscott

ELLEN STAFFORD

Miss Stafford is a free-lance journalist for the Canadian press and television.

Toronto

The announcement by Solicitor General Pennell that the case of Steven Truscott will be reviewed by the Supreme Court of Canada constitutes a victory of considerable magnitude, though it falls short of the remedy called for by Isabel LeBourdais, author of *The Trial of Steven Truscott.* Mrs. LeBourdais, pointing out that the Supreme Court of Canada had previously refused to allow an appeal of the case, calls for a Royal Commission with the widest terms of reference.

The book was published by McClelland & Stewart in March, and has run up a record sale. More important, it touched the conscience of a nation and stimulated a country-wide movement for a reopening of the case. Questions were asked repeatedly in Parliament and it became plain that some form of investigation would have to be ordered—all the more so since early in April that same Parliament had by a narrow margin voted to retain the death penalty.

Steven Truscott is alive today because he was only 14 when he was condemned to death for the rape-murder of a 12-year-old girl. If he had been 17 he would be seven years dead, instead of seven years a prisoner. Mrs. LeBourdais' book raises uncomfortable questions about the treatment of the boy from before the discovery of the girl's body right down to the present—for Steven Truscott is now being pressed by prison psychiatrists to confess to the deed, as a condition of parole. He says at 21, as he said at 14, and as he has said with unswerving consistency throughout all the years since his trial, that he did not commit the crime for which he was convicted.

The setting was an RCAF station near the small town of Clinton, in southwestern Ontario, near Lake Huron. Tuesday, June 9, 1959, was a day with temperatures in the 90s; it was hot all through the bright moonlit night. Lynne Harper ate supper in a hurry, cross because her parents wouldn't take her swimming, and just before seven o'clock went off without saying where she was going.

Steven Truscott's mother called him in at six and sent him for coffee before the store closed; she reminded him that he had to be home before 8.30, because his parents were going out and it was his turn to sit with the younger children. After he got the coffee, Steven rode his bike along the county road to the bridge over the Bayfield River, and back to the park area, and talked with friends there.

At the park Lynne saw Steven on his bike, and adult witnesses say she went over and sat on his front wheel and it seemed that she was doing most of the talking. Steven said she asked him to give her a ride to the highway about a mile and a half away, so that she could hitch a ride. She was going to see the man who kept the ponies, she told him, out on Highway Eight.

They walked out of the park together, and at the county road she sat on the handle bars of Steven's bike and they headed north toward the highway. A boy named Richard Gellatly, returning from the river, passed them on the county road at about 7.25, he said. As they crossed the bridge, a boy named Douglas Oates looked at them and said "Hi"; Lynne smiled at him, he testified later. They rode on to the highway. A few minutes later, Gordon Logan saw Steven come back alone and stand on the bridge watching the others in the water below. As he lingered on the bridge, Steven says, he saw a car stop, back at an angle into the county road and pick up Lynne. Recalling it later, he described the car as a gray, 1959 Chevrolet. He thought it had a yellow or orange license plate. It went off east, in the direction of Seaforth. While he was on the bridge he was seen also from some distance by Allan Oates, who remembered noticing Steven's bright red jeans.

Just before eight o'clock Steven was back in the park area. His friends kidded him: "What did you do with Lynne—feed her to the fishes?" "I took her to the highway, like she asked," Steven told them. At 8.25 he got home, calling to his mother cheerfully: "Hi, Mom—I made it." He stayed with the children for the rest of the evening, watching television.

Lynne Harper, however, did not come home that night. Next morning, hearing that Steven had seen her the previous evening, her father asked him what had happened, and Steven told him Lynne had asked to be taken to the highway so that she could hitch a ride. She said she was going to see the man with the ponies, on Highway Eight. A gray sedan picked her up and went east toward Seaforth.

Mr. Harper had talked to the RCAF police the night before, when Lynne failed to return. Now he went to them with Steven to see if he could remember more details, anything Lynne had said that might provide a clue to her whereabouts. Steven repeated to the police what he had told Mr. Harper.

The girl's description was broadcast, and cars with yellow or orange license plates were stopped at border points. (A bridge to Port Huron, Mich., is an hour's drive from the base.) A small group of RCAF officers searched the wooded area just east of the county road. And an RCAF policeman visited "the man with the ponies." The man said Lynne had been there several times, but he hadn't seen her the previous night. His name is indicated as Mr. Hodges, and he died a few months ago. He was not called as a witness.

On Thursday, with Lynne Harper missing for the second day, the police questioned Steven for the fifth time. Who had seen him with Lynne at the bridge, they wanted to know, and he told them. They questioned the other children. Douglas Oates told them he saw Steven riding Lynne on his handle bars; he remembered that he'd said "Hi" and that Lynne had smiled. Gordon Logan also said he saw them ride over the bridge, and that Steven came back alone a few minutes later. Allan Oates told of seeing Steven's bright red jeans.

The police now organized a thorough search. Two hundred and fifty RCAF personnel spread a wide net, starting at the school and moving north through the O'Brien farm on the west side of the county road and the Lawson farm on the east side.

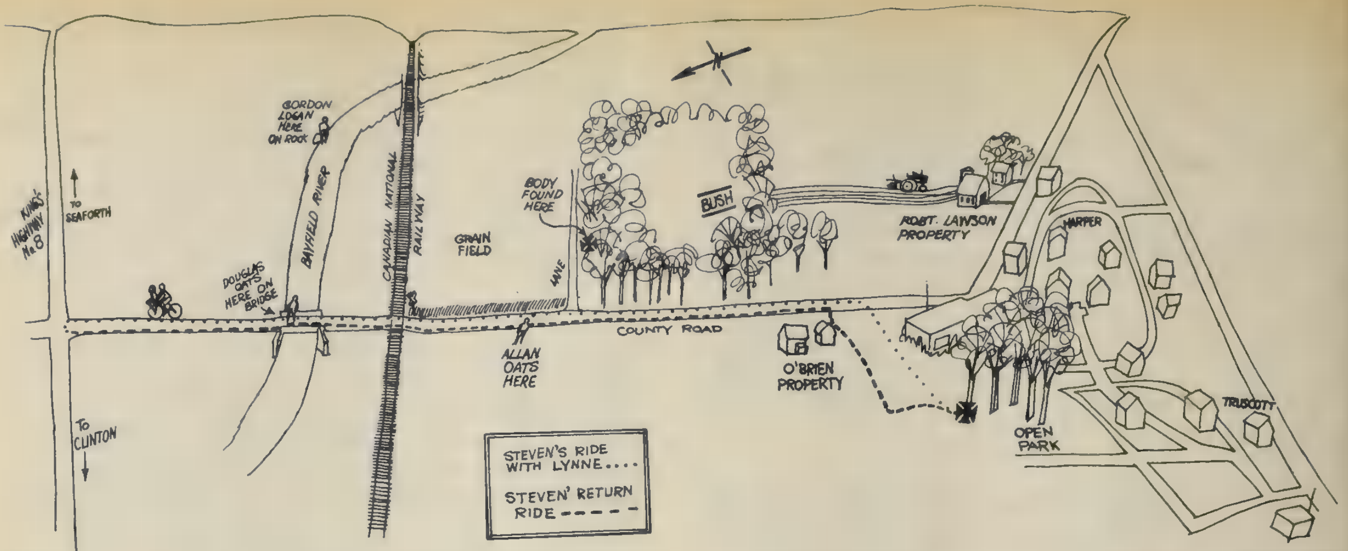
The Lawson farm had an area of woodland next to it, generally referred to as Lawson's Bush. It was here, just before two on Thursday afternoon, that the child's body was found, about 27 yards from the northern edge of the bush, where Lawson's tractor trail separated the woods from the farmer's north fields, and about 93 yards east of the country road. She had been brutally raped, and strangled, apparently with her own blouse which was knotted around her neck, although the right arm was still in the armhole. Lynne Harper's nightmare of terror and brutality had ended in death. Steven Truscott's nightmare was about to begin.

Clinton is a town of some 3,500 in Huron County. The district was first settled in 1828 by industrious British and German immigrants, hand picked by "Tiger" Dunlop and the Scottish novelist John Galt to take up The Canada Company offer of land for a pittance in what was then a primitive bush—The Queen's Bush, it was called, or The Huron Tract. "It is impossible to find 200 acres in the whole territory which will make a bad farm," Dunlop reported in his early survey, and certainly within a generation the descendants of those first impoverished settlers had achieved a solid prosperity. (Stratford, in adjoining Perth County, has become widely known for its Shakespeare Festival Theatre.) The background of industrious virtue and good living is perhaps not entirely irrelevant to the story of Steven Truscott, for the people of the county, it is said, were outraged that so terrible a crime should have been committed within its borders. That the Truscotts were "outsiders" was perhaps also relevant. Press stories from that time and the reactions today among the people of Huron County give some credence to Mrs. LeBourdais' charge that panic and haste to punish the person responsible made a travesty of Steven Truscott's trial.

The Provincial Government of Ontario must have caught some of that atmosphere, for it offered a reward of $10,000 for the killer, "dead or alive"—a phrase more common in TV Westerns than in criminal investigations. The official district pathologist came from Stratford and performed the autopsy in a small room at the undertaker's in Clinton. From examining the stomach contents with the naked eye, he set the time of death—between 7.15 and 7.45 two days earlier. The time checked exactly with the time of Lynne's last ride on Steven Truscott's bike.

Next morning a police inspector arrived from Toronto, the provincial capital. Steven was questioned, with a stenographer recording his answers, but with no safeguarding of the boy's rights. That evening he was picked up after supper as he was helping with the chores at the Lawson farm. Without his parents being consulted, he was driven to the county seat at Goderich, and there signed the typed account of his replies given that morning. Then for an hour and twenty minutes he was questioned in a fruitless effort to obtain a confession.

It needs to be repeated that no legal protection had been given the boy, nor had his parents been advised of his whereabouts. About 9.30 in the evening he was driven back to Clinton and taken to the RCAF guardhouse. His father, told then that the boy was being questioned, asked to be allowed to take Steven home for the night. This appeal was refused, and the questioning went on until 3 A.M. Steven, in a state of exhaustion, still maintained he was innocent. But he was not allowed to go home to bed. At that time, in the middle of the night, he was driven back to Goderich, still without a charge being laid. The father had been asked to consent to a physical examination of the boy: the doctor discovered that Steven had a "sore" penis —whatever that meant was not made clear in evidence later. He had had the condition for several weeks, Steven said; he didn't know what caused it. Medical evidence for the



Schwering

defense, later, was to quote eminent authorities on rape to prove that rape injuries had never been seen in such a place (not at the head of the penis, but at each side of the shaft). But at that time and in that place, a raped girl and a boy with a skin irritation added up to only one possible conclusion: the boy was guilty.

Steven Truscott was remanded and returned to jail four times before prosecutor Glenn Hays, Q.C., got an order for his trial for murder as an adult, under Section 9 of the Juvenile Delinquents Act, which provides that a child over the age of 14 may be charged in ordinary court, "but such course shall in no case be followed unless the Court is of the opinion that the good of the child and the interest of the community demand it."

The prosecution's case rested chiefly on the examination of the girl's stomach contents, from which the examining doctor concluded she had died no later than two hours after eating her supper. Defense witness, Dr. Berkley Brown, a specialist in diseases of the digestive tract, contended on the other hand that the stomach contents had been digesting for at least three or four hours. Since the charge against Steven could stand up only if death were established as taking place between 7.15 and 8.15 P.M. on that hot summer evening, Dr. Brown's conflicting opinion might be considered as providing the shadow of a doubt, to say the least.

Mrs. LeBourdais gives in her book excerpts from the judge's charge to the jury to prove that no shadow of a doubt was held to exist. Witnesses who had seen Steven riding Lynne to the highway were discredited and browbeaten. The jury, bringing in a verdict of guilty, with a strong recommendation for mercy, clearly had not been advised that for a rape murder the only penalty must be the ultimate one.

Another strong point for the defense dealt with the scene of the crime. Was Lynne in fact murdered where the body was found, within hearing of dozens of adults and children who were swimming and moving on the county road during the time the crime was alleged to have taken place? The girl's vagina contained considerable sperm but not a drop was spilled on the ground near by and beneath her: did this not argue that she had been raped and killed elsewhere, and then carefully brought back in order to divert attention from the real place of death?

The possibility of Steven's guilt cannot be ruled out, of course—whether he is guilty or innocent, only he and one other living being knows. But the ease with which the possibility of his innocence seems to have been ruled out in September of 1959 is what now engages the attention of not only the average reader of *The Trial of Steven Truscott* but of members of Parliament and forensic experts both in Canada and in England, where the book was published simultaneously. England's Lord Chancellor has taken the extraordinary step of offering, through Victor Gollancz, the British publisher, the testimony of England's leading forensic authority, Prof. Francis Camps, who contends explicitly that "the time of death clearly should have been admitted as subject to considerably wide limits, for stomach contents are notoriously liable to wide variation in digestion and emptying . . . whilst clearly from the medical findings the murder *must* have taken place elsewhere. I should be prepared to support this in writing or in evidence."

Solicitor General Pennell points out that the Supreme Court procedure has changed since its earlier consideration of the Truscott case, so that it is now able to consider both the law and the facts. He states also that it will consider further evidence "far beyond the usual role" relating to procedure, and that the government will pay Truscott's expenses. It may therefore be expected to conduct a thorough review of the handling of the case and an evaluation of the medical evidence.

This will not be the end of the matter. For however the forthcoming inquiry decides, thinking Canadians will continue to feel a deep uneasiness about what happened and how it could have happened, and why it was a layman who wrote a book drawing attention to the case, and not a legal expert. While it is totally admirable that now and then an author is moved to cry *J'accuse*, the bitter fact remains that through the long years of Mrs. LeBourdais' laborious examination of the case, through draft after draft and revision after revision, Steven Truscott has been imprisoned.

That the letter of the law succeeded in silencing those who questioned its findings accounts in part for the lack of an outcry. At the preliminary hearing, and even before, newspaper and word-of-mouth accounts of the case against the boy were public property and community gossip. When it came to the trial itself, however, the defense asked for a ban on publicity in view of the defendant's age. The judge concurred—although he did not clear the court either of journalists or of spectators.

The Stratford *Beacon-Herald* comments in an editorial of April 2: "It may be profitable to recall that proceedings of the Truscott trial were not reported by any news media except word of mouth. . . . At the end of the trial, the result was published, but an appeal was taken, and there could be no published comment, no expression of opinion, until the higher courts had disposed of the case. Thus hundreds of persons in the courtroom from day to day heard the proceedings through two weeks, and discussed them with perfect freedom, while the press was muzzled by the judge's ruling."

Thus it is only now, with the appearance of Isabel LeBourdais' book (to be published by Lippincott in the United States this summer), that we learn of expert medical testimony refuting the prosecution's estimate of the time of death, and contending that the murder did not take place where the body was found.

At the time, a general assumption of the boy's guilt seems to have emanated from the trial. When the Ontario Court of Appeals refused to reverse the conviction, and later, the Supreme Court of Canada declined to act, the general impression grew that the boy must be guilty. There *was* an outcry against the death penalty, and the sentence was commuted by the government to life imprisonment. There the case of Steven Truscott might have rested if Isabel LeBourdais had not had a son of the same age and found the case disturbing and been unable to rest.

MEDICARE

PROMISES AND PITFALLS

SELIG GREENBERG

Mr. Greenberg is the author of The Troubled Calling: Crisis in the Medical Establishment *(Macmillan). He is the winner of two medical journalism awards.*

"Medicare," President Johnson said recently in one of his periodic outbursts of Populist exuberance, "need not just be for people over 65. That is where we started." In off-the-cuff remarks at a bill-signing ceremony in Texas, the President disclosed that he would like now to extend the concept to children under the age of 6. He suggested as a starting point for this age group a program of dental and optical care.

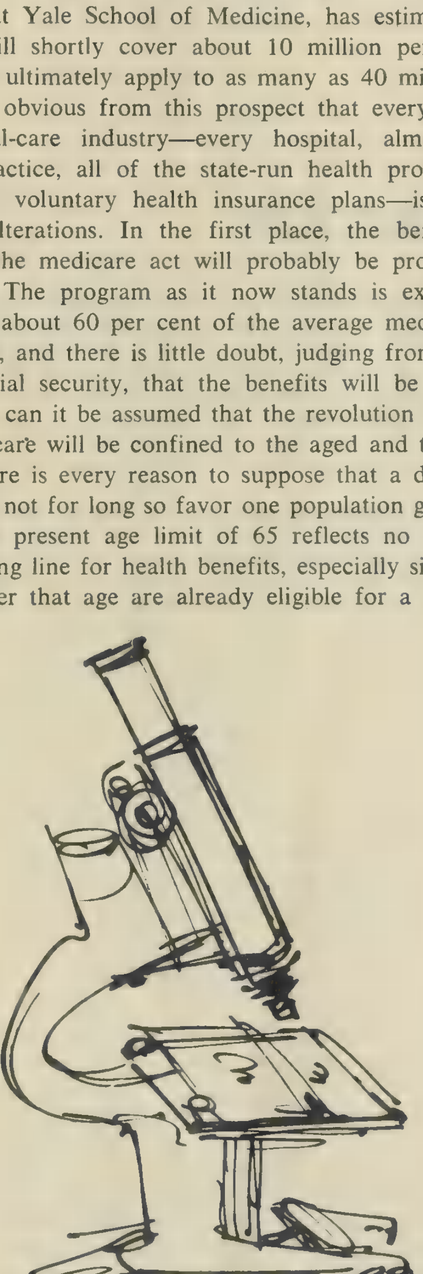
The New York Times, which these days often finds itself considerably to the left of the President, remarked editorially that it was puzzled by "the tie-up between this medical counterpart of Operation Head Start and an old-age insurance plan rooted in the social security principle of employer-employee contributions built up over a lifetime. There is much to be said for a national health insurance plan covering all Americans, but it should be considered on its merits—not through patchwork additions to medicare."

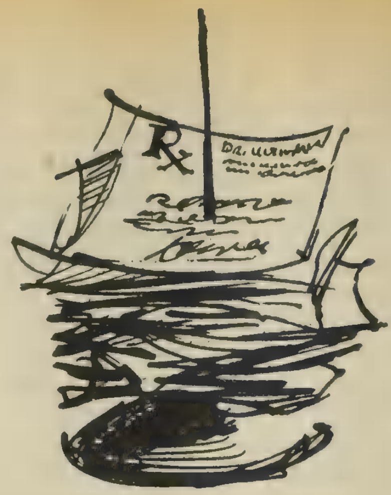
There is indeed much to be said for assaying an all-inclusive national health insurance plan, impractical though it may be politically for the time being. But what the President as well as the *Times* failed to note, and what most Americans have yet to realize on the eve of the advent of medicare, is that we are already well on our way to a publicly financed system of medical care for large segments of our population of all ages. "Our next great legislative battle," Dr. James Z. Appel, president of the American Medical Association, told that organization's House of Delegates last fall, "could well concern itself with government participation in the financing of the health care of 175 million people under the age of 65." But the monumental piece of omnibus health legislation enacted by Congress last year suggests that the full-scale battle may never be fought. Piecemeal progress rather than head-on collision is the dominant style of our political system, and experience has shown that it achieves in the long run pretty much the same results.

Although the medicare law was widely debated in and out of Congress for a number of years, we are only now beginning to perceive some of its tremendous implications. There is little question that its impact will be felt quickly on the whole spectrum of our medical and hospital services, their methods of performance and standards of quality. It will greatly step up the pace of change in the organization of these services, and the role of government in health will make itself increasingly felt through a judicious pooling of tax support with the mechanism of social insurance. While the growing partnership between public and private enterprise in the medical-care field will to a large degree utilize existing voluntary agencies, it is probable that these will be more and more subjected to government controls in the interest of greater economy and better quality.

The medicare act is a double-barreled proposition. Attention so far has been focused on its Title 18, which provides hospital and medical insurance for the aged under the social security system; but Title 19 is at least as significant, and much more is certain to be heard about it in the next few years. Title 19 not only sets higher standards for state medical programs that care for those on public assistance and for the "medically indigent" aged; it also requires the states to furnish equivalent services to many others of all ages who are not sufficiently needy to be on relief but who cannot pay their medical bills. An inducement to the states is an increase in federal aid, which in the case of the poorer states will be as high as 83 per cent. Moreover, the states have little choice in the matter, for if they fail to expand the scope and raise the quality of their medical-care programs, they will forfeit federal aid altogether. The law sets as the minimum for state programs the provision of hospitalization, outpatient hospital services, X ray and other laboratory services, skilled nursing-home care, and the services of physicians in the office, home or hospital. Many of the states do not now furnish anything like this full range of services, but they will have to start doing so by July 1, 1967, and thereafter steadily expand their programs, if they are to continue to receive federal aid. Medical indigence is a wide-open concept, and the number of children and adults qualifying for free health services under this category may eventually far exceed those covered by the insurance for the aged. I. S. Falk, one of the principal designers of the Truman administration's abortive national health insurance plan, and now a professor of public health at Yale School of Medicine, has estimated that Title 19 will shortly cover about 10 million persons and that it may ultimately apply to as many as 40 million.

It seems obvious from this prospect that every facet of the medical-care industry—every hospital, almost every doctor's practice, all of the state-run health programs, as well as the voluntary health insurance plans—is due for sweeping alterations. In the first place, the benefit provisions of the medicare act will probably be progressively liberalized. The program as it now stands is expected to cover only about 60 per cent of the average medical costs of the aged, and there is little doubt, judging from the history of social security, that the benefits will be gradually raised. Nor can it be assumed that the revolution in financing health care will be confined to the aged and the needy. In fact, there is every reason to suppose that a democratic society will not for long so favor one population group over others. The present age limit of 65 reflects no mystically valid dividing line for health benefits, especially since many people under that age are already eligible for a variety of social security payments. Pressure is therefore likely to grow for successive lowerings of the medicare age limit and, unless voluntary health insurance is providing far more adequate benefits, for its eventual extension to the entire population.





One of the interesting aspects of the tooling-up period for medicare has been the change in attitude, on the surface at any rate, of organized medicine. After suffering the worst defeat in its history, the AMA has adopted an air of resignation and sullen acquiescence. Its new posture suggests that the doctors finally recognize the inevitability of increased government participation in the health field. They also have more positive reasons for the shift of tactics. Explaining the AMA's decision to participate in discussions on the administrative setup for medicare, Dr. Appel said that "we must take every action possible to preserve and strengthen the freedom of decision-making by physicians and to insure that the harmful effects of medicare will not be placed upon our shoulders." Translated into plain English, this means that the AMA has finally discovered that it can protect the economic interests of its members far more effectively by wire pulling than by trying to slug it out in Congress.

Both Titles 18 and 19 guarantee doctors payment of "reasonable charges," and hospitals full reimbursement of the costs of their services. These guarantees can easily undermine the fiscal integrity of the new programs if the federal government does not establish rigid standards and insist on the right to review periodically the components that make up the costs. State and county medical societies have been busy in recent weeks compiling schedules of average fees for various medical procedures. Fearing that such fees will be frozen once they are adopted, many local specialist groups and individual physicians are reported to have been boosting their charges in order to make a case for a higher level of payment: not only will doctors be paid in future for some services which they now render free of charge or at reduced fees but they will also collect more from their regular patients. In other words, what was not so long ago pictured as a deadly threat to the cherished principle of free enterprise in medicine is shaping up as a vehicle for further swelling incomes in the medical profession.

And the medical consumer will not be helped by the fact that in most places the Social Security Administration has selected Blue Cross as fiscal agent for Part A of medicare, the basic hospitalization and nursing-home program, and Blue Shield for Part B, the optional medical insurance program. While these voluntary health insurance agencies will be administering medicare under regulations set by the federal government, they will apparently be allowed considerable latitude in determining local fee schedules for doctors and in supervising reimbursement procedures for hospitals. Blue Cross plans are still dominated in many places by hospital representatives, and Blue Shield plans are usually controlled by medical societies. Unless they are subjected to strict federal controls, serious conflicts of interest may arise; the purveyors of medical services would, in effect, be setting their own charges.

The Social Security Administration appears to have adopted a somewhat permissive approach in an effort to mollify the doctors and hospitals and secure their cooperation. But many pitfalls lie ahead. Dr. Albert W. Snoke, executive director of Yale-New Haven Hospital and a former president of the American Hospital Association, recently predicted that hospital costs, which have been rising at the rate of 5 to 7 per cent a year for the past two decades, may reach $100 a day by 1975. A continued upward trend in the costs of all areas of medical care is made inevitable by the forward march of science and rising pay scales of health personnel.

This does not mean, however, that we must resign ourselves to an uncontrolled inflationary spiral by agreeing supinely to reimburse the suppliers of hospital and medical services at whatever level they themselves see as proper. On the contrary, it makes it all the more imperative that governmental powers be used to reform the antiquated structure of our health procedures so that we pay the lowest price consistent with high-quality care. There is considerable room for reorganizing hospital operations in the interest of greater economy, and for deploying our limited supply of physicians more efficiently.

High on the list of essential measures in the hospital field (measures that are resisted because they would invade the traditional autonomy of the voluntary hospitals) are community and regional planning to eliminate wasteful duplication of plant and equipment, more precise tailoring of facilities and services to the needs of patients, and the institution of a seven-day week to make the most of costly equipment that is now usually idle over weekends. Doctors can lower their charges, first of all, by delegating their simpler tasks to machines and to nurses and other technicians. Beyond that, medical efficiency must be improved through wider resort to group practice with its pool of skills and equipment. While most doctors cling to an archaic form of piecework remuneration, specialization and the emergence of the hospital as the main focus of care make imperative a far greater coordination of disciplines within the medical profession and the auxiliary health occupations. That the AMA has by no means abandoned its obstructionist posture is shown by its opposition to pending Administration-sponsored legislation for federal aid for the construction of group practice clinics.

Given the continued acceleration of the population growth, authorities predict that the nation's health facilities will have to be doubled within the next three decades merely to maintain the present level of services. The problem becomes much larger if existing gaps are to be closed and pace is to be kept with advancing technology. And it is made still greater by the shape of our population curve. Nearly 40 per cent of Americans are now under the age of 19, and about 10 per cent over the age of 65. These are the most vulnerable groups from a health point of view and the most demanding of medical services. They constitute a multiplier factor which will place increasing strain upon our medical resources.

The framers of the medicare law wisely provided for alternatives to costly hospital care in the form of nursing-home and home-care services. But many, if not most, of the available nursing homes fail to meet even minimum standards of trained personnel and services. The United States Public Health Service reported in 1964 that the U.S. has only 325,000 "acceptable" nursing-home beds as against a need for 840,000. A considerable proportion of general hospital beds is now occupied by long-term patients who could be discharged if they were assured of adequate nursing-home facilities. The severe shortage of nurses is one part of the problem. Also the nursing homes must be brought firmly into the structure of community health services through closer relationships with hospitals. Similarly, the still largely unexploited possibilities for home-care services imply cooperation with hospitals.

Overshadowing all other needs is a coordinated and expanded plan for training physicians and other health personnel, along with a gradual reorganization of medical practice to provide more effective teamwork among doctors, and better employment of the ancillary professions. Such

planning must be geared to the changing patterns of medical services and take account of the changing nature of disease and its social consequences.

The Johnson Administration is aware of these essential needs, and the capable team recruited by Dr. William H. Stewart, the Surgeon General, has made it clear that it intends to pay much more attention in future to the promotion of more and better medical services. John W. Gardner, Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, was instructed by the President earlier this year to conduct studies "to determine the most effective means of bringing high-quality medical services to all the people at the lowest cost." Mr. Johnson reiterated a few weeks ago that if we are to furnish "the quality and quantity of medical care of which this nation is capable," steps will have to be taken to provide "better health facilities, more doctors and other health personnel, and better utilization of health personnel." Some legislation along these lines is pending, but many more things will have to be done if brave words are to be translated into aggressive action.

LETTERS *(continued from page 602)*

have been prevented from doing so—often by the very agencies assigned to making the benefits of welfare available. Honest men cannot be distinguished from dishonest merely be examining the contents of their pockets.

The Editors.

economy after Marx

New York City

Dear Sirs: Jules Henry in "Capital's Last Frontier" [*The Nation*, Apr. 25] focuses perceptively on the life-or-death problem of present-day capitalism and its need to export capital or make new foreign investments in order to exist. What amazes me is that Mr. Henry, either knowingly or unknowingly, does not state that his central idea comes from the political economy of Marx. Marxism is full of references to "exported capital" in lieu of commodities, in the era of "finance capital. . . ." Borrowed ideas can be good ideas, especially if they come from Marx, but I am afraid that when Jules Henry introduces his own prognostication to the effect that: "therefore, we must look forward to an existence as an armed camp for perhaps the next hundred years . . ." he loses sight of the reality that in our nuclear age capitalist economic problems, and the sociology flowing from them, will be resolved either to the betterment of mankind or its annhilation far before "one hundred years."

Irving K. Rolling

franchise lag

Edwardsville, Ill.

Dear Sirs: An important goal of education is good citizenship. In this connection it is necessary to build the proper attitude toward voting. Unfortunately, the overwhelming majority of high school graduates must wait three to four years before they can go to the polls. This delay provides ample opportunity for indifference to set in. It is time to seriously consider lowering the voting age to 18.

Richard Swerdlin, Asst. Professor
Southern Illinois University

peace candidates

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial (May 9) on "The Peace Candidates: 1966" in the coming elections was very much to the point. Only if we can transform our now diffused expressions of dissent into real political power can we hope tangibly to effect the course of peace or war for our country. The National Conference for New Politics . . . has been formed to provide financial and staff assistance to campaigns that speak clearly for peace in Vietnam and against a foreign policy that takes intervention as its logic. Already the National Conference has contributed heavily to Howard Morgan's primary race for the Democratic Senatorial nomination in Oregon, and to Freedom Democratic Party candidates in Mississippi, as well as to some other contests.

The list of realistic and deserving candidacies grows each week. Rev. William Sloan Coffin, Dr. Spock, Si Casady and Julian Bond have just sent out a letter urging generous support to NCNP so that we do not fail our most cruical tests for lack of funds. Contributions should be sent to the conference at 1800 Wyoming Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Martin Peretz
Harvard University

Department of Consumers

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs: I want to congratulate you on your April 25 editorial, "Bilking the Public."

The entire problem of consumer representation deserves greater attention. On the one hand, we are confronted with the economic and political power of organized producer groups. . . . On the other hand, the American consumer cannot find adequate means to organize on his own behalf. . . .

For this reason, I have introduced legislation in Congress, on which the House Government Operations Committee is presently holding hearings, to create a cabinet-level Department of Consumers. Such a Department would be empowered to intervene on behalf of the consumer in economic decisions and hearings before regulatory agencies. It would seek and process consumer complaints regarding commercial and trade practices. And it would provide an information clearinghouse on economic matters of direct importance to the American consumer. . . .

Benjamin S. Rosenthal
Member of Congress

quiet ship

Encino, Calif.

Dear Sirs: There has been opposition to, and support for, the appointment by President Johnson of composer Meredith Willson to a national council on the humanities, and by California's Governor Brown of actor Joe Flynn to a state fine arts board.

To understand these appointments, one must first understand the context in which they are made. Both Willson and Flynn are endowed with considerable talent, leaning more toward journeyman craftsmanship and less toward creative artistry. Neither exhibits flashes of genius. History will not list them among the "greats."

On the other hand, there is little likelihood that either, as appointees, will suggest any radical proposals, ask any embarrassing questions or exhibit any nonconformist tendencies or attitudes. . . . In other words, no one will rock the boat. . . .

Nita Narr

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The 23rd Congress: No More Angry Shouts?

ALEXANDER WERTH

> Today the most favorable conditions have been created in our country for creative artistic and literary work. The Plenary Session of the Central Committee of October 1964 not only put an end to subjectivism in political and economic matters, but also to an administrative approach and to angry shouts in the guidance that the Party gives to artists and writers.

It was "Katya"—Comrade Furtseva—the Soviet Minister of Culture, who said these words at the 23rd Congress. Furtseva had been such an intimate friend of Khrushchev's, it was expected she would automatically lose her important job following his overthrow. The Western press reported several times in the last eighteen months that she was on the way out. Instead, like dozens of other speakers at the Congress, Furtseva squarely condemned Mr. K's "subjectivism" (the accepted description of Khrushchevism) and even suggested that, in literary and artistic matters, there were to be no more "angry shouts" —a clear reference to Khrushchev's wilder harangues, such as the one on "abstract art" at the Manège exhibition at the end of 1962. And by "administrative" measures against artists and writers she no doubt meant the arbitrary internment of a few writers in mental homes, or the deportation of the poet Joseph Brodsky to a *kolkhoz* in the far north after a particularly phony trial in Leningrad.

Furtseva seemed to be on the defensive. She had had, during the previous days, long talks with some of the Western Communist leaders, among them Luigi Longo and Waldeck-Rochet. They acquainted her with the reaction of Italian and French Communist intellectuals to the tough verdict in the Siniavsky-Daniel trial. Speaking a few days before at the Congress, Longo, the Italian leader, had pointedly remarked that the Italian Communist Party firmly stood for cultural freedom. And although Waldeck-Rochet refrained from touching on this sore subject, all the Russians knew that Aragon (himself a member of the French party's Central Committee) had vigorously condemned the trial, and had done so with the approval of the French Communist leadership.

Furtseva alluded to the trial as vaguely as possible:

> It is one thing when errors are made unintentionally or as a result of a complicated creative process; but it is a different thing when people profoundly alien to our cause deliberately and malevolently slander our Soviet reality. Such an attitude can only arouse the anger and condemnation of our people. But nobody is going to dictate to the writer or artist how he should work, or what techniques he should use. No one and nothing can do any such dictating—except his own conviction, his own civic conscience and, above all, his sense of responsibility to the people.

Obviously, Furtseva could not disassociate herself from the Siniavsky-Daniel verdict. In spite of that, her speech was the most liberal made at the Congress.

In view of its international repercussions, some of the party leaders (among them Furtseva) apparently regarded the Siniavsky-Daniel trial as a major mistake. It is significant that not a single member of the Writers' Union volunteered to testify against the accused at the trial; and, finally, two nonentities — Vasiliev and Kedrina—were asked to play that unenviable role. If "Stalinites" like Gribachev or Dolmatovsky or Alexander Prokofiev refused this honor, it was because they knew that "public opinion" (and it is something that *does* exist, especially among the intellectuals) would have turned sharply against them. The Writers' Union later went on record in favor of the verdict; but that was only an inevitable formality.

Strangely enough, the publication of the Siniavsky and Daniel books abroad was not, in itself, held against the authors. *Doctor Zhivago* had been published abroad, and Pasternak, though harassed and insulted, had not been sent to jail. Anna Akhmatova's *Requiem* had also been published abroad without objection; this tragic poem about the Stalin purges, though not published in Russia, has been circulated in thousands of typed or mimeographed copies. But the Siniavsky and Daniel books were in a different category from either *Zhivago* or *Requiem*: Daniel's *Moscow Calling* and *Man from Minap*, for instance, are satires on the Soviet system itself. To the Soviet authorities, Siniavsky's and Daniel's books are a danger signal: they are an expression of the cynicism and disillusionment that have developed during the last few years.

The "religions" have faded: the Stalin "personality cult" is now a thing of the past; so also is the patriotic uplift of the war years; and even the "prosperity" mystique, with its "communism in thirty years," of Khrushchev's "golden years" of 1956-59, has proved something of a soap bubble. American capitalism is going from strength to strength; China has done nothing but insult Russia; enthusiasm for aid to the ex-colonial peoples is lukewarm; what is there left to believe in, still less to be enthusiastic about?

The exploration of the cosmos is not enough to divert everybody's attention from Russia's domestic and international difficulties on earth. An artificial sentimentalization of Lenin seems incapable of filling this void. Lenin, after all, was surrounded by dubious characters like Trotsky, Kamenev and Zinoviev, and was then succeeded by a genius who turned out to be a criminal and by another near-genius who had to be fired for his "subjectivism," incompetence and amateurishness. This in itself is enough to account for much of the skepticism and cynicism reflected in the works of Daniel and Siniavsky, which represents an extreme view of the oppositionist intelligentsia. As an English paper recently remarked, one can be satirical about the incompetent *kolkhoz* chairmen and corrupt little bureaucrats, as *Krokodil* does with dreary monotony week after week, but to be satirical about the Soviet system *itself* is quite a different matter.

Thus, one comes to the unpleasant conclusion that the Siniavsky-Daniel trial was, in fact, an act of self-defense on the part of the regime. Will it be effective? Like Akhmatova's *Requiem*, Siniavsky's and Daniel's books are circulating in typescript all over Moscow and Leningrad; but not without the warning of the action taken against the authors.

That the hierarchy is worried may be seen from the extremely harsh tone adopted toward any kind of "oppositionism" at the 23rd Congress, and by the unusual number of speakers who devoted their time to literary questions. Sholokhov, apparently speaking less as a writer than as a party boss, seemed to have been commissioned to make a violent attack on Siniavsky and Daniel. If, he said, the tribunal had not been guided by the formal application of this or that article of the criminal code, but by a sense of revolutionary justice, as it would have been in the days of Lenin, then these fellows would have been shot—and a good thing, too. And he added that he was ashamed of those who had tried to defend them (meaning men like Paustovsky), and of those who had found the verdict too harsh. And then (without mentioning Aragon), he launched an attack on the "bourgeois defenders of these traitors."

Brezhnev was mild in comparison; like Furtseva, he stressed that there would be no "administrative coercion" in literary matters and no "arbitrary decisions." The party would support "all art and literature affirming its faith in our ideals," but it would wage a relentless struggle "against any manifestations of alien ideologies." Socialist art, he said, was fundamentally optimistic; this, however, he hastened to add, did not mean that Soviet writers had to write only about the good things; there were many errors and shortcomings, and the party welcomed constructive criticism. But criticism was one thing, and slander was quite another. The creative intelligentsia, he declared, was "indissolubly linked to the people and the Party," and the slanderers were only a few isolated individuals; the Soviet people could not allow such slander to go unpunished.

Was he, like Furtseva, on the defensive, too—after talking to the French and Italians? Or did he want to make it quite clear that if the Italians were playing at "polycentrism" then the Russians, too, could play the "polycentrist" game, and reject any interference from the fraternal parties?

Other principal speakers on literature were distinctly harsh and intolerant. G. M. Markov, the notoriously reactionary secretary of the Writers' Union, condemned as absurd the notion that talent was the most important attribute and that a talented writer would inevitably work out his own salvation and acquire an "ideologically sound outlook and a proper sense of responsibility towards the people." He protested against such an optimistic laissez-faire attitude.

V. I. Konotop of the Moscow Party Organization launched a sharp attack on the magazines *Novy Mir* and *Yunost* (as well as on certain Soviet films) which often "gave a distorted view of Soviet reality, gloated over certain errors and shortcomings, cultivated a skeptical and apolitical attitude and pointedly opposed the leaders to the collectives." The attack on *Novy Mir* seems particularly significant; for it was this journal which has published Yevtushenko, Solzhenitsyn and other outstanding Soviet writers under Tvardovsky's editorship.

But the most violent speech of all came from an unexpected quarter: from General Epishev, head of the Political Department of the Soviet Armed Forces. He demanded that ideological propaganda among writers should be reinforced; and he significantly added:

> All these carriers of the germs of uncommunist and petty bourgeois depravity do their harmful work under the banner (or rather the pretext) of (a) creative freedom; (b) an alleged struggle against the effects of the [Stalin] personality cult, or (c) in the guise of "defenders" of historical truth and factual accuracy.

In the name of "historic accuracy," he said, these people tried to debunk the "heroic struggle of our party, people and army, the glorious military and revolutionary traditions of the older generations, to blacken Soviet reality, and to minimize the grandeur of our victory over German fascism in the last war."

There were some curious sequels to the Congress. One was the decision not to award any Lenin literary prizes this year. Numerous scientists were given prizes, but not a single writer. Why? Sholokhov had spoken at the Congress with some disdain of the mediocre literary output in the past year, and had even quoted that old chestnut about the quantity of Russian books produced, as against their quality: "At Tula, the literary output, compared with 1910, is up by 2,300 per cent; in 1910 we had in Tula only one writer, Lev Tolstoy; now we have twenty-four writers."

The real point is that all the works proposed for the Lenin Prizes were either anti-Stalinist (like Yuri German's trilogy), or else "modernist" (like Voznesensky's poems); and the prize committee obviously decided that, after all those Congress speeches, it had better award none at all. If awards went to the anti-Stalinists and the "modernists," the party bosses would be displeased; if prizes went to the "conformists," the committee would make itself ridiculous, above all in the eyes of the intelligentsia.

But more curious still was the sequel to General Epishev's attack on "historicism." What is "historicism"? The novelist Konstantin Simonov, author of *The Living and the Dead,* one of the best novels on the invasion months of 1941, and one of the most brilliant Russian pieces of retrospective reporting (warts and all), is a strong supporter of "historicism," which is simply an attempt to deal truthfully with past events. Simonov includes in his novel an episode not mentioned in any official history—the Moscow panic of October 16, 1941. Certain army leaders are very hostile to such reporting. *Red Star,* the official organ of the Soviet army, attacked *Novy Mir* and Tvardovsky for having published *The Dead Feel No Pain,* a novel by Vasili Bykov. One of its characters is a particularly odious "Stalinist" military bureaucrat who causes some of his soldiers and fellow officers to be unnecessarily slaughtered. (There is a similar episode in Simonov's *The Living and the Dead.*)

Two days later, an even more violent attack of *Novy Mir* appeared in *Red Star.* Several famous army leaders, among them Marshal Rokossovsky, scolded the publication for an article by the critic Kadrin called "Legends and Facts," in which certain "legends" were debunked. Kadrin wrote that the famous cruiser *Aurora* did not shell the Winter Palace on the day of the Bolsheviks' seizure of power, but had merely fired one blank shell. The signatories of the protest admit that "every schoolgirl knows" the facts; but why destroy a beautiful and inspiring legend? Kadrin, much to their indignation, had also declared that in February, 1918, the Russian army did *not* fight the Germans, even though a legend, complete with the "original" Red Army Day of February 23, had since been created. Finally, they object to Kadrin's "historic reconstruction" of the "Panfilov epic." The standard version of that heroic episode of the Battle of Moscow is that all twenty-eight men of the Panfilov regiment died as they held a critical sector of the front against German tanks; according to Kadrin, several of the "Panfilov men" actually survived. In Rokossovsky's view, this kind of "historicism" is an outrage, since the "discovery of this unimportant detail" not only weakens the legend but tends to destroy it altogether.

These repeated attacks on *Novy Mir* are said to be designed to remove Tvardovsky from the editorship of the journal. It has been rumored for some time that he would be replaced by Simonov; but this seems unlikely, since Simonov himself is an advocate of "historicism."

In any case, the protest against the debunking (or even partial debunking) of certain war legends is not without significance. Russia's record in World War II is, indeed, the proudest of all her memories, and of the greatest educational and morale-building importance; it is easy to understand some of these "unscientific" reactions. After all, the legend that *all* twenty-eight Panfilov men died is perhaps less of a distortion of the real facts than the long-cherished English legend of "women and children first" on the *Titanic.*

From another view, it is a sign of growing Soviet liberalism that it requires not only the Siniavsky-Daniel trial and the 23rd Party Congress but the personal intervention of a marshal of the Soviet Union to attack Tvardovsky. In Stalin's days, the removal of an editor was accomplished much more simply and quickly.

Scoring Points in the Cold War

MARXISM IN THE MODERN WORLD. *Edited by Milorad M. Drachkovitch. Stanford University Press. 293 pp. $5.95.*

T. B. BOTTOMORE

Mr. Bottomore is head of the Department of Political Science, Sociology and Anthropology at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia, and author of Classes in Modern Society, *to be published by Pantheon in July.*

This book results from a conference organized by the Hoover Institute, and we are told in the preface that the participants "sought to analyze dispassionately the variety of Marxist movements that have so profoundly affected the destiny of mankind during the last century." Unfortunately, this is not what they have achieved. Many of the contributors choose to write in the style of cold-war political journalism, and they are concerned with Marxist movements only in the very restricted sense of discussing a number of Communist or pro-Communist political regimes.

The principal exception, and the only contribution which has any connection with the title of the book, is Raymond Aron's essay on the impact of Marxism in the 20th century. Professor Aron reviews, with his habitual lucidity, the vicissitudes of political Marxism, and discusses in a short essay the significance of Marxism as a social philosophy and a system of sociology. Much of what he says is a résumé of ideas expounded by him in more substantial writings, but the essay is valuable as a brief introduction to the intelligent critical study of Marxist thought.

It is particularly interesting for its comments on the rise and diffusion of a Hegelianized version of Marxism which, beginning in Germany in the 1920s with the work of Lukacs and Korsch, was revived in France after 1945 in the writings of Merleau-Ponty and Sartre, and has now spread widely among Western Marxists and even in the Communist countries. In this version Marxism is restored as a philosophy of history (according to Sartre, the "unsurpassable" philosophy of our time), empiricism and positivism are brushed aside, and the central idea in Marx's thought is taken to be that of "alienation." Hence the importance which is attached to Marx's early writings. Like Aron, I am unsympathetic to the endless, nebulous discussions of alienation, and to the new mumbo jumbo which Sartre has originated; and I have no quarrel with Aron's conclusion: "Strange Marxists, those who discourse upon alienation or try to change the world without knowing it."

What these Marxists ignore is simply the greater part of Marx's own work, which was the detailed, empirical study of modern capitalism in order to frame scientific rather than philosophical propositions; and they vastly exaggerate the significance of a philosophical method or concepts in Marx's writings. In part their cause is a good one. They are against determinism and totalitarianism (the two are not necessarily connected); they want to affirm human freedom, reason, choice and responsibility, and to mark their separation from the stupid mechanical Marxism of Stalin's bureaucrats. But in many ways they are as remote from reality as the orthodox slogan-producing Marxists. Marxism as a social science is precarious, corrigible, partly demolished and supplanted. How much easier to indulge in semiliterary, semiphilosophical reflections upon human nature—and keep one's faith—than to engage in the toilsome study of social facts and theoretical problems which would be necessary to produce a new *Capital* a century after Marx.

But here I find myself disagreeing with Aron's brusque dismissal of Marxism as a social science. True, Marx did not provide the complete and definitive system of political economy or sociology. True also that the most orthodox Marxists have done little to reconstruct the system or to extend the boundaries of knowledge (though there have been exceptions, among them the Austro-Marxists). Nevertheless, when we think of the number of modern scholars who have been fired by Marx's genius without embracing his faith (if his faith *was* Marxism), and have contributed so much to the study of social history, classes, social conflict, ideologies and even the fashionable subject of economic growth, it becomes difficult to deny that this body of ideas has done far more for the development of the social sciences than any other. Aron seems to me negligent, in this essay and elsewhere, in not dealing with this aspect of the impact of Marxism. Like an old-fashioned rationalist discussing Christianity, he tends to concentrate upon the more absurd antics of the faithful and to ignore the diffuse influence of the ideas.

The other essays in the book are not of the same standard and belong largely to the dreary genre of Kremlinology. Bertram Wolfe deals in a familiar way with Lenin's contribution to political Marxism (and what else is to be found in Leninism?), and he dilates too much upon Lenin's character in a manner as intemperate and one-sided as that of the hagiographies which used to reach us from the other shore. Mr. Souvarine's sketchy paper on Stalinism conveys nothing that is either new or interesting. The other contributions, and especially that on pluralistic communism by Richard Lowenthal, are more informative, but they are of the nature of current-affairs reporting and deal neither with Marxist thought nor with the structure of the societies and movements which they discuss.

The character of the symposium as a whole is shown very well by the fact that the Communist country—Poland—in which some of the most lively and original Marxist writing of the past decade has appeared, does not qualify for inclusion at all; and that the chapter on Yugoslavia ignores entirely the new social institutions and the animated controversies about Marxist social science in order to relate once again the well-known story of Tito's quarrel with Stalin.

As a study of modern Marxism this book is a failure, much inferior to the late C. Wright Mills's *The Marxists.* As introduction to the recent history of Communist regimes it might have been useful, if the contributors had not been quite so intent upon scoring points in the ideological war.

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Looking Aghast at Soviet Russia

RUSSIA AFTER KHRUSHCHEV. *By Robert Conquest. Frederick A. Praeger. 267 pp. $5.95.*

GEORGE FEIFER

Mr. Feifer is the author of Justice in Moscow *(Simon & Schuster).*

December 4, 1917. Secretary of State Robert Lansing retires to his study to sift his thoughts about the disastrous developments in Russia. "Of course Russia as a nation will never come under the Petrograd Bolsheviki," he writes. "For national and personal honor, for truth and for the individual rights of life, liberty and property, they seem to have no regard. . . . They are wanting in international virtue. . . . I cannot see how unorganized and undirected physical power such as now dominates affairs in Petrograd can continue. It has in itself every element of destruction. Up to the present, however, the logic of events has failed."

This memorandum set a pattern: for forty-seven years a body of Western observers, Americans above all, have looked aghast at Russia under Soviet rule, catalogued its iniquities, seethed over its lack of virtue, and waited for the crack-up destined by the logic of events. Russia in crisis: the Bolshevik seizure of power, the civil war, the new economic policy, the forced industrialization, the collectivization of agriculture, the purges and terror, the Nazi onslaught, the death of Stalin—the fragmenting forces generated by these traumas are violent and enormous; and Soviet rule, the observers point out, teeters on the brink of collapse. At every crisis—in effect, the Soviet Union is in Permanent Crisis—they identify the sources of disintegration and calculate its approach.

Here now is Robert Conquest revealing—in the opening sentences of his study—that "With the fall of Khrushchev, the Soviet Union entered a period of profound crisis. Over the years of his ascendancy it had become clear that major difficulties confronted the regime and that it had not been able to adjust to them by seeking fully realistic solutions." What are the crises now? They are not easily identified, for the book is a potpourri of the evils of communism—in theory and practice, in the Soviet Union and elsewhere, before Khrushchev and after. Winnowing away the supplementary charges, however, one learns that a restive army, a bitter intelligentsia, an unbalanced, disintegrating economy (saddled by a calamitous agriculture), a disaffected set of non-Russian nationalities, a factional, warring party leadership, an irrational party *apparat,* and a sullen, alienated citizenry haunt the land. The Union of Soviets is bursting apart at the seams—"severe trouble seems inevitable"—and there are but two "logical" solutions: "Russia can find another Stalin, or it can evolve to sanity."

That Russia is, by any standard, more comfortable and less tense than at any time since the late 1920s, and that "the Soviets" have adjusted to far more agonizing problems than those that face them now, give Mr. Conquest no pause. "The Soviets are facing a highly changeable and crisis prone situation. This is the formula for trouble!"

Having predicted the new time of troubles, Conquest settles down to analyzing them with the tools of his trade: Kremlinology. It is immediately obvious that he has examined an immense amount of Soviet material prodigiously and carefully. And from this research comes such information as, "The promotion of Demichev in November, 1964, to candidate-membership of the Presidium brought a Moscow product into the top body (in which there is now no Leningrader) for the first time since Furtseva fell in 1961."

I am not qualified to say what expert observations like this one—there are hundreds more—explain about Russia after Khrushchev. But no knowledge of Russia is needed to question the significance of the truisms sprinkled, every third sentence, throughout the text: "Surprises are possible," we are informed. "We must . . . avoid the temptation to predict the precise outcome, especially as regards details." "We *may,* therefore, see a continuation of the current type of anti-Stalinism. . . . " "In the short run, we may perhaps see a Ukrainian bid for power." "Thus it is perfectly conceivable that . . . " "Yet it would be wrong to wholly rule out the possibility that . . . " "It is not impossible for . . . "

This kind of speculation seems to me sterile, and all the more so when it rests on conjecture about the psyche of Soviet leaders. For Conquest's analyses are invariably couched in terms of what "the non-Ukrainian element *must* wish" and what *"must naturally occur* to a First Secretary in Tashkent or Vilnius. . . . " And here, although the choice is rich, lies the cardinal flaw of the book. Not the mind of the party *apparatchik* (the "hard, shallow-minded, cold-blooded operator who typifies the Russian ruling circle") or of the Soviet people (whose only relationship to their leaders is that of "the whipped" to "the whippers") is revealed here, but the mind of Robert Conquest, liberal, literate, quasi-Establishment Westerner. The predictions, analyses, indignation, scale of values, the "fully realistic" programs to Save Russia—everything is *his,* and taken together it sounds like nothing I have heard from any Russian. Nowhere is there mention of what is already sane in Russia, to say nothing of what is good. Not a sentence is devoted to the forces that bind the Soviet Union together, or to the "normalcy" of Soviet life, or to Soviet achievements and the enthusiasm of even the most restive Soviet citizens for them. (The single greatest phenomenon in the dozen years since Stalin's death has been movement, if irregular, toward this "normalcy." It has been an evolution with few parallels in history; and it has accelerated since Khrushchev's ouster. But the author, disdainful of "simple and obvious realities," concludes on the basis of his research that to equate the changes with "anything approaching democratization" is "completely erroneous" because the "basic principle [of Soviet rule] remains today what it was" under the psychotic tyrant. Khrushchev's liberalization is used in quotes to show that it was phony, representing "not an increase in democracy but merely an expansion of oligarchy.") Not a clause is inserted to suggest that those Russians who are most disappointed over the failure of the "regime" to implement the ideals of the Revolution are also, at other moments, most proud of its successes. Not a hint is offered about those aspects of Bolshevism which appeal, if not to the Lansings and Conquests, to most Russians.

During my year at Moscow University, a dozen brilliant students in their late twenties, precisely the kind of young intellectuals whose cause the author presumes to be championing, borrowed several American studies similar to his from my bookcase. The students were fascinated at first: the books provided a *Realpolitik* analysis — as well as information about the party hierarchy—which they had never seen. But soon they became bored. Finally they commiserated with me. "You're as bad off as we: you can learn almost nothing meaningful from *our* books about Soviet politics, and from the looks of these, yours aren't much better. This obsession with the *verxhuska* [ruling clique] conspiracy and intrigue. And this anti-Soviet overtone everywhere. Your writers hate our 'regime' so much on our behalf that they can't see the woods for the trees."

Not that the book's evidence is wrong. There are reasonable chapters retelling—although gracelessly, banally—those old stories, the 1957 anti-party crisis, the economic crisis, the artistic and foreign policy crises; and several first-rate pages characterizing the hacks—"a hypertrophied sort of politician to whom humanist ideas counted for nothing"—who were bred into Stalin's Communist Party by a process of natural selection and who, breeding still, hobble Russia as she stumbles to a civilized society. "It is not so much the particular doctrines of the Communists that cause the trouble here as the fact that the Communists were actually empowered, and believed themselves entitled, to enforce them in every sphere of life." True enough; discouragingly true. But should there not be mention, in a book with this title, of the *other* Communists, the enlightened, humanist ones; and the non-Communists—doctors, jurists, writers, teachers, builders?

Social Rebels and Bandits

PRIMITIVE REBELS: Studies in Archaic Forms of Social Movement in the 19th and 20th Centuries. *By E. J. Hobsbawm. W. W. Norton. 202 pp. $1.75 paper.*

R. K. WEBB

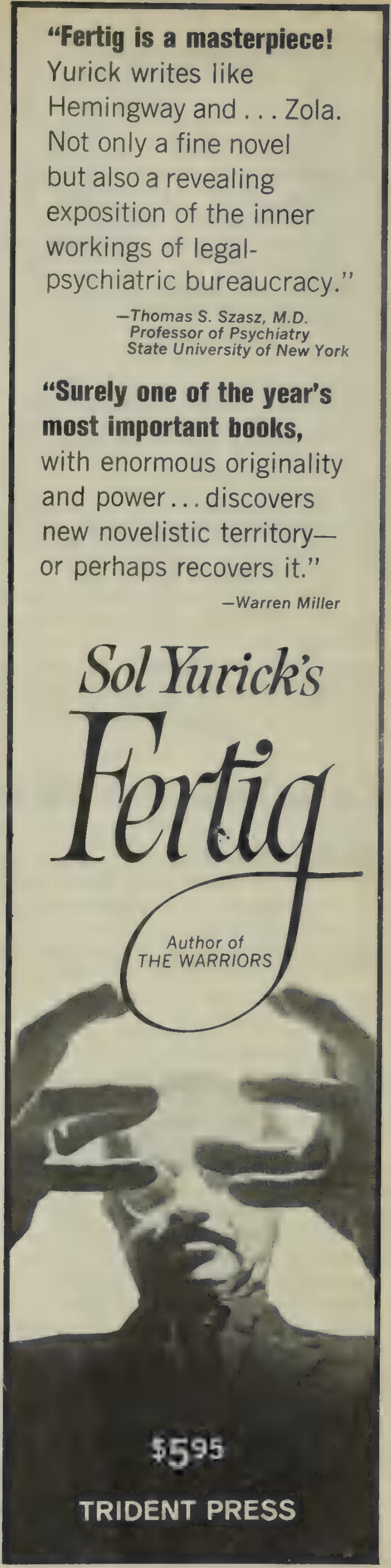
Mr. Webb is a professor of history at Columbia University. He is the author of The British Working Class Reader 1790-1848 *(Columbia University Press) and his* History of Modern England *will be published late this year. He is the translator of Elie Halévy's* Era of Tyrannies *(Doubleday).*

In recent years three Marxist historians have made important contributions to an understanding of the history of the English working classes. George Rudé has brought painstaking archival work to bear on popular disturbances in the pre-industrial era, particularly in his analyses of the mobs that rioted for John Wilkes and Lord George Gordon. E. P. Thompson, in his massive, learned and exasperating book, *The Making of the English Working Class* (1963), has provided the point of departure for the next generation of historians of working-class movements in the crucial decades between 1790 and 1830. The third historian is E. J. Hobsbawm. He has been present in historians' minds longer than the other two and I, for one, think he wears best and has been the most rewarding. His scholarship has swept much more widely than the work of the other two; his imagination is broader than Rudé's, and he keeps his temper more firmly under control than does Thompson, who repeatedly lessens his authority by sneering at people (past and present) whom he does not like. *Primitive Rebels* (first published in 1959 as *Social Bandits and Primitive Rebels*) is an excellent example of Hobsbawm's strength and weakness, and strength by far predominates.

Hobsbawm has always, I suspect, seen himself as the gadfly of more orthodox historians. His career began with a thesis that said some startling things about the Fabians, whose self-image had been skillfully implanted in the minds of most labor historians, perhaps the greatest victory of Fabian permeation. He boldly attacked—somewhat correcting rather than destroying—Elie Halévy's famous generalization about the role of Methodism and Evangelicalism in preventing an English revolution; he has been the leading critic of the "optimistic" interpretation of standards of life during the Industrial Revolution. A gadfly darts, stings and usually escapes. So Hobsbawm has darted from subject to subject—happily infusing life, not drawing it—and has artfully dodged most of the attacks on him to return again (as he has done repeatedly in the standard of living debate) or to goad another placid subject into agitation. *Labouring Men,* published last year, shows him doing just this in a collection of articles and (there is no other word for them) fragments that do much to illuminate labor movements and the men who made them.

No one can work very long in social history, particularly in the history of labor movements, without becoming aware of the puzzling recurrence of archaic forms and impulses, sometimes as pre-political movements in a political age, sometimes as survivals within movements already groping their way toward politics. Mr. Hobsbawm's inevitable interest in these phenomena led him to what seems to have been a kind of tangential interest in southern Italy and in Spain. In 1956, he was invited to lecture at the University of Manchester, and he chose to lecture on these continental examples, a commendably bold decision that most historians, preferring the relative safety of their usual fields, would not have taken. With some other material added, *Primitive Rebels* is the result.

Primitive Rebels is not exactly a book, if one thinks of a book as a thorough and integrated exploration of a theme; Hobsbawm does label it "studies." The formal analogy that sprang to my mind was one of the long piano works of César Franck: *Primitive Rebels* is really Hobsbawm's *Variations, Aria and Coda*—pleasing, haunting and artfully improvisatory. The Variations are arranged according to historical logic, not chronology. He begins with the "social bandit," of whom Robin Hood is the generic type, a phenomenon



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that can exist in its purity only in a peasant society whose interests he defends against outside oppression, and whose dissolution can mean for him only defeat or degradation into true criminality. A similar fate awaited the collective advance on banditry, *mafia*, the second of Hobsbawm's variations; Americans are familiar with one form of its ultimate corruption, but all of us can profit from this penetrating and broadly conceived interpretation of its background. The next three variations deal with millenarianism, a form of social protest more at home in modern society; in Hobsbawm's terminology millenarian movements are revolutionary as bandits and *mafia* are not. His three variations deal with ascending degrees of sophistication and end in politicization: the Lazzaretti of southern Tuscany, so called from Davide Lazzaretti, a messiah who gathered a large following between 1868 and 1878 and whose memory lives in some Italian left-wing movements today; the Spanish anarchists of the late 19th century; and the Sicilian agrarian *fasci*, appearing at the very end of the 19th century and feeding into present-day Italian communism.

An English aria follows, in two parts. The brief chapter on the city mob, a pre-industrial phenomenon, is brilliant; it necessarily depends much on Rudé's work, but it is a much better introduction to a central element in 18th-century life than Rudé's general assessment in *The Crowd in History* (1964). The chapter on labor sects deals with a curious survival in the industrial era—the linking of religious forms and impulses to what are essentially secular political movements. Finally, the coda is a suggestive consideration of the role of ritual in social movements.

Hobsbawm is frank about the tentative nature of his inquiries; he did not intend to write an integrated or authoritative book. But one cannot help wishing that he had done more. There is very little here in the way of psychological speculation. I am not calling for a full-scale psychological interpretation, but for more emphasis and more curiosity. For example, David Williams, in *The Rebecca Riots* (1955), sought out the psychological dimension in the folk origins of the attacks on Welsh toll gates in the 1840s.

But this fault is minor when set against the stimulation to be found in the provocative and even moving stories that Hobsbawm has so refreshingly chosen to tell.

Touring the Hinterland

JULIUS NOVICK

Mr. Novick, a former Fulbright scholar, has directed and acted in England, Italy and the United States. This article, first of a series on the American national theatre, is based on studies made by him on a Ford Foundation grant.

A few weeks ago, the headline above the lead article in *Variety* proclaimed, "Hinterland Legits Top Broadway." The article announced that "for the first time since the heyday of stock, there are more professional actors working in regional theatre than in Broadway and touring productions." Clearly something is going on out there in those hinterland legits, and clearly it is something new. My own findings complement *Variety's*: I have just returned from a transcontinental journey in the course of which I visited twenty-three theatres in twenty-one cities from Boston to Los Angeles; about half of these theatres did not exist five years ago. All over this country and Canada, there is professional theatre where for many decades there was little or none.

The new "resident professional theatres," as they are called, aim to become permanent institutions. Most of them maintain a company of actors who remain together from play to play throughout a season of thirty or forty weeks (with guest performers to play roles that cannot be cast from the company). A core of actors is usually retained from one season to the next, in the hope of developing a genuine ensemble.

These theatres draw very little except their audiences from their communities. Most of the actors come from the New York talent pool. The plays are drawn from the international repertory of classics and respected modern plays, with special attention to what Broadway and off-Broadway have been doing lately. Many theatres feel guilty about not staging enough new plays. They do not, for the most part, bother with the current crop of commercial comedies and musicals, and so do not compete with the road-company houses where those exist.

The theatres are interested in art, not money (though they try not to be self-righteous about it). They are all incorporated as nonprofit institutions, and most of them operate on deficits. They survive by going to the public as Good Causes; they enroll ladies' auxiliaries to help out in annual subscription campaigns, and solicit funds from foundations, from government and from private donors.

Currently they are booming. Audiences are increasing rapidly; acting companies are being expanded. Companies are moving from makeshift premises in the suburbs to splendid custom-built theatres downtown (usually in civic arts centers, somewhat on the order of Lincoln Center in New York, which are going up in city after city). The new houses often have twice as many seats as the old, and in several of them provision will be made for a small, flexible second stage for experimental work, especially new plays. Government money from Federal Aid to Education and the National Foundation for the Arts is becoming available. The men who run the resident theatres are young men—most of them in their 30s, some even younger—and they are full of plans and full of confidence.

Of course, some theatres fail to take root, but for every one that dies several more are born. Businessmen and civic leaders have become aware that resident professional theatre is a Good Thing: good for civic pride and good for attracting new industry. (Even if he never goes to the theatre, an executive is glad to be reassured that he is not moving into a cultural desert.) Colleges and universities are becoming increasingly interested in resident theatre; an official of Actors Equity estimates that in the next two years some eleven professional companies will be founded or engaged by academic institutions, in addition to at least four more companies started by nonacademic groups, plus two new summer festival theatres.

It is easy, in this context, to give way to euphoria; but the arts in general have failed to secure an important place in our national life, and the theatre is no exception. If our prosperity holds, the resident professional theatre will prosper also; but if there is a depression these costly institutions are likely to be found expendable. A portent may be found in a recent action of New York's culture-loving Mayor Lindsay, who, faced with a budget crisis, cut by $100,000 the city's contribution to Joseph Papp's free-admission Shakespeare Festival.

In spite of all the money, all the statistics, and all the very real progress that has been made, professional theatre still reaches only an infinitesimal percentage of the people of the United States and Canada. The new theatres are very small organizations. Except for the Guthrie in Minneapolis, the Vivian Beaumont in Lincoln Center, and a few tourist-oriented summer festival theatres, none of them has an auditorium that can seat as many as 1,000 people. Many can accommodate less than 500. Even the splendid new theatres tend to have only about 800 seats. Yet in these same cities there are usually concert halls or municipal auditoriums that seat 2,000 to 3,000, and often ball parks that seat upwards of 40,000. A theatre of 800 seats in a metropolitan area of, say, 2 million, will have a hard time making much of a dent on the community.

The audience for resident professional theatre, moreover, is almost exclusively a bourgeois audience. All the statistical surveys make this clear, and standing around in a few dozen lobbies makes it clearer. A survey made at the Arena Stage in Washington showed that more than 70 per cent of the audience earned better than $10,000 a year, and in this respect the Arena is probably not unusual. Now, it represents real progress that doctors and lawyers and college professors, and perhaps even a few accountants, can see serious plays professionally done in Baltimore and Memphis and Winnipeg as well as in New York. But what about the truck drivers and the plumbers and the steelworkers, much less the typists and the ribbon clerks, much less the farmers, much less the real poor?

Only the resident theatres have the stability and the resources to go after new audiences, but too few of the men who run them are losing sleep over the plumbers and the truck drivers. Still, something is being done. Ticket prices are being kept low; in many cases a seat at the theatre—sometimes a good seat, even on a weekend—is as cheap as a seat at the movies. The ribbon clerks could afford it, if they wanted to.

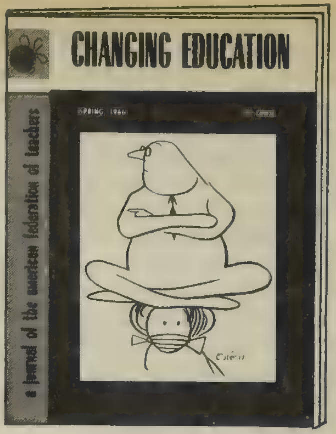
And if no resident theatre is making very serious efforts to induce them to want to, nearly all the theatres are earnestly going after their children. Cut-rate tickets for students are almost universal, but the attempt does not stop there. Many theatres give special children's plays on Saturday afternoons. They hold acting classes for children and teenagers; they send individual actors around to the schools to talk to the students; they send troups of actors to present programs of scenes in the high schools. They give special performances, at special rates, to which students are bused in from the schools; some present Shakespeare to tens of thousands of adolescents in a year. This spring, for example, *all* the high school seniors in the state of Rhode Island—40,000 of them—have seen a production of *Twelfth Night* put on by the Trinity Square Playhouse of Providence. Now that funds from the Federal Aid to Education Act are available to finance student performances, they are certain to increase. Many people are immune to the theatre virus; but if the entire high school population of a community is exposed to it, the susceptibles will at least have a better chance of discovering themselves.

Even now the resident-theatre audiences are very different from the Broadway crowds. They are far younger and livelier; they lack the stuffed and stuffy deadness that is endemic on Broadway. They are not there on expense accounts, and they are not stampeded by "hit psychology." They are not always sophisticated and knowledgeable, but they are open-minded; they have come to enjoy and to discover. Year by year, according to many directors, they grow more adventurous, more ready to cope with whatever the theatres dare to give them (though they are still somewhat leery of new plays by unknown authors). If they cherish a secret longing for *Under the Yum-Yum Tree*, they do not usually expect the resident theatres to gratify it. Many of them, perhaps, are just the sort of intelligent young people who, in New York, are no longer interested in Broadway. Bourgeois they may be, but they are often a credit to the bourgeoisie.

Resident professional theatres exist, then, in good and increasing numbers, and they are finding good audiences. One fundamental question remains (a question that tends to be overlooked by those who go on about "cultural explosions"): is their work any good? I greatly regret, from the viewpoint of journalistic excitement, that after seeing some forty productions I am in no position either to proclaim a Renaissance or to expose a fraud. Of the work I saw, a little was brilliant and some was bad. But a great many—most, perhaps—of the forty productions were earnest attempts at excellent plays, brought off just well enough to make them worth while for an audience that had no chance of seeing these plays done better.

Even that is no contemptible achievement in a country where permanent professional theatres have for a long time been almost unknown. (Imagine building two or three dozen symphony orchestras in a country which had known only amateur ensembles and *ad hoc* dance bands.) Nevertheless, we may ask how it happens that so much energy, so much devotion, so much ardor, and even a good deal of intelligence and talent, have produced so much work that is merely adequate. My answer would be that many resident theatres suffer at the same time from the disabilities of youth and the sins of age.

Being young, most of these theatres are poor. About many of them still lingers a subtle atmosphere of makeshift, of "we would do it differently if we could afford it." Plays written for three settings are performed in two, musicals are done to piano accompaniment, crowd scenes are underpopulated, stages are too small; compromises of this kind, even when the audience is not conscious of them, can



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CHANGING EDUCATION, the new quarterly journal of the AFT. Inaugural issue (Spring, 1966) contains provocative articles on school supervisors, educational parks, Terry Sanford's Compact on Education, problems of the AAUP, etc. Illustrations by Osborn. Charter subscription, $5.50 per year, which includes ten issues of the **AMERICAN TEACHER,** the hard-hitting AFT newspaper.

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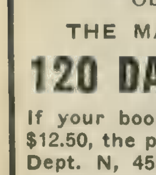
have an effect. As the theatres grow and prosper, however, this problem will gradually be alleviated, and meanwhile necessity is often the mother of excellent invention. The hinterlands are full of skillful directors and brilliant designers.

What they lack is good actors. There is very little patently phony emoting—the Stanislavskyite influence may be thanked for that at least—but there is a great deal of crude, unpolished acting, and a great deal of plain bad speech. "American actors," to quote Jacques Cartier of the Hartford Stage Company, "have in the main not been taught to characterize. American actors tend to want to be themselves in the author's situation. They don't change the way they walk, they don't change the way they speak." And so the stages of our resident theatres are full of actors who, whatever the role they are playing, come across unmistakably as young Americans of the 20th century.

This is the notorious deficiency of American acting, and its causes have been much discussed. Super-Stanislavskyite fanaticism and the absence of a tradition of classical acting in this country are the most common explanations. Our actors, for several reasons, are ill trained, and so we see on the stages of the resident theatres a clumsiness that should have been overcome in the classroom Until very lately, moreover, the American actor had almost no chance to play anything but modern, realistic plays; and so resident-theatre actors suffer from the second great disability of youth, inexperience.

Of course there are some versatile and proficient actors in this country; but here again the problem is financial. Many actors, particularly mature actors, are reluctant to leave New York: first because it is still the heart of the American theatre; second because in many cases the actor will have settled down to raising a family there, and third because New York is generally believed to be a better place for an artist to live than Pittsburgh or Memphis. Few resident theatres can afford to pay an actor much more than $200 a week, which does not go far toward overcoming all this reluctance. And so the resident-theatre directors must choose from among the actors they can get, and have younger companies than they would like; their actors are often called upon to play parts for which they are too young by several decades. Furthermore, Equity contracts allow the resident theatres to use a percentage of non-Equity performers, and directors are forced to take broad advantage of this concession in casting smaller roles. The result is a raggedness around the edges; "wait till you see the village girls in the second act," as one theatre official gloomily remarked.



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The situation is bound to get better. As the resident theatre expands, the demand for the well-trained actor increases, and professional training can be expected to improve in response. The actor on his own in New York now has more incentive to take classes in speech and in classical scene study; for the more organizationally inclined, three major universities this year have taken steps to begin or revitalize programs of actor training. Directors report, moreover, that actors are more easily enticed from New York than they used to be—now that the idea of regional theatre has become familiar, and the removal to Milwaukee or Louisville will no longer be read as a confession of failure in the Big Town. Salaries are going up. And a group of actors who have spent several years, often their whole professional lives, in the resident theatre is developing; they at least will not be inexperienced.

But what about the directors? The men who stage most of the productions are the "artistic directors" who run the theatres, and their subordinates, who are also staff members. They frequently complain about the difficulty of finding good actors; perhaps, however, some of the blame for the low standard of resident-theatre acting belongs to these same directors, who after all are responsible for choosing the actors and for coaching them. If American actors are so profoundly inexperienced in the more articulate kinds of theatre, it stands to reason that American directors must also be inexperienced; if American actors have been corrupted by "Method" fanatics, how have the directors escaped? One actor—a good one—wrote to *The New York Times* complaining that he found it hard to get work because directors thought his speech was too good; he might be willing to leave New York. The resident-theatre directors insist that they are looking for "the inner thing *and* the outer thing," but are they? And if so, how hard do they look? These are questions that only they and the actors can answer, but they are questions that a critic must ask.

The final great weakness of the American resident professional theatres, however, can be blamed on no one but the men who run them. These gentlemen are intelligent, articulate and earnest. They have the most exalted ideas as to the function of their institutions: to "make a connection" with the audience, to "force the community into facing itself," to help people "understand our common humanity better," "to give people's lives a little more perspective, a little more fullness." Herbert Blau, a founder of the San Francisco Actor's Workshop, makes a majestic statement of the resident-theatre ideal:

> Who wouldn't want the theatre that is implied in the Panathenaic procession at the end of the *Oresteia,* where the life of the drama flows right into the life of the community, clarifying its laws, and the audience were to go home to carry it on.

But between the ideal and the reality falls the shadow. In practice, an artistic director is likely to be so preoccupied with running his theatre—propagandizing for it at social functions, being nice to visiting philanthropoids from the foundations, hiring directors, actors and designers, talking to journalists, planning budgets, and generally holding together the institution he is building—that he may well be tempted unconsciously to take it easy in regard to what he is actually putting on his stage. There is a lack of urgency behind many resident-theatre productions, as if the director had had no personal involvement with the play, no strong feeling as to what *this* play had to say to *this* audience at *this* time.

The problem is not that they are doing the wrong plays. I surveyed the schedules of twenty-five theatres for the current season; Shakespeare is the most popular playwright, with sixteen productions, followed by Shaw with twelve, Brecht and Molière with eight apiece, Albee and Williams with seven apiece, O'Neill, Wilder and Anouilh with six each, Chekhov and Pinter with five. Surely these gentry have something to say to us. The problem is not even that too many theatres are doing the same plays; a wider variety would be pleasant for the traveling critic, but the resident theatres are not conducted for his edification. To the man who lives in Seattle and goes to the Repertory Theatre there to see Brecht's *Galileo,* it is immaterial that Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland and San Francisco have already seen it in other productions.

The problem is that the right plays are being done, in too many cases, merely *because* everyone else is doing them, and they come readily to mind when a season is to be planned. Consider, for instance, *The Importance of Being Earnest.* It is an exquisite play, but it is also exquisitely difficult to perform; it demands just those skills that American actors are likely to lack. On the other hand, the movie with Michael Redgrave, and the records with John Gielgud, both convey it brilliantly, faithfully and vividly. Finally, although it is a true classic, and always welcome on the score of its intrinsic merit, few people would argue that it is particularly pertinent to civilization as we know it in Hartford, Louisville, Winnipeg and Seattle in our time. And yet the resident theatres in all four cities have done the play this season.

It has been discovered that audiences respond particularly keenly to plays about their own localities: to New England plays like *The Crucible* and *Long Day's Journey* in Providence, to *Ballad of the Sad Café* in Memphis. Why, this being the case, do so few theatres ever reflect—in new plays, adaptations, revue sketches, even in the choice of works from the standard repertory—the particularities of their region? Nobody wants an entirely regional theatre that turns its back on the world and preoccupies itself with topicality and local color; in the long run the most valuable thing a resident theatre can do is to bring the outside world into its community. But these theatres are becoming "supermarketized"; they are too much alike; they tend to peddle standard merchandise in which they have no personal stake.

There is no reason to demand that all or each of these theatres should speak for one thing only; eclecticism can be a virtue, particularly when a theatre is the only one in town. But many theatres often do not speak for, or about, anything at all, and that is a deficiency that prosperity will not cure. It is a paradox that such young, ardent, dedicated, hard-working men as those who run our resident theatres should allow their attention to be deflected from ends to means, and so be liable to a subtle form of the old man's sin of sloth.

ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

Mr. Galantay is an associate professor in architecture at Columbia University and practices as a consultant in urban design.

Travelers leaving the New York Thruway north of Albany and heading toward the state capital are confronted with a building site which at first guess appears to be the set for a Cecil B. deMille spectacular. Fine sand drifts and white concrete shapes hover above a vast area denuded of trees. Seemingly endless rows of palmetto arches rise on slender columns and are multiplied in all stages of fabrication. Spaced some 1,500 feet apart, two identical towers stand as beacons in the sun and the site seems pregnant with the promise of more such towers to come.

Billboards announce that the site is the Albany Campus of the State University of New York and the growing complex the design of Edward Durell Stone. Mr. Stone, according to *Reader's Digest,* is the greatest of our living architects. The Albany Campus is perhaps his masterpiece. The Albany Campus is also the $100 million *pièce de résistance* of a billion-dollar construction program aimed at doubling the present physical facilities of the State University. This crash program was initiated by Governor Rockefeller to accommodate a full-time student population of 160,000 by 1970. After amending various state laws, a construction fund was created as well as a dormitory authority which is concerned with student housing and dining halls. The method of financing is typical of the tortuous devices legislators must invent to get essential programs going. Design and construction costs are met with "first instance" appropriations by the state. The construction fund repays these temporary loans with income from the sale of bonds and notes issued through the New York State Housing Finance Agency. The note and bond indebtedness will be discharged by leases paid by the state university to the construction fund for each of the completed structures. This may sound curiously like borrowing money from the left pocket to pay the right, but the program works and that is what counts.

The state university includes twenty-eight community colleges, ten state colleges and four colleges operated for the state by Cornell University. All will benefit from the construction program but the bulk of the money goes into the creation of four new University Centers: Albany, Stony Brook, L.I., Buffalo and Binghampton. Of these the Albany and the Stony Brook Campuses were created *de novo,* but construction has now advanced sufficiently to permit a first evaluation.

Stone's design features a formidable symmetry. All academic functions are united under one roof and wrapped around by an Arabian Nights' colonnade. This central complex extends some 1,800 feet and is bound to grow much longer. The center will be flanked by four "self-contained" dormitory quadrangles, two of which have been completed. Each quad stands on a raised platform supporting three-story dormitories some 450 feet long. These are arranged to form large patios out of which rise twenty-three-story towers.

A resident of the first quad volunteered the information that boys are housed in the soaring tower, girls are assigned to the surrounding annular dormitories. This charming symbolism may account for a design that otherwise appears whimsical. Alas, the purity of the concept is impaired by the fact that the tower accommodates only 450 out of a quad population of 1,200, and some boys must live in the three-story units. It would be interesting to know what psychological tests or insights determine whether a freshman should be housed in an intraverted low-rise unit or on top of the potent-looking tower. In plans for the expansion of the campus to 20,000 students, four more quadrangles are shown as exact replicas of the original. The same trusted plan will also serve as an efficiency complex for married students except that four twenty-story towers are to be placed in the patio instead of one of twenty-three floors.

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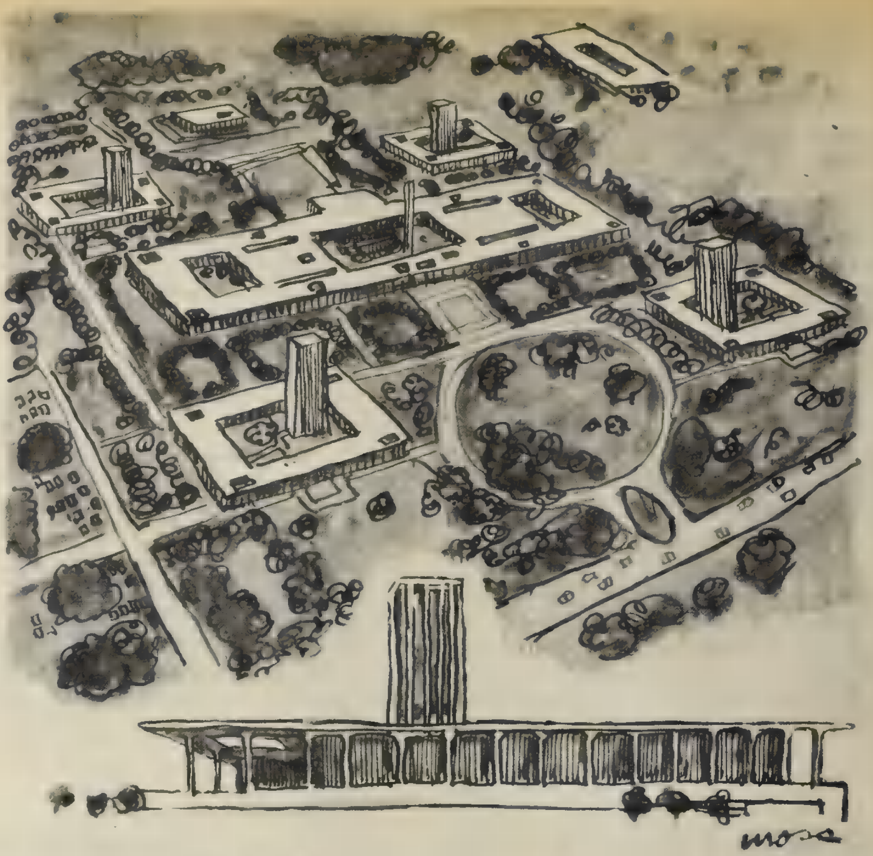

Some of these new quads are proposed on presently rolling land. Extensive regrading and destruction of the tree cover are apparently to be taken in stride when topographical assets conflict with the desire for symmetry.

The interiors thus far completed offer wall-to-wall carpets, overstuffed chairs and dangling flowerpots, all in the manner of that great American holiday dream—the Miami Beach hotel. Needless to say, some of the students are thrilled. Boys and girls from upstate farms and small towns find their new environment exhilaratingly urban; the décor gives a foretaste of affluence as the goal and reward of learning.

The design of all the buildings is based on a 16-inch module, presumably ideal for incremental growth. This ever-present module appears externally as decorative vertical striping: concrete mullions alternating with 1-foot-wide lance windows. Ceilings are either barrel vaults or the palmetto shapes on columns, all cast over reusable fiberglass forms. Stone's approach obviously profits from a certain "economy of scale" since the relentless repetition of elements cuts costs and time in comparison with the chore of inventing, detailing and erecting a variety of forms and dimensions. Also, one must concede that the general concept offers some positive features: the campus has unmistakable identity and image; buildings are not dispersed and there is a strong core; movement is straightforward, although orientation is not aided by the repetition of identical building groups. A pedestrian "oasis" is created by confining all parking to the periphery. On the other hand, these parking lots are vast and the experience of arrival is the familiarly dreary one of pulling into a suburban shopping center. Visitors will have it better, for they will arrive at a "large formal circle . . . and next to the elegantly detailed motor court" where they will have "glimpses of the carillon, fountains, and other embellishments. . . ."

This raises a question that must be asked even if it hurts: since the campus projects such a self-conscious image, is it a desirable one for American higher education? The plan does not allow for variety and choice; it is hostile to imagination and invites conformity of thought and behavior. This is a far cry from the prototypical English collegiate towns, where self-governing colleges form an interlinking system of quadrangles, architecturally related but varying in size, proportions and detail; and each with its marked identity.

The spirit of Stone's buildings is not the self-assured, architectural marching order popularly associated with fascism; rather a regimentation camouflaged by lacework, stripes and arches—the fancy dress of hypocritical authoritarianism. Stone is not the only representative of this style, although he may have started the fashion with his ostentatious U. S. Embassy in New Delhi—that oversized jewel box with its gilded columns—so singularly ill placed in a half-starved country. Yamasaki is another prominent addict of "Hollywood Imperial" styling; his recent Woodrow Wilson School at Princeton University is a direct cousin of Stone's Albany buildings.

Lest someone jump to the conclusion that such is the official style of the State University of New York, I hasten to point to the Stony Brook campus, which is in some respects at the opposite end of the architectural spectrum. The Long Island campus of the state university at Stony Brook is located on 640 acres of beautiful rolling country, ill suited for monumental symmetry. Nevertheless the authors of the original master plan felt obliged to include some axial gestures. But it is the architecture rather than the plan that has attracted attention, since the barrackslike red-brick buildings are of such depressing mediocrity that one can feel acutely nostalgic for Mr. Stone's arches. Sad to say, visits to the Albany and Stony Brook campuses prove that there is more than one way to miss a target. I shall return to Stony Brook and further pitfalls of campus design in my next column.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1154

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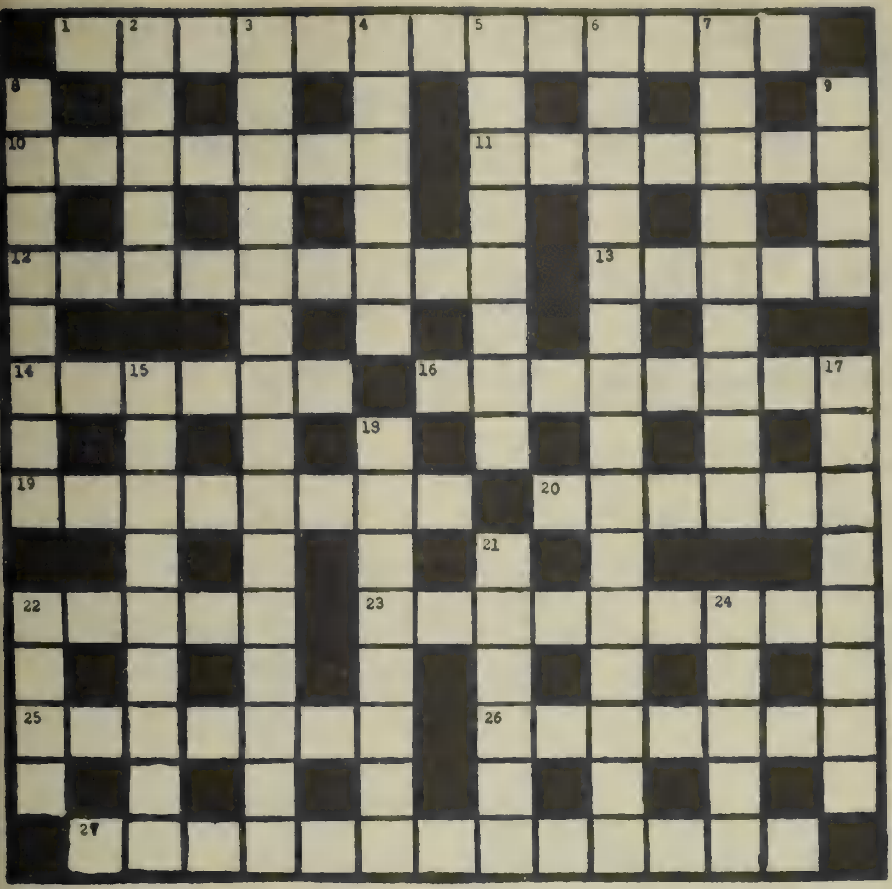

ACROSS:

1 Specifically, good-natured acknowledgment wasn't a welcome sign, in the main. (3, 5, 5)
10 It's a dish to take some trouble with, but should be ornamental. (7)
11 Not so enjoyable without a light chore to work out. (7)
12 Being harmonious is only relative in a recognized educator. (9)
13 Go this twice, and split! (5)
14 Part of a CIA-like treatment? (6)
16 Slice? (Not deep enough, evidently!) (8)
19 Waits, perhaps. (8)
20 One's word is equal to a cheery expression. (6)
22 Not so happy about changing foreign money? (5)
23 One might like it down to make the rest better. (9)
25 Were people there simply exemplary? (7)
26 Site of a famous temple of Diana. (7)
27 Ascertained one item of automotive safety in deliberate steps. (8, 5)

DOWN:

2 The province of a war-like person carried to an ultimate conclusion? (5)
3 Presumably the treasury of the Workers of the World implies no special skill involved. (4-2-3-6)
4 General method used by the South? It leaves some room for manoeuvering. (6)
5 A positive sign of the Oriental male having a sort of itch at heart to be a real sport? (8)
6 Javert, in serial form? (3, 5, 7)
7 One is so because of position. (2, 7)
8 Not a panacea, to be precise! (8)
9 An exhortation not to go for support? (4)
15 One might treasure it, when not the painful sort. (9)
17 One is not always practical, or it's the sort that becomes so. (8)
18 One's manner has a superior sort of charm, considering the sedentary implication. (8)
21 The object of the little devil is to hang over one. (6)
22 Attend in order to get to win? (4)
24 Opera coats? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1153

ACROSS: 1 Obligation; 6 Spat; 11 and 23 Die like a dog; 12 and 10 Overcaution; 13 Complement; 15 East End; 16 Seaport; 17 Lombard; 20 Colombo; 22 Gentlefolk; 25 Titanic; 26 America; 27 Yard; 28 Coordinate. DOWN: 1 Once over lightly; 2 Laurels; 3 Grip; 4 Tenfold; 5 Oedipus; 7 Primero; 8 The state of grace; 9 Generally; 14 Retailing; 18 Monitor; 19 De facto; 20 Cold air; 21 Madeira; 24 Kepi.

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BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN

by Carey McWilliams, Editor, *The Nation*, 365 pp.

When **BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN** was first issued (April 21, 1943), it evoked this comment from **Oswald Garrison Villard** in the *Saturday Review:*

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* * *

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* * *

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LETTERS

iron law

Flushing, N. Y.
DEAR SIRS: How quixotic is Mr. Garretson's concept of the capitalist and the Socialist economic systems moving toward an abundant life for both their peoples! ["The Ruble-Dollar Road to Peace"; *The Nation*, May 16.] Can he indicate any nation that is Socialist, or wants to be, that has not been in mortal fear of its very existence from the capitalist system? From their very inceptions, both the Soviet Union and Communist China have had to prepare against military attack. That deadly fear persists despite "peaceful coexistence"; witness the huge outlays for military defense by both countries. (Militarism keeps our economy alive, as any economist will tell Mr. Garretson, for under such conditions the economy can really produce for profit without hindrance of the iron law of peacetime supply and demand.) To argue that capitalism, therefore, can survive without wars is to be blind to the absolutely basic predatory nature of our profit system. That blindness booby traps Mr. Garretson's whole, beatific edifice. *Leonard Boyer*

Shah's justice

Washington, D.C.
DEAR SIRS: A letter similar to the one captioned "Justice in Iran," by Carol Kaupp, president of the Cosmopolitan Club, University of South Dakota [*The Nation*, May 16] was written to the editor of the Chicago *Sun-Times* dated May 11, by Miss Jenner, a member of the above mentioned club.

My reply to Miss Jenner's letter was that by the time information about the fifty-five persons arrested on charges of violating the constitutional laws of Iran reached her, and other members of the Club, it was grossly distorted.

First of all the accused were not students and teachers but shopkeepers and small tradesmen who were led in their treasonable plans by Mohammad Bodjnourdi, a fanatical Moslem. Secondly, the trial of persons accused of acting against the sovereignty of the state is outside the jurisdiction of civil courts and shall, according to Iran's legal procedures, be conducted in military courts. Above all, the attendance of a representative from the International Lawyers Association in the trials would really amount to an interference in the affairs of a sovereign state.

Carol Kaupp wishes to arouse public opinion to save Mohammad Bodjnourdi and his associates from capital punishment. As the president of the Cosmopolitan Club of a well-known university, Miss Kaupp would do more service to humanity were she to organize public opinion in favor of the Shahanshah's economic and social reforms, because the death sentence passed on Mohammad Bodjnourdi has already been commuted to life imprisonment by the Iranian monarch.

A. M. Shapurian, Press Counselor
Iranian Embassy

off the hook

Tucson, Ariz.
DEAR SIRS: The cigarette manufacturers conveniently got off the hook by merely displaying a warning sign on each pack, thus precluding the possibility of future law suits by cancer victims. Now it appears that the car makers, by a quick reversal of thought, are going to let Washington dictate the safety standards. A neat way of letting Congress take the rap for any poor engineering, price increases, etc., that will surely follow—and here again, freedom from embarrassing legal threats.

Vernon L. Bemis

EDITORIALS

Surprise?

Questions have arisen in many minds on a curious sequence of events in South Vietnam. Ted Lewis, who reports on Washington for the New York *Daily News*, is one of the most independent of the capital correspondents; he is also one of those asking questions.

One circumstance that seems odd, both to Lewis and to the editors of *The Nation*, is the leisurely pace with which Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge proceeded from Saigon to Washington to give the President and the National Security Council what the ever optimistic Secretary McNamara called a "progress report." Lodge went by way of Rome, where he had an audience with Pope Paul, perhaps to assure him that the accusations of pro-Buddhism made by some Vietnamese Catholics were groundless. When he returned to the United States one would have expected him to be closeted with the President as fast as jet propulsion could carry him; instead, the Ambassador took a little vacation at his home in New England, went rowboating, saw his dentist and finally repaired to Washington.

In the meantime, perhaps by pure coincidence, hell broke loose once more in Vietnam, with Premier Ky launching an attack on dissident Danang, the Buddhist monks threatening to immolate themselves, arrests in Saigon, and all the familiar signs of South Vietnam again coming apart at the seams.

This coincidence, if coincidence it was, must be viewed against the background of events preceding Ky's move to take over in Danang by sending in the Marines. His handsome face wreathed in smiles, Ky had explained to the newsmen that the understanding regarding elections was not quite as the Buddhists interpreted it; that first a constitutional convention had to be convened, then a legislative one, and he had no intention of stepping down prematurely—it would take a year at least after the elections. Furthermore, if the elections did not turn out to the satisfaction of himself and his fellow generals, they would continue to fight—no communism or neutralism for them. In Washington, Secretary Rusk, acting as a kind of remote press representative for Ky, explained that the Premier's views had been distorted by the reporters. Ky promptly reiterated what he had said. The Secretary then had no comment.

For his part, Mr. Lodge had expressed reservations about the proposed elections. The Vietnamese, he suggested, had had no experience of democracy (the implication was that they might lack the wisdom to vote the way Ky, Lodge and Rusk wanted them to vote). Experts on Vietnam have pointed out the opposite: that the Vietnamese have had extensive experience with elections, all of them rigged, as the forthcoming one promises to be. Aside from this probability, the Lodge observations were quite in line with the ambiguity of the whole scheme, the certainty that there will be trouble both before and after the elections (if they are ever held), and the likelihood that none of the leaders in the U.S. Government, and what purports to be a government in Vietnam, ever wanted elections. It was the Buddhists

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who started all this, the Americans and their Vietnamese coadjutors went along, and now wished they hadn't.

Another circumstance now comes to mind. When Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother-in-law were murdered, the bloodshed was later laid partly at the door of those who had been there and done nothing to prevent such unseemly acts. But this time, with plenty of margin while Ambassador Lodge went around the world, Ky staged his little counterrevolution—to the utter astonishment of President Johnson, Rusk, Lodge, the National Security Council, et al.

Their astonishment may have been genuine. Some things just happen that way. But in that case, another question presses for an answer. Where were the vaunted U.S. intelligence services while Ky was preparing his move against Danang? Don't they know, or do they tell Washington only what they think it wants to know? One way or another, it looks as if the American people are being led by the nose, and it will take more than the hand-on-heart, eye-rolling eloquence of Lyndon B. Johnson to prove otherwise.

Storm over Rusk

Given permission to address the House for one minute, Rep. William H. Harsha (R., Ohio) demanded the resignation of Secretary Rusk. The Secretary's crime was advocating most-favored-nation treatment for Communist countries in Eastern Europe (except East Germany)—countries which, Mr. Harsha pointed out with indignation, were furnishing supplies and weapons to "our enemy in Vietnam."

The next member to address the House, Rep. R. C. Pucinski (D., Ill.), denounced the attack on Mr. Rusk as "disgraceful and irresponsible." Never, he declared, has the country had a Secretary of State "who has stood so forcefully against communism as Dean Rusk. . . ." Mr. Pucinski yielded part of his time to Messrs. Albert and Dorn, who likewise defended the Secretary as a great and good American, unexcelled in his detestation of communism.

This colloquy should not be passed over as a clash between two distinguished members of the hawk wings of their respective parties. A species of logic lurks in it. For twenty years now, the American people have been instructed by every possible means that Communist states are run by subhuman monsters bent on the destruction of freedom, religion, business and all that differentiates men from beasts. Having been told that and nothing else, a lot of them believe it, and keep electing Harshas and Pucinskis to Congress. But if that is what the Communists are like, isn't it an outrage that we should be asked to trade with them? If communism is in truth irredeemably evil—the same now as in 1946 when the great crusade was launched to erase the shame of the alliance of World War II—what justification can the Johnson Administration have for treating Communist states the same as other states? And if Communists are the same the world over, how can Secretary Rusk be all for fighting them in Vietnam and trading with them in Yugoslavia and Poland?

That not only Congressional blatherskites reason in this fashion is shown by the opposition to the proposed lowering of tariffs by no less a personage than Rep. Wilbur D. Mills, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. His opposition kills the proposal for this session of Con-

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gress. As a matter of fact, the Administration had no expectation of passage this year, and hesitated for weeks before introducing the legislation. The President had promised in his State of the Union message that it would be sent to the Congress, but all he expected were hearings in committee and an educational process to reconcile the country to its passage next year. But with Mr. Mills opposed, there will be no hearings.

Thus the Administration is caught in the dilemma created by twenty years of inflammatory propaganda and the expanded war in Vietnam. It was a foregone conclusion that, with Americans dying to save the world from communism, Congressmen would be reluctant to expand trade with states committed to the hated ideology. Never mind that the Chinese Communists (who are not candidates for most-favored-nation status) appear to hate the Soviet Communists as much as they hate U.S. capitalists, never mind that Rumania is trying to break up the Warsaw Pact, never mind anything that has happened since Churchill came to Fulton, Mo. The Congressmen have their ears to the ground and what they hear is the voice of the propagandized, which may be raised against themselves in November. This, and not Secretary Rusk's plea that most-favored-nation treatment of the Communist bloc would give us political leverage in Eastern Europe, is what will determine how they vote.

Where Now the "Yankee Trader"?

Time was when Americans were known as sharp and venturesome seekers for business, and when trade followed the flag. Now, apparently, trade devolves on ideology, and business relations are barred on moral grounds—not, be it noted, with a racist nation like South Africa but only where some brand of communism is involved. However, this is true only of Americans, and not of America's allies, even those who are as staunchly anti-Communist as we are. Canada and Australia sell enormous quantities of grain to Communist China, and Italy's Fiat has just concluded with the Soviet Union a deal for automobiles which is in the neighborhood of $800 million, according to *Business Week* (May 14).

Why Fiat? Why not Ford? Is the United States bound to stultify itself economically to the end of time because the Bolsheviks overthrew the Czar in 1917? Apparently so, and Wall Street and the big businessmen who, in the orthodox Marxist view, run the country, seem content to let the politicians interfere with business. The weird power of political incantation was never better illustrated.

Why not Ford? General Motors and Chrysler, and American Motors, and their thousands of suppliers may also need foreign business one of these days. But Ford deserves special mention, not because it may be in greater need of a few kopeks, but because it was not always so hamstrung. Ford sold thousands of trucks and tractors to the Soviets in the twenties and cooperated with the Russians in setting up a large automobile plant at Gorki and a smaller assembly plant in Moscow, although old Henry was no more pro-Soviet than is his grandson today.

The Soviets stand on the threshold of the motor age. Neither Stalin nor Khrushchev believed in the personal automobile—except for commissars. A look at our rush-hour traffic jams shows some basis for this antipathy, and indeed the Russians may learn from our experience. But Kosygin and Brezhnev—both engineers, be it noted—favor increased production of automobiles. Nothing on the scale of U.S. production, which produces panic when output threatens to fall below 9 million units a year, but a far higher figure than the present 200,000 per year Soviet output. With good technological judgment, the Soviet bosses decided that they needed foreign help. Fiat welcomed them with open arms and extension of credit. The present deal involves $320 million to be spent in Italy, which will be financed by a loan repayable in eight and a half years after delivery of goods, at about 6.5 per cent interest. By 1970, the Soviets expect to be producing 800,000 cars a year, partly in a Fiat 124 model modified to suit Russian conditions. These cars, produced in Russian plants which Fiat will set up, should start coming off the line in 1969.

The Italians are not alone in attempting to usurp the role of the old-time Yankee trader. Volkswagen and Renault were also in competition, but Fiat won out because it was prepared to give the Russians what they felt they needed. The new model, one Fiat official said, is only a second cousin to the 124. But Renault is still in the running for a follow-on contract for a plant as large as the one to be built by Fiat, and Japan's Toyota Motor Co. is designing a plant capable of producing 300,000 to 400,000 units a year.

If the Soviet Union goes through with these plans, the country is not going to look the same in the seventies as it did in the sixties. Moscow now has a total of seven filling stations and on a 2,250-mile highway there are said to be only nine repair stations. A few million automobiles will necessitate an enormous infra-structure, in the building of which American expertise could function to the satisfaction of Americans and Russians alike. But not while Americans are fighting a futile war in Vietnam, not while the U. S. Congress reverberates with blasts against "atheistic communism." In the midst of the shooting and the shouting, our loving allies of the free world walk off with the business.

Be Ready

At the Voters' Pledge convention in Washington, one participant asked Rep. George Brown of California: "We have laws of impeachment here. Why doesn't Congress start impeachment proceedings against the man?" Meaning, of course, President Johnson, for his conduct of the war in Vietnam. Replied Brown: "How could we get the necessary two-thirds of the Senate votes when we could get only four votes against the war?" A delegate from Hawaii said he had spent the previous day trying to discuss the war with his Senators and Representatives and had run into a wall of "passionate righteousness."

Not despondency but awareness of the heavy odds was the keynote of the two-day meeting at which better ways to support "peace candidates" were proposed, a march was made to the White House, and the occasion came to a climax with several sensible speeches to about 12,000 people on the slope of the Washington Monument grounds. Doubtless millions of people in this country would agree with Dr. Benjamin Spock that there is something sickeningly dehumanizing "to hear officials in Washington . . . apologizing that the number of Vietcong killed has been 'off 40 per cent recently,' like a drop in the stock market." And they would agree with Norman Thomas, that the ultimate choice is not even between guns and margarine but between annihilation and "a new spirit" in America. But what effect would such statements, and the agreement of unpolled millions, have on the President's decisions? Irving Howe must have had that question in mind when he said that anti-war intellectuals "after all, can only make speeches while you, Mr. President, can order the bombing of North Vietnam." The appropriateness of this observation was shown that very day by the headline in *The Washington Post:* "Viet War Escalation Appears Likely Again."

Presented with this imbalance between the intellectuals' protests and the President's pique, what does one do? We think Congressman Brown had the best answer to that: perseverance and organization for the long haul. Even if the Vietnamese problem were solved, this country, as he said, would manage to find other wars, unless there were a new wave of leaders. "We need always a core of organized people who can take advantage of situations as they present themselves. We need a supply of persons to move into politics when the time is right. You may be opposed by an 87-year-old unbeatable candidate—but he'll die. Be ready. Be ready, be organized, be concerned—this way you get into political office. That's the way the right wing has taken control of local politics in California. The Birchers are the ones who were ready to move. In terms of practical politics, we can't think in terms of this year or next year, but five to ten years from now. With this thinking we'll have some hope of changing policies in this country and possibly the world."

Lyndon's Set

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

Social life in Washington has seldom been more gay. Let the Danish Prime Minister arrive on a state mission, and the saxophones and drums can be heard across the White House lawn until three in the morning. Our President confines himself to the foxtrot, but he beams as his Lady Bird essays more energetic rhythms, and Hubert Horatio Humphrey is acquiring an international reputation as a rug cutter of giddy virtuosity. Daughter Lynda is a devotee of the Watusi, and on that evening when we honored our friends from Copenhagen two new dances were invented right on the ballroom floor. One called "Reasoning Together" incorporated some of Mr. Johnson's more endearing mannerisms into its gyrations: much punching on the shoulder and shaking of hands. The other dance, the "Valenti," featured a flinging of imaginary dollar bills—a reference to the handsome salary which the President's former personal aide now enjoys as head of the Motion Picture Association.

Meanwhile, over at the Smithsonian, a champagne ball given in the name of some sweet charity or other is remembered for the uninhibited frugging of Presidential Press Secretary Bill Moyers and for the moment of high drama when Mrs. Rudolph Carter, wife of a State Department official, was asked to go home and put something on under her white lace dress.

Does it seem callous, the picture of Bill Moyers swinging his hips like a teen-age jetnick? Is there something distasteful about the remark from one watcher on the sidelines that the First Lady was "doing the whole screaming bit?" Perhaps we should be glad that this Administration has nothing on its conscience that precludes a display of public merriment. But the world is full of spoilsports who cannot get Ky and Hanoi, defoliation and burning monks out of their minds. The way things are going our dancing President may soon be sending another 100,000 GIs to Vietnam. Perhaps at that point he might find it tactful to draw the blinds and mute the horns at midnight.

"But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
Did ye not hear it?—No! 'twas but the wind. . . ."

Upset in Pennsylvania

Milton J. Shapp's victory in the Democratic gubernatorial primary in Pennsylvania will be surprising only to those who underrate the factor of boredom in American politics. Voters can be apathetic for long periods of time without kicking over the traces, but let them become bored and anything can happen. In what must be rated a genuine upset, Shapp decisively defeated State Senator Robert Casey, who had the support of the Democratic "machine" and also that of Sen. Joseph S. Clark. Strictly a "loner" in this campaign—his first appearance in politics—Shapp had several factors in his favor. A successful industrialist, he had the funds to wage an intelligent campaign with heavy emphasis on radio, television and newspaper advertising, although he had almost no newspaper support. Foreign policy did not figure directly in the campaign, but Shapp's status as an outsider won him the support of many dissident groups, including elements of the labor movement. The major issues he raised related to the need to rehabilitate the economy of the state and, on these points, he spoke with intelligence and authority. He opposed, for example, the New York Central-Pennsylvania merger (see "One Big Happy Railroad" by Desmond Smith, *The Nation,* February 14; reprints of which were used effectively in the campaign). Shapp is not the charismatic type but he campaigned hard, traveling about the state by helicopter. One of his stated goals is to reshape and unify the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania and he now stands an excellent chance of accomplishing it, regardless of the outcome in November when he will oppose Raymond Shafer, the Republican nominee and a protégé of Governor Scranton. The vote was not heavy, a factor that would normally favor the organization's candidate. But Democratic voters, obviously bored with what has been offered them in the way of candidates of recent years, decided to call in the outsider. Shapp's victory was a real upset; he carried thirty-seven of the state's sixty-seven counties. It was thought that Casey would carry Philadelphia by 75,000 votes; his margin was approximately 7,500. He was supposed to roll up a big vote in Allegheny County, but was lucky to carry it by a few votes. This could turn out to be a good year for "loners" in the Democratic Party.

SALAZAR'S PORTUGAL

Anniversary on Thin Ice

RONALD H. CHILCOTE

Having recently returned from a field trip to Africa, Mr. Chilcote is preparing a book on the political history of Portuguese Africa and editing for publication a collection of documents on emerging Portuguese African nationalism. Mr. Chilcote teaches political science at the University of California, Riverside.

On May 28, 1926, General Manuel Gomes da Costa marched on Lisbon, overthrew the republican regime, and proclaimed a military dictatorship. Two years later in the face of grave financial difficulties an economics professor, António de Oliveira Salazar, was named finance minister, a position which allowed him to consolidate power and assure dictatorial continuity. The fortieth anniversary of the coup is being suitably celebrated throughout the country, but it does not signify the security of the regime. Political unrest within the homeland and the challenge of African nationalism in the colonies of Angola, Mozambique and Portuguese Guinea forecast profound changes, which may include the downfall of Salazar and the independence of the African territories. An imperial mystique premised upon the great exploits of Portuguese discovery and expansion during the 15th and 16th centuries would thus be obliterated.

Portugal is challenged by the need to find solutions to both internal and external problems, and its dictatorial regime is peculiarly ill fitted to meet the dilemma that faces most underdeveloped nations today: the achievement of modernization through structural change and political, economic, social and cultural development despite intransigent political leaders and a powerful oligarchy.

Suppression is the essence of Salazar's political order. The dictatorship came to power in response to a chaotic republican experiment that had endured the rise and fall of forty-four governments between 1910 and 1926. Salazar has given the Portuguese stability and peace. At least, he has done so up to a point. The so-called stability of the New State was marred by riots in 1931 in Madeira, Portuguese Guinea and the Azores. A 1936 revolt by two naval ships failed; military uprisings collapsed in 1946, 1947, 1952, 1959, 1961 and 1962. African nationalist revolts initiated in Angola during 1961, in Guinea during 1962, and in Mozambique during 1964 have not been totally contained by the 100,000 Portuguese troops assigned to those territories.

However, only in the 1958 Presidential elections did the internal opposition, led by General Humberto Delgado, seriously threaten the dictatorship and win a fourth of the votes. Despite his subsequent exile to Brazil and his mysterious death in Spain early in 1965, Delgado's challenge marked a turning point in Portuguese politics. The government's reaction to the 1958 experience was to abolish direct suffrage in Presidential elections. This move, plus the Angolan outbreak in 1961 and the loss of Goa at the end of the same year, prompted some re-evaluation of the immobile Salazar regime by the important political forces that help to maintain the policies of continuity and by those that from time to time express their dissatisfaction and may someday exercise greater influence. Among the props of the regime are the armed forces, the Church and the oligarchy; the dissident elements, now ostracized, include the opposition parties, students, labor and the peasantry.

Salazar was ushered into power by the military and they continue to support him. Upon his death or ouster, the army would probably assume control with the strong support of the ultraconservative "Centurions" and their weekly, *Agora*. The opposition's ranks, however, have been led by such important military figures as Generals Norton de Matos and Humberto Delgado, and there has been disaffection among the younger officers.

Salazar always has been able to count on the support of a conservative Catholic majority, despite the discontent of the liberal wing of the Church. In 1958 the Bishop of Oporto, António Ferreira Gomes (presently in exile in Spain), criticized Portuguese workers' conditions. The Bishop's protest awakened some Catholics to side with the worker masses, and his action foreshadowed the emergence of an important Christian Democrat movement that today challenges the Church hierarchy and the Salazar regime itself. During the recent electoral campaign Catholic laymen signed anti-Salazar manifestoes demanding liberal reforms at home and autonomy for the colonies.

The oligarchy is dominated by a small, wealthy group of entrepreneurs who have supported the regime for many years and who have been rewarded with key concessions that enabled them to consolidate their economic power. One observer notes that eleven families control most of the nation's domestic and overseas industries.

Among elements ostracized by the regime, the political opposition at home and abroad represents a very moderate challenge. The domestic opposition is loosely organized into the Directório Democrata Social, mostly composed of such old-guard republicans as former ministers Francisco Cunha Leal and the late Mário de Azevedo Gomes. This opposition is allowed to campaign during elections and to issue manifestoes of protest; its objective is to effect political change through peaceful means, moderate demands and negotiations with the intransigent government.

In 1962, Portuguese exiles formed in Algiers the Frente Patriótica de Libertaçao Nacional (FPLN) and a year later chose General Delgado as its president. The FPLN was a loose coalition of individual liberals, Socialists, Catholics, monarchists and the Communist Party. In mid-1964 the Communist Party split, and a small pro-Peking faction defected to form the Frente de Acçao Popular which advocated military struggle with the regime. This policy was also supported by Delgado who as a result was not re-elected president of the FPLN at its third congress. He then formed a rival Frente Portuguesa de Libertaçao Nacional which he headed until his assassination in early 1965. Today the original FPLN remains a popular front that is in practice dominated by the Communist Party. In theory, the FPLN's executive committee is comprised of one representative each from: the Communist Party, established in 1921, pro-Soviet and certainly the best organized of the opposition movements; the Movimento de Acçao Revolucionária, a non-Communist Left group established in mid-1962 as an outgrowth of student unrest within Portugal; and the Movimento de Resistencia Republicana, which is led by oppositionists who head the Directório Democrata Social within Portugal. Three independents, Manuel Sertório, Piteiro Santos and José Mário Ervedosa also serve on the executive committee. Sertório, a social democrat and one of the opposition's important political theorists, was a leader of a group that broke from the Directório many years ago and attempted to manifest their ideas through the journal *Seara Nova.* The FPLN's strategy is to politicize the masses through manifestoes, radio and any peaceful means of disseminating information.

Since 1962, the student movement has been the vanguard of dissent to the Salazar dictatorship. A new leadership, Christian Democrat and Socialist in outlook, focuses on the need for social change and development. Demonstrations, which have won few concessions, have resulted in bloodshed, death and arrests of hundreds, but have also forced the nation to look at problems at home and in the colonies. The Ministry of Education took disciplinary action against 208 students who demonstrated in April, 1965.

Both organized labor and the peasantry remain ineffective as forces for change. The New State undermined labor's effectiveness in the 1930s and reorganized labor into national syndicates within the corporate state. The peasantry remains traditionally apathetic and apolitical, although increased emigration suggests discontent in the countryside. The Catholic Action has had limited success in attempting to organize both the peasantry and urban labor.

Economic problems challenge the dictatorial order, and are perhaps more immediate than any political threat. Luiz Teixeira Pinto, a leading Portuguese economist and a former Minister of Economy, wrote several years ago that the economy suffered from "immobility . . . unparalleled in other countries" and that Portuguese underdevelopment was characterized by low incomes, unemployment, low diversification of production and export, low level of technical accomplishment and a high rate of population growth. He advocated increasing threefold the rate of public investment in the national development plans, and taxation of the wealthy minority to relieve the masses. He also argued that foreign aid would be essential. These recommendations have not yet been totally accepted by the regime, but it is urged toward them both by the Europe-minded industrialists who desire economic integration with Europe (Portugal is a member of the European Free Trade Association) and by the necessity to seek foreign credits and loans to finance the war in Africa.

Another aspect of the economic problem is the rapidly increasing emigration. Officially, 56,000 Portuguese left in 1964; the actual emigration may have been double that figure. Although agreements regarding Portuguese emigrants have been signed with the Netherlands, France and Germany, bureaucratic red tape and a reluctance to allow a large outflow of Portuguese abroad have resulted in substantial illegal emigration. In the past, low levels of farm productivity have been balanced by a surplus of cheap labor. Today a lack of manpower on the farms is caused not only by the migration to cities and emigration abroad but also by large-scale recruiting for the colonial armies. The regime also desires that emigrants move to the African colonies to bolster the white minorities there.

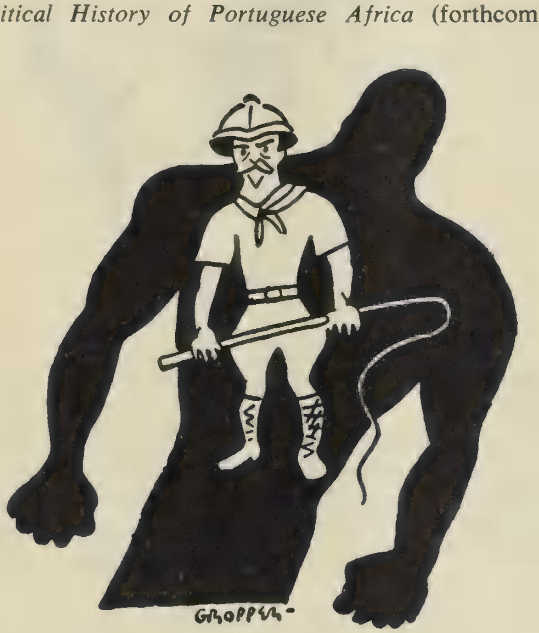
Portugal
Portuguese Guinea
AFRICA
Principe
São Tome
Cabinda
ANGOLA
Mozambique

Portuguese society is rigidly stratified. Per capita income remains the lowest in Western Europe, while income is unevenly distributed. Portugal lags behind other European countries in welfare programs: health insurance and benefits, old age compensation, unemployment insurance and the like. Mortality rates for infectious diseases and infant mortality rates are among the highest in Europe. Rough estimates suggest that more than 20 per cent of the population needs to be rehoused. These indicators support the contention that social structures have not been a major concern of dictatorial rule.

Censorship and suppression of cultural life have characterized Portuguese rule. The intelligentsia long ago lost its vitality and political effectiveness. Academic freedom was impeded by faculty purges at the University of Lisbon in 1935, 1946 and 1947. University life is strictly controlled through an elaborate informer system; all information sources are controlled. The government has recently investigated book publishers in a campaign against "red intellectuals."

A single thread of cultural opposition that has thus far survived the Salazar dictatorship is represented by the literary magazine, *Seara Nova,* founded in 1921. This magazine argues for the education of an intellectual elite and the improvement of Portugal's political culture. It is now led by a new generation of intellectuals, many of whom have been arrested frequently or forced into exile. But *Seara Nova* has not been able to people the cultural desert created by the dictatorship, a desert characterized by an insignificant contemporary literature, lack of originality in the fine arts, and by deficient historical scholarship of the 20th century.

That foreign writers and journalists are subject to the Portuguese suppression I can testify from personal experience. Granted a visa to visit Angola and Mozambique in July, 1965, I was arrested upon disembarking from a plane in Luanda. With no explanation, I was roughly handled, interrogated for twelve hours, and held incommunicado another sixty hours. Counsel was denied me, and the last two and a half days of my week in a Luanda prison were spent answering questions about my book, *A Political History of Portuguese Africa* (forthcoming).



My interrogator, Mário César Ferreira, claimed to be a Fascist supporter of the regime and a novelist. He boasted of his training in Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the Central Intelligence Agency, although he did not carry out his assignment to undertake espionage work in Macao and China. Several years ago, American news correspondent William Richards was nearly killed as he observed a Lisbon demonstration. In March of this year, Dennis Foster Redmont, director of the Lisbon bureau of the Associated Press, sought refuge in the American Embassy after harassment by the secret police.

Portuguese rule has always been resisted in Africa, but today the Salazar regime is seriously challenged by emergent nationalism in Portuguese Guinea, Angola and Mozambique. In Portuguese Guinea, pinched between the two independent republics of Senegal and former French Guinée, Portugal is hard pressed to support a military force of 15,000 to 20,000 troops. African nationalists claim control over more than 40 per cent of the territory; success of their guerrilla units, particularly in the dense forests and waterways of the southern region, permitted them to establish a revolutionary army. Nationalist control of communications and rural agricultural areas has resulted in production declines in agriculture and industry. The colony has become a liability in Portugal's imperial design.

The important Guinean nationalist movement, the Partido Africano da Independencia da Guiné e Cabo Verde (PAIGC) has its headquarters in Conakry and is led by an astute agronomist, Amílcar Cabral, who in the late 1940s and early 1950s worked with the Portuguese Government and published significant economic studies of the Cape Verde archipelago and mainland Guinea.

Founded in September, 1956, PAIGC at first concentrated on the urban centers. Portuguese repressive measures to halt a strike in the port of Bissau during July and August, 1959, resulted in a shift of activity to the countryside. Open guerrilla warfare commenced in June, 1962, although a rival group, the Mouvement de Libération de la Guinée dite Portugaise (MLG) claims to have initiated military activity in early 1962.

In Angola, the nationalist struggle commenced formally in early February, 1961, when elements of the Movimento Popular da Libertaçao de Angola (MPLA) launched an abortive rebellion in Luanda, the capital. A month later, political unrest exploded into open rebellion and war when nationalists led by Leopoldville-based Holden Roberto slaughtered hundreds of Europeans and occupied much of the territory north of Luanda. Roberto then merged his movement with other small nationalist groups, established in Leopoldville a Revolutionary Government of Angola in Exile (GRAE), and received the political and financial support of the Organization of African Unity (OAU). By June, 1965, Roberto's government had been recognized by fifteen nations.

Tens of thousands of Portuguese troops, however, had reoccupied most of the northern area, and only small African resistance was evident in the forested regions. Furthermore, Roberto's movement suffered from defections of important leaders who accused him of nepotism and of dishonest and incompetent leadership. The OAU is now supporting the MPLA and, despite the early success of the GRAE, it is emerging as Angola's most important nationalist group. MPLA leaders represent the Angolan intelligentsia and are known throughout the territory.

In Mozambique, a coalition of nationalist groups, organized into the Frente de Libertaçao de Moçambique (FRELIMO), is led by former Syracuse University professor of anthropology, Eduardo Mondlane. On September 25, 1964, the Dar es Salaam-based FRELIMO initiated its "war of liberation" and established a clandestine nationalist network throughout northern Mozambique; its military resistance is concentrated in the provinces of Nyasa and Cabo Delgado.

What are the prospects for an end to the dictatorship in Portugal and for independence of the African territories? It appears that any change in the current rigid political economic social structures must be effected by present supporters of the regime, and liberal Catholic elements represent one important pressure in that direction.

The 77-year-old Salazar can be counted on to resist all change, but his death or ouster will disrupt the present order. A conservative regime led by the army and supported by the oligarchy and Church hierarchy would then be an immediate possibility, for Salazar has chosen no successor. Other alternatives are few. A constitutional monarchy offers little promise because the administrative abilities of the pretender are doubtful and his popularity not great. A return to republicanism and rule by pragmatic politicians might lead to chaos, and a shift to the extreme Left is not likely.

In Africa, nationalists have achieved varying degrees of success. The struggle in Angola and Mozambique may be long; Guinean independence could be achieved sooner. Some political observers argue that if Guinea were independent the Portuguese could concentrate on holding the more important Angola and Mozambique. The nationalists contend that an independent Guinea would provide them with a base from which to step up their own war effort. At the moment they lack financial resources and military training and equipment, but are bolstered by the commitment of independent Africa to rid itself of colonialism.

Two external forces might break the current stalemate in Portugal and Portuguese Africa. First, United Nations pressure, influenced principally by the Afro-Asian bloc, is an active foe of intransigent Portuguese rule in Africa. Since 1960 a series of resolutions and reports in the Security Council, in the General Assembly and in several committees have condemned repressive political, economic and social conditions in the African territories. The effectiveness of the United Nations is partially offset at present by the formidable southern African bloc of territories including the Portuguese possessions, racist-ruled Southern Rhodesia and South Africa, and the U.S.-supported, conservative Congo (Leopoldville) government.

A second potential force is the United States, whose policy continues to be the preservation of cordial relations, the *status quo* and its economic interests in Portugal and Portuguese Africa. If ever the United States becomes willing to pressure its NATO ally into granting eventual independence to the African colonies, the balance of forces would be drastically altered. Undoubtedly Salazar would react by withdrawing from NATO, closing the U.S. military bases on the Azores, and perhaps breaking diplomatic relations with the United States.

The impact, internal and external, of such political developments could be severe. Although the outlook for Portuguese Africa is uncertain, the Portuguese presence there is tenuous. Collapse of the dictatorship and its colonial empire may be imminent.

ANALOGIES & IMAGES

Thoughtways of Foreign Policy

WILLIAM FOOTE WHYTE

Mr. Whyte, author of Street Corner Society *(University of Chicago Press),* Money and Motivation *(Harper & Row) and* Men at Work *(Richard D. Irwin), is professor of industrial and labor relations and of sociology at Cornell University.*

Said Dean Rusk recently: "The major lines of United States policy are simple and easily understandable. I am pretty certain that the majority of high school seniors could describe them accurately." And not so long ago the Secretary chided college professors for their inability to recognize certain obvious facts, and for misleading their students regarding U. S. foreign policy.

We have here a paradox: a foreign policy simple enough to be understood and accepted by high school seniors and yet somehow beyond the comprehension and sympathy of many professors who take a professional interest in these matters.

Being a college professor myself, I cannot claim to be impartial in this contest with high school seniors, yet I think I can provide a key to understanding the paradox. The lines of policy are indeed simple because they are based upon some very popular oversimplifications as to the nature of the world. If some of the professors seem to be confusing the issues, it is because they find themselves looking at a different world from that described by Secretary Rusk. Here follow some examples of how the roads diverge.

THE HANDY HISTORICAL ANALOGY. When we confront a foreign-policy problem, it is natural that we ask ourselves whether such a problem was faced by any country in previous history. If we find a good analogy to the present problem, we can then ask what the country facing this problem did in the past. If its actions turned out well, we can decide to do something of the same sort. If the actions turned out badly, we can resolve to seek a different approach.

There is nothing inherently wrong in this procedure, but one should recognize that the value of the conclusion drawn from the analogy depends upon how closely the two situations match.

How good are these analogies now in common use? A perennially popular one is appeasement at Munich. At that meeting, Neville Chamberlain agreed to let Hitler have his way with Czechoslovakia in order to win "peace in our time." As we all know, the bargain turned out to be a bad one, from the practical as well as the moral standpoint. So now the argument is applied to Vietnam.

But how does the situation in Czechoslovakia at the time of Munich really compare with the situation in Vietnam today? While in 1938 there was a small German fifth column within Czechoslovakia, the really serious threat of aggression came from outside, from Nazi Germany. The extent to which the war in Vietnam is a civil war is a matter of vigorous debate. Certainly, if Vietnam is judged to be one country, temporarily divided—as stipulated in the

Geneva Agreement of 1954—then it is clear that nearly all of those doing the actual fighting (except U. S. personnel) are Vietnamese.

Czechoslovakia in the 1930s was a democratic state, and there could be no doubt that it carried out the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the population in seeking to oppose Nazi aggression. From the outset, the government of South Vietnam has depended heavily upon our military and economic support, and there have never been any solid indications that any of its governments commanded widespread popular support.

Czechoslovakia had what was for the times a modern, well-disciplined and well-equipped army. In an armed conflict with Nazi Germany, Czechoslovakia was sure to be overwhelmed, but there seems little doubt that had the Czechs not been abandoned by their allies, they would have fought to the limit of their resources. The present South Vietnamese army is largely a creation of the American and earlier French occupation forces. While there have been notable instances of units that showed gallantry in action, the overall record suggests an inclination to avoid hard fighting. In fact, until late 1964 the Vietcong forces supplied themselves very largely with weapons captured from the South Vietnamese. This is no reflection upon the courage of the South Vietnamese people. The Vietnamese, fighting so well on the other side, are the same people, linguistically and culturally. From this difference in performance, we must conclude that the South Vietnamese soldier just does not feel the same commitment to his cause as does his opponent.

Would we be violating our treaty obligations if we now withdrew from Vietnam? On that question, there are two diametrically opposed points of view. The official U. S. position is that we were invited in by the government of South Vietnam to help them to resist aggression from their neighbor, North Vietnam. To withdraw now would be to violate our solemn obligations to the government and the people of South Vietnam.

The opposing argument begins with the premise that the government of South Vietnam has no right to exist in the first place. The Geneva Agreement of 1954 did not treat North and South Vietnam as separate countries. The division at the 17th Parallel was to be temporary one. In 1956, North and South were to be reunited on the basis of free elections. Diem, whom the United States had put in power in South Vietnam, refused to allow such an election in the territory he controlled. (Note that he did not refuse *unless* the International Control Commission could provide adequate safeguards for a free election. He refused unconditionally — and the United States tacitly supported this treaty violation.) Furthermore, every South Vietnamese government since 1954 has been heavily dependent upon U. S. military and economic support. In other words, the sacred obligation of which Washington speaks is one entered into with its own agent.

It is important to note that this argument does not depend upon disagreement as to what the facts are in Vietnam. The debaters simply select different facts for emphasis and interpretation. The situation in Czechoslovakia was entirely different. The abandonment of that country to Hitler was a clear treaty violation. It was defended on the ground of expediency, but no one could claim that a breach of the treaty had not taken place.

In other words, the Czechoslovakian and Vietnamese situations seem about as different as two international situations can be. It is hard to imagine how the lessons drawn from the one case can be applied to the other. Over the years, however, Munich has come to mean simply that appeasement never pays and therefore, whenever we confront an international crisis, we must act tough.

IDEOLOGITIS AND TWO-VALUED ORIENTATIONS. I call *ideologitis* the tendency to see international affairs primarily in ideological terms. Two-valued orientation refers to the semantic fallacy of conceiving and evaluating a situation, however complex, in terms of two diametrically opposite poles: black and white, right and wrong, communism and anti-communism, and so on. Combined, these two produce the formula: international affairs consist of a struggle between communism and the free world.

The trouble with this point of view is that it does not distinguish between two major powers, Russia and China, whose words and actions are coming increasingly into conflict. Neither does it distinguish between major powers with whom we have conflicts of interest, and other states (Yugoslavia, Poland and Rumania, for example) with whom we do not compete.

If we are willing to make such elementary distinctions, we shall find that we can employ the very real differences among Communist nations to improve our own position and to ease international tensions. On the other hand, if we view communism as a monolithic force, we produce what sociologists call the "self-fulfilling prophecy": our very actions tend to push Communist governments into competing with one another to determine which can oppose "U. S. imperialism" most effectively.

ON THE IMAGES WE PROJECT. We are told by the experts that since we are now a world power, people all over the world watch our actions and judge us accordingly. We must show them that we are strong, and that we have the courage to use our strength.

Do opinion leaders in other countries really judge from our actions in foreign policy whether we are strong or weak? I have no doubt that they do, but strong-weak is not the only dimension in which they make judgments. These are some other dimensions commonly used in evaluating the foreign policies of the United States:

cruel-humane
reckless-responsible
peaceable-warlike
arrogant-respectful of others
imperialistic-anti-imperialistic
intelligent-stupid

Suppose that our actions in Vietnam convince the opinion leaders of a given nation that we are strong—but that we are also cruel, reckless, warlike, arrogant, imperialistic and stupid. Have we improved our "image" in that nation? There is no way of answering that question, for we cannot say how many units of gain on the strong-weak dimension are offset by how many units of loss on each of the other dimensions. Nevertheless, our concern for public opinion in another country cannot realistically be limited to the strong-weak dimension, and any State Department official will concede that we are also concerned with how we are evaluated in the other dimensions. He will go on to say that we hope to be regarded not only as strong but also as humane, responsible, peaceable, respectful of others, against imperialism and intelligent.

No one has very good information as to how we are regarded in other parts of the world, but this incident is suggestive:

In 1965 the French Institute of Public Opinion put the following question to a cross section of Frenchmen: "In your opinion which chiefs of state constitute the greatest menace for peace?" As we might expect, Mao Tse-tung led with 32 per cent of the votes. Are we not a little shocked to learn that a close second was Lyndon B. Johnson with 30 per cent, and that he received twice as many votes as did Premier Kosygin, who followed in third place with 15 per cent.

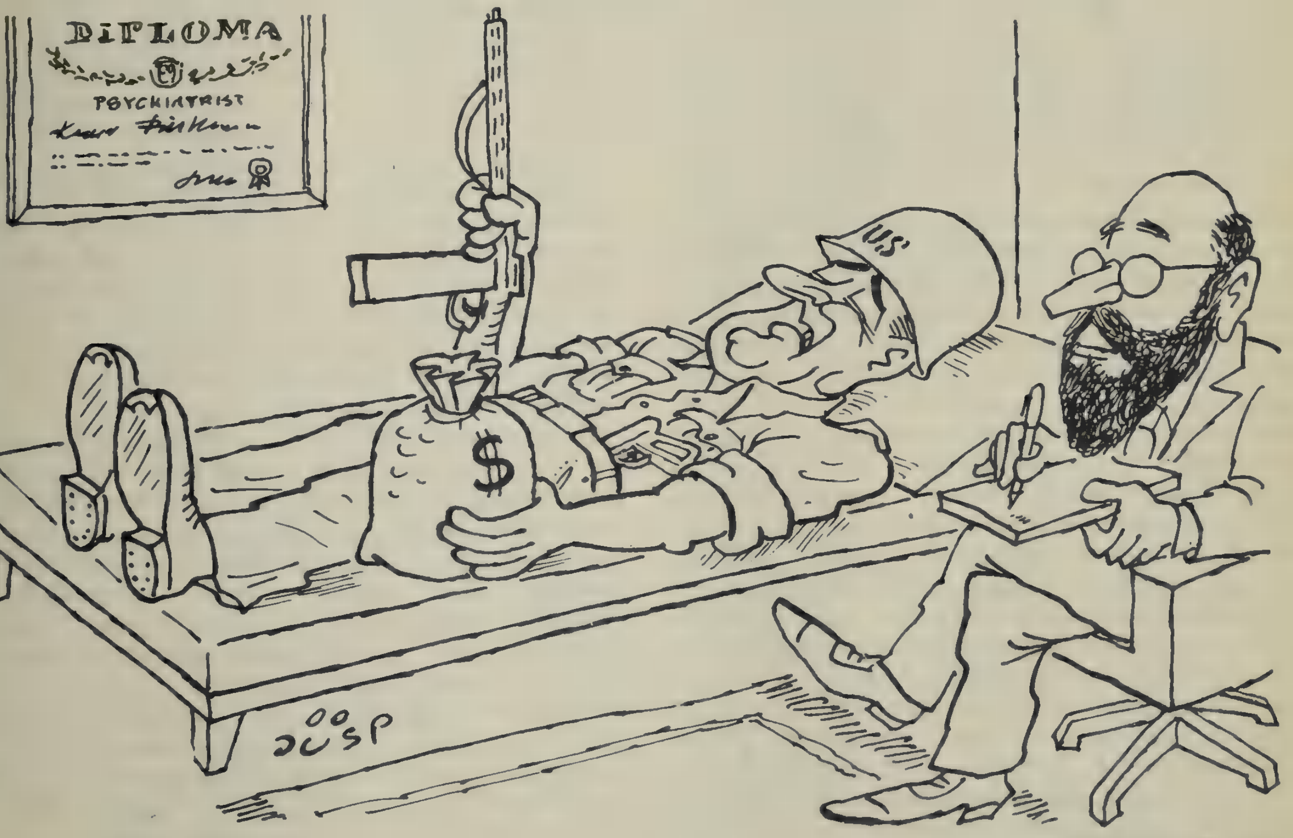
The Limitations of Military Force. It is now said in Washington that a conflict such as that in Vietnam cannot be won by military force alone. Senators and Administration foreign-policy makers are fond of reminding us that this sort of war is fought in the minds and hearts of men. Unless there are basic political, social and economic reforms, the people will not have sufficient stake in the government of South Vietnam to move them to continue the struggle.

Those sound like enlightened words. But the time is now 1966, and the same sentiments were spoken by people in the same positions more than a decade ago when we first assumed responsibility for South Vietnam. No doubt our ambassadors have sought to persuade the various South Vietnamese governments to get some reforms going, but we have not bargained with them. We have not said to them: "Unless you launch some of the reforms necessary to make your people believe your government is worth defending, we will withdraw our military support."

We did not bargain because we were not willing to face the possible rejection of our demands. We have not dared even to begin reducing our forces, lest that open the way to a Vietcong victory.

It is now too late for bargaining, and recent developments suggest that the Administration is trying a new approach. As U. S. forces have in effect assumed military control over those areas not in Vietcong hands, we are increasingly establishing political control. Do we now mean to saturate the countryside with technical assistance and push through these reforms that the Saigon regimes have been unable or unwilling to effect?

Such a program would make South Vietnam a U. S. colony in fact, if not in the words of our policy makers. We may tell ourselves that these measures will be good for the South Vietnamese, but the history of colonialism does not support the statement. Whatever "good things" are done for them, the dependent people know very well that they are not running their own show. Sooner or later they get tired of being told what to do and invite the foreign rulers to go home.



(Switzerland) Ben Roth

"They Don't Like Me"

Rewards and Investments. Sociologist George Homans has discovered an important principle of social life: men act as if they believed that the rewards they receive should be proportionate to the investments they make. This principle is illustrated every day when people talk about the jobs they hold. On the investment side are such factors as education, skill, knowledge, seniority, effort and social background. On the reward side are such factors as pay, social prestige and the intrinsic satisfactions of the job. When a man feels that his rewards are equal to or greater than his investments, he is satisfied with his job. When he feels that his investments exceed his rewards, he is dissatisfied—and is likely to do something to try to balance the equation.

I suspect that this principle applies also to the behavior of groups and nations. In an international crisis, the policy makers come to a decision and begin making investments in that decision—the deployment of the material and human resources of the country, the lives of fighting men, the reputations of the policy makers. The more the investment, the stronger the commitment to insist that rewards to match it must be forthcoming. The policy makers look hopefully for the rewards that are going to balance their investments. Their subordinates in the field are naturally led to report favorable developments that would seem to promise these rewards. And the policy makers give out reassuring statements. (It was not so many months ago that Secretary McNamara was publicly foreseeing the gradual withdrawal of U.S. troops from Vietnam, beginning a year following his statement.)

This article is the first in a series on American foreign policy, the world's shifting axes of power, treaties and natural alliances and similar topics, which *The Nation* will publish over the next few months. The second piece in the series will be a discussion by Charles O. Lerche, Jr., of international relations in this post-cold war period.

This process suggests a modification of the Homans' principle: if actual rewards do not balance investments, those responsible for the investments will seek to create the illusion of balance. In recent months, newsmen have presented well-documented cases of distortion of news by the government, both in Vietnam and in Santo Domingo. I suggest that these distortions do not arise out of the dishonesty of particular officials. They arise out of the pressures created when the investments-rewards equation is seriously out of balance.

The more a policy fails to produce rewards, the more is invested in that policy; and the more invested, the greater the commitment to prove that the policy will eventually pay off. Is there no way out of this vicious circle? If one can judge from recent history, there are two conditions under which nations persuade themselves to abandon such costly international policies:

(*1*) The policy meets a sudden and dramatic disaster. Everything invested in it has already been lost, and the policy maker either must make massive new investments or else cut his losses. (Dienbienphu and the Bay of Pigs.)

(*2*) The man who decides to abandon the policy is a different man from the one who made the major investments. (De Gaulle in Algeria.)

On this analysis, the point of no return for the Johnson Administration was passed more than a year ago. In September of 1963, President Kennedy said that while we could help the South Vietnamese government by sending equipment and advisers, "in the final analysis, it is their war. They are the ones who have to win it or lose it."

In the fall and winter of 1964-65, it became apparent that if we continued to regard the war as "their war," the Saigon government was going to lose—and soon and decisively. If he had stood by the "their war" concept, President Johnson could have got us out at that time with but small loss to the investments of his Administration. That choice point is now behind us. The heavy investments in Vietnamese policy are now those of Johnson, Rusk, McNamara and their chief advisers. We can only hope, with the President, that the road chosen will lead to a negotiated settlement—before it leads to World War III.

Conclusions. If this analysis is correct, the Administration investments in the Vietnamese are now so enormous that we are completely locked in to present policies. If we cannot pull out of Vietnam, can we at least learn anything from this experience that will enable us to avoid such costly and risky enterprises in the future? The argument thus far presented leads me to the following suggestions:

(*1*) Let us be more skeptical in the future regarding historical analogies. Let us not be content with asking: what are the similarities between situation X and the situation we now face? Let us also ask: what are the *differences*? Only by asking both questions can we avoid the seductive oversimplifications of argument from analogy.

(*2*) Let us pay less attention to ideology and more attention to actions. Let us recognize that there is no such thing as communism. If we use the word to refer to form of government and to political, economic and military policies, then we should more properly refer to communism 1, (Russia), communism 2 (China), communism 3 (Yugoslavia), communism 4 (Poland), communism 5 (Rumania), communism 6 (North Vietnam), and so on. These communisms do, of course, have some elements in common, but we delude ourselves by looking for similarities only. If we also look for differences, we shall find that some communisms pose a threat to the interests of the United States and others do not. From this it follows that if a country "goes Communist," the event may—or may not—threaten the interests of the United States. As we outgrew childhood, we learned that the bogy man did not exist. Have we re-created him in our fixation on monolithic communism?

(*3*) Let us finally put into practice the lesson we keep telling ourselves: that wars are not won by military force alone, that victory for a government we support depends in large measure upon the commitment of the people to support that government. Concretely, this means that we should not commit ourselves to supporting a government which has little or no popular support. We should not require that to win our support a government must conform to our ideal of progressive democracy, but we should require good evidence of strong popular support. We should also be convinced that the government is willing and able to carry out such reforms as will hold and strengthen that support. Finally, since we can never be sure in advance that a given government will actually carry out a promised reform, we must retain our bargaining power. Let us not allow the political leaders to believe that a victory for "communism" is so unthinkable to us that we will support them no matter what they do or fail to do. Overcoming the bogy-man mentality should enable us to think the unthinkable and to recognize that a victory for communism (type X) will not necessarily be more harmful to our interests than continuing to invest in a government that shows no inclination to carry out policies that will build popular support.

(*4*) It is vital to recognize that any of us can be trapped by our investments, and that our freedom of action may thus become increasingly limited. Let us therefore explore alternative courses of action more thoroughly before we make our investments. This would require the President and all Administration policy makers to reach out actively in search of sources of information, ideas and recommendations *beyond* the regular Administration channels. Finally, as the first investments are being made, the policy maker should recognize the natural tendency of these investments to block him off from evidences of failure of the policy and from those inclined to criticize the policy. Unless the policy maker exerts a determined effort to establish and keep open such channels of information and opinion, he will soon find himself surrounded by like-minded people whose view of what is going on comes to be determined less and less by events and more and more by investments.

(*5*) If we are concerned with how other nations view us, let us not limit our concern to perceptions of power. If we wish to project abroad the vision we have of our own society, we must inquire whether the image perceived by others is in line with our own ideals.

Should we care how others regard us? Or should we just defend the interests of the United States and not worry about the opinions of outsiders? Those questions formulate the issue in unrealistic either-or terms. Clearly we cannot bind ourselves to take only such actions as will be approved by allies and friendly neutrals. The policy makers must be concerned first with our own country and must be prepared at times to risk unpopularity abroad. On the other hand, few would claim that what other nations think of us makes no difference in the balance of forces in the world. Clearly there is something wrong when we regard ourselves as a peace-loving nation and many people in other (and friendly) nations regard us as aggressive and irresponsible. It can hardly be considered an un-American policy to show an interest in our image in the world. The founding fathers wrote into the preamble of the Declaration of Independence an obligation to "show a decent respect for the opinions of mankind."

THE MEXICAN-AMERICANS

New Wind from the Southwest

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Los Angeles

For Americans, the word "minority" evokes the image of a people with long-standing grievances. It implies a moral claim on American society and, probably, a potential for political action and civil disruption. Here at the moment "minority" means Negro, but American society contains at least one other population, rigorously a minority, that is rarely thought of when the word comes up.

Four million Mexican-Americans in five Southwestern states bear important grievances and problems. They represent a major political potential. Recently they have shown signs of a capacity for civil disruption. It is ironic that the Mexican struggle for the simplest of the heritages of American life should occur in the Southwest, for the Western states are outspoken in praise (if not in practice) of free-swinging tolerance. Today a new purposefulness is appearing in the forgotten ghettos of the Southwest. The new hope lies in a discovery by the Mexican of himself as a minority. He is even accepting the image of himself as a national problem—disfranchised, poor, badly educated and excluded from the national dialogue. This acceptance is a remarkable victory for a new leadership that now seeks goals on the national level. It is the first sign that the stereotype of the Mexican-Americans as rural and as foreign is breaking down and it makes possible a start toward fuller political participation.

Evidence of this vital change has been growing for several years. The election in Crystal City, Tex., whereby for a time the Mexicans won control of the city government, attracted national attention. Most significant, however, was the fact that Mexicans and interested Anglo organizations came to Crystal City — and stayed — until the Mexicans had won.

Earlier this year, the Delano, Calif., grape workers' strike became front-page news in *The New York Times.* This pleased the Mexicans, of course, but the real significance lies in Cesar Chavez's careful engineering of the strike on a national scale, using—after the manner of Selma—a full range of interested religious and civil rights groups. A national boycott was widely publicized, political leaders from the governor of California on down were involved, often against their will. And, in time, Schenley Industries acted according to a national rather than a Kern County policy.

A less widely known event, but one even more important to the Mexicans, climaxed a long and frustrating relationship with federal equal rights groups. The present Equal Employment Opportunities Commission is headed by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., a man who promised the Mexi-

cans "personal" attention to their employment problems in the Southwest. But not only was there no action on this promise; the commission failed even to give a single Mexican a voice in policy—either among the commissioners or on the staff. Last March, the commission called still another in a long series of meetings to "discuss" the problem. But the new Mexican-American leaders were tired of meetings and promises. At Albuquerque they walked out of the meeting and proceeded to organize themselves into a committee to deal directly with President Johnson. This dramatic bypassing of a federal agency stems from a completely new definition of the "Mexican problem" by the Mexican leaders. The men and women at Albuquerque considered themselves quite able to speak for all the Mexicans in five states — and on a national level.

The fifty-odd rebels making up that committee are relatively young, few older than the late 40s. Nearly all are native-born Americans, but it is significant that few of them hold any elected office. It is still almost impossible to elect Mexican-Americans to public office in most parts of the Southwest. There are among them no paid representatives of Mexican organizations, and that is a handicap, because the time for equal rights leadership must be stolen from business, scholarship and the professions.

Most important of all, this group is closely tied together by long and close cooperation; as a "network," it has existed for years. What is new is the climate that now allows it to present Mexican problems on a national level. A long process of internal change within the Mexican population is now making itself felt on the surface of American life.

Among the changes is a weakening of the traditional pattern of political isolation. The question, "Why should I become an American citizen?" was common among the older immigrant generation. "I can't wear my naturalization papers. People still treat me as Mexican." But the rate of naturalization has been increasing, particularly in far Western segments of the Mexican population and in urban areas. A little-noticed provision of the Walters-McCarran Act of 1950 gave legal residents of foreign birth who were 50 years of age or over the privilege of qualifying for naturalization in their native language. Organized groups like the Community Service Organization (CSO) speeded the already increasing rate of naturalization when they established Spanish classes in U. S. citizenship. Further, the older and sometimes more embittered generation is being replaced by a younger population which accepts American citizenship as a normal fact of life. Both the steady jobs that this once transient population found during World War II and the new habit of living for many years in a single city have accelerated the rate of naturalization. As one might expect, each year the ties, real or imagined, with Mexico and "Mexican culture" grow fainter. Parades celebrating Mexican national holidays increasingly function like New York's St. Patrick's Day celebration—a field day for politicians.

Mexicans are learning to live with the full range of modern institutions in large cities. Schools, welfare bureaucracies, labor unions, police and an elaborate public health system have all required adaptation. All of them disturbed and disrupted the highly localistic Mexican communities. Traditional spokesmen were replaced by younger leaders who drew their authority from the local community rather than from Anglo politicians. With the new ways of life came new reasons for uniting the community. Police brutality, for example, is still an ugly and immediate reality to many Mexicans. An urbanized community meant that immigration agents could more easily locate illegal immigrants. And no matter how harmless, youthful Mexican gangs became permanently identified in the Anglo mind with juvenile delinquency. These and other conflicts sharpened the need for organized Mexican voting. In California, the Community Service Organization (supported by Saul Alinsky's Industrial Areas Foundation) set up the machinery for mass registration drives.

The larger society is also changing, however slowly. Not only is America generally more liberal; large-scale migration to the West has brought in a young, well-educated populace only faintly acquainted with Southwestern patterns of intolerance. Again the changes occur most rapidly in large cities. Studies of Mexican segregation in California show that even today some of the smaller cities ghettoize Mexicans as rigidly as Southern communities segregate the Negroes.

The new leaders have built this growing consciousness of identity despite the handicap of an enormously diverse population. However possible it may be to imagine an average Negro or an average Japanese-American, it is obviously ridiculous to postulate a typical Mexican-American. At one extreme, nearly 1 million Texas Mexicans live at an economic level not much above that of their ancestors in the aftermath of their defeat in the war with the United States. Most of these are concentrated in south Texas, a sort of Appalachia that runs through thirty counties along the lower Gulf Coast and the Rio Grande valley. Here the Mexican is largely rural, nearly illiterate and lives in part according to the Mexican colonial class system, in part by the plantation system of the South. Further north and west, the "Spanish" of New Mexico and Colorado are very different. Many claim unmixed ancestry from early Spanish settlers to escape the "Mexican" stigma; some, in fact, adopt the racial prejudices of the Anglos, discriminating against new arrivals from Mexico and, generally, against anyone of dark complexion. While California Mexicans appear to be more militant in their demands, they are also less specific about their goals. Texans, on the other hand, appear more specific about goals but less militant in tactics. In the far West, and most particularly in the booming industrial cities of California, a better-educated, better-fed, but a not necessarily politically more mature group has appeared since World War II. Many are migrants from other parts of the Southwest. This group supplies most of the Young Turks among the California Mexican leadership.

In past years this very diversity of population has prevented effective national expression of Mexican hopes. Even now at least one respected and well-informed Mexican theorist believes that this minority cannot be organized nationally. Many who are identified with the new leadership persist in thinking otherwise, even in the teeth of several failures to consolidate existing Mexican organizations or to build a single pressure group.

Very recently (and most unexpectedly) the new leadership has picked up some important support. It comes as a strange by-product of the new federal poverty legislation. For the first time in American history, impoverished groups can get direct assistance from the federal government and by-pass the local power establishment. Moreover, help is given not to qualified and needy individuals but to qualified and needy groups. The result in thousands of Mexican communities has been electrifying. Local poverty programs are giving Mexicans a high degree of self-consciousness. And the immediate result of nearly every poverty program in nearly every community is social conflict. Sometimes the Anglo power structure must be fought in order to get the assistance, as is happening in south Texas. Sometimes the spoils must be divided with other minorities.

This latter cause of friction is of increasing importance. Mexicans are now being forced, willy-nilly, to join forces in order to compete with Negroes. In Los Angeles, as a notable example, the Negro rioting in Watts was particularly resented by many Mexicans because the Mexicans got no rewards for *not* rioting. After the riots new job-training programs, new schools, new hospitals, new job opportunities seemed to pour into Watts. There were few such benefits for East Los Angeles where the Mexicans live, and the lesson is not lost on the leadership. Albert Pena of Texas comments: "Last year at the President's meeting on civil rights there were 3,000 delegates. But there were only eight of us Latin Americans. Our problems were not discussed—only Negro problems. We were told consistently, 'The trouble with you is, you don't make enough noise, you don't demonstrate, you don't raise Cain enough.' "

Many Mexican leaders hope for a Negro-Mexican coalition. Many fear that the militancy of the Negro will leave the Mexican without a fair share of programs stemming from the war on poverty. Others fear that irresponsible voices will distort the nature of the competition between the Negro poor and the unemployed Mexican and thereby inflame passions and cause conflict. Others insist that the problem of competition is less among the people on the community level and more among the professionals who compete for appointive positions and political advantage. Minority coalitions have never done well in the Southwest. Nonetheless the new Mexican leader studies Negro civil rights technique with a degree of attention approaching the Pentagon's study of Chinese guerrillas. Mexican and Negro objectives are the same: to squeeze as much money and help as possible out of the federal government.

In contrasting Negro and Mexican techniques it must be remembered that the Negro drive for civil rights is based at least partially on a mass movement with mass organizations. Mexican leadership as yet rests on the frailest of rank-and-file participation. The new wave of regional solidarity may yet produce such a mass movement, but even the most optimistic of the new leaders believe it to be far in the future. Perhaps some dramatic touch is needed. The Mexican population was sharply reduced by mass repatriations on two separate occasions: in the 1930s at least 100,000 persons were removed to Mexico, and again in 1955 more than 1 million persons were rounded up in Operation Wetback. These events, traumatic to the Mexicans, are little known by the general public. Sympathy for minorities in the United States seems to flourish in a climate of well-publicized persecution. Anti-Semitism became nearly extinct after Hitler. The Mexicans have not profited from the drama inherent in the Puerto Ricans' sudden invasion of

New York. There have been no Emancipation Proclamations. Few ballad singers or novelists (there have been one or two exceptions) to speak to the nation—and to the world—on behalf of the Mexican.

Mexicans, still largely confined to one region of the United States, are hard to see and hard to understand. Until very recently, they have escaped the attention of academic students of race relations. Even the West's widespread and undeserved reputation for racial tolerance has helped to obscure its Mexican population, which has not found effective ways to communicate its complaints.

It is likely that this passivity is ending. In a sense, it ended for the Mexican leaders after the walkout at Albuquerque. Now it is also ending in hundreds of communities through the mechanism of the war against poverty. In time a new militancy may sweep away both regional differences and political isolation. The new techniques of the Albuquerque protest and of Cesar Chavez suit the temper of the Mexican population. Recently, Dr. Hector Garcia, the founder of the Mexican G.I. Forum in San Antonio, warned the White House of the new temper. He said (and this is remarkable for a Mexican whose home is in Texas) that Mexicans were prepared to march in the streets if that were necessary to reach their goals. Dr. George Sanchez puts it all in Spanish. *No queremos que nos den atole con el dedo.* (We don't want to be fed mush with a finger.)

Reporter on the UN Beat

HELLA PICK

From 1961 until June of this year, Hella Pick has been the Manchester Guardian's *correspondent at the United Nations.*

"The United Nations is the hope of the world." Anyone whose business it is to report the affairs of the UN hears this sort of generalized blessing (along, of course, with fewer but equally vague curses) as part of the standard conversation. Very rarely, however, does praise or condemnation extend to the point of understanding the functions of the UN — its activities, scope and limitations — as reasonably well-informed people understand the institutions of their own country. The UN is there as a backdrop to international debate—a place where Mr. Khrushchev pounded his shoe, where Dr. Castro made marathon speeches, where the newly independent countries can let off steam. There the Russians, the British, the Americans woo their friends and discuss disarmament, Peking is kept out and the honor of Formosa defended. Despite its own financial crisis, the UN is promoting a development decade, and has its finger in many economic and social pies. Those, without exaggeration, are the kinds of vague notions and odd facts about the UN that are held by some of its closest friends.

Very few people can have firsthand knowledge of the United Nations at work in New York. In many parts of the world, people have been touched by one UN activity or another: books from UNESCO, vaccinations from WHO, investment capital from the Development Program, a truce observer in Kashmir; blue berets in the Congo. But to gain a perspective understanding of the UN, there is really no substitute for the reporters—not just the press, but delegates themselves, and the academics who attempt a more profound analysis. Far too often, unfortunately, these become bogged down in unrealistic sentiment, or mountains of details; all too rarely do they emphasize what's significant and interesting.

Radio and television, newspapers and magazines are the chief purveyors of news about the United Nations, and if there is an imperfect understanding of the institution, much of the blame lies with them. During the few years that I have been trying to get items about the United Nations into my paper, I have naturally often asked myself just what the difficulty is. Part of the answer lies in the words just used: "trying to get items about the UN into the paper." Events at the United Nations must compete with happenings elsewhere, and very few editors rank the UN in the news class with, say, Washington or London, or Moscow or Bonn.

Editors tend to think of the United Nations as a talking shop rather than as a place of action; and even at that, they generally rate it a second-class talking shop, from which original and major policy pronouncements are scarcely to be expected. Although the United Nations has a great many accredited correspondents, probably less than 200 are there on full-time assignment. The leading wire services are fairly fully represented, but their main job is to report decisions and summarize speeches, rather than to search out and interpret the news. In a way, the wire services are part of the trouble: news editors receive a wire-service report on some long, convoluted speech, or on an intricately worded resolution that has been voted upon paragraph by paragraph. How can these be made to seem worth the attention of the average reader?

Relatively few major newspapers and radio networks consider it necessary to maintain full-time UN coverage. The American press is probably most strongly represented. *The New York Times,* outdoing everybody, maintains a bureau of several correspondents, and the great mystery is how they keep themselves occupied, month in, month out, whether the General Assembly is in session or not. The three TV networks also have full-time bureaus. The rest of the world is very thin on the ground. There are isolated pockets of interest: Canadians, Indians, Yugoslavs, Japanese—newspaper men from countries that have always kept a special interest in the United Nations. The correspondents from Communist countries are again mainly wire-service representatives. For Great Britain the *Times* and the B.B.C. for many years maintained lone outposts.

The news sources at the UN are daunting. First, a vast amount of information stems from the UN's Office of Public Information: summaries and verbatim reports of proceedings in committees, letters to the Security Council, reports on the whole range of subjects into which one or another organ of the UN may be inquiring, notes on the activities of the specialized agencies, etc. Then there are the actual proceedings of the General Assembly and the Security Council—some correspondents believe in listening to speeches! Next, press briefings are given regularly by the OPI, and by the United States and British delegations; and, now, as a sudden and very welcome innovation, the USSR delegation also gives occasional ones.

While the General Assembly is in session, many statesmen visit it from abroad, and few of them would think of leaving the building without addressing the press. When there is a Security Council meeting on, say, the Cyprus issue, Turkish, Greek and Cypriot ministers will insist on giving the press their respective, often contradictory, views. Ambassador Goldberg now holds a regular monthly press conference; the Secretary-General's rarer meetings generally attract the largest crowd of newsmen the UN sees.

But these are all public pronouncements. There is also all the private gossiping and sleuthing. Correspondents circulate freely; they can spend endless energies in tracing the making of resolutions and in trying to uncover the bargaining that lies behind them; they can hunt for clues on the relations between member countries; and even for signs of movement on issues like Vietnam or Berlin that are not "officially" handled at the United Nations. The give and take at UN headquarters can provide a quite accurate gauge of the state of East-West relations—even if the actual action is elsewhere. During the Cuba missile crisis, for example, the UN was clearly not the theatre for the major decisions; at the same time, the debates in the Security Council, and even more, the private meetings that were being held, and the confidential views expressed by delegates, provided prying reporters with important hints on the attitudes of the protagonists. Nobody at the UN, any more than in Washington, could be absolutely certain that the USSR would dismantle its missile sites until Khrushchev's agreement finally came, but the UN in those dramatic days offered considerable evidence that the USSR was seeking a way out.

On Vietnam, UN sources first provided confirmation that the U.S. had rejected or ignored a series of feelers for talks with Hanoi, which U Thant had initiated in 1963 and 1964. And delegates who are in touch with Moscow or Hanoi can often provide a perspective on the Vietnamese situation that cannot be obtained in Washington. Not long ago, diplomats were to be found in the delegates' lounge, sipping away at their cocktails and suggesting that Poland's recent note to the Security Council demanding the representation of East Germany is a portent of some major Soviet moves aimed at finding a solution to the German problem.

Of course, in the absence of other clues, such speculations may be little more than flights of fancy. The great problem for a reporter at the United Nations is to avoid being drowned in the welter of information and rumor—and carefully planted myths—that envelop him. The first requirement is to get the United Nations into perspective, to realize that it is neither the cure-all for the world's ills, nor a tower of Babel. Very few major decisions are taken at the UN, but it is a bazaar where major and minor nations cultivate international opinion, explore ideas and are sometimes persuaded to modify policies and broaden perspectives. The UN is in fact an excellent school of international relations; but far from having attained supranational status, it is a place where countries expose and pursue their national interests.

The second requirement is to avoid excessive parochialism. Insiders at the United Nations undoubtedly become fascinated by the interplay of forces in the making of resolutions, but it doesn't have to be reported to the outside world. I have myself spent whole days in UN corridors following Security Council developments on, for example, Rhodesia or Cyprus, and trying to predict the final shape of some resolution. At the time, it all seemed vital, and my inclination was to write detailed accounts of the maneuvers that were going on. But in the end, all that really mattered was to explain why the Security Council had not initially imposed mandatory sanctions against Rhodesia; or why the Council continues to authorize the maintenance of a UN force in Cyprus.

The UN's peace-keeping crisis has offered particularly tempting opportunities for parochialism. For many months it dominated UN conversations; but generally the detailed ramifications of the dispute were at the center of attention, rarely the fundamentals that were causing it. For that reason, perhaps, some journalists failed to recognize—and point out to their readers—that the U.S.-led attempt to enforce payments of arrears was doomed to failure. What is more, there is a widespread failure to understand outside the UN, at any rate, that this whole dispute is far less about money than about the relations between the major powers in the UN and the extent to which they are willing to delegate their sovereignty. For a time it was fashionable to write—and I plead guilty—that the existence of the UN was at stake in the peace-keeping dispute. It would have been far more accurate to say that the character of the

UN as an institution evolving toward some kind of supranational character was at stake.

The third requirement is to concentrate on economics as well as politics. The UN's work in the field of economic and social development is not merely manifold but meaningful. It is far too easy and common for reporters at the UN to say to themselves that the "economic" stories are for the specialist papers; or that they are timeless and can be written "later" when the politicians will be in recess. But much is happening on the UN's economic front, and it can be made at least as interesting as many of the political stories. I am sure, for example, that far more people would like to read of the UN's role in channeling food from surplus countries to the needy parts of the world, than would want to wade through yet one more description of UN debates on disarmament. UN officials rightly complain that far too little is written about the UN's economic activities.

It's easy enough to fall into a comfortable—and yet stimulating—routine at the United Nations; it is easy also to forget the outside world. A few correspondents at the UN have worked there since it opened for business. But, like the delegates, if they stay more than three or four years, they tend to get stale. My last requirement for a useful reporter at the United Nations is that he should not become a fixture, and that piece of advice I am taking myself.

ABRAM FISCHER

An Afrikaner Fights Apartheid

THOMAS LAND

Mr. Land is a Canadian political journalist now based in London.

London

The intention of the South African apartheid administration to discredit the British-based Defence and Aid Fund and to destroy Abram Fischer during the same trial was a logical development. For, since the notorious treason trials of 1957, the name of the "confessed" Communist QC has become internationally associated with the legal fight against the apartheid laws, and the fund was set up, largely with funds from Christian Action, to assist those who stood accused of political crimes. Silencing one and depriving the other of popular trust and financial support would solve many future problems for the masters of South Africa.

Allegations that the fund has used money entrusted to it to finance subversion in South Africa have been repeated by state witnesses before the court and before the foreign correspondents gathered to record what probably was the final public appearance of Abram Fischer, the grandson of a head of state. The Fischer trial has captured the imagination of newspaper readers, and thus provided an international forum for the prosecution's arguments. Dr. Verwoerd may need more Buccaneer aircraft, but he has no lack of first-rate public relations consultants.

Fischer, the lawyer who jumped bail, the upper-class Afrikaner who adopted and brought up an African girl as his own child, the hero of Rivonia who lost his liberty only a few days after saving the lives of Nelson Mandela and his associates, is already approaching the realm of legend. He was granted bail to fight a case in Southern Rhodesia. He returned ("I will not leave my country because my political beliefs conflict with those of the government") to stand trial with thirteen others under the Suppression of Communism Act.

Then, in January, 1965, he disappeared, to become South Africa's most wanted man. He wrote from hiding:

> I wish to inform the court that my action, though desperate, is not intended to be disrespectful. Nor is it prompted by any fear of the punishment which might be inflicted on me. . . . My decision was made only because I believe it is the duty of every true opponent of the government in this country to oppose its monstrous policy with every means in his power.

He was caught last November, using what police described as a brilliant disguise.

Had he followed his family's tradition, Fischer today could be a South African cabinet minister or a judge of appeal. His grandfather was President of Orange Free State; his father, judge president. Fischer himself is described by one who knows him well as "warm and friendly, a patient man, modest with a barely glimpsed but positive authority. . . . Not exactly characteristic of a rebel."

After attending Cape Town University, he was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford and became a successful barrister in Johannesburg. (His specialties: mining and water rights.) In the 1930s he joined the still legal Communist Party. He was fined in 1946 with other members of the central committee of the SACP for their part in organizing a brutally suppressed strike by 100,000 African miners who were demanding a minimum wage of less than $1.50 a day. Four years later, he was barred from political activities.

The SACP stands, one assumes, for the creation of a Marxist state; but its short-term goals, including the acceptance of the Freedom Charter for all races, coincide with those of the African nationalist movement. For decades, it was the only white political movement in South Africa that opposed white supremacy. And as Mandela was to say during the Rivonia trial, "theoretical differences among those fighting against oppression are a luxury we cannot afford at this stage."

Fischer's association with Defence and Aid originates from its early days in 1956 when Christian Action and the Bar Council in Britain sent Gerald Gardiner, QC—now Lord Gardiner, the British Lord Chancellor—to Johannesburg to watch the proceedings of the treason trial. Money to finance legal defense, and to assist the dependents of the 156 leading members of the movement for the Freedom Charter, was raised all over North America and Europe. Fischer was joint leader with Israel Maisels, QC, of the defense. The trial lasted four and a half years. All the accused were acquitted.

The trial was still in progress when the Sharpeville massacre, following a nonviolent anti-pass campaign, and the subsequent state of emergency in 1960 demanded new funds and new efforts. Forty seconds of gunfire had killed sixty-eight and wounded 186 others. Mass arrests followed, with Mrs. Molly Fischer among the thousands detained for months without a charge. Defence and Aid poured money into South Africa; and Fischer was busy making arrangements for the representation of the wounded and bereaved before a commission of inquiry, for the defense of those charged with violence, and for the care of their families.

Perhaps his finest period was during the Rivonia trial of 1963-64 when he led the defense, and saved ten leaders of the African Nationalist Congress from the gallows. Mandela and his associates had been accused of sabotage and planning a violent revolution. A few days later Fischer himself was arrested.

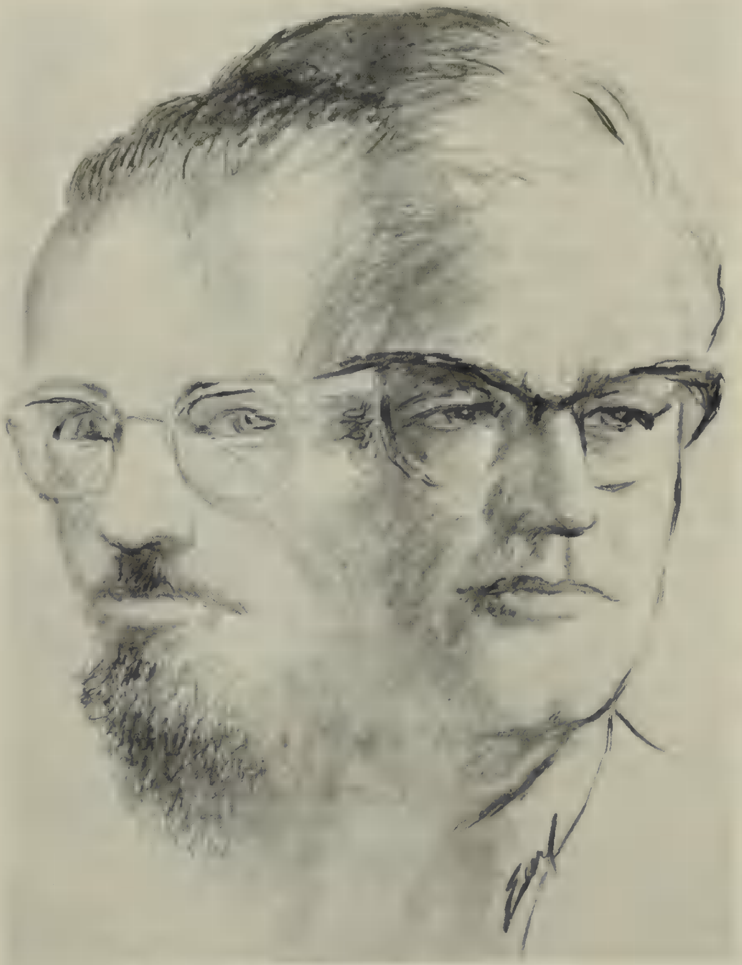
In his trial, just over, he faced an indictment on fifteen counts, including Communist activity, fraud and conspiracy. And Christian Action, together with the Institution of Race Relations and the Christian Institute of South Africa, was accused of spending money, ostensibly raised for charitable purposes, through Fischer to finance subversion.

Canon Collins, the founder and president of Christian Action, told the special apartheid committee of the United Nations in a petition that the activities of Defence and Aid Fund serve to foster the morale of those who resist apartheid. "This statement," he says, "has been distorted to mean that the money is misused to foster violence." The fund has, in fact, sent nearly $1.5 million into South Africa during its almost ten years of existence. It has met South African smearing attacks from time to time, but the organization says they have recently intensified.

Christian Action has filed a libel suit against Tandem Books, Ltd., and the authors of the book called *The Puppeteers* which seeks out Communist and extreme left-wing connections in organizations opposed to the minority administrations of Southern Africa. Copies are sold at the South African Embassy in London.

"Without arguing the pros and cons of a continuation of responsible government in Southern Africa," as the authors put it, the book probes into the political backgrounds of such suspicious characters as British Cabinet Minister Barbara Castle, Lord Fenner Brockway and author Ronald Segal.

It devotes a carefully written chapter to Christian Action, the wording of which will no doubt be analyzed before the courts. And in the meantime, Christian Action is expecting more attacks, and more money, as South Africa's new series of trials gets under way.



Abram Fischer: Disguised and In Person

BOOKS & THE ARTS

I Come Out of My Hiding Place

PETER WEISS

The following speech was written and delivered in English by Mr. Weiss at a conference on The Artist in the Affluent Society *held at Princeton University on April 25. Mr. Weiss now lives in Sweden; his writings are in German and include* Marat/Sade *and* The Investigation, *to be produced in New York in October. At the read-in on Vietnam held at Columbia University, Mr. Weiss read a section of* The Investigation, *a play based on testimony at the Auschwitz trials.*

Since the beginning of my work my attitude toward commitment has steadily changed. In my first attempts to write I had only my own existence in mind. It was the time of emigration and war. I didn't belong anywhere and I made a virtue out of the non-belonging. My commitment was not to be engaged in a struggle which in my view was insane. Even if the whole world were to divide into a life-and-death struggle I would try to keep out of it. I would dig myself into a hiding place as long as possible, as I couldn't see any ideology which was worth sacrificing my life for. I still was the child hiding from the street fighting, from my cellar hole observing the brawls and screams from the world above. Art was born out of a voluntary isolation. I would describe for myself what was going on up there, and I described it as an absurdity of powers rolling head-on toward each other. Sometimes I saw somebody being knocked down, I heard him yell for help, but I made no move to come to his rescue. I saw them lying wounded on the streets and I still kept quiet. My commitment was not to draw any attention to myself. So I could build up my superiority while the world outside was in convulsions.

Soon there were corpses on the streets. I saw how people were pulled out of their homes, loaded into trucks and driven away, I heard the shooting, more screams. Still I didn't move. Then the houses were bombed down. Whole cities were bombed into ashes. The country filled with fugitives, mountains of dead at the waysides, and I still not injured. Even if it was all quiet in my hole I had frightful experiences of the imagination. Real peace was impossible, even for me, as long as the disaster was going on outside. I thought constantly about how it was to be persecuted, to be caught, to be beaten and shot to death. This went on for years.

Still I had no idea what it was all about. All my strength was concentrated in not getting involved. I was fascinated by the power of destruction, I was drawing and writing down my visions, I made art into a shelter as the world fell apart.

It's their own fault, I was thinking, when I saw the soldiers marching and dying, I could only imagine they acted in blindness, since I myself was blind.

What an existence I built up for myself. An existence consisting of books, paintings, music, sporadic love-making. An existence crowned with the triumph of being still alive. Of having a room of my own, with a key to my own door.

Then suddenly it was all over. Nothing was damaged in my room, there was food in the kitchen, outside there were millions and millions of dead. Now, when danger was over, I dared to go out. Who was it who had fought outside, who was it who got killed, who was it who had killed?

But I still could not see the connections which had made this slaughter possible. I only saw some of them who had fought against each other, then embrace each other and turn against a third one. I saw how, even as they were reconstructing their cities, they constructed new weapons, I saw how quickly they forgot the buried corpses. This only confirmed my view of one great nightmare, and I could live on, content that I was right.

But I still hadn't answered the question why they had let themselves be killed, all these millions—and then, very slowly, I had to experience it all over again, how they had been caught, how they had been punished to death. And not all of them had fought back. Many of them, if not most of them, had been as I had been, passive, frightened, not understanding, just overwhelmed by this sudden horror. How was it possible? How could they let themselves be torn out of their homes, see their children and parents die, see everything they owned be demolished, and then step into their own graves?

Now my commitment led me to a search for the reasons for this dying, which seemed so meaningless. In the beginning I could still identify myself with either the murdered or the murderers. I no longer thought of myself as different or better than they were and I thought it would just depend on which side I had been put. I tried to describe the surroundings in which I grew up, and I saw how I had been educated toward one goal, while other powers prepared another destiny on my behalf. Everything seemd to have been settled for myself in one great and safe society, while in reality I already was nominated to be its victim.

I could have become, even against my will, a warrior, as all my classmates had, and I could have marched on together with them until my brains were blown out for the sake of our great and safe society. Who knows, if I would have had the strength to doubt and resist.

When I was thrown out of this society, because they had made up their mind that there should be another race which had to be extinguished, I was surprised and couldn't believe it. Was I different? Hadn't I read as all the others about our heroes, wasn't I ready to build up my glorious future here?

And all this happened without myself taking part in it. I hadn't even known that I fitted into this other race and I didn't know what to do with this new difference. I couldn't commit myself to it. Anyhow there were these forces which left no other choice but my disappearance. Had I stayed I would have gone in the same direction as all the others, right into this enormous mud of ignorance. There were some years when I suffered an atavistic and petrified guilt that I too should have gone the way which had been staked out for me and that I was a traitor toward all these millions who were caught.

There might have been two possibilities while I grew up; the one possibility, to become a conqueror, a murderer, passed me by; the other, to let myself be conquered and murdered, escaped me. The third way, the direction toward clear-sightedness, *analysis* didn't exist yet, was never handed to you, you had to find it out for yourself. As I was brought up deep in the middle of this murderous society I was kept away from those who could have told me something about the other possibilities. So I spent many years explaining to myself what it was like to drown in this society, to get utterly lost in it, to see no way out, and even to accept this final situation.

This was still my commitment to the impossibility of penetrating this world, and in this commitment to the *impossible,* poetry was at home, here in this no man's

(Continued on page 655)

Poetry of the Read-In Campaign

As part of the continuing effort of the intellectual community to speak out on Vietnam, American writers have been appearing at group readings throughout the country in witness of their opposition to this war. Beginning with the first read-in at New York's Town Hall, these events soon spread to the campuses. Organized by a group of poets (Robert Bly, Galway Kinnell, David Ray) and student and faculty activists, read-ins have taken place at, among other institutions, Portland State, Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Chicago, Reed, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania. In one ten-day period in May, a dozen read-ins took place in the East.

Although some question the effectiveness of the read-in as a protest gesture, there can be little question of the eagerness of a section of our leading writers to make public their position on Vietnam. Particularly the poets have responded virtually unanimously. Indeed, while local faculty members, prose writers and entertainers have also participated, to a great extent the heart of the read-in program has been the poetry. A number of poets have managed to travel from one read-in to another. Among those who have participated are Paul Blackburn, Robert Bly, Robert Creeley, Alan Dugan, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Edward Field, Anthony Hecht, George Hitchcock, X. S. Kennedy, Galway Kinnell, Stanley Kunitz, Denise Levertov, John Logan, Walter Lowenfels, Robert Lowell, David Ray, Vern Rutsala, Adrienne Rich, Muriel Rukeyser, Louis Simpson, William Stafford, George Starbuck and James Wright.

Not all the poems read are on political subjects. Some poets have chosen not to read from their own work at all, but from Thucydides, Walt Whitman, Rimbaud and even—with a terrifying aptness—from Hitler, Goebbels and the Japanese General Staff. But the situation in Vietnam—perhaps even the phenomenon of the read-in itself—is beginning to call forth its own poetry, and many poets for the first time in their careers, or after long silence, are striking what must be called a political note. On these pages we have brought together a sampling of the new poems the read-in audiences have been hearing.

JOHNSON'S CABINET WATCHED BY ANTS

I

It is a clearing deep in a forest. Overhanging boughs
Make a low place. Here the citizens we know during the day,
The ministers, the department heads,
Appear differently: the stockholders of large steel companies
In small wooden shoes: here are the generals dressed as gamboling lambs.

II

Tonight they burn the rice supplies; tomorrow
They lecture on Thoreau; tonight they move around the trees,
Tomorrow they pick the twigs from their clothes;
Tonight they throw the fire-bombs, tomorrow
They read The Declaration of Independence; tomorrow they are in church.

III

Ants are gathered around an old tree.
In a choir they sing, in harsh and gravelly voices
Old Etruscan songs on tyranny.
Toads nearby clap their small hands, and join
The fiery songs, their five long toes trembling in the soaked earth.

ROBERT BLY

AMERICAN DREAMS

In dreams my life came toward me,
My loves that were slender as gazelles.
But America also dreams . . .
Dream, you are flying over Russia,
Dream, you are falling in Asia.

As I look down the street
On a typical sunny day in California
It is my house that is burning
And my dear ones that lie in the gutter
As the American army enters.

Every day I wake far away
From my life, in a foreign country.
These people are speaking a strange language.
It is strange to me
And strange, I think, even to themselves.

LOUIS SIMPSON

WHERE IS VIETNAM?

Meanwhile back at the Ranch the then President also known as Colonel
Cornpone got out a blank Army draft and began to fill in the spaces
with men and Colonel Cornpone got down to the bottom of the order
where there is a space to indicate just where the troops are to be
sent and Colonel Cornpone got a faraway look in his eye and reached
out and started spinning a globe of the world and his eye wandered
over the spinning surface of the world and after a long time he said
I See No Relief so they brought him a relief map of the world and
he looked at it a long time and said Thank You Gentlemen I see it
all very clearly now yes indeed everything stands out very clearly
now and I can see the oceans themselves rolling back and Western
Civilization still marching Westward around the world and the New
Frontier now truly knows no boundaries and those there Vietnamese
don't stand a Chinaman's chance in Hell but still there's all these
Chinamen who think they do and also think they can actually reverse
the Westward march of civilization and actually reverse the natural
Westward spin of our globe but Gentlemen these are not War Games
this is not Space Angels this is the real thing Gentlemen and I
know right exactly where this here Vietnam is Gentlemen and I want
to make doubly sure that all our own people know right exactly where
this here Vietnam is Gentlemen in case any of you should happen to
get cornered by some eggheads or someone And just then Ladybird
came running and Colonel Cornpone stepped into the cloakroom and
whispered to her The World really does rotate Westward don't it?
and she being smarter than he as is usually the case whispered back
that this here Vietnam was not a place but a state of mind and
Colonel Cornpone got that old faraway look again and stepped back
onto the front porch and sat there rocking for a long time and then
said Gentlemen I am a family man and this is for real and I am
hereby ordering the complete and final liberation of Vietmind
I mean Vietnam for the roots of the trouble are found wherever
the landless and oppressed the poor and despised stand before the
gates of opportunity and are not allowed across the Frontier into
the Great Society which seems to lie out before me like a land of
dreams and so Gentlemen here we go fasten your seatbelts we are
powerful and free and united there ain't much we can't do and so
Gentlemen let me point out to you exactly where it is we all are
going on this here globe because Gentlemen even though I am reputed
never to have been out of the United States I do know right where
we are going on the brink of Vietmind I mean Vietnam and even though
we don't want to stop the world spinning in the right direction
even for an instant I do want to slow it down just long enough for
me to put my finger for you right on this here sore spot which is
Vietmine I mean Vietnam and Colonel Cornpone put out his hand to
slow down the world just a bit but this world would not be slowed
down a bit this world would not stop spinning at all and Texas and
Vietnam spun on together faster and faster slipping away under
Colonel Cornpone's hand because the surface of this world had
suddenly become very very slippery with a strange kind of red
liquid that ran on it across all the obscene boundaries and this
world went on spinning faster and faster in the same so predestined
direction and kept on spinning and spinning and spinning and spinning!

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

ON THE WAR IN VIETNAM

Beyond the TV set, outdoors,
the light is changing. The dark slowly becomes
greyish, and the trees step forward black
in the clear pale light
of the new snow. Morning is here,
everything snowed in. I go out
to clear a path.
On the radio I hear the USA
has published a white book
on the VIETNAM war
accusing North Vietnam
of aggression. On TV
last night
we saw a film strip taken with
the Viet-Cong; we could hear
the muffled fluttering
of helicopter propellors
from the ground, from the side being
shot. In another film
a few weeks ago
CBS interviewed American
helicopter pilots. One of them
described how glad he was
when he finally got a shot at
a "V. C.": the rockets
threw the VC about nine feet
straight ahead. There's no doubt
we'll have more snow today,
my neighbor says, dressed in black
on the way to work. He embalms
and is night watchman
at an insane aslyum. The place where I live—Lund
and outskirts—is becoming a whiter
and whiter book, the sun rises and lights
the open pages, burning and cold
The dead are numbers, they lie down, whirl about
like snowflakes, in the country wind. Up till now
they figure 2 million have died in Vietnam.
Here hardly anyone dies
except for personal reasons. The Swedish
economic system doesn't kill
many, at least
not out here in the country. Here
no one goes to war to protect
his interests. We don't
get burned with napalm
to advance a feudal idea of freedom.
In the 14th and 15th century no napalm.
Toward noon here the sun gets rather high.
Soon it will be March 1965.
Every day
more and more dead in America's repulsive war.
There are snowflakes on the photograph
of President Johnson
taken during the last series of bombing raids
on North Vietnam—he is climbing in
or maybe out of a car—more
and more flakes fall on the white pages.
More dead, more self-righteous defenses,
until everything is snowed in again
as the night
finally changes its light outside the windows.

GORAN SONNEVI
Translated from the Swedish
by Robert Bly

(Continued from page 652)

land I had the satisfaction of building up values which existed in spite of all outside absurdity.

I could have gone on, deeply committed to my art, writing, painting, making films about this doomed state, expressing despair and distortion, and even some rebellion and shouts that it should be all different, and that there should be, somewhere, some hope. But all this only served the society which had shaped me as I was and which did everything to keep me in this somnambulist state.

While I was establishing this untouchable sanctuary of art, these hymns to my inner freedom, the fight I had watched from the beginning was going on outside, massacres continued—10,000 were thrown into the prisons of Greece, 80,000 were murdered by the colonizers in Madagascar, innumerable were the dead in Vietnam, in the Congo, in Angola; millions were kept as slave workers in South Africa and Siberia; millions were suppressed in Latin America. The great robbery was going on all the time, I could see it, and as long as I looked on and did not revolt against it, I accepted it, and I too was responsible for it. Thus a commitment to art, while conscious of the disaster around, was at the same time a commitment to destruction. As long as I felt I could go on with my art without bothering about the rest, I was part of the corruption.

When I studied the formerly unintelligible world of speeches, declarations, negotiations, demands, agreements and aggressions, everything I had written before seemed thin, all my well-formulated sentences were no more than moments of a personal truth and had resulted only in safeguarding my own existence.

Very belatedly I explored the facts of politics and economics which made the hallucinative machinery run. But when you are brought up as a link within this machinery it takes time until you understand what you are used for.

The more I understood the signs of injustice, the treachery and violence around, the better became my spirits. Even if I did not know yet how to transform the political insight into writing I was sure I had gained something new.

I examined the view that the author should keep out of political participation, that he should be the one who keeps objectivity alive, that he should see both the positive and negative aspects in the forces involved in their universal struggle. But was not life too short for this objectivity? Wasn't it just another lie in order not to get oneself burned?

There was one essential question: who needed my writing? And could my writing contribute to making life more habitable?

It was not enough to establish empathy with the suppressed and exploited, I also had to stand up for them in my writing.

I could no longer believe in an independent circle of art—even if this meant that I had to start all over again and to face failure.

I do not think this is an exceptional situation for a writer. There are many who work out of both needs: to express human individualism and radical political change. The conflicts which arise out of this commitment will be part of our work, we will have to live with them, often they will furnish the very problems we try to solve in writing.

Strategic Island in Dispute

FORMOSA BETRAYED. *By George H. Kerr. Houghton Mifflin Co. 514 pp. $6.95.*

C. P. FITZGERALD

Mr. FitzGerald teaches Far Eastern history at Australian National University. He is the author, most recently, of The Third China *(F.W. Cheshire, Ltd.). His other works on the country where he lived for twenty-five years include* China: A Short Cultural History *and* Floodtide in China.

This book is described on the cover as "a report on the terrible consequences of Chinese Nationalist occupation and American neglect of this strategic island." It might be thought that whatever the nature of the Chinese Nationalist occupation, the United States could hardly be accused of "neglect" of an island into which aid and money has been poured over the years. But Mr. Kerr sees this aid as given to Chiang Kai-shek to maintain himself and his followers in power over a helpless and cruelly wronged people, the Formosan Chinese, natives of the island.

Mr. Kerr has unrivaled knowledge of the history of the island and, in particular, was a first-hand witness of the scandals and misgovernment when Formosa was first surrendered by Japan to the occupying Chinese forces in 1945. In a historical sketch he shows that Formosa was not seriously colonized by the Chinese until the fall of the Ming empire in the middle of the 17th century, and that before the large Chinese settlement, there had been a partial Japanese settlement, then Portuguese and finally Dutch rule in parts of the island. The Chinese came in as the followers of the Ming partisan Cheng Cheng-kung (whom the Portuguese knew as "Coxinga") and it was under his independent rule as king of Taiwan that the large-scale Chinese settlement occurred.

Thus Chinese occupation of the island is roughly contemporary with much of the early settlement of North America, and preceded any European settlement in Australia by 150 years. Taiwan—or Formosa—is thus certainly a Chinese territory; but the Chinese who live there have had a distinct history from their mainland cousins. They came under the rule of the Manchu dynasty for just about 200 years, and this was the only period in which they had been integrated with the mainland provinces of the empire until the Nationalist occupation in 1945. For fifty years before that event Formosa was a Japanese colony. It is now once more, as in the days of Cheng Cheng-kung, a "second China," seat of a regime opposed to the rulers of the main part of the Chinese empire.

The theme of Mr. Kerr's book is, briefly, that this Nationalist regime is an alien oppression inflicted upon the Formosan Chinese through the complacency of the U.S. Administration. He believes that the U.S. accepted without question Chiang's claim to take over the country at the end of the Second World War and made no effort to insure that the potential democratic rights of the inhabitants were respected; in fact, ignored the patent fact that they were being flouted and denied. He proves with a wealth of instances and citations the oppressive and corrupt nature of the Nationalist Government, which culminated in the brutal repression of the Formosans' passive defense protest. He continues in later chapters to show that the Nationalist regime still denies to the Formosans any real share of power or true democratic representation, and moreover still practices police repression, terror, and the secret arrest and removal of Formosan leaders, usually on the plea that they are "Communist." In fact, no Communist party has ever achieved the slightest strength in the island, and the victims of the Nationalist persecution are Formosan patriots striving for justice for their own people.

There is no denying that this charge is driven home with ample proofs. Mr. Kerr is a little too insistent on the separate identity of a people whom he invariably calls "Formosans" and their home "Formosa"—foreign terms which neither they themselves nor any other Chinese speakers ever use. Taiwan is the Chinese name of the island, also used by the Japanese, and it seems no more reasonable to call it "Formosa" than to call China "Cathay."

The Chinese people, as a whole, have had a very strong tradition of national unity, a strong opposition to partition or subsidiary divisions of the nation, and it seems at least probable that had the Nationalist regime in 1945 entered the country as liberators, governed it well, and invited the cooperation of the inhabitants, they would have been welcomed. The fact that they came as carpetbaggers, robbed and ruined the economy, deprived the people of their property and denied them any political rights, meant that the Nationalists treated Taiwan as they treated every province of China—only that Taiwan, untouched by the war, was far richer.

It is undoubtedly true that had the United States occupied the island and denied entry to the Nationalists (as victors over Japan they had the right and the power to do this), Taiwan would have been well run, and soon turned over to a native government of democratic character. One can only hope that, unlike Korea, it would have retained this character, once it became independent. The Taiwanese Chinese would then have been in the position to avoid involvement in the civil war in China, and would today no doubt enjoy the benefit of American protection against any threat of Chinese Communist intrusion. Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalists would have gone down to total defeat and exile. This is the might have been that Mr. Kerr regrets.

It may be asked whether, from the point of view of the U.S. and of the American taxpayer, the difference would have been so great. To defend Taiwan against the certain Communist Chinese claim that it was part of China, and should be "liberated," the same expense of money and resources would have been needed, nor is it so certain that a free Taiwan would necessarily be anti-Communist. Had Taiwan, as a national entity, been seated in the UN, China would have violently opposed such action, and there would have been only one China —Communist China—the unquestioned holder of China's seat and membership of the Security Council. The United States would have been accused of neo-imperialism, just as it is today.

These situations never came into existence, and as matters stand now the United States has no easy road to return to the path which was not followed in 1945. If pressure were put upon Chiang or his successors to yield power to a native government, they might very well prefer to surrender it to the mainland regime—just as Cheng Cheng-kung's grandsons did in the late 17th century, when they submitted to the Manchus. There is the real possibility that at the death of Chiang Kai-shek a succession struggle will break out, and that the Taiwanese Chinese, who already form a high proportion of the rank and file (though not the officers) of the armed forces, will seek to seize power for themselves. They would be accused of being "Communists." What should the U.S. do in such a situation—(compare Da Nang). If, to forestall such a revolt, the Nationalist successors of Chiang made a deal with Peking—which many believe to be very possible—how should the U.S. react? By entering the lists as the champion, tardy but resolute, of the native Taiwanese?

That a number of these apprehensions have been felt in Taiwan is plainly documented by Mr. Kerr. In particular the correspondence between Dr. C. K. Wu, former governor of Taiwan and a leading Nationalist himself, and Chiang Kai-shek (here published as an appendix) confirm the absence of freedom in political life and the distrust felt for Chiang Ching-kuo, the son of Chiang Kai-shek, who is expected to be a leading contender for the succession when his father dies. Dr. Wu's letters make it evident that this prospect is most unwelcome to many Nationalists, and would certainly be rejected by the Taiwanese if they were given an opportunity to express their views. These views, as expressed by the Taiwanese leaders now in exile in Japan and elsewhere, are contained in an "Appeal for Justice" addressed to the American people.

> We demand, in short, an immediate U.N. Trusteeship over the island, to ensure the freedom of campaign in which all the inhabitants will hear the voice of every faction and determine in a plebiscite that follows, the future of the island. We are confident that the overwhelming choice in such a plebiscite will be independence.

It is just because the leaders of both the Nationalist regime and the Peking government are equally convinced that this would be the probable result of a freely held plebiscite, that they oppose any such development.

Mr. Kerr, intent on expounding the wrongs of the native Taiwanese, and taking this exposure as his main theme, has sometimes been a little less than just to the mainlanders who are not identified with the Nationalist regime and its armed forces. There are many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of mainland Chinese now living and working in Taiwan, in education, commerce and the professions, who are as liberal minded as the Taiwanese and as much deprived of political freedom as the rest of the inhabitants. Many of these people have now raised their families in Taiwan, and have in all real senses become permanent settlers in the island. It is probable that most of them do not wish to return to the mainland and have no expectation that the Peking Communist government will be overthrown. The myth of the imminent return of the Nationalist regime to power in Nanking is not credited either by the natives or by the immigrants; it is a political slogan which justifies the claim of the Nationalist regime to be the government of China, a fiction which has hitherto suited American policy but which is now becoming an awkward impediment to more flexible approaches.

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For Love of Chicago

CULTURE AND DEMOCRACY: The Struggle for Form in Society and Architecture in Chicago and the Middle West during the Life and Times of Louis H. Sullivan. *By Hugh Dalziel Duncan. The Bedminster Press. 616 pp. $12.50.*

THE CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE: Early Followers of Sullivan and Wright. *By Mark L. Peisch. Random House. 177 pp. $4.95.*

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul is professor of English at the University of Illinois. His most recent book is Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time *(University of Illinois Press). He is also the author of* Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought *(Prentice-Hall).*

Mr. Duncan is a sociologist; Mr. Peisch is an art historian. Mr. Duncan has a cause to plead—his book is dedicated "to all Chicagoans who struggle to keep alive the soul of a city guarded by the spirit of Louis Henri Sullivan"; Mr. Peisch has a story to tell, which quietly contributes to that struggle. Both, and especially Mr. Duncan, have the intense devotion, and sometimes partisanship, that characterize students of the Chicago School. "New York is not the country. It is in this land physically to be sure, but spiritually it is on the outskirts"—this comment of Sullivan's informs Mr. Duncan's book. But having granted the fact that no other architectural achievement in America has been so great and portends so much for American democratic culture, one still wonders whether Frank Lloyd Wright's remark, "But, well, I like Chicago," isn't after all the most solid reason for its defense? Mr. Duncan insists, however, that "we must either deny Chicago's greatness or develop a new cultural history," and he has written a very large book to prove that he is not being merely rhetorical.

As a sociologist of art, Mr. Duncan does not develop a social theory of art so much as exemplify or re-enact its emergence in the cultural history of the Middle West, in the architecture and social arts of Chicago, the capital city of the democratic heartland, and in the thought of such Chicagoans as Dewey, Veblen, Mead and Sullivan. He understands the spiritualization of money, as a student of Kenneth Burke should, and ably presents the cultural process by which it so swiftly took place in an agrarian, religious community—a transformation from church to department store that took hardly a generation—and he recognizes in Veblen's writing especially, but also in the work of other writers and artists, the countervailing force for its desanctification.

Burke contributes to Mr. Duncan's dramatistic awareness of culture, as do Mead, Dewey, Veblen and Cooley: social process as well as social cohesion depends primarily on language—on communication by symbols that are forms and thus stages for the drama of life. Transform the symbols and life is transformed: Marshall Field and Potter Palmer create the stage of the department store and feminize shopping (spending); George Pullman builds a model town that dramatizes paternalism, what Ghent called "benevolent feudalism"; the stockyards, whose assembly line impressed Henry Ford, stage the efficient mechanization of death. The social process is essentially the work of art—and sometimes a work of art. It is a matter of creating forms (social) for functions (social); art is action, creation creates. In the central and best chapters of Mr. Duncan's book, art is treated as a "form of sociation." Here we learn that the most characteristic form of sociation is conversation (Dewey said that "democracy begins in conversation," or, as we now say, having rediscovered this simple necessary social idea, in "dialogue") and, remembering the quintessential function of speech in early American agrarian community life, we begin to understand better not only Sullivan's desire to create buildings that are presences but buildings that speak. For Sullivan, as for Emerson and Whitman, nothing matched eloquence.

MID-EVENING

I find a beer and detest my sloth, my acedia.
This belly reminds me of what I haven't done.
You lie on your belly and wait for the child
To wake so you can nurse him, or wait for me.
It takes me ten minutes to find an opener.
Outside the lights of the city are full of
Such promises as I try to forget —
They sway like the jewels on a dancer's
Wide belt, and she keeps coming closer.

DAVID RAY

This book may be read as a history of Chicago, but it is also Mr. Duncan's attempt to possess the tradition of its best architects and social philosophers. He properly makes Sullivan the focal figure of this cultural history because he was the *artist* who best understood and explained this social theory and related it to the creation of democratic culture. In doing this, Mr. Duncan also more firmly establishes Sullivan's importance as a thinker, a role sometimes questioned by those whose notions of "thinking" are needlessly strict. Sullivan's *Kindergarten Chats* is, as Mr. Duncan claims, "the most profound book yet written on American architecture"—the most important statement of the pragmatic, organic aesthetic until Dewey's *Art as Experience*, which appeared more than thirty years later. It is salutary to remember this as the razing of buildings destroys the visible signs of Sullivan's genius.

But Sullivan is also the focal center because Mr. Duncan is rehearsing a struggle in which he himself is still engaged, and because the "tragic" life of the artist is wonderfully dramatic. His book is written in a "Western" style—loose, affirmative, uncritical, abundant, aggressive. He is more the gatherer than the interpreter, is loosely analogical rather than tightly developmental; for him repetition is an aspect of style. Omnium-gatherum prevails in paragraph, page and chapter (chapter 30, for example, does not, as announced, treat "Sullivan's Principle of Mobile Equilibrium"). Paraphrase, even unpunctuated quotation, mixes with direct quotation; entire chapters, such as those on Root and Adler, are simply restatements of the subject's own words—a procedure not so damning as unendurable—and a good portion of Sullivan's *writing* is used. Coherence and proportion are lacking. Yet the form fits the function *pleading:* the chapters are short, followed by footnotes in which Mr. Duncan carries on vigorous polemics with contemporary sociology, and though the chronology is disturbed, the book ends with Sullivan's account, in *The Autobiography of an Idea,* of his own childhood and early manhood. The symbolic action proclaims victory out of defeat, and the verbal action works up a lively sense of the genuine importance of this period of democratic resurgence.

For a book devoted to the democratic value of communication (sharing), it is curiously reticent about the contributions of fellow workers whom Mr. Duncan surely knows: John Szarkowski (a photographer), Maurice English (an editor), Ray Ginger (a historian), Paul Goodman (a generalist), Vincent Scully, Jr., (an art historian), Albert Bush-Brown (an art historian). This lack of generosity is perhaps attributable to a provincialism that makes too much of the new and the local. Not everything of value for democratic urban culture arose in Chicago. Sullivan, in his most formative years, was an Easterner, and he carried West with him, as well as found there, the fertile seeds of a still earlier democratic thought, that of Emerson and Whitman, which the pragmatic social thinkers of the Chicago School also knew well.

There is little that is new about Chicago architecture in Mr. Duncan's book, much that is new in Mr. Peisch's monograph. The Chicago School, set back by the World's Fair of 1893, did not disintegrate but rallied under the leadership of Sullivan and the Architectural League of America, for which Sullivan wrote *Kindergarten Chats.* (Neither Mr. Duncan nor Mr. Peisch seems acquainted with the League, which for a brief time rivaled the American Institute of Architects, and toward the formation of which the Chicago Architectural Club had been instrumental.) In the years after the fair and up to the First World War, the Chicago School quietly flourished, adding a second chapter to its brilliant history.

Mr. Peisch tells this story—tells of the work of Richard Schmidt and Hugh Garden in designing hospitals, Dwight Perkins in designing schools, George Maher, William Purcell and George Elmslie in designing banks and other public buildings; the landscape architectural work of Jens Jensen (the subject of Leonard K. Eaton's recent study, *Landscape Artist in America)* and Walter Burley Griffin, for whom Olmsted's work at the fair had been a positive influence; the domestic architecture, in particular, of Wright, Maher, Garden and Griffin; the city planning of Griffin and Daniel Burnham, which again, according to Mr. Peisch, testifies to the positive influence of the fair; and the church architecture of Barry Byrne.

These architects, and others whose work is briefly mentioned, serve as background for the one complete architect of the group, Walter Burley Griffin. Purcell and Elmslie are credited with continuing the work of Sullivan, now in eclipse; Daniel Burnham is accorded eminence; and Frank Lloyd Wright, even when Mr. Peisch restrains him and puts him down, manages to assert his claim to attention. Yet Griffin (1876-1937) dominates this book, not so much for the artistic merits of his accomplish-

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ments as for the fact that he focuses the various architectural trends of the Chicago School. "He was," Mr. Peisch explains, "a student of Ricker, an Oak Park assistant, a social planner, an architect in the new idiom, and a city planner." To follow Griffin's career is therefore to learn about the significance of the school of architecture that Nathan Ricker established at the University of Illinois, the architectural lofts in the Steinway Building which housed some of the younger members of the Chicago School, the Oak Park Fellowship, Frank Lloyd Wright's first atelier (where Griffin met his wife and collaborator, Marion Mahoney, and where others, Barry Byrne, for example, were trained), the early attempts at neighborhood planning in Evanston, Winnetka and Mason City and, finally, the successful competition for the planning of Canberra. With Griffin, as with Wright, Chicago architecture became world wide.

A Configuration of Themes

POETS OF REALITY: Six Twentieth-Century Writers. *By J. Hillis Miller. Harvard University Press. 369 pp. $7.95.*

EDWARD W. SAID

Mr. Said is an assistant professor of English at Columbia University. His book, Joseph Conrad and the Fiction of Autobiography, *will be published by Harvard University Press later this year.*

The formidable subject of J. Hillis Miller's *Poets of Reality* is "the recovery of immanence," whose loss, in his *The Disappearance of God* (1963) he has so brilliantly and persuasively recorded. Together the two books form an inner history of the transition from romantic to modern literature. His practice in both books is to set forth the "configuration of themes" that constitutes a writer's particular universe, and by keeping the number of writers to five or six (in the first book de Quincey, Emily Brontë, Arnold, Browning and Hopkins; in the second, Conrad, Yeats, T. S. Eliot, Dylan Thomas, Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams) he achieves a good balance between particular description and a general thematic unity that binds his writers together.

Immanence is intelligible meaning that inheres in what we perceive, meaning that is available here and now rather than there and away in some distant realm. Miller argues that the romantic heritage of the 19th century leads directly to the unendurable impasse, exemplified in the final tragedies of Arnold and Hopkins, of a solitary ego confronting a disintegrating world from which immanence and God have receded.

It is against this stark background that Miller sees the 20th-century poets of reality doing their work, thanks in great measure to Conrad, whose sheer courage earns him a chapter and a poetic vocation. Conrad portrays the absurdities of the romantic ethos, and in doing this he is a nihilist who shows that romantic dualism is untenable because God, its original sustainer, has not only disappeared but for all practical purposes has also died. Miller argues that for Conrad the uninterrupted "stuff" of reality is darkness; what passes for the world's ethics, civilization and truth is merely "the extermination of the [world's] source"—darkness. Conrad achieves the seemingly impossible in being able to see the world as it is, as pure quality and without interpretation, but the expense of such a vision is the unpleasant realization that conventional ideas of space and time, matter and spirit, must be rendered as incompatible dimensions. Man, who lives in both dimensions, is the victim of an irreconcilable, even impossible, dualism. Miller's choice for the personification of this insight is the Professor, that terrifyingly clear-headed ascetic, who in *The Secret Agent* can "neither make a secure place where men can create their own culture, nor can he bring the darkness of madness and despair into the world as the foundation of a viable city of man."

The Professor's is a mind that "caresses the images of ruin and destruction," a mind that has plumbed nihilism so thoroughly as to make some new departure imperative for others. In the movement of modern literature built upon the example of Conrad's bravery, as well as on his sense of the darkness in which objectivity and subjectivity are dissolved, Miller begins to discern what, in R. P. Blackmur's incomparable phrase for *Anna Karenina,* is a dialectic of incarnation. Each of the authors Miller discusses is seen to begin at a "starting point" that is both a special awareness of actuality and a moment of radical self-consciousness. He then works his way through a series of relative solutions to the problem of reconciling the mind to the world, and finally ends where he began, with his sense of actuality enriched by his *partnership* in it; his poetry thus incarnates reality because reality is now seen as a dimension of "co-presence" where mind, the world, and an underlying being shine forth.

So Yeats's early desire to transfigure the present world is achieved when he realizes that appeals to other-worldly values must fail because the supernatural inheres in every corner of life. Eliot's "monistic metaphysics"—based on F. H. Bradley—which controls poems like "Prufrock," turns out to be only the individual's version of "the true pattern [of] God's order of existence": this discovery, according to Miller, is the Christian version of the recovery of immanence. By the time he reaches Williams (after a short chapter on Dylan Thomas, and a stunning excursion through Wallace Stevens) Miller is able to demonstrate that Williams' poetry is coterminous with reality: the meaning of poetry is reality, and the meaning of reality is contained in poetry, one catching up and delivering the other.

Because Miller's province in each case is the writer's entire *oeuvre* considered as a network of relations, in Stevens'

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words “a skeleton of ether,” it is impossible to do justice here to the superb richness of Miller’s exposition except to say that he makes it possible to know how such a phrase as Eliot’s “objective correlative,” how such a notion as Yeats’s centric myth, Thomas’ definition of death as metaphors, Stevens’ embrace of “a giant of nothingness” and Williams’ “hidden flame of light” contributes to, and is, the figure in the writer’s carpet. How, in short, each particular aspect of a writer’s universe expresses the essence of that universe, which is an economics of reality of a very high order indeed.

It is entirely fitting that Miller’s mode of criticism is fully congruent with his view of the writers he discusses; this ought to come as no surprise, and that would be one way of praising the calm inevitability of Miller’s discourse, yet the fact that it does surprise makes of *Poets of Reality* an undeniably major new departure in American criticism. Part of Miller’s novelty is, first of all, that he dispenses with exhaustive analyses of individual poems (this is not to suggest that Miller’s grasp of his poets is at all inaccurate; on the contrary, he has a more exact and sensitive command of the poetry than most critics) and second of all, that he is unconcerned with the normal biographical, psychological and scholarly pieties.

In spite of this, one’s impression of the book is neither that it is hopelessly general, nor that it is the work of an intelligence fluttering in the void. Miller is not an untidy revolutionary. He seems engaged in a disciplined and salutary dialogue with his poets, using their insights to strengthen his, helping them to help themselves. Like the poets he discusses, his way is not to regard the individual poem as a simple object that exists at a comfortable distance from the reader, but to see it instead as a presence mediating the rest of the writer’s work and the critic’s mind. The poem no longer stands at attention in the middle of absolute space and time before the scrutinizing critic. This means, as Miller says of Williams, that “Einstein’s discoveries” are made use of: “there are only innumerable local centers, each as valid as any of the others, each inextricably involved in time, space, and matter, each radiating its own unique power to measure them.” Since the poetry of reality “puts the mind within the life of objects,” the critic’s mind moves freely among the corporate life, the universe, of a poet’s poems.

Miller seems to believe that absolute time (*when,* for example, Eliot wrote “The Wasteland,” or *where* in the *sequence* of Yeats’s career is “The Fisherman” to be found) ought to be transformed and then incorporated by the critic into a spatial dimension formed by the writer’s whole work: this permits a precise geography of the poetic universe as a field of action in which the poet’s dialectic of creation is an energizing “radiant gist.” In the second place, Miller’s criticism is essentially descriptive, rather than moralistic or hortatory, because like the poets he discusses he is concerned with poetry that lives in a reality inhabited by the creating mind imagined as “a thinker without final thoughts” in a world for which classical ontology has no relevance. “All things exist simultaneously in one realm, and though they may interact they are not related causally. The idea of causal sequence is replaced by the notion of a poetry which ‘lives with an intrinsic movement of its own to verify its authenticity.’ As in other areas of contemporary thought, linear determinism gives way to a system of reciprocal motions, intrinsic, undulant, a physical more than a literary character.” Miller’s criticism is geared especially to deal with art that causes what Daniel Bell has called the eclipse of distance.

Miller’s intellectual leanings are toward the anti-positivists in European philosophy, the phenomenologists in particular, as well as toward the more philosophic of American critics. I take this as a sign of his authentic catholicity of outlook and taste: however, I want to suggest neither that he is a facile borrower and a system maker nor that he is fuzzy and jargon ridden. He seems to me to have fully assimilated and unobtrusively used his influences. There are interesting parallels between the formulation of some of Miller’s ideas about his poets and, for instance, the thought of Husserl, Heidegger, and of Husserl’s literary disciple, Georges Poulet: I can indicate only a few examples here to show how like the phenomenologists Miller is in taking the realm of lived experience as his province.

In Husserl’s phenomenological reduction there is an implicit analogy with what Miller says of Stevens’ mode of putting the world in parentheses, seeing it freed from any sort of privileged interpretation, abstracting reality as pure quality or “idea” into the imagination; this is the act of mind and imagination that Stevens calls for when he says: “Let’s see the very thing and nothing else./Let’s see it with the hottest fire of sight.” Then again, there is Husserl’s notion of the transcendental ego, which Miller uses brilliantly and idiomatically to describe Eliot’s “Tradition,” an ideal order that “has its own life, a life independent of any private ego, though it is in its qualities much like a private ego enormously expanded.”

From Poulet, Miller derives the technique of conceiving of human time as a spatial entity best figured by the circle, with the author’s mind appropriating and filling out the circle (one recalls Keats’s memorable line, “the wreath’d trellis of a working brain”), establishing the circle’s perimeter, determining the texture of its content: thus a poem by Thomas is like an ark in which all things are “rescued and reaffirmed.” Also from Poulet, Miller takes over the extraordinarily suggestive theory of the starting point as a germ out of which all of a poet’s work can be seen not only to derive but also to return.

Finally, the way in which Miller describes Stevens’ understanding “of mere being” strongly resembles Heidegger’s *Dasein:* being “is a pervasive power, visible nowhere in itself and yet present and visible in all things,” and, as Stevens writes, “It is like a thing of ether that exists/Almost as predicate.” The central strand of *Poets of Reality* is an account of how Conrad’s darkness develops into Being, like a ground bass given chordal realization.

Miller seems to be the first person to

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give Eliot's criticism total coherence, instead of breaking it down into a series of special tools. It is exactly this idea, that Eliot (like all the poets of reality) had a complete criticism based on genuine problems of actual experience rather than on weird prejudices, which Miller assumes in order to examine a writer's world. At moments also one can see the influence of R. P. Blackmur's remarkable apprehensions of gesture, the "language before language," that informs language.

These parallels and similarities are an indication of Miller's unique powers and the intelligence with which he applies them. Yet, a great deal more than this is implicit in his work, and I hope that he will some day make his approach and his reasons for it more explicit. One misses, for example, a discussion of how Miller's work adheres to Gaston Bachelard's theories, or to Henri Focillon's ideas (quoted by Stevens in *The Necessary Angel)* that "human consciousness is in perpetual pursuit of a language and a style," and that "the chief characteristic of the mind is to be constantly describing itself." Or the relevance to Miller of Valéry and Rilke, one the poet of the most heightened consciousness, the other a very great realist.

In the fleshing out of his own critical theories Miller, in fine, might find himself more overtly involved in the specific historical and cultural circumstances that produce both the poetry and the criticism of reality. I am particularly anxious to discover how Miller puts his poets and theories of reality in touch with other varieties of modern realism, be it the Socialist realism of Georg Lukacs and Lucien Goldmann, the realistic nihilism of a writer like Genêt, Beckett's hermetic realism, the realists discussed by Harry Levin in *The Gates of Horn,* or for that matter the linguistic realism of the later Wittgenstein.

Another way of putting my request to Miller is to say that his general introductory chapters (12 pages in *Poets of Reality,* 16 in the earlier book) are too allusive. From a critic who has already spoken with such ingenuity and skill we ought to expect a major and explicit confrontation with the central philosophic and critical issues with which he has been dealing. His phenomenological criticism has hitherto been intent upon the description of essences—and in this he has no equal—but it must at some point deal with "accidents," which, in a poet like Yeats, play a larger role than Miller accords them. Yet Miller has opened American criticism to so much that is imaginatively new and philosophically exciting that it would be foolish to end without saying again that *Poets of Reality* is a splendid book.

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

The three plays I attended in the past few weeks were all more or less Russian. As I sit down to write about them I cannot help thinking of a (presumably) Jewish joke I once heard. A man accosts another on the street. "Hello, Goldberg," the man says, "I'm glad to see you. But, my God, Goldberg how you've changed. You used to be tall, now you're short. You used to be fat and now you're thin. What's wrong, Goldberg?" "Excuse me," says the other, "but I'm not Goldberg." "What," says the first man, "You've changed your name too?"

In different ways the Russian plays I've been seeing have changed just as remarkably as Goldberg! The most acceptable change is that effected in Ronald Ribman's *The Journey of the Fifth Horse,* a play drawn in part from Turgenev's *Diary of a Superfluous Man* at the American Place Theatre. This is not so much dramatization as a new play with a contemporary slant, though its locale remains the Russia of the late 19th century. The diary has supposedly been written by Turgenev's sorry protagonist, a shy, self-effacing and constantly depressed young fellow who becomes enamored of, is jealous of, and fights a duel over a girl who does not love him, and whom he is prepared to marry after she has been seduced and abandoned by an aristocratic cavalry officer. In Ribman's transformation the diary falls into the hands of a desiccated editor at a Petersburg publishing house.

This new character, named Zoditch, reads the diary with reluctance and obvious distaste. He finds its author absurdly romantic and stupidly sentimental. In reading the diary, Zoditch is inclined to cry out like Judge Brack in *Hedda Gabler,* "People don't do such things." But dry, niggardly, venomous Zoditch builds fantasies of his own about the robust landlady of his apartment house. In his petty way he is far more sentimental—that is, removed from reality—than Turgenev's superfluous man. Worse still, Zoditch never recognizes any parallel between his own situation and the hapless person whose diary he reads and whom he regards with contempt. He might easily be a critic in one of our highbrow literary journals.

Turgenev's *Diary* is a melancholy tale of failure in love. Ribman has replaced Turgenev's sentiment with modern irony while preserving some flavor of the story's original background. The play is well written. Though overelaborate in structure (the alternation from realism to stylization is sometimes awkwardly handled) it reveals as a whole a promising talent.

The production directed by Larry Arrick is as forgivably uneven as the text, but there is one excellent performance by Dustin Hoffman as Zoditch, hysterical without feeling, grotesque without bitterness, touching without tears, funny without being laughable.

John Gielgud's production of Chekhov's *Ivanov* (Shubert Theatre) made me think of Jane Austen with a bellyache. The atmosphere is not at all Russian and it is barely English. There is a thinness in the production wholly foreign to Chekhov.

Gielgud himself has fine moments as Ivanov. He conveys inner distress truthfully and subtly. He does not "star" himself, which is perhaps a pity. For all his defeatedness, Ivanov should be endowed with the remainders of intellectual pride and vigor added to flashes of fiery despair. We should see that he might have amounted to something in a different environment. That is part of the play's point. Gielgud's monotonous passivity robs the play of definition and backbone.

Still, the fault in the production lies deeper. It may be traced to the latest cliché in Chekhov's criticism, enthusiastically and superciliously embraced by many critics in England and America. His plays are *comedies,* as Chekhov insisted and our critics repeat. Chekhov said Stanislavsky turned his characters into "crybabies." All this may be so—though it should be noted that playwrights are not always right in matters of the stage interpretation of their plays. Certainly Chekhov is humorous, but his plays are not therefore "laugh shows!"

Ivanov has hilarious scenes in the manner of Gogol. The humor is owlish. This does not mean that the play ought to be done in a clipped, matter-of-fact, "common-sense" manner to prove that Chekhov is not conventionally Russian—that is to say, gloomy. Chekhov's characteristic mark is an aspiring soulfulness. His negative characters are gross or pretentiously vacuous or earthbound Philistines. But in almost every case we are attracted to them because of Chekhov's inextinguishable sympathy with them. There is something fleshily warm even in the portrayal of the Estate Manager, the most unpleasant character in *Ivanov*. We recognize this when he speaks of how caviar should be served. (Gorky has described how a bluestocking who bored Chekhov to distraction when she discoursed on lofty matters delighted him after he had induced her to speak about the making of jam.) Whether he be an exhausted idealist, a boor, a pedant or a jackass, one must see in every Chekhov personage the opposite feature, the positive quality that has somehow become flabby, spoiled or debased. No Chekhov character should be made to seem dry or only farcically funny.

There are a number of expert actors in Gielgud's company—Ethel Griffies' energy and sparkle are always gratifying—but most of them strike one in *Ivanov* as only professionally competent. They play their roles with casual ease, as if to remove from Chekhov all taint of Slavic "mystery." They are seen as "people one might meet anywhere"—hence artistically nondescript. For instance, Sasha is made a sort of normal, almost aggressively sporty, college girl; and that deprives her of the inner tension of a virginal being who strives with birdlike anguish to escape a stifling environment. The doctor, Lvov, is converted into a thin-blooded prig, whereas Chekhov means him to be an over-intense moral rationalist whose flaw is the consequence of his incapacity to accept the contradictions of human behavior. In other words, when you omit the complexity, the density of physical life, the combination of the pathetic and the foolish which is indeed comic rather than tragic, you no longer have Chekhov on the stage.

Some years ago William Ball's off-Broadway production of *Ivanov* with a far less experienced and brilliant cast (Vivien Leigh co-stars at the Shubert with Gielgud) was far truer to Chekhov and much more moving than the present one. The play itself, while unripe in comparison with Chekhov's later work, still bears the stamp of the author's genius.

Because I was about to go abroad for seven weeks, I intruded on an early preview of Isaac Babel's *Sunset* at the new 81st Street Theatre (2250 Broadway). Under the circumstances it might be considered unfair for me to comment on the production. Still I am able to report that I found the evening memorable because of the rich material the writer has provided.

Sunset takes place in the Jewish quarter of Odessa, a seaport famous before the First World War for its hooligans, crooks, prostitutes, pimps and future great violinists and actors. The Jews we see in the play bear very little resemblance to those we find in "classic" Yiddish literature, except for Sholem Asch. They are not the sweet, tender, sexually modest, God-fearing or studious folk of Sholom Aleichem and Peretz.

The Jews in Babel's play are roughnecks. There is a horribly funny scene in a shabby synagogue where, amid the Sabbath prayers, certain communicants whisper about trade on the stock market, while two others discuss the possibility of a robbery and the officiating cantor draws a gun to shoot the rats which infest the place. For all his intimate charm, Babel is closer to the Russian naturalists than to the Yiddish miniaturists.

Many American Jews may be astonished or shocked to see scenes in which a Jewish cartwright and horse trader behaves like a bullying *moujik* holding his wife and children in thrall with utmost brutality. He himself suffers a nameless and unspeakable loneliness, drinking himself into insensibility in dismal taverns and impregnating a poor "innocent" whore whom he approaches with a sort of woebegone humility.

This miserable creature for whom we somehow feel compassion—how spiritually sightless and wretched is the world he inhabits—very nearly cripples one of his sons by hitting him in the testicles while his other son knocks the old man unconscious with the butt of his pistol. Their terrible fight occurs because the father wants to sell his stable and horses to buy an orchard in Bessarabia (thus to escape from Odessa) while his sons feel that if he succeeds in doing so they will be robbed of their inheritance.

In the final scene we see the father, stunned and cowed by his sons' rebellion, sitting at a festive table where the young men invite guests to celebrate the bounty of their newly acquired "respectability" as the masters of the house. Such a crew of miscreants (including an impish rabbi from whom the elder son, a reformed hoodlum, wants to "learn") one has rarely seen in a play about Jewish folk.

The play, ungainly and crude in its craftsmanship, abounds in bitterly humorous scenes full of the ferment of life. Babel's warmth of heart and sorrowfully smiling observation make *Sunset* a strangely moving experience.

The production and direction—but I promised not to say a thing on that score. . . .

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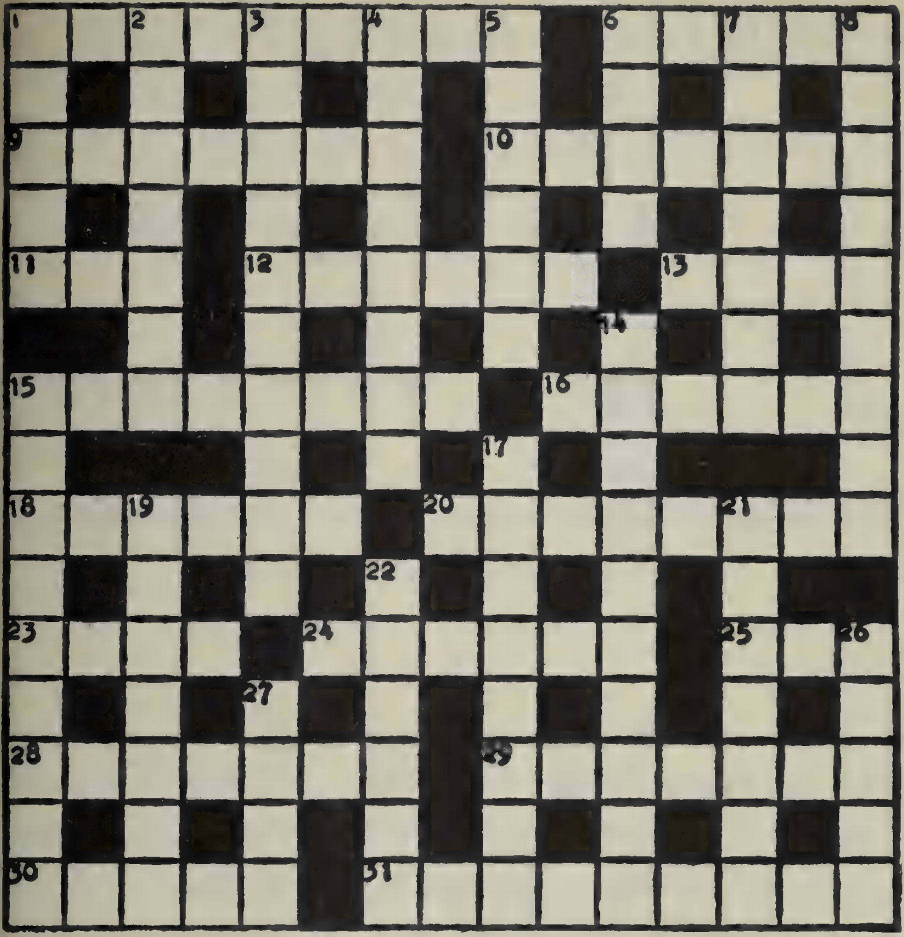

ACROSS:

1 To carry the poodle on auto trips? (Standard equipment for scalawags, reputedly.) (9)
6 and 10 A job for the tennis umpire, if hypercritical. (5-7)
9 One soul set free by it, at least! (Without the United Nations, it's still the same. (7)
12 Post-contributor, as a writer? (6)
13 By the sound of it, one of the chosen people. (4)
15 Argued, or at least did upset the order of things! (8)
16 The bachelor has to be hit (ostensibly not caught). (6)
18 Extremely like a pest-hole, but it might bray. (6)
20 At least Hamlet didn't confuse them with hawks! (They possibly constitute the worker's maxims.) (8)
23 Proving the flag is about the center of all eyes. (4)
28 Chemically active in fact, in Iceland, even. (7)
29 Looks like sentiments of esteem! (7)
30 Furnish with a faculty, or at least give the school some support! (5)
31 Obviously doesn't own property around a city division without direction, but they have to live someplace! (10)

DOWN:

1 and 25 across Didn't hold up very well, because captained by a nogoodnik? (8)
2 The present tense? Not if one does.
3 In the grand manner, one might find us only more confused! (10)
4 What apiarists trace, getting right to the point? (8)
5 Hooker, as an old man? (6)
6 Strikes out for the spectators, if enthusiastic. (4)
7 Perhaps the function of tiers. (7)
8 Set things right? Wrong, if a common quality of Scrooge! (9)
14 Descriptive of the fifties, perhaps. (6-4)
15 and 24 across If one does, has one a matched span? (How many hands high might be a question here.) (9, 6)
17 and 11 across Bring those cute little animals around or fight! (Its opening wasn't well-received!) (8, 3)
19 Entitled to veneration? One might find this, instead. (7)
21 A bad liar one type of banker might depend on. (7)
22 He makes his money in the market.
26 Puts powder on, or takes it off. (5)
27 The kind of job which satisfies the unwary, but precipitate. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1154

ACROSS: 1 The Jolly Roger; 10 Panache; 11 Cheroot; 12 Consonant; 13 Fifty; 14 Facial; 16 Undercut; 19 Carolers; 20 Parole; 22 Bluer; 23 Comforter; 25 Arcadia; 26 Ephesus; 27 Measured tread.

DOWN: 2 Hunan; 3 Jack-of-all-trades; 4 Leeway; 5 Yachting; 6 One after another; 7 Ex officio; 8 Specific; 9 Stay; 15 Carbuncle; 17 Theorist; 18 Armchair; 21 Impend; 22 Beat; 24 Tosca.

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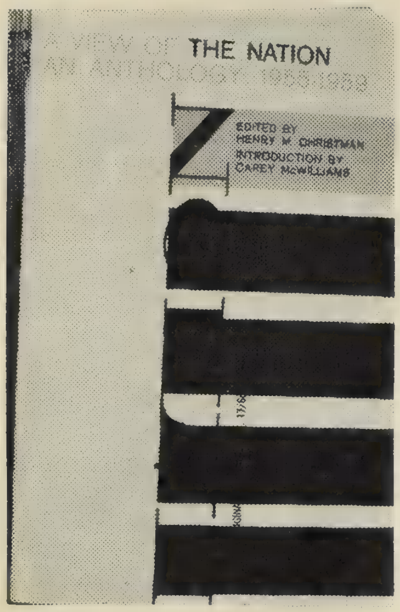
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EDITORIALS

Who's Nervous?

Three months ago President Johnson was telling the country that "the strength of America can never be sapped by discussion," but this admirable sentiment, so buoyantly voiced, has been replaced by the animosity toward critics that has always been the natural Johnson attitude. At a Washington fund-raising party for Democrats, he pointed the finger at Senator Fulbright, a crass and boorish act beneath a pretense of raillery. Subsequently, at another party function in Chicago, Mr. Johnson referred to "Nervous Nellies and some who will become frustrated and bothered and break ranks under the strain." Some, he added, "will turn on their leaders and on their country and on our fighting men." Except for the language, this is the sort of abuse that is heaped on peace marchers by the hooligans who equate patriotism with fighting. In this view, anyone who criticizes the objectives or the conduct of the war in Vietnam is betraying our soldiers and airmen. Opposition to the war is, in effect, treason, and stems from lack of fortitude on the part of the objector.

Why the change from tolerance to such extravagant condemnation? And who is nervous, actually? The President may apply the label to his opponents, but the commentators, almost to a man, apply it to the President. He has good reason to be nervous; the headlines show it. The Vietnamese, whose freedom we are supposedly defending, are fighting among themselves and no one supposes that, by shedding Vietnamese blood at Danang, Ky has disposed of the opposition to the dictatorship of the generals. The full impact of these events has still not reached the United States, yet opposition to the war is at a new high. The draft issue has erupted on college campuses all over the country, and there will be more student sit-downs and rebellions. The casualty lists are growing longer.

The rise in consumer prices since January has been the sharpest for a period of that length since the Korean War inflation of 1951; and there is more inflation to come. The Great Society programs are shrinking. The President's prestige is shrinking too. The polls for the last eight weeks show a gain of 2.5 per cent among those who prefer Republicans over Democrats in the November elections. It is not a large figure, but November is still five months away. There is not a single sector, on either the combat or the domestic front, on which things are going well.

Walter Lippmann points out in *Newsweek* (May 23) that we have come to the end of the kind of war that the President hoped would bring victory, or a plausible simulacrum, without exacting unpopular sacrifices from the American people. That it would be that sort of war was lways wishful thinking, but it quieted opposition for a vhile. The time for that is now past, and both the people nd the President will have to face increasingly harsh alities.

It is hard to see how an astute politician like Mr. John- n could have come out so recklessly against the opposi- n in his own party. By impugning the patriotism of critics of his Vietnamese policy, Mr. Johnson thought perhaps to unify the party by force, but the issue is too deeply rooted for suppression by denunciation or threat. Mr. Johnson would have left more room for maneuver, both for himself and his intra-party opposition, if he had remained outwardly complaisant. The fact that he chose the course he did shows that anxiety has beclouded his judgment, in a way that, in the end, can benefit only Republicans of the Nixon and Goldwater stripe.

McNamara's Balloon

Secretary McNamara's speech before the American Society of Newspaper Editors on May 18 covered so much ground that many of the news media reported a part as if it were the whole. Some took a cynical view of the entire performance, describing it as a possible bid for the job of Secretary of State, or an attempt to change the McNamara image from that of a computerized brain to a human being with the normal complement of feelings. Gone, at least for the moment, was the Cabinet officer who speaks of "kill-rates" as if only statistics were involved; this new McNamara offered a design for world peace and the development of the underdeveloped lands. But what got the headlines was his prescription for a less inequitable Selective Service System. The unpopularity of the Vietnamese war is such that when a responsible public official talks about the draft, not much else will get into the headlines.

It was said at the White House that Mr. McNamara was not speaking for the President when he threw out the idea —by no means novel—of every young person serving his country for a year or two in the Peace Corps or in some other constructive work, as an alternative to military service. The White House would go no further than to say that the speech was deemed to be consistent with Administration policy. It seems possible that it was in the nature of a trial balloon, fabricated and launched by McNamara himself, but with provisional Administration approval. One purpose it could serve would be official recognition of the inequity of the present conscription system, thereby producing something close to unanimity between the Administration and the public.

In this respect the speech certainly did no harm and may have helped to prepare the ground for a less unjust system some time in the future, but as a trial balloon it was unsuccessful. It was offered as something to think about, rather than as a concrete proposal, and the next day McNamara himself pulled it down by saying that what he had in mind was "voluntary" service. This took it out of the realm of practicality. In such an intensely competitive milieu as ours, with most of the middle-class young construing education as a first step toward the affluent life, few will voluntarily dedicate a year or two to the welfare of humanity. Most of them, and their parents even more emphatically, will agree with the verdict of *Time* (May 27) that though the Selective Service System might need some modification, "it would make little sense to compel tomorrow's doctors, scientists and industrial captains to spend prime years in menial government service." That "menial" tells a good deal about *Time* and the part of the public that shares its ideals.

What the McNamara speech did do was to reinforce the

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public demand for an overhaul of the Selective Service System, following an investigation of how it operates and what can be done to make its inequities less atrocious. Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.) drafted a resolution for a bipartisan study of the system, and the hard-boiled L. Mendel Rivers, Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, called a session of his group to hear Selective Service Director Lewis B. Hershey's views on current draft procedures. That is some progress. It is to be noted, also, as the single constructive contribution of the Vietnamese war, that it has impelled the re-examination so long postponed.

Mr. Goldberg Dissents

When Arthur Goldberg was drafted from the Supreme Court to serve as U.S. Ambassador at the United Nations, *The Nation* expressed the hope that the appointment might be the first step toward the end of the Vietnamese war. Instead, the war has continued to expand and to grow more revolting to an increasing number of Americans; at the same time it has steadily eroded affection and respect for America among the diplomats of other countries. As far as concrete accomplishments go, Mr. Goldberg might better have stayed in Washington—and perhaps he knows it. Some of his recent public remarks indicate that he is becoming restive in his role.

Speaking at Columbia University on May 18, Goldberg took issue with Dean Acheson over the part international law plays in the affairs of nations. He did not name Acheson, and the differences between the two seem, on the surface, to have little to do with Vietnam. On the surface, it was all very academic. Acheson had spoken on the subject at the University of Virginia on May 7; his was the hard-boiled view that "peace through law" was an illusory concept and that the direct use of force by the United States was a primary factor in keeping some sort of order in the world. This summation does not do justice to Acheson's urbanity and clarity of expression, but it is reasonably close to the stand he took.

Goldberg replied to the implied disparagement of the UN in Acheson's lecture. Conceding the UN's present limitations—which no one has described more candidly than Secretary-General U Thant—Goldberg went on to demonstrate its effectiveness in some areas. He described international law as the only alternative to the catastrophic outcome which everyone fears. Where the UN cannot act, Goldberg said, individual states must accept responsibility; he cited Vietnam as an example, but without enthusiasm. The speech was the first Adlai E. Stevenson memorial lecture; one could surmise that Stevenson's failure was on Goldberg's mind, and that he does not wish to follow in his predecessor's footsteps.

The dimensions of this discussion transcend Goldberg and Acheson. They involve the President and Secretary Rusk as well, and Goldberg was in effect challenging the views of his superiors as to his function at the UN. On the very day last February when Goldberg was authorized to take the Vietnamese war to the UN, the President ordered the resumption of the bombing of North Vietnam. Mr. Johnson in effect converted the UN move into a publicity cover for the resumption of bombing, and Goldberg has not forgotten. Nor are relations between Secretary Rusk and the Ambassador the acme of cordiality. Donald Grant, who covers the UN for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, wrote recently that it is no secret among Goldberg's friends that the Ambassador "tends to believe Rusk's influence in Washington is destructive and has begun actively to consider retiring from his present post." It is a fair assumption that Grant did not make this up out of his own lucubrations.

Grant finds a parallel between Secretary McNamara's speech and Goldberg's lecture at Columbia. Both men, he feels, raised some questions about the underpinnings of American policy in places like Vietnam without directly challenging the Administration. Each, Grant says, is adept at tough fighting within the organization. Shooting at Acheson, Goldberg actually wants to bring down Rusk. The case is not proved and the President's reaction is unpredictable at this stage, but he may be running into trouble with his UN representative, and that would be no minor matter.

"Did You Hear That?"

Congressmen as well as Washington newsmen know that if they want a hand-out instead of information the best place in town to go is the Department of Defense's office of public affairs, run by Assistant Secretary of Defense Arthur Sylvester. In tones that were hardly meant to imply praise, Rep. F. Edward Hebert (D., La.) told Sylvester at a recent House Armed Services Committee hearing, "You run the best propaganda shop in town."

Four years ago at a Sigma Delta Chi gathering in New York, Sylvester brought his *modus operandi* into the open. "It is," he said, "the inherent right of the government to lie to save itself."

If it really came down to a matter of national survival, surely no one would argue with that. But Sylvester's notion of what constitutes an apocalyptic threat is both frivolous and all-encompassing. Often he seems to feel that to release *any* information from the Department of Defense would be to scuttle the works. Listening to him in action, one gets the impression that he thinks duplicity and the loose handling of facts are a nation's first bulwark of defense.

New insight into Sylvester's mind and methods was supplied by Morley Safer, C.B.S. News's valorous legman in Vietnam, writing in the Overseas Press Club's publication, "Dateline 1966 Covering War."

Safer tells of a meeting in Saigon between front-line newsmen and Sylvester, at which the Defense official informed the correspondents (in Safer's words) that they "had a patriotic duty to disseminate only information that made the United States look good." Somebody asked him if he actually meant the press should be the handmaiden of the government and Safer quotes him as saying: "That's exactly what I mean." He is also quoted on that occasion as saying, "Look, if you think any American official is going to tell you the truth, then you're stupid. Did you hear that?—stupid." And when newsmen, without whom this country would be told next to nothing about actual conditions in Vietnam, protested his attitude, says Safer, the great Sylvester threatened: "Look, I don't even have to talk to you people. I know how to deal with you through your editors and publishers in the States."

When Rep. Durwood G. Hall (R., Mo.) published Safer's account in the *Congressional Record,* Sylvester said that was a dirty trick and requested that his letter of protest to the Overseas Press Club be also put into the *Record,* which it was. It is a revealing letter, for although Sylvester, as might be expected, claims it is "utterly untrue" that he had said the press should send only favorable dispatches, he does not in any significant way attempt to refute Safer's charges of high-handed badgering.

Considering that this is the man who sets the regulations by which newspaper reporters and television newsmen in Vietnam must operate, it comes to be almost a measure of professional heroism that the truth, more often than not, *does* get past him.

Mr. Charlie's Puzzle

The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee's unbudging determination to work out the black man's problem in the black man's way has provoked a strange response from the white side of the tracks. Suddenly there are uneasy stories about an ominous "black nationalism" in the South. And when Stokely Carmichael, SNCC's new chairman, turned down an invitation to the White House conference on civil rights, this action is suddenly judged to be a new "hard line."

Just what does the white man want? For a century he urged the Negro to stay in his place; but now when the Negro says, all right, that's just what I'll do, and I'll make it a better place to be—he is called a "black nationalist." The difference between a Negro's "staying in his place" and "black nationalism" is only a degree of temper: the former is servile, the latter is angry. That's the only difference, and the whites might as well admit it. When they complain about black nationalism, they're not complaining about anything new; but now they are tacitly admitting fear of it, and that *is* new.

As for SNCC's refusal to suffer more talk about civil rights action, it does not really seem so radical. The school integration decision has been the law of the land for twelve years and less than 5 per cent of the Negroes of the South are attending integrated schools; the Civil Rights Act has been on the books for two years, and Negroes are still beaten when they try to buy food in public restaurants; the Voting Rights Act has been on the books for a year, and federal registrars still have not been sent, for example, to Sen. James Eastland's home county, despite frequent pleas for their assistance. Totting up the need for action, SNCC's impatience with more talk may be tactically unwise, but it is surely understandable.

Hog-Pen Morality

The plague of Wallace politics did not, thank God, spread to Florida. Openly appealing to the whites of that state to follow the lead of their Alabama neighbors and "vote against the black bloc," Governor Haydon Burns went down to defeat. For the first time in that state's history, an unabashed liberal stands a good chance of being elected to the governorship. Miami Mayor Robert King High did not make it solely with the help of the Negro vote, of course; many thousands of white Floridians were sickened by Burns's gutter appeal to racism, just as they had been sickened by the connivings of his two years in office.

In many respects a Deep South state, Florida in this election seems to have reached a responsible maturity. The run-off was, at Burns's insistence, conducted strictly in racial terms. But Floridians did not respond this time as they always have responded in the past. Still wary of the Negro, they at least saw in the blacks less of a threat than another term under Burns, who for sixteen years was mayor of Jacksonville, one of the most corrupt and crime-ridden cities in America, and whose two years in the governorship were marked by what High called "hog-pen morality."

TV AND YOUTH

A New Style for Politics

HAROLD MENDELSOHN

Mr. Mendelsohn, a social psychologist, teaches mass communications research at the University of Denver. His most recent book is Mass Entertainment *(College & University Press).*

For her display of bad manners Lydia Languish has been sent from the room by her aunt, Mrs. Malaprop.

Mrs. Malaprop: There's a little intricate hussy for you!
Sir Anthony Absolute: It is not to be wondered at Ma'am; all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. In my way, hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library; she had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes with marble covers; from that moment, I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!
Mrs. Malaprop: Those are vile places indeed!
Sir Anthony: Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge!

R. B. Sheridan, *The Rivals*
Act I, Scene II

Whether it be public libraries, "penny awfuls," short wave radio or television—the story has always been the same. Whenever a major change in mass communications takes place it is followed by profound changes in the make-up and functions of the society's social, cultural and political institutions. And significant alterations of this sort are always praised by those who welcome innovations, and greeted with forecasts of disaster by the others who are disturbed by the very notion of change.

Television is such a force and has produced the expected reactions. Its friends and foes have aligned themselves on the "it's good for us, it's bad for us" axis, engaging in an endless and fruitless battle of subjective value judgments, with neither side taking time off to examine what truly might be happening.

In the realm of politics, the "good-bad" dialogue centers on such "issues" as televised debates; the high cost of TV campaigning; the ability of television either to cover up or to expose undesirable candidates; and on the alleged power of television to seduce and sway voters against their wills. Although this debate often makes interesting copy, it has never come to real grips with the problem of television's relationship to contemporary politics as a process. The main reason for this failure is that both sides make the same false assumption—that the relationship between TV and politics is a direct causal one that always results in the individual voter being specifically influenced.

On the evidence of conditioned reflex psychology, information theory and cybernetics, it is often asserted that the televised political campaign is a peculiarly powerful stimulus system that automatically produces desired responses from voter-audiences. The argument takes on a simple-minded, primerlike logic: Voter likes TV; candidate uses TV to make himself liked; voter pulls lever for "likeable" TV candidate.

As the 1964 Presidential campaign moved on, the issue of how television projections of election returns might influence voters on the West Coast became pressing. A "bandwagon effect," it was feared, would be created among voters exposed to computer-derived projections before they had had the opportunity to vote. This argument serves the direct causal model perfectly: Voter likes TV; voter sees on TV that one of the two candidates is accumulating more "likes" (votes) than another; voter casts his ballot for the "likeable" winner.

Before charging hyperbole, the skeptic should read Max Lerner's thoughts on the matter as they appeared in the Fall, 1964 issue of *Show* magazine:

> The public interest doesn't have to carry the burden of proof . . . to show beyond doubt that the TV early projections are necessarily harmful. It need only show what might and could happen. We know enough about voter behavior to know that the voter is highly suggestible, the American is a lonely person; he feels less lonely when he is joining others, especially on the winning side. Even granting that some voters are counter-suggestible, the two don't cancel each other out: in both cases the voter's mind is inflammable timber. . . .

The spectacle of the addlepated voter being chivvied and herded by broadcast tomfoolery is rooted in the quaint lavender-and-lace "crowd psychology" theories of Gustave Le Bon and Ortega y Gasset. By contrast, sophisticated observers of the contemporary American scene have become increasingly aware of a considerable number of major research studies, emanating principally from Columbia University and the University of Michigan, that douse with scientific observation the "inflammable timber" image of the voter. In essence, these studies have shown that the majority of voters make up their minds about whom they will vote for very early in the campaign, or even before the campaign actually begins; that they persist in their early commitments, no matter what they hear or see during the campaign; that last-minute switches are the rarest of exceptions rather than the general rule.

The overall testimony of modern political science on the direct influence of the mass media upon voting is that during formal political campaigns such influence is negligible. Far from being "inflammable timber," the average voter seems to be stubbornly determined to vote for the party he has fallen into the habit of supporting. Rather than being pushed around by propaganda, he is most resistant to all short-range persuasive efforts to uproot his partisan commitments—and particularly resistant to those that emanate from the mass media during the concentrated assault of formal campaigns.

This situation applies to the "bandwagon" problem as well. I made a study, based on two separate interviews with the same 1,704 randomly selected California voters over the twenty-four-hour time period separating election eve from election night, 1964, to examine the possible effect of early broadcasts of election forecasts and returns. Briefly, only 12 per cent of the sample had seen substantive election telecasts before they voted, with nearly nine out of ten voters actually casting their ballots before they had had an opportunity to hear significant election forecasts or returns. Further, regardless of whether they had seen election telecasts or not, 97 per cent of all the voters whose pre-election day choices were known voted for the candidates they had intended to support. Only fourteen voters "switched" their votes overnight—and the Johnson and Goldwater votes canceled out in the switching. There was no evidence that exposure to televised election forecasts played any role in upsetting the previous political commitments of the voters studied. That is to say, no bandwagon effect. Again, the evidence indicates that television is surprisingly impotent in its *direct* impact on the voting decisions of the electorate.

There is nothing mysterious about this. After all, a formal campaign announces point-blank to the voter that he is going to be propagandized and ballyhooed and courted and "sold" and manipulated quite unmercifully in a competitive tussle for his vote. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that he approaches his TV set during campaign time with about the same naive willingness to be influenced that a *Consumer Reports* subscriber would reflect on meeting up with a friendly used-car salesman.

But a man's behavior need not be affected only through what happens directly to him as a physical entity. It can be influenced quite indirectly—through inducing changes in his environments, for example. The psychologist Kurt Lewin some years ago indicated the futility of attempting through direct persuasion to influence people to do something they considered undesirable. Rather than ask the prejudiced man to give up his discriminatory behavior through propaganda, argued Lewin, one can accomplish the same social end by affirming overt racial discrimination to be illegal. Just as the Civil Rights Act may be far more important in terms of long-range social and political consequences than in its "effect" on individuals' attitudes and behavior, so the "effect" of television on our overall political institutions and styles of life may be far more important than its rather questionable ability to influence individual voters' attitudes and choices directly. This is not to say that voters' political attitudes and choices are not at all affected by television. The question posed here relates to whether the most important impact of television on politics in the United States rests only in its influence on individual voting behavior.

Given the history of the effects of innovations in communication, it is impossible that television could have arrived on the political scene without producing important changes. What these might be like was foretold by observations that social scientists made of radio's impact on politics back in the thirties. Writing in 1933, University of Chicago sociologist William Fielding Ogburn cited some two dozen separate political "effects" of radio. Among these he noted: "Procedures of the nominating conventions are altered somewhat"; "Presidential 'barnstorming' and front porch campaigns are changed"; "nature of campaign costs are affected." Even in 1933 it was clear that, with the advent of truly mass means of communications, the political institutions which Americans had over the years learned to love and to believe in as the only realities were to go by the board with amazing speed.

The seemingly minor use of radio by Franklin D. Roosevelt to reach directly into the home of the ordinary citizen produced one of the most profound political changes of our time. This single stratagem permanently enhanced the power of the President as a strong *individual* initiator of political policy. At the same time, the new ability of the President to act on his own as a political organizer of the national electorate marked the beginning of the end of local and regional power wielders. Now, in the age of television, national politics are indeed national, with the locals thoroughly dependent—and not the other way around, as it was not more than forty years ago in the age of print.

It is conceivable that we must look to the effect of television's very presence (quite aside from its specifically political influence) in order to understand its true impact on politics. Such a functionalist approach gets us away from the sterility of the mechanistic stimulus-response model wherein simple voter exposure leads to simple voter effect.

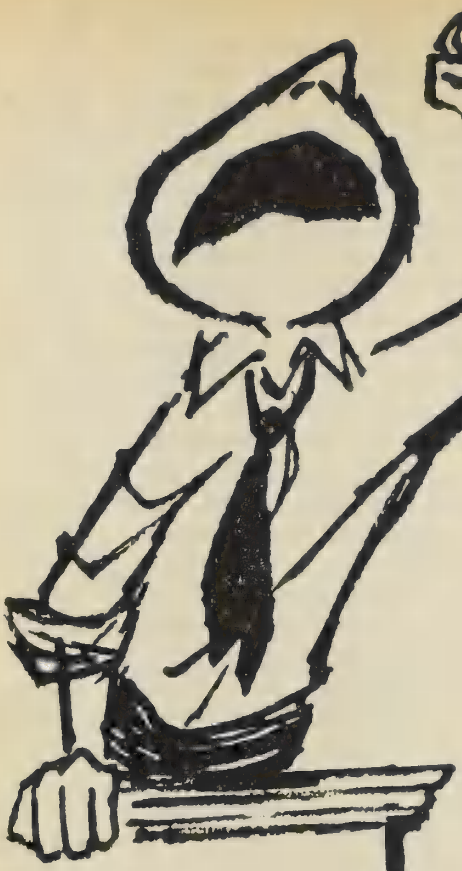
By the time the next national election rolls around, we shall have on the political scene a generation of new voters unlike any that has appeared there before. This generation will have been born into the TV era, and will have been brought up on television as the *major* medium of communication in their lives. Where the parents of these voters could test the efficacy as well as the reliability of the "new" medium against the centuries-hallowed institution of print, the present generation has grown up in a milieu where print (as well as radio and films) has increasingly played second fiddle to the overwhelming predominance of television.

Elmo Roper public-opinion surveys taken over the past several years have shown a general ascendancy of television over newspapers and other media as the predominant news source in America today. Figures from the Roper study conducted in 1964 show further that television's *credibility* vis-à-vis other media increases as age decreases. Thus, where 36 per cent of those sampled in the 50-and-over age bracket considered TV to be the most believable medium, 52 per cent of the 20-to-25 "new voter" age group thought television to be the most believable.

If television is increasingly acceptable to the electorate as a source of reliable political information and guidance, it will be used increasingly for those purposes. And expanded use of TV in the political arena will in turn result in a growing sensitivity to television's peculiar needs and demands. This will modify our ways of conducting political business but the lines along which the change will develop are as yet difficult to foretell in detail.

More than any other observer, Marshall McLuhan considers television as the most "involving" medium of communication. Proclaiming TV the "cool" medium, McLuhan believes that its power derives from its lack of structure (as compared to print), the unique consequence being that viewers must fill in for themselves what the medium has either omitted or played down. "If the medium is of low intensity," speculates McLuhan, "the participation is high."

It is not necessary to clothe this simple observation in



McLuhan's metaphysical mystique in order to recognize television's capacity to attract, to involve and to absorb. No parent who has been hooked into watching an entire half-hour of *Yogi Bear* simply by making a casual inquiry into what his youngster was viewing will deny this. Because television does have this ability to "involve" the viewer, it not only shares with print the ability to transmit "messages" but has also an incredible ability to convey the sense of actual participation in the events displayed.

Where print confronts the reader with the results of such varied and complex political processes as caucusing, negotiating, compromising, confronting, exposing, deliberating, debating, accusing, denying, manipulating and cajoling, television can propel the viewer right into these emotion-laden political *processes* as they are taking place. We not only read that Mr. Johnson was sworn in as President of the United States immediately after it was known that Mr. Kennedy was dead; we actually *saw* the dramatic scene played out in all its horrible tragedy, complete with an agonized "new" President and the victim's bloodstained, numbed widow witness. Some time later, we not only read that the Goldwater forces steam-rollered the 1964 Republican National Convention; we *saw* the ugly and brutal manner in which this was accomplished, with Nelson Rockefeller as its chief victim. Given the juxtaposition of these two disparate events as witnessed *in process* by millions of American television viewers well before the 1964 Presidential election campaign was launched, does not that campaign itself take on the dreary aspect of an anticlimax? Was not Lyndon Johnson's fate foretold and sealed that day in Dallas, as was Barry Goldwater's that evening in San Francisco? What possible effect could all the "messages" that were subsequently generated during the 1964 campaign have on voters who had been *pseudo participants* in the fantastic events that brought Johnson and Goldwater into ultimate official contention?

Yet professional politician and journalist, researcher and PTA lecturer alike continue to pretend that the formal campaign—particularly as it was waged on television—affected the outcome of the 1964 election in some inordinate fashion.

In his daily encounter with political events, and with the unfolding political process, as presented on television, the voter begins to "see" politics and politicians in his own subjective way. The power of television thus to shape the long-range expectations of the electorate both cognitively and emotionally has for the most part been overlooked by the professionals in politics. This largely explains why television's full powers have not yet been exerted in the political sphere. When it is realized that political personalities cannot be "merchandised" on a short-term basis, we shall move out of this transitional phase, and then we shall truly enter into the Era of Politics by Television.

When this happens, some of the changes in American politics will be startling. First, we should expect to see a new breed of professional politicians. They will not necessarily be a bunch of well-poised, good-looking, vacuous actor types, as some observers have conjectured; nor will it be impossible for an ugly man to become President, as some have warned. The recent emergence of Hollywood actors on the political scene reflects a rather crude temporary response to the demands of television in contemporary politics. Rather, we can expect the new generation of politicians to respond to the "low intensity" demands of the TV medium in order to procure the greatest possible degree of viewer involvement well before the national conventions are convened officially. Regardless, then, of whether they fit the Cary Grant or the Anthony Quinn pattern, the professionals of tomorrow must project a "cool" image.

This image will be cultivated and polished over considerable periods of time—during which every opportunity for television exposure will be exploited. Testing grounds for developing this particular sort of imagery will be young audiences who, we have seen, are peculiarly sensitive to the televised mode of political communication. Sen. Robert Kennedy's current political strategy serves to blueprint political build-ups of the future.

The entire business of formal campaigning will be altered. Not only does the high cost of television campaigning require shorter campaigns and conventions: viewer surfeit itself dictates a curbing of formal national politics. Since most viewers make up their minds very early in the campaigns, the tradition of heavy propaganda saturation of the air waves toward the end of the election serves more to irritate and alienate the public than to persuade it. Consequently, we may expect these saturation efforts to be shifted to the earlier days of the campaign. Undoubtedly, campaigns of the future will adopt the same short, intensive focus that has been traditional in Great Britain. On an ever increasing scale, political campaigns in America will assume mostly a ritualistic aspect until the full step into the Era of Politics by Television is ultimately taken.

But most important of all, perhaps, the de-emphasis on formal campaigning will be accompanied by the strongest efforts imaginable to control voters' political perspectives *between* campaigns. The political management of the news, both by incumbents and challengers, will become ever more *the* important political issue of our time. The constant jockeying for voters' attention and ultimate favors on an everyday, year in, year out basis will inject into mass communications the fantastically complex problem of news availability, "objective" presentation of the news, news monopoly, editorializing, "equal time" and so on. Ultimately, in order to cope with these problems realistically, the Federal Communications Commission must be superseded by a completely revamped public agency, with explicit and meaningful powers of control.

The spread of educational and UHF television channels throughout the country will serve to revolutionize local and regional politics. As local politicians learn to use local television more effectively, and as local TV outlets begin to take the bite out of the costs of national network TV (the same thing happened with radio), the strangle holds that local courthouse gangs have had on our city halls and state houses will be ultimately broken. Perhaps we can look to a refreshingly new approach to municipal and state politics after all.

Whether these changes will create a political utopia or a political hell in the United States cannot be conjectured accurately at this time. If the past is truly prologue to the future, we can expect a good share of benefits along with a healthy dose of perplexing problems.

Meanwhile, back in the White House . . .

AFTER THE COLD WAR

CHARLES O. LERCHE, JR.

Mr. Lerche is on the faculty of the School of International Services at American University, Washington, D.C. He is the author of The Cold War—And After, *just published by Prentice-Hall.*

Events in Vietnam, in Kashmir, in the United Nations and elsewhere are evidence of a development which, although welcome, at the same time deeply disturbs many Americans: for practical purposes, the Soviet-American cold war is almost over. That is to say, the Soviet-American struggle, considered as a system of action and as a historic force, has been brought to a full stop by technological and political obsolescence. "Parallelism" in the United Nations over Kashmir and the ill-disguised search for a common position in Vietnam have made the rhetorical flights of the 1950s and the grim forecasts of an inevitable Armageddon more than faintly out of date. Soviet-American relations are moving into a new phase.

Twenty years ago, as the United States accepted what it saw as the Soviet challenge and set to work devising a global strategy to meet it, the sheer size and complexity of the task made it unnecessary, digressive and potentially dangerous for Americans to speculate about what lay at the end of the cold-war road. Of course, "victory" was assumed to be inevitable (because the United States *always* wins), but the determining shape and the timing of the eventual triumph were relegated to the unforeseeable future. The process of fighting the cold war was rapidly transformed in the new normality to a way of life, and "after the cold war" became an American equivalent for *mañana*.

Now, however, the long-delayed moment has arrived: "After the cold war" is no longer a deferrable, utopian future; it is here, unavoidably, at hand. Strategies and tactics appropriate to the new American approach to the Soviet must be devised with as much "deliberate speed" as the nation can muster. If we fail to look ahead now we condemn ourselves to look back in regret later; the true tragedy of American foreign policy is missed opportunities.

Before setting out to sketch what some of the post-cold-war relations of the United States and the USSR are likely to be, we should establish one major point: there will always be a significant residuum of conflict between Moscow and Washington, no matter how deeply the cold war itself may be buried. Great powers with world-wide interests and lofty ambitions are never going to agree on everything. But it will be conflict "in the grand manner," marked less by ideological thunderbolts and war scares than by the bit-by-bit accumulation of small advantages that is historically the norm of international relations. Both sides have already accepted the crucial major premise: neither attempts any longer to force on the other the stark choice between surrender and total war. Once the idea is admitted that Soviet-American issues are comprehensible within the traditional categories of great-power relations, the entire tempo of the alternation of dispute and resolution will change.

For an indefinite period, of course, the world will continue to be trapped in the semantic system of the cold war. Both Moscow and Washington have made such major investments of prestige and power in the formulation of their respective images of the struggle that it will be no simple matter to shrug these off as outgrown (even though they may be). But eventually conceptual updating will be necessary; even the Department of State, so dedicated to its thesis that "nothing fundamental has [ever] changed," will be forced to admit at least to itself that evolution has penetrated Foggy Bottom.

The situation today can be put as follows: the United States and the Soviet Union must find a way to keep alive enough of the cold-war mystique to guarantee consensus at home and leadership abroad, while simultaneously gaining enough freedom of action to build a new basis for dealing with each other. Overt changes of position, in other words, will be slow and often painful. It would be unrealistic to expect either government to endanger its domestic solidarity, its bloc leadership or its world role by openly forswearing its long-elaborated "mission."

The next phase of Soviet-American relations, therefore, will in all probability be one of discovering and applying what we might call a new equilibrium. It will be "new" only in cold-war terms, however, because both must admit (at least to themselves) that their massive struggle was not after all cosmic or unprecedented in either its scope or its method. Moscow and Washington must come to terms with a stubborn historical fact: the assumption each made two decades ago that the traditional international order was a temporary and vanishing obstacle to the accomplishment of its own image of utopia has proved invalid. The state system has finally vanquished both its Marxist and its Wilsonian opponents.

This article, the second in *The Nation's* re-examination of world balances and American foreign policy, will be followed by a study of the problems and potentials of East-West trade, written by Harold J. Berman, author of *Justice in the USSR*.

The traditional order of interstate relations incorporated one basic concept: disagreements among major powers must not be carried to the point of endangering the system itself. During most of the past twenty years, Moscow and Washington often sounded as though the cold war were so important to them that they were willing to upset the entire order of states in order to win a victory. They can do so no longer.

The post-cold-war relationship of the Soviet Union and the United States will call for a "regularization" of contacts within the framework of an enlarged, unstable, but ultimately controlling international political system. This itself will mark a major break with the past.

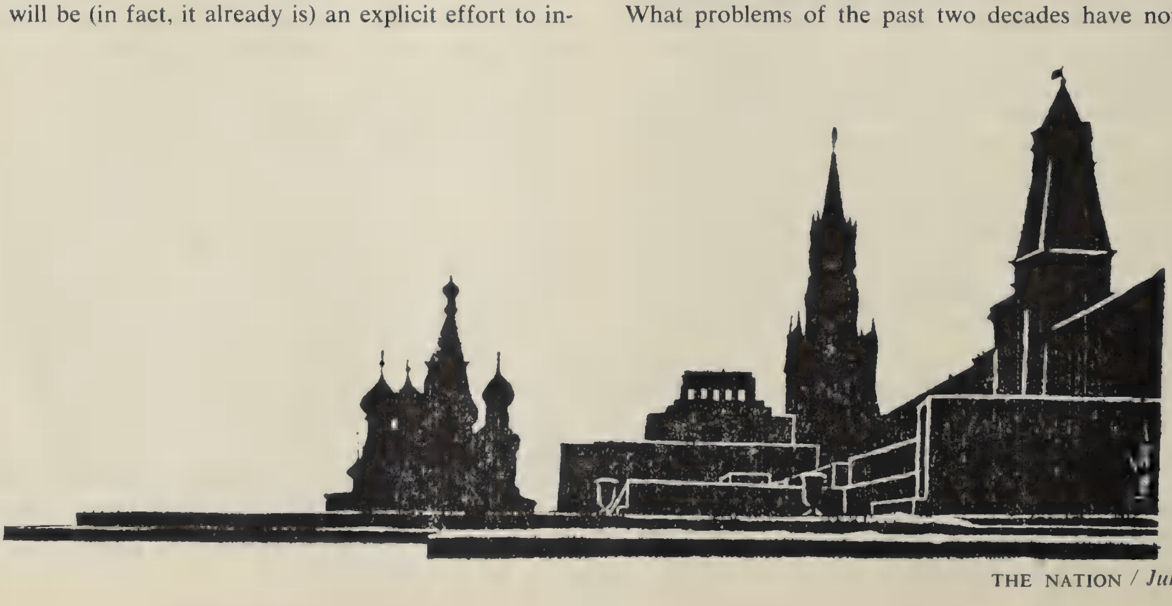
A special aspect of the new Soviet-American relationship will be (in fact, it already is) an explicit effort to institutionalize limits of safety on international disputes. Even at its peak, the intense cold war was marked by significant caution on both sides as each in turn came to appreciate the agonizingly narrow margin of error it enjoyed. Tempting as the tools—political and military—of modern warfare may be to play with, both Moscow and Washington show today their consuming interest in making these games increasingly difficult and expensive for everyone, including themselves, to play.

A natural first instance is the arms race. Already roughly stabilized by the balance of deterrence and the grim calculus of overkill, the arms race is no longer a dominant element in Soviet-American relations. It is obvious that agreement—probably still only tacit—has been reached that neither will accept the risks of either seeking a weapons breakthrough or capitalizing on a temporary superiority to launch a pre-emptive strike. The dominant concern of the next phase will be less the regulation of the competition between the two leaders than the prevention of further nuclear proliferation.

If the arms race is to be contained on a multilateral basis, the United States and Russia must adopt a common approach to the problem. The phenomenon, though familiar to classical diplomacy, is still a shocking novelty in cold-war relations. No other tack, however, will suffice to control either France or China—to say nothing of the dozen or more other states toying with the possibility of becoming nuclear powers themselves. Only a solid and explicit Soviet-American stand can keep the arms race from becoming world-wide.

But arms-control agreements are not found under cabbage leaves. They are born out of a political setting marked by assumptions of good will on either side. Thus, if control of nuclear proliferation is the major issue on which Moscow and Washington agree today, its accomplishment will require eventually the disposal by compromise of a number of other political differences still outstanding. In other words, if Washington and Moscow are to keep the world from exploding, they must first reduce the pressure of their own disagreements, and they can do that only by resolving some problems of exceedingly long standing.

Here the agenda grows suddenly long and complicated: What problems of the past two decades have not acquired



a cold-war dimension? Still, two are pre-eminent today, as for years past: the status of Germany (already deeply involved in Soviet-American discussions of a non-proliferation treaty) and the multiple problem of development assistance to the emerging nations. Let a beginning be made on either of these issues, and let each party accept with sufficient good grace the inevitable retreat from its own extreme position, and the climate of great-power relations will warm with impressive speed.

One caution needs to be entered here. A tempting approach to setting limits of safety around Soviet-American dispute, at least in the abstract, is to declare certain areas of the globe informally out of bounds. When bipolarity was a reality, and when such a self-denying ordinance effectively barred anyone else from invading a tacitly neutralized area, this was a viable technique. Today, however, both leaders have lost much of their once complete control over their respective group of associates. A Soviet-American disavowal of interest in an area—central Africa, for example—would probably serve only as an invitation to China or France to step into the power vacuum thus created. There is little profit for either in abandoning its effort in a region in order to turn it over to an ambitious third power.

This last point approaches the heart of the post-cold-war dynamics of Soviet-American relations. This decline of bipolarity (defined as the organization of the entire world around two poles of power and the control of all political relations by the interplay of these two centers) has resulted in the relative and absolute diminution of the span of control enjoyed by both states. More and more of world politics has slipped out of the cold-war system and thus out of real grasp of the two antagonists.

Both find this a dismaying prospect. The United States and the Soviet Union are both recently come to great-power status, and it is obvious that both enjoy the role. Now as fewer and fewer small states are left to hegemonize and as allies prove ever more recalcitrant, the rhetoric of great power begins to sound increasingly hollow. Of what use are the responsibilities of leadership and the burden of keeping the peace if so little psychic or material profit ensues?

Thus the logic turns full circle. If Moscow and Washington can no longer dominate world affairs by their conflict, and if both retain their urge to play the part of great powers to the hilt, only one course of action remains open: to try joint action instead of unilateral competition.

Of course, there is no real prospect of reviving a 1945-type Soviet-American hegemony; too much water has flowed over too many dams for the world to go back that far. But there is a vast middle ground between 1945 and 1966 in which the relative and absolute leadership and control of a Soviet-American consortium might be augmented.

A useful starting place would be a common policy toward the developing states of Asia and Africa (and perhaps ultimately Latin America). For at least fifteen years, new, small and often unstable states have been playing Moscow and Washington off against each other in the name of nonalignment and anti-colonialism. In the process, the Soviet Union and the United States have frequently found themselves trapped in a graceless and undignified competition for the favors of individual leaders and governments. Even worse, the struggle has often been profitless for either side, as the beneficiary states have been alert not to drift into either camp.

A new start in relations with the emerging world in which the Soviet Union and the United States decided together on the optimum pace and extent of development and on its insulation from political controversy would not only refurbish their damaged prestige but might also make a significant contribution to stability and peace in the non-Western parts of the world.

A second line of approach to the restoration of great-power status would involve a fresh attack on unresolved political issues. In many ways the crucial dimension is one of time; local forces are building up in such trouble spots as Germany, Korea, the Middle East and even Southeast Asia. If Moscow and Washington are to bring about great-power settlements in these areas, they must do so before indigenous factors break loose and confront the two camps with a *fait accompli* that could be reversed only by massive and costly effort.

A third route to a new great-power role leads to the doorstep of the two upward-mobile and dynamic rivals of the established leaders—de Gaulle's France and Communist China. Both are "revisionist" in the classical sense that each seeks a rearrangement of power and status in its own favor; both are therefore intrinsically hostile to Soviet-American claims to pre-eminence. Both, furthermore, owe much of their contemporary significance to their exploitation of the shadow zone left by the cold war between Moscow and Washington.

Again, neither the Soviet Union nor the United States can view placidly the continued resurgence of France and China, but neither can deal effectively with them alone. A common (or even a "parallel") front in major issues such as nuclear proliferation would have gratifying results in restoring a more normal configuration to the pattern of world politics. Not, of course, that either Paris or Peking would subside completely into the role of complaisant ally from which both have escaped; however, a forceful reminder from the great powers in concord of the realities of status and role in the real world would go far to restore stability in world relations.

Thus the probabilities are that the post-cold-war phase of Soviet-American relations will involve a slow but steady reversion to some approximation of classical patterns of great-power interaction. But history has its own compelling logic and the swing back to earlier principles can never be complete. Many important issues will continue to divide Moscow and Washington, and the new world of technological change will never permit the complete sway of old-fashioned great-power tactics. But the basic proposition remains: The strategic pattern of the cold-war era was founded on revolutionary concepts, but the next phase of Soviet-American relations will proceed from much more traditional assumptions about the nature and purposes of international politics.

CLASS OF 1966

THE LOSS OF TRAGEDY

LEO HAMALIAN
Mr. Hamalian, who teaches in the English faculty of the City College of New York, is now working on a critical biography of D. H. Lawrence in Italy.

For generations, in the words of the late David Boroff, "City College [of New York] has conjured up an image of free tuition, humble origins, and intellectual excellence—of a kind of proletarian Harvard." On occasion, from behind this iron image there issued rumors about a student body endowed with terrifying energy, ambition and talent: City College students, it was reported incredulously, not only survived the rigors of daily commuting to the edge of Harlem, not only supported themselves (and often their families) by working part time, not only coped with the demands of a curriculum devised during the Dark Ages, but also passed on to Ph.D.s in numbers unsurpassed by any other institution in the world and won more coveted Woodrow Wilson Fellowships than students elsewhere except at Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and Yale. In addition, they found time to fight for radical causes, which they equated with progress and humanity. Their radicalism possessed a puritanical quality unique to the "Holy City of the Left," and anyone who met a City College graduate knew himself to be in the presence of one committed to the improvement of self, city, country and mankind.

This image may have had validity up to ten years ago, but there is evidence that a new image is emerging. What is the City College student like today? I should like to try an assessment, drawing upon my experiences as a teacher of City College undergraduates in both required and elective courses, from my contacts with students as the Dean of Curricular Guidance in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences and from my reading in the literature that has recently flourished about today's troubled undergraduates. The subject has, I think, intrinsic interest and throws light on the situation at other campuses.

Perhaps at the very outset I should pay my respects to the hoary platitude, "Students are students." It could be argued that today's undergraduate at City College differs from his predecessor of a decade ago only in minor matters: the income of his family has risen so that he can afford to dress more stylishly, own a car and in most cases expect his parents to support him while he is studying; he is even more interested in graduate school than his predecessors; the causes he espouses are more likely to be "liberal" rather than radical; and he sometimes has changed his name from Cohen to Kane. But even if we agree that the more students change, the more they remain the same, we can understand their problems better by recognizing the new factors and elements for what they are.

Students at City today seem to be no less intelligent or able than their predecessors of ten years ago. Though high school grades are generally lower, performance on entrance examinations and in the classroom suggests that, if anything, this generation may have greater potential. However, the college is accepting students with lower high school averages and transfer students from community colleges who could not have qualified ten years ago. Many of the entering students have no vocational goals or quickly abandon what goals they have (engineering and science drop-outs are growing in number as the hard work required in these disciplines more than counterbalances the initial glamour or the pressure from families who want their children in "prestige" professions). A large number are indifferent to what the degree has traditionally signified to City students: the opportunity to raise themselves economically and culturally. At the moment, their needs are met by their parents and they cannot foresee a time when they might face deprivation of the kind that nearly every City College student even ten years ago consciously or subconsciously feared. True, many City students still work, but usually it is to earn pocket money, gasoline money or rent for the apartment.

Thus, a large number of students seem to lack the motivation that was once built into the City College atmosphere. Without the sword of need hanging over them, many simply drift for five or six years, others drop courses the moment they run into difficulties, change career objectives fairly late in their college years, or simply become discouraged because their performance does not measure up to their potential. The lack of rigorous expectation and training in New York City's harried high schools may well contribute to this disillusionment, but often the absence of a challenging future as well as a challenging past is what blunts purpose.

The trend I have just described is more widespread than many administrators would perhaps guess, but because City students have quick minds and surprising patience, they manage to stay afloat and many of them catch fire when they come into contact with outstanding teachers who are presenting their specialties in the elective courses. Possibly because more students than ever before seem uncertain about the future—the imminence of being drafted plays a role here—this campus generation is correspondingly less dogmatic: they are not so sure that their own religion, their own nationality, their own race, their own political views are absolutely right. As a consequence, they are inclined to be sympathetic to underdogs and outsiders. It is no accident that the recent civil rights movement and the antiwar demonstrations arose from student sentiment. In an ordinary week at City College, there may be a "fast" in protest against the government's Vietnamese policy and a rally to support the strike at St. John's University. What makes these students different from their predecessors is that they have learned the primer of action, and often in collaboration with the "radical" members of the faculty who still communicate with students beyond the classroom, they have turned words into deeds. In fact, the "tyro" may be teaching the teacher in some areas of human thought and action.

In general, City students today seem more aware of the world (a number volunteer for the Peace Corps), more anxious about the condition it is in, older and more responsible outside the classroom, more immature and irresponsible inside the classroom than were their predecessors of the fifties (more late papers, more requests for exemption from examinations, more dropping out of courses, more cheating on term papers and quizzes, more leaves of absence for emotional reasons). They often seem to be saying, without knowing it, that they have the right to cheat because the world has cheated them.

The war in Vietnam has contributed subtly to this attitude, though its impact may not be discernible until the question of military service arises. Like most young men in other colleges, City students have no deep ideological commitment to the conflict in Asia and the majority will do almost anything to postpone or avoid the draft. Though far from indifferent to the sufferings of their contemporaries in uniform, they have no enthusiasm about putting their own lives on the line. Hence, the engineering students and the science specialists seek draft-exempt jobs in "essential" or government work, or they plan, like students in other fields, to prolong their education. The faculty has been inundated by applications to graduate schools, partly because of the City tradition, partly because they promise temporary haven from the possibility of an unpleasant experience. However, the recent "sit-ins" at the college revealed some surprising attitudes: the majority of the protestors are against student deferments of any kind on the ground that they discriminate against minorities. Thus, the draft protest looks like an extension of the civil rights movement.

Within the large body of the college, the small group that interests me most is the one characterized by the "alienation syndrome." These students are among the brightest on campus: they are often morbid, fanciful, articulate, apprehensive, withdrawn, well read in the "diction of estrangement" gleaned from the works of the "outside" writers. They interpret alienation, often born of a specific time or condition, in the most extreme or general terms. According to Kenneth Keniston, author of *The Uncommitted*, these youngsters are usually from viable but unhappy homes in which the mother is dominant and the father is physically or psychologically removed. The son has an unusual intimacy with his mother and thereby gains a felt psychological superiority over his chief childhood competitor, his father; but the victory turns out to be Pyrrhic, for it costs the son a father he can love and emulate.

In the eyes of the son, the father in one way or another sold out his early ideals: successful in his business or profession, the father has compromised and adjusted to a corrupting society. He knows what he has done, and thus guilty even in his own eyes, acts out his acknowledged failure in his relationships to his children. Hence, the theory continues, the student in this situation looks to his "peers" for the values he cannot find in his father. What complicates his condition is that often the members of the group to which he turns are in the same fix. They are forced to create their own values or to live without them. If they attempt the first, they frequently seek father-surrogates in their college teachers or religion-surrogates in their reading (Camus, Salinger, Albee); if they are content with the latter, they investigate the world of William Burroughs, pornography, the Village (East Side), the white Negro and drugs—environments in motion, where fluidity, not fixity, is the rule.

Confusion and chaos may seem to be usurping the place

of structure in the normal continuum, but to young people who are opposed to structure (all organization is bad, the diseased development of a rotten system), chaos becomes the medium of existence. In a sense, chaos is a challenge to them—the "big risk." Instead of good causes, there is good chaos. The only organizations to join are those dedicated to the destruction of organization. These youngsters have developed their own sense of dedication, but how long they can survive outside all the institutions of society remains a question of potential tragedy.

Who are the father-surrogates for these anti-authoritarians? Often they are young (either in age or attitude) professors whose experience has been entirely confined to the academy (college, graduate work, back to college to teach) or professors who have had a thorough grounding in the affairs of the world and have recoiled from them. Until the young teachers are fed into the mills of administration or forced to publish or perish, they retain much of their undergraduate idealism and transmit this feeling to their students. Under this influence, the group already inclined toward alienation may become even more antagonistic to a culture that appears to have no room for special sensitivity unless it is put to work for Rheingold Beer commercials, General Motors design shops, or New York Life Insurance sales pitches. Far more than their predecessors of the radical years at City (and what an irony this is for the Great Society!), the alienated students are revolted by the nominal American experience of daily ugliness, of capitulation to the imperatives of business, of accepting so much that is felt to be evil for the little good that goes with it. One can only wonder what they make of a novel like Conrad's *Lord Jim*. It must seem to them like "pop" art.

Ten years ago, the majority of both students and faculty at City would have regarded these rebels as odd-balls, the exceptions who spiced the college community. Today they are, as someone said, "the invalids who have become our individualists." They are the loners who remain at home physically but who have left it spiritually. Most of them believe in "inner emigration," but now several talk about living in Mexico or Canada rather than staying where they feel confined in spirit.

These are not really rebels in the sense that their parading and preaching predecessors were rebels, and certainly they have not very much in common with revolutionaries. They do not believe any longer that rebellion or revolution can have a constructive end. They tread water without serious thought of how they will fill the years ahead. Many are not sure that they wish to live through them, or if they do hope to survive, how they should prepare. Hence, suicidal thoughts and fantasies are not uncommon. Tragically, they have no sense of tragedy: their heroes are anti-heroic and, like themselves, unready for an unworthy world (Camus' *The Stranger* is still going strong). They know only school and school is what they despise, because either it makes no sense to them or makes sense only if they accept the world reflected in the classroom. Their rejection of what they conceive as "materialism" merely serves to insulate them from economic and political involvements, from the conventions of adulthood and from responsibility. They have yet to discover a world that they can accept, unless it be the world of the imagination. On one hand, this world imbues its inhabitants with an aura of tenderness and beauty; on the other, it often encourages the perverse immaturity of Peter Pan. In the next five years, administrators at City College as well as elsewhere may face a much greater wave of drop-outs and expatriates to Europe than we have seen for decades—unless, of course, the fear of being drafted forces these students to continue in "the partial anaesthesia of suffering without feeling and partial observation of one's own automatism while the slow stain sinks deeper through the skin" (T. S. Eliot).

What is most interesting about this development to someone like myself who lived for two years in the Middle East is that the alienation is chosen and not imposed by circumstance. These young people could be "successful," one feels, if they had not become fed up with success even before they had reached it. This attitude may rationalize fears of failure, but I am inclined to believe otherwise. I think these students have concluded that success means selling out the values of youth, the age of poetry, compassion and idealism. If one cedes these to the enemy ("anyone over 30"), what is there to put in their place?

This sense of betrayal and alienation is subtly reinforced in the minds of the alienated by what they see as the spread of parallel stresses, estrangements and disenchantments through the entire fabric of American middle-class life. Many students at City College (and perhaps they are typical of groups at other colleges) are persuaded that America is an alienating society unless one is an engineer, a scientist or some other hero of our technological age. They know that as computer programers they can, within five years, earn more than their favorite teachers—and they do not necessarily rejoice in the prospect because many in the end choose to be teachers themselves.

They see little hope for a society that grows increasingly technological, because technology "fragments" work, which thus becomes labor. When men lose the meaning of their work, they lose also the sense of psychological wholeness and the possibility for spontaneous feeling and expressiveness. For this reason, Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* (in which Marlow is saved from insanity by meaningful work) is enjoying a renaissance and John Barth, Joseph Heller, Norman Brown, Henry Miller and Edward Albee have become the mentors for these students chiefly because they celebrate a Dionysian inner life that can exist in spite of invaders from space.

Many of these young people place whatever hopes and visions they have not on the prospect of a better world or a great society but on private attainments of one sort or another (this may account for the recent rise in marriages among the good students at City College). College teaching has become extremely popular as a career goal. The campus provides at least a refuge if not a future, and the library permits one to investigate one's private interest in another and perhaps better age. It is a way of taking what little one wants from the world and using it as one wishes. Also, it is a society of youth and one can escape from the adults who are responsible for the desire to escape. Clinical psychology seems similarly to gain favor: it is an occupation in which the individual controls his own fate and extends assistance to another individual, often one who has been defeated "out there" in the other world.

If all this seems a maudlin recitation of the ills besetting what Paddy Chayevsky (now teaching at City) defined for me as a "petulant generation," one of that generation might well ask him, "What do you expect in a society where there is single-minded pursuit of a 'know-how' which is up for bids in a murderously competitive, materialistic market place; where young people know they must soon face the debasement of being used as means? How are we to accept a society that is indifferent or even scornful of our values, which frustrates the fulfillment of the 'whole person,' then calls him a lazy 'Beatnik'?"

Perhaps it is the same the world over; perhaps it always has been this way and inevitably will be. But there is no doubt that our students recognize the nature of their "reality" much earlier than did their predecessors, and there is reason to think that they are not emotionally prepared for the shock.

BAY AREA RAPID TRANSIT

Advance Into Yesterday

MICHAEL HARRIS

Mr. Harris is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

While Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston are preparing to tear down major portions of their antique elevated lines, plans are under way to run rapid transit trains at third-floor level down the middle of the main street of the charming university town of Berkeley, Calif. The mayor and the city council are fighting back, but their cause appears doomed. And without any significant protests, the San Francisco Bay Area Rapid Transit District also plans to operate elevateds in the middle of streets in two Negro neighborhoods in the adjacent city of Oakland.

The decision to turn to something as old-fashioned as the blight-producing elevated railway—or "aerial structure," as the transit management prefers to call its lines—is only one of the disturbing signs that something is woefully wrong with San Francisco's billion-dollar transit network. The 75-mile system, now under construction, has been praised by writers in dozens of publications as the long-sought answer to traffic congestion, freeway blight and the downtown parking problem. A persuasive and extremely helpful public relations department provides the writers with everything they need for their optimistic accounts. Unfavorable matters do not intrude. But the unfavorable matters are there. Even with a hoped for $45 million grant in additional state aid, the district is expected to run $100 to $150 million short of completing its present plans.

The possible financial disaster is of importance to many cities besides San Francisco. The Bay Area experiment is regarded by many as the rebirth of rapid transit throughout the United States. Washington plans to build a subway, and Atlanta, Pittsburgh and Baltimore are considering the possibility of putting in systems. The success or failure of San Francisco's transit network will have effects throughout the nation.

San Franciscans have known disappointments before. Candlestick Park, the Giants' baseball stadium that was built in one of the windiest parts of a cool and breezy city, was described before its opening as the first of the new stadiums; now it can be called the last of the old ones. Three pretty downtown plazas have been aridly "restored" after underground garages were built beneath their surfaces, and a fourth park is threatened. Worst of all, the dramatic San Francisco waterfront has been blighted by the two-level Embarcadero Freeway. This massive concrete roadway over a once airy city street separates the beloved Ferry Building from the foot of San Francisco's Market Street and runs over a space that was supposed to be transformed into a graceful bayside square.

An article by Carl Dreher on new technological developments in inter-city and suburban rail transportation will appear in an early issue.

But even after all these disappointments, San Franciscans had hopes. It was, after all, a city that had built lovely Golden Gate Park in the 19th century's closing years, monumental City Hall in the early 20th century and the War Memorial Opera House and Golden Gate Bridge only thirty years ago. The voters of San Francisco and two counties to the east approved a record transit bond issue of $792 million four years ago—an enormous investment for an area with a population of just over 2 million. Another $133 million was earmarked from automobile tolls from the Oakland Bay Bridge, and $71 million for the purchase of streamlined trains was to come from revenue bonds.

I learned, during a six-month study that took me to all the important subway systems in North America, Western Europe, Russia and Japan, that San Francisco's boast that it will provide the finest transit in the world will not be realized. Almost no one shared the Bay Area Rapid Transit District's optimism that "modern" elevateds could be attractive. The system does not, of course, plan to put its trains on the sort of metal framework that once covered Third Avenue in New York. Instead, it intends to build reinforced concrete structures like those generally used for highway ramps. In the official material distributed to the voters of San Francisco and the counties before approval of the 1962 bond issue, the district promised that its 80-mile-an-hour trains would be "virtually silent"—a promise that will not be kept.

Almost from the start of my study, I wondered why so much world-wide praise had been lavished on a system that intended to bring back elevated lines. I learned the answer in Sweden, where Bror Hillbom, the planning manager of Stockholm's highly successful rapid transit system, told me he had spent eight days in San Francisco last summer. He said he had been taken to the test track in a countrified part of the system and had found the aerial structures over open fields to be "quite attractive." "How do you think the line is going to look running through the center of Berkeley on Shattuck Avenue?" I asked. "They didn't tell me they were going to run the aerial line on Shattuck Avenue!" he exclaimed.

Bertil Linner, the official in charge of engineering, planning and architecture for Stockholm's future lines, protested, "You can't build such a thing so it will fit in with the architecture of a town. It will be very nasty. You take space with an elevated line, you can't deny it. It will be noisy. I insist there will be noise."

When I returned home from my around-the-world trip, John A. Coil, chief development engineer of Parsons Brinckerhoff-Tudor-Bechtel, the transit district's engineering consultants, told me the proposed 80-mile-an-hour speeds would produce far more noise than could be tolerated in a settled neighborhood. "Noise is directly related to speed," said Coil, a former submarine engineer in charge of the local noise suppression problem. He had not been hired for the project at the time the campaign statement was written, and made no effort to defend the promise about almost noiseless trains.

"Where we will be increasing our speeds above the normal speeds of other systems, we should expect to get higher noise levels," Coil said. "Where we are at the same speed we are trying to be at least as quiet as any other system going."

Trying and succeeding are not the same thing. The district's publicity has declared that the key to silent operation will be the use of rubber pads between the rails and the concrete structures, a system that has failed to produce remarkable results elsewhere. It is used, for example, in parts of New York's deafening subway lines.

"We have concrete sections with rubber under the rails, but all tests teach us that ballast is best and quietest," Ernest-Gunter Borgis, traffic manager of the Berlin U-Bahn, told me. I heard similar comments in Norway, Japan, Italy, the United States and Sweden, but I was particularly interested in Borgis' remark because many Bay Area transit officials consider Berlin's subway the quietest in the world. Ballast is out of the question for mid-street elevated lines. A ballast of small stones, involving the use of traditional railway ties, would require building overhead structures with twice the bulk of those now planned. The "silence" may, alas, be deafening.

Nor will the appearance of the lines live up to the district's promises. I saw a twin to the Bay Area elevateds in Rotterdam—a concrete viaduct supported by a single row of concrete columns. "People don't like it," said Harry Edzes, the Rotterdam official assigned to show me the city's system. "They want a subway and have always wanted a subway. But a viaduct is cheaper and very quick to build. It isn't beautiful, and it is very bad for the people who live here. They had a very nice view of the harbor, and they miss their view now."

The Seattle World's Fair Monorail is a much more delicate structure than the concrete roadway planned for the Bay Area's wide-gauge railway, but the slim monorail overwhelms a good-sized city street. Property owners along the route are suing the city for more than $2 million for blighting their property.

Unlike subway systems in the East, the Bay Area network is planned as a combination city line and commuter railway. With suburban stations about 3 miles apart, its trains are expected to pick up city-bound passengers much as the Long Island Railroad, Chicago and North Western, and the Boston and Maine do in other cities. But instead of bringing passengers to a single San Francisco terminal, the Bay Area Rapid system is to have sections of conventional subway in the San Francisco and Oakland business districts and for a few blocks in Berkeley. Passengers may thus expect direct service to a stop in the San Francisco finanical district, a second in the downtown shopping area and five stops in less congested parts of the city.

Unfortunately, many passengers will discover that the trains won't take them where they want to go. For example, only one-third of the trains city-bound from Berkeley are to go to San Francisco; two-thirds will veer off to the industrial area of East Oakland and points beyond. This is being planned by the district with full knowledge that for every rider who wants to go from Berkeley to the East Oakland line, four want to go to San Francisco. Most San Francisco-bound passengers will have to transfer in downtown Oakland.

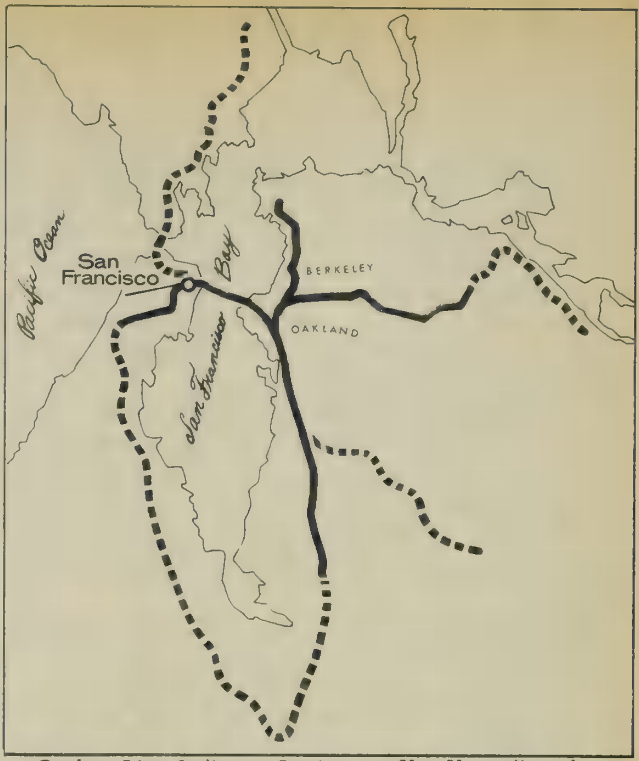
It would be nice to solve the problem by simply rewriting the timetable, but the problem lies deeper than that. The East Oakland line was laid out so badly that all its San Francisco-bound trains by-pass downtown Oakland. So that East Oakland riders can get service to the center of their own city, the majority of Berkeley's trains must go to the wrong destination.

In downtown San Francisco, the plans are even more bizarre. There are to be three passenger levels beneath Market Street, San Francisco's most important downtown street: a mezzanine beneath the street surface; below that, two tracks for Municipal Railway streetcar lines serving five large residential areas in the city and, at the bottom, two rapid transit tracks.

Many of the San Francisco-bound passengers will get off their trains within walking distance of their destinations. Others will want to transfer to buses or cable cars on the surface. But those who want to go to the areas served by the streetcars will find themselves faced with a problem that might be posed to an intelligent rat in a Yale University laboratory.

One might suppose that a passenger would get from a transit train to a streetcar by walking up a flight of stairs to the next platform, but that isn't the present plan at all. Passengers will be required to go up two flights to the mezzanine, go out through a Bay Area Rapid Transit District automatic gate, enter a Municipal Railway turnstile and then go downstairs again to the streetcar level.

It is a time-consuming process, and the problem could be solved, as it is elsewhere, by putting all eastbound trains and streetcars on one level and all westbound on the other. Since free transfers between trains and streetcars are not contemplated, a little fence down the middle of each platform and some mid-platform turnstiles would be required.



Broken Line Indicates Sections as Yet Unconfirmed

"It's an obvious improvement, and we could do it," said Winfield O. Salter, project manager in San Francisco for Parsons, Brinckerhoff, Quade and Douglas, one of the three firms in the Parsons Brinckerhoff-Tudor-Bechtel joint venture. "But we've been given criteria by the district, and we're designing it that way."

The district's position, as stated by general manager B. R. Stokes, is that only 4 per cent of his line's riders will care to transfer to the streetcar lines that serve nearly half the city's population. Providing a convenient transfer isn't worth the trouble, in his view—though he said, during two hour-long television discussions we shared, that he may change his mind in the future.

One of the most attractive things about the Bay Area system is the plan to equip all trains with extremely comfortable cars—with air conditioning, luxurious fittings, excellent lighting and, so the promise goes, seats for all passengers, even during rush hours. The most distinctive feature planned for each train is a pair of control "pods" to be fastened to the front and rear cars.

The pod—a cabin large enough to accommodate the train's motorman and to hold some thousands of dollars' worth of equipment—would replace the motorman's cab built into nearly all other subway cars in the world. I was not exaggerating when I said it would be distinctive; no one else wants it. I found agreement from engineers throughout the world and from many technically qualified people in the transit district itself that the pod will bring trouble and needless expense year after year.

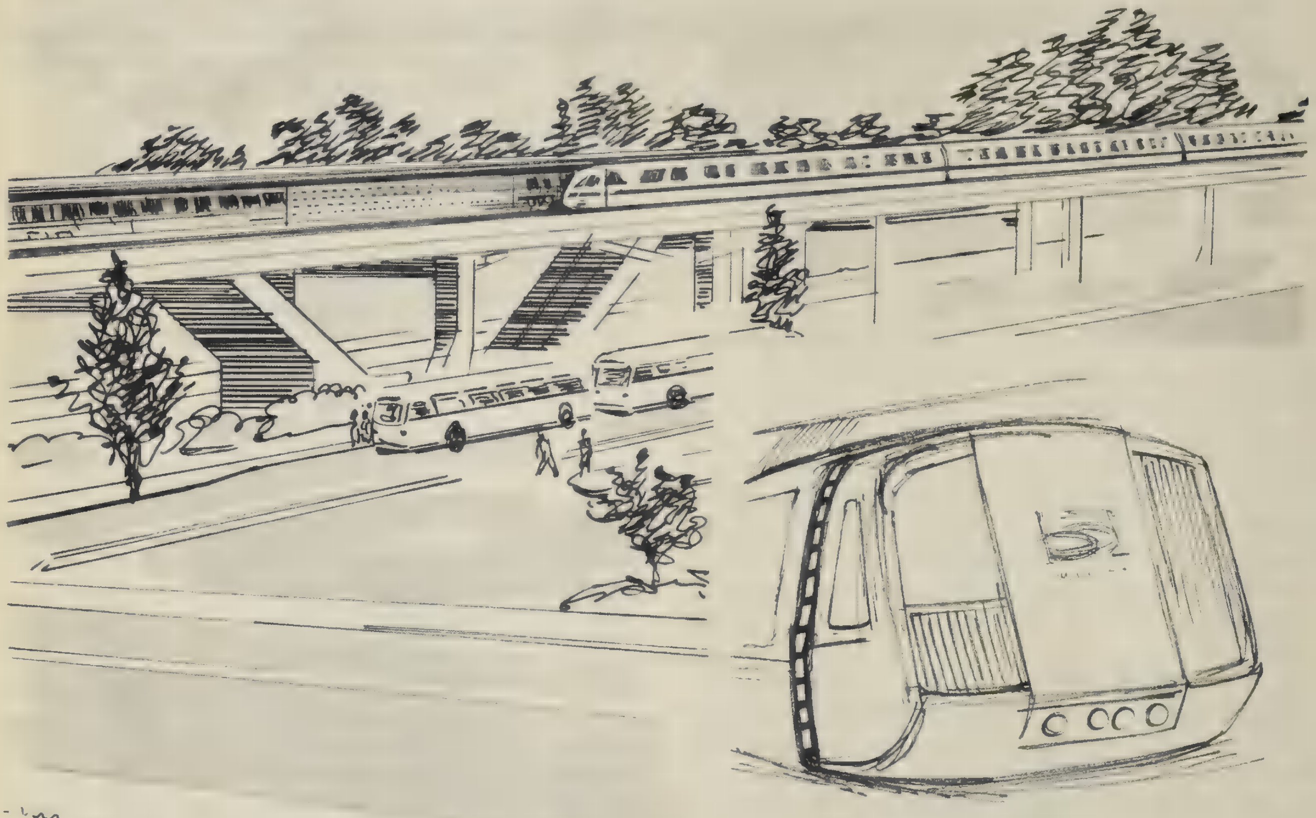
The chief difficulty is that the pod makes it difficult to change the length of a train—an operation that must be performed four times a day on a typical rapid transit system. In Stockholm, for example, some of the eight-car trains that operate in the morning rush hours go into the yard during the middle of the day. The remaining trains are broken into four-car units that are adequate to handle off-peak loads. This breaking up of trains in Stockholm involves nothing more than uncoupling the center cars. It can be done at the end of the line. Later in the day, the four-car units are joined again into eight-car trains. They are split once more at night and are brought together as full-length trains the following morning.

Trains with pods can't be cut in half by any such simple process, for the two parts would be bereft, one half lacking a nose and the other a tail. A pod is needed at each end because the rear of a train in one direction becomes its nose on the return trip. The cost in time and money to send all trains to the yard four times a day would be enormous.

Most transit authorities believe automatic controls are more efficient than manual ones and are essential for systems that plan—as San Francisco does—to operate high-speed, one-man trains. Four manufacturers are receiving payments totaling $2.5 million (two-thirds from the federal government and one-third from the transit district) to perfect train control systems on the Bay Area test track. There is no reason why at least some of the systems should not prove successful. Westinghouse Air Brake and General Railway Signals are being subsidized to develop systems much like those that have proved successful in limited use in London, Leningrad, Stockholm and Tokyo. Westinghouse Electric's system is like the automatic control operation used in the Paris Metro and ordered for Rotterdam and Hamburg. General Electric's is the most novel; it is a radar system much like that used to try to keep airplanes from crashing into mountain peaks, and it is being used on the company's test track in Erie, Pa.

An automatic control system is probably too expensive to be duplicated in each car of the system, but there is no need to construct a pod to house it. "We have made our controls portable," said N. O. Kallberg, electrical engineer who helps direct Stockholm's automatic train program. "A driver carries the box with him." I carried one of the Swedish boxes for some distance myself. It weighed 15 pounds, about the same as a portable typewriter, and was as easy to plug into the motorman's cabin as a radio.

San Francisco's residents were promised that their rapid transit system would be nothing less than "the world's finest." The reason this hope will not be realized is largely the result of incompetent leadership. The general manager, a former reporter for the Oakland *Tribune*, joined the district as its first public relations director. He has no engineering training. The first chief engineer, Kenneth M. Hoover, underwent a change of title to Director of Development and Operations after charges were made in a court case that he had never been licensed as an engineer.



Proposed Suburban Station on the San Francisco Bay Area Rapid Transit System. Inset: Detail of Train, Showing (dotted line) Pod on Lead Car.

Hoover's assignment to serve as "watchdog" over the bills submitted by Parsons Brinckerhoff-Tudor-Bechtel was made questionable by his background; he had served for eighteen months on the Parsons, Brinckerhoff payroll, working on a South Jersey-Philadelphia transit plan that cost the Delaware River Port Authority $300,000. The authority rejected the Parsons, Brinckerhoff plan and chose another firm's simpler and far less expensive proposal. Hoover retired last year, and his successor lasted nine months before being shifted to a less vital job. It was not until November that the district named David G. Hammond, a man of high engineering standing, to the post Hoover had filled. By then, too many decisions had been made.

The changes in cost estimates have been astonishing, and the management occasionally announces new figures without explanation. In the summer of 1964, for example, an engineer who had made successful bids on the Toronto subway and elsewhere was retained by the district to provide estimates on what it would cost to serve Berkeley with more subway and less elevated. This winter, offering no supporting evidence and the name of no engineer, the district said the estimates for Berkeley's stations had tripled in less than two years.

Last spring, the district told the state legislature it needed $133 million to build the central link in the rail network—a tube going from San Francisco to Oakland beneath San Francisco Bay. This money was to come from automobile tolls collected on the Bay Bridge. Now the district has said, after receiving an unfavorable bid for a major part of the work, that it will need an additional $45 million in toll receipts.

The transit district's officials choose to put a great deal of the blame for the ascending figures on inflation, but the district anticipated inflation when it presented its bond issue and it left a large cushion as insurance against rising costs. Inflation represents at most one-fourth of the unexpected expenses.

Where the transit district will get the missing $100 to $150 million (and my figures, which are conservative, have been confirmed by the district's management) is not known. The borrowing capacity of the three counties to be served by the system is limited by law to 15 per cent of their total assessed valuation. In plain talk, this means that even if the voters are willing to approve another bond issue, the legal limit that could be presented to them in a 1971 election is estimated at roughly $70 million.

The result may be that only a portion of the system will be completed. The district's management has denied this possibility, but the fact is that no architectural designs have been ordered for the San Francisco streetcar subway beyond the immediate downtown area. And no architectural work is being done on the outer portion of the line that serves the suburbs south of Oakland.

Disappointing as these deletions may be, there is also the real danger that even the central core of the system will not be completed before the money runs out. Rapid transit has been a fond dream for San Francisco, a city that sees itself threatened by freeways and the proliferation of automobiles and that wants to get commuter traffic off the streets and highways. By now, it is time for an awakening.

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e's conscience." So Chekhov sought new answers to the writer's problem in a strategic retreat, not only from the "accursed questions" that had filled the great Russian novel and not only from the huge vehicles that were needed to carry such themes, but from all statements that his own considerable experience could not vouch for and his artistic genius render implicit in the recorded detail. Hence his rejection of stories based on the conventionally significant event, with a beginning and an end and enough expository comment to anchor them firmly in "tendency." Chekhov's readers had to learn to respond to a whole new set of clues.

They were unprepared for such novelty; and though almost the whole of the 20th-century short story has built on his revolution, and so made him look conservative, we can still sense some of the bafflement his contemporaries felt by going to the theatre. Even today, most productions of his plays—which are only transpositions of his short-story technique to the stage—accentuate the pauses and the tedium, the mirthless gaiety, the quiet desperation that afflict and reveal his characters, making audiences feel that they have spent not an evening in the theatre but a month in the Russian country.

The plays have been much written about; and so has the man, whose wonderful letters, so full of modest good sense and love of life offer occasional clues to the reading of the artistic work. (For an example of what he expected his readers to see by themselves, see the letter of December 30, 1888, to Suvorin, about *Ivanov*!) But the stories—which number well over 500—have received surprisingly little critical attention. Their sheer quantity may explain this. It is easier to talk about the "real" Chekhov if one has only half a dozen stories to keep in mind; then, like Shestov, one can take "A Dreary Story" as prototype, and find the necessary correspondences without trouble.

Thomas Winner's book breaks new ground by resolutely avoiding most of the traditional labels, and by insisting that Chekhov's art was both various and continually evolving. In thirteen short chapters, Professor Winner discusses several dozen of the stories, distinguishing, with what he himself recognizes as rough justice, three main periods. The first is the period Balzac called *la littérature marchande,* the time of Chekhov's contributions to the humor magazines, carefree and prolific—though even here we are reminded that some adumbrations of the mature work did manage to find their way into print. The second period begins in 1888 with "The Steppe," "which introduces his impressionistic style and experiments with the actionless plot"; and the third, which runs from 1893 to 1904 and contains signs of "a new optimism," appears to be marked essentially by a deepening of artistry, a treatment of earlier themes but with "greater complexity."

This periodization, sketched first in terms of technical development, is then refined in terms of theme, with occasional reference to biography as well. The result is somewhat confusing. Basically, the argument for Chekhov's development through the second two periods appears to be as follows. At a certain point, Chekhov began to take his responsibility as an artist more seriously, and so was impelled to experiment, to see how far his own gifts and his own jealously guarded independence could be put to the service of social and philosophical investigation.

In 1889 he goes to the convict island of Sakhalin and single-handed conducts the first census of its wretched inhabitants. On his return to Russia, his work shows a deeper social criticism, as well as a new concern with intellectual problems in what Winner calls "the searching stories" ("A Dreary Story," "Gusev," "The Duel," "Ward No. 6," "The Black Monk"). Soon, however, more general themes subsume the pointedly social and philosophic ones: a chapter treats "Beauty and Banality," another deals with human isolation ("Life in a Shell"), and the last shifts the ground from theme to "A New Mood."

The combined effect of these shifts of critical emphasis—and Winner himself acknowledges that his groupings are mostly matters of emphasis—is to call into question the adequacy of "theme" as a consistent yardstick, and to raise the question whether Chekhov's purely technical progress is definable at all after the first period. It would seem equally possible to maintain that, with the exception of "the searching stories," his best work over a period of almost two decades recombines certain constant themes and techniques, and shows not so much clear evolution as tremendous inventiveness and variety.

But the frankly tentative sketch of Chekhov's progress is, in any case, a secondary concern of the book. Winner's main interest is in the kind of story Chekhov wrote, in the novelty and subtlety of his narrative art. He is at his best in discussing such devices as "the zero ending" and the special importance Chekhov attached to endings in general. In the later works, he notes, "which rely almost entirely on inner action, the conclusion becomes an organic part of the inner action, and it often contributes to the lyrical meaning and structure of the entire work."

Here as elsewhere, a weighty academic style works against precision as well as grace. (What does it mean, for instance, to "consider the work of literature itself as a configuration encompassing its themes, its motifs, and its composition, as well as its devices and techniques, and its overall form and style"?) Nevertheless, lyrical meaning and structure are worth insisting on—for the very modesty of many of the stories makes their excellence a matter of the significant reverberations they set up. Winner cites Chekhov's words: "When I write, I put all my faith in the reader, presuming that the subjective elements which are lacking in my tale will be supplied by him." His best works are marvels of disturbing suggestiveness; you need a sensitive ear for tone and an eye for juxtapositions of detail to extract all of the meaning that Chekhov has left implicit in apparently casual words and observations.

This is best seen in the very short stories like "The Student"—which Winner does not discuss—and "The Huntsman," which he discusses well, though not exhaustively. In 4 brief pages, with not a word wasted, Chekhov describes the accidental meeting, on a parched country road, of a peasant huntsman, drawn to the free life of the forests, and the wife he was tricked into marrying and later abandoned. There is tragedy implicit in the confrontation, as Winner claims; and the symbolic use of the setting does reinforce the implications of the brief dialogue, pauses and all. But it does not take us very far into the Chekhovian secret to observe that "the role of nature . . . is part of the total instrumentation of the story, in which nature scenes, much like musical motifs, are woven throughout the action and characterizations."

Where every detail and every ellipsis has a function, where the very punctuation is suggestive, something more precise is called for. "The Huntsman" is a masterpiece because it gives us, miraculously compressed, not only a psychological encounter, rendered with great delicacy; and not only a social situation as well—but, beyond both, a hint of tragic awareness of two ways of life ordained not by man but by nature itself. She is working in the fields, he in the forest. She appears, *by the side of the road,* "as if she had grown up out of the earth," rooted, stationary, female; he appears *on* the road, in motion, pauses against his will, and moves on out of her view, free and masculine; while she watches, "pale and motionless as a statue." ("Once the free spirit lights on a man," he tells her, "you can't root it out with anything.")

Chekhov is every bit the poet in prose that Winner makes him out to be, but an odd blurring of focus keeps Winner's demonstration from being as full as it might be. Sometimes, as with "The Huntsman," important details are passed over in summary, leaving characterization of the story too vague. (So, too, in the wonderful "Gooseberries," the poetic effect of the frame story, the motif of beauty expressed in the enigmatic figure of Pelageya, the themes of physical health and nature, are all unaccountably neglected.) At other times, details of dubious value are discussed at length (who will understand Chekhov better for being told that in the Russian for "smoke in thick clouds rose from the long thatched roofs," "front and back variants of the vowel *i* are emphasized, as well as *l* and palatalized *l'* "?)—apparently leaving no space to justify such astonishing assertions as that "Slime," the story of an attractive and aggressive Jewess in the provinces, is simply "a naturalistic description of a nymphomaniac"!

The same blur exists on other levels. Chekhov's relation to other writers is a case in point. With the sole exception of the connection with Tolstoy, which Winner treats illuminatingly if not exhaustively, his tendency is to mention the genuinely significant or problematic ties in passing (Turgenev, Bunin, Kafka, Camus), and to pause over parallels that are likelier to raise a reader's eyebrows than heighten his perceptions. So, for example, Chekhov joins hands with Apuleius (though there is no evidence that he knew his work) in "The Darling," and with Tolstoy in "Anna on the Neck." (The effort to see the latter as a parody of *Anna Karenina* is a model of misplaced ingenuity, almost redeemed by the delightful suggestion that the husband of Chekhov's Anna may be Karenin's son! Or Vronsky's?) The fact that Henry James treated themes similar to those of "The Black Monk" is registered in a long paragraph, only to prepare this scholarly approximation to a "zero ending":

> Though the intellectualism, heaviness, and extent of exposition which characterizes the style and method of James is different from that of the poetic talent and terse style of Chekhov, both writers tried to express, with an economy of action, and often by shifting views, a complex perspec-

tive of the inner life of the individual.

It is puzzling to see how often Winner shies away from defining and pursuing the important problems in Chekhov, because he does touch on most of them, and because he clearly knows his Chekhov and Chekhov criticism well. But shy away he does. There is no conclusion, no final attempt to characterize the art which has been traced through a maze of particulars in the course of the book. Still, there is a good deal of useful information offered along the way, and there are some very good critical discussions of individual works—in particular of "The Duel," seen as an example of what happens when Chekhov undertakes a long narrative (it is his longest); of the beautiful "little trilogy"; of "Ionych," "The Princess," "The Grasshopper" and "The Betrothed."

The selection of stories, moreover, is excellent: this is a fair and broad representation of the essential Chekhov in all his diversity. So, for all its vagaries, *Chekhov and his Prose* is a stimulating book. The very provocation to argue, supplement and question sends the reader back to Chekhov with heightened awareness—and that, after all, is one of the things that any work of criticism should do.

Lawrence As Playwright

THE COMPLETE PLAYS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. *The Viking Press. 558 pp. $7.50.*

DAVID J. GORDON

Mr. Gordon teaches English at Hunter College. His book, D. H. Lawrence as a Literary Critic, *has just been published by Yale University Press.*

"The actual technique of the stage is foreign to me," Lawrence admitted to the playwright Max Mohr. It must have seemed so to him because his Romantic art was more concerned with states of being than with personalities or events and because his kind of verbal precision was achieved by means of an untheatrical redundancy. But the ten plays collected here are skillful enough—with the exception of the fragments *Altitude,* a mildly amusing self-parody degenerating into spiteful gossip, and *Noah's Flood,* an artificial exercise in theology fully absorbed by *David.* And at least two of them (*The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd* and *David,* the only ones ever produced) can hold their own in the literature of modern drama.

Mrs. Holroyd (and also *A Collier's Friday Night, The Merry-Go-Round, The Daughter-in-Law* and *The Married Man*) belongs to the period of *Sons and Lovers.* It is the most studied of the five and, contrary to some of its author's pronouncements on the virtues of spontaneity, reads the better for it. The play is especially notable for its effective distribution of sympathy among the three principals—the miner, his wife and her lover—and for the natural dignity of its working-class speech.

The other four, according to Lawrence, "are candidly impromptus"—which hardly does justice to their genuine comic and satiric qualities. These qualities are least evident in *A Collier's Friday Night,* really a draft for parts of *Sons and Lovers* but valuable for its picture of Lawrence as a college student: doing his homework, grumbling about dull professors and the cost of books, excited by the reading and writing he was doing on his own.

But *The Merry-Go-Round,* in contrast, is a well-made situational comedy, which could probably be successfully produced. There are eccentric, stodgy elders who obstruct the course of true love, effective bits of stage business, neat curtain lines and multiple marriages in the finale. More distinctively Laurentian is the mother-haunted timidity of the men and the destined lovers' simultaneous resistance and attraction to one another.

The Daughter-in-Law and *The Married Man* are about men who are not inwardly free to love their wives and women who are seeking men strong enough to give their love to. In the first, a conflict between newlyweds is resolved by mutual concession, the man realizing that he has been fighting off his wife because of his attachment to his mother and asking her humbly to "ma'e what tha' can o' me," the wife renouncing her pride and promising to serve him. The second satirizes chiefly a married philanderer's fear of deep relationship but concludes with some Laurentian preachments (probably added in the 1926 revision) which would substitute a code of complete sincerity for the hypocrisies of prevailing sexual morality: unsatisfied married men should frankly tell their wives they want other women and frankly offer other women the sort of love they have to give; women should not starve their sexual needs but should preserve inviolate their ideal of man. This would be better than "subterfuge, bestiality, or starvation and sterility." Truly Lawrence is a 20th-century Rousseau.

Of those three remaining plays in this volume *The Fight for Barbara* is an uncomfortably close account of Lawrence's elopement with Frieda and their struggle with her husband and parents, too full of self-righteousness and disguised fears, while *David* and *Touch and Go* deserve more particular comment.

Both the language and theme of the Biblical play *David,* like *The Plumed Serpent* which it follows and *The Man Who Died* which it precedes, are in Lawrence's prophetic strain, but with enough modulation of mood, diction, scene and event to make it genuinely dramatic. It is a story of "the fall," for in Lawrence's view, at some point in history (in this case, the time of David), man lost the truly religious, impersonal vision of God as "faceless flame" and fell into anthropomorphism and social-consciousness; on the moral plane he dwindled from magnanimity to cunning and prudence. As the power gradually shifts from Saul to David, the play's sympathy gradually shifts from David to Saul. This is conveyed through Samuel and Jonathan, the tragic onlookers who, on the one hand, help David because he possesses the vital God-idea but, on the other, understand what values have been lost with the descent of Saul. The play is as close as the mature Lawrence ever came to writing tragedy, but even in the falling rhythms of Jonathan's final speech we are told that "the flame dies not," though men have lost the power to see it. Lawrence's God was virtually identical with the creative imagination and could not die, though He could shrivel almost to naught.

Touch and Go, a transitional work between *Women in Love* and *Aaron's Rod,* is described on the dust jacket as "a social drama of a colliery strike." The play might be more successful if it were truly a social drama rather than an attempt to demonstrate the meaninglessness of squabbling over money and the necessity for both masters and men to rise above this "petty" issue and fight about "vital beliefs." In the words of one of several characters who speaks for Lawrence in this play: "If the people for one minute pulled themselves up and conquered their mania for money and machine excitement, the whole thing would be solved." Again: "Put power into the hands of the best men, the men you *really* believe in. As for money, let's agree in decency to dispose of it so that all men could live their own lives."

Lawrence is simply too impatient with socio-economic conflict to be intelligent about it; Bernard Shaw, I believe, shared Lawrence's ultimate objective (and even his impatience with greed, his conviction that greed could be willed out of existence), but he was willing to ponder the actualities and ferret out the ironies of the system he wanted to get beyond. What comes through in *Touch and Go* is not the dignity of the higher issues but Lawrence's contempt for the poor who ignore them and his sympathy for the rich who, though they seem even more brutal, at least know that the whole system is no good and don't care about money. Lawrence fails to convince us that the hate between the mine owner and his woman is "creative" whereas the hate between master and men is simply "a sordid mess."

The complete absence of editorial apparatus in this volume is regrettable, especially the exclusion of Lawrence's short preface to *Touch and Go,* which certainly clarifies the intention of this strange play and has not been reprinted in any other collection.

The Career of Richard Sorge

THE CASE OF RICHARD SORGE. *By F. W. Deakin and G. R. Storry. Harper & Row. 373 pp. $6.*

KENNETH LAMOTT

Mr. Lamott's new novel, The Bastille Day Parade, *will be published in the fall.*

In her two books on the meaning of treason, Rebecca West has established in convincing detail the general mousiness of the run of the traitors we have encountered in our recent history and the meanness of their attributes as human beings. The same is surely true of spies. It is, consequently, somehow refreshing to be reminded that one of the most successful spies of World War II was no pigeon-chested draper's assistant or disappointed schoolteacher but an aggressively handsome, decorated ex-soldier, an idealist who was regarded by his associates as Bohemian because of his drinking and womanizing, and who was distinguished by a mercurial temperament, sometimes sardonic and sometimes charming.

On November 7, 1944, Richard Sorge, a German, was hanged in Sugamo Prison in Tokyo, having been sentenced to death for the crime of passing Japanese state secrets to an enemy, the Soviet Union. Sorge had lived for ten years in Japan, where he had made a reputation as a capable journalist who contributed political articles to such newspapers as the *Frankfurter Zeitung.* He was a close friend of the German ambassador, Major General Eugen Ott, and edited the embassy's news bulletin. He was a member of the Nazi party and the Nazi press association. He was also an experienced Soviet agent and the head of a small spy apparatus—two Japanese and two other Europeans—whose greatest coup was the intelligence that it was safe for the Russian general staff to move their divisions on the Siberian border westward to reinforce the hard-pressed army that was standing before the gates of Moscow itself. In later years, the Japanese procurator who had conducted the eighteen-week-long pre-trial interrogation of Sorge said of him, *"I-sho ni anna rippa na ningen atta koto nai"*—which the authors quite properly translate as "I have never met anyone as great as he was," though it is worth adding that *rippa* may also mean fine, handsome, magnificent, honorable and noble.

In this entirely admirable book, two dons at St. Antony's College, Oxford, have meticulously reconstructed Sorge's life from his birth in Russia through his career as a journalist and spy to the Sugamo gallows and its aftermath. Mr. Deakin is a historian whose earlier book was *The Brutal Friendship: Mussolini, Hitler, and the Fall of Italian Fascism.* Mr. Storry, who has written a history of modern Japan, taught in a Japanese college before the war.

Richard Sorge was born near Baku in 1895, the son of a German mining engineer and a Russian mother. The Sorges remained in Russia, however, only until Richard was three; thereafter, his life was that of a child in a well-to-do family in a comfortable suburb of Berlin. In August, 1914, he volunteered for the army and was assigned to a student battalion in a field artillery regiment. A month later he was in action in Flanders. During the next year he was transferred to the Eastern Front, where he was twice severely wounded by shrapnel. It is to the experience of this year that the authors attribute his alienation from conventional German society.

> Sorge, like many of his contemporaries, had undergone a mystical re-birth, isolating him in an inner world, divorced from his family and class background, and placing in tormented doubt the postulates of the society in which he was still alive.

In 1924, now married to the former wife of one of his professors, Sorge went to Moscow. He appears to have carried out various European assignments for the Comintern, but in 1929 he was transferred to the Fourth Bureau of the Red Army and departed for Shanghai as a journalist carrying letters of introduction to the German Consulate General. Returning to

➡ Peace marches
➡ Civil Rights demonstrations
➡ Berkeley riots
➡ Draft Card burnings
➡ Anti-Vietnam war teach-ins

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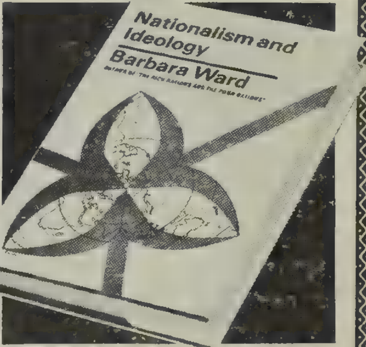

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Moscow after the "Shanghai Incident" of 1932, Sorge was next assigned to Tokyo to attempt to set up an espionage operation there. (En route to Japan, he crossed the United States, where he is believed to have contacted members of the Comintern apparatus, one rendezvous taking place at the Chicago World's Fair.)

In the 1930s, Soviet and Japanese troops faced each other across the Soviet-Manchurian border, and it was Sorge's mission to develop information about the intentions of the Japanese army. His colleagues were a Yugoslav Communist, an Okinawan educated in Los Angeles, a German seaman, and a Tokyo newspaper man. Although the Japanese counterintelligence organization became aware of their activities, the Sorge ring managed to escape arrest until after they had delivered a Japanese order-of-battle as of the summer of 1941 and the information that the army was planning to strike southward rather than north into Siberia.

The Sorge case did not become public until 1949, when the War Department overrode the objections of MacArthur's G-2 to publishing material acquired in Tokyo early in the occupation. In the last act, in January, 1965, Anastas Mikoyan presented the Japanese wife of Sorge's Yugoslav accomplice with the posthumous Order of the Patriotic War, First Class. Sorge himself was declared a Hero of the Soviet Union and, in the spring of last year, his handsome and rather saturnine face was portrayed against a red background on a commemorative four-kopek stamp.

The Case of Richard Sorge is an extraordinarily able piece of work, scholarly and infused throughout with the sense of being the definitive work on the case. Not the least of its virtues is the authors' abilities to render Sorge himself as a substantial, complex, and thoroughly engrossing human being.

Rexroth: Citizen of Bohemia

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOVEL. *By Kenneth Rexroth. Doubleday & Co. 367 pp. $5.95.*

LEONARD KRIEGEL

Mr. Kriegel is the author of The Long Walk Home *(Appleton-Century Crofts).*

Kenneth Rexroth's autobiography, like those of Granville Hicks and Alfred Kazin, points to the special difficulties this genre offers any writer. Although it is not a true autobiography, Fitzgerald's *The Crack-Up* has always seemed to me a book which the writer of an autobiography should seek to emulate. It has the consciousness of its own truth, and while it takes a good look at the skeleton in the closet, it does so with a minimum of sentimentality and self-consciousness. It was no longer the most handsome skeleton around when he wrote this book, but it was Fitzgerald's own—and *The Crack-Up* remains an example of that kind of honesty which prevented him from becoming "a punch-drunk pug fighting himself in the movies," as he once said of Hemingway. A rare honesty—neither nasty nor sentimental—it is the quality which every writer of an autobiography must strive to acquire.

Perhaps this is not a very good way to begin a review of *An Autobiographical Novel*. Life is difficult enough for a writer without subjecting him to comparison with genius. Nor do I mean that Kenneth Rexroth is dishonest. But *An Autobiographical Novel* is portentous in its very simplicity, and the kind of equilibrium it lays claim to simply does not exist in this world. I am sorry about this, for Kenneth Rexroth is not only a talented poet and translator; he also seems to have survived in pretty good shape a brittle and self-seeking world. But in re-creating his first 21 years, he is "playing simple"—and to play simple is a peculiarly immodest modesty. An assessment of self, after all, demands the consciousness of what one measures that self against. Perhaps this is what makes *The Education of Henry Adams* the best of all American autobiographies. Adams might have been no more than a querulous patrician, but he had to measure himself against all those Adamses who stood, like a row of Roman statues, in a long line behind him. The model for Kenneth Rexroth's "picaresque adventure" is Kenneth Rexroth. Bohemians should not speak into tape recorders; not, at least, until they know who made the choices as limited as they were.

The first two chapters of *An Autobiographical Novel* are devoted to the genealogy of the Rexroth family, both here and in Germany. It is not until Chapter 3 that Rexroth himself appears, born in South Bend, Ind., on December 22, 1905. Prior to the First World War, northern Indiana seems to have been a children's paradise. We can accept Kenneth Rexroth's word for that, since there are stranger things in American history. After all, historians tell us that in 1912 more than 16 per cent of Oklahomans opted for Eugene Debs for President. And so we can accept an Indiana which has been "animated by the spirit of a won revolution." But it is not until Rexroth goes to live in Chicago at the age of 12, following the death of his mother and father, that the world he is writing about takes on greater credibility. It is probably not Mr. Rexroth's fault, but his Midwest seems far less real to me than those "Freudianized Deweyites" he is so intent on needling. Rexroth is as keen on the Midwest as he is down on Freud, and while I am willing to follow Bohemia a long way down the road I am afraid that I cannot follow it that far.

Once he has arrived in Chicago, Rexroth is most intent on his precociousness, and he seems to have set about being precocious in an amazingly analytical fashion. The reader would like to hear more about the Irish Catholics and Jews of Studs Lonigan's Fifty-Fifth and the El. At this point, however, Rexroth insists on the pre-eminence of Rexroth. His "closest friend" is "the Jewish boy who married Studs Lonigan's sister," but all we learn about that boy is that he was "always dressed in the latest thing out of *Vanity Fair*" and that he "was at least as precocious" as Rexroth himself. With that, he disappears from the narrative, as do so many other figures of note. On page 130, for instance, the reader is introduced to a veritable creative *Who's Who*, all of whom Rexroth met as a 15-year-old boy in the salons of Chicago. But they exist as a mere gallery of names, a kind of batting order of the famous. It is one of the problems that Rexroth seems to have had in writing this book. He must mention those he knew, like Clarence Darrow and Sherwood Anderson, but he must also pretend that knowing them was of no special significance. Perhaps it wasn't, but then why drop the names?

It may have been Chicago that fostered Rexroth's tough-guy sentimentality; he is capable of writing; "No virgin saying her rosary in a convent is as innocent as an elderly debauched whore and pickpocket." And he feels compelled to hold the world in judgment and to feed us those judgments in the glibbest of manners: "American fiction, even Hawthorne, even Melville . . . seems to me to be absolute trash"; his idea of the academic world is vintage 1920; his whores, gangsters and drifters all seem descended from the Hollywood of the 1930s; his succession of legacies inherited from unknown relatives at just the right time is terribly contrived (even if they actually happened); his memory is selective in an unselective way; the idyllic bliss of his sexual encounters, along with the baiting of Freud and psychoanalysis, is tedious and contrived, the groaning belly sounding off in the hungry head; even his religion and his radicalism, the two most appealing aspects of his life, are essentially self-consicous and idealized.

And yet, after one has said all this, the fact remains that *An Autobiographical Novel* has a strange appeal, the appeal of a world that, even if it never existed, should have existed. Rexroth can be truly moving, especially when he permits the development of his own receptivity to experience, when he stops showing off the hair on his chest and concentrates on the real job of the writer of autobiography—to feed us the experience of a life that, whatever its peculiarities, has been lived with appetite and zeal.

But for too much of this book he is so self-conscious about his emergence as the young artist and Bohemian that he becomes the victim of his life. It was lived, we feel, to be written about later, or at least to be told to the listeners of Pacifica Radio. In his preface, Kenneth Rexroth wrote: ". . . possibly out of the narrative a self can be deduced." For this reviewer, at least, that self remains hidden.

Hinterland II: Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Points South

JULIUS NOVICK

Mr. Novick, a former Fulbright scholar, has directed and acted in England, Italy and the United States. This article, second of a series on the American national theatre, is based on studies made by him on a Ford Foundation grant.

The current generation of regional or "resident professional theatres" has for its ancestors the amateur "little theatres" that sprang up in various parts of the country during and after World War I, full of high hopes and ringing manifestoes, to present the *avant-garde* drama of the day. The hopes and the manifestoes were never justified; with the depression, if not before, it became clear that the Fabulous Invalid would have to find a cure somewhere else. However, a number of little theatres survived, with their ideals somewhat impaired, by turning to conventional Broadway material. Sporadically, new amateur groups came into existence. Many of them hired professionals to run the theatres and direct the plays. And, over the years, a few signed contracts with Actors' Equity and became professional theatres. Some of these theatres are now the senior citizens of the resident theatre movement.

The oldest of all is the Cleveland Play House, now sedately celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. It was founded by a high-minded group of Cleveland amateurs; in its first five years it produced plays by Molière, Goldoni, Beaumarchais, Synge, Claudel, Maeterlinck, Andreyev and a mysterious work called *Snow* by one Przybyszewski.

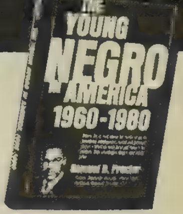
In 1921, the Play House hired Frederic McConnell as its first professional executive director; by the time he retired thirty-seven years later, the Play House had evolved from a loosely organized amateur *avant-garde* group to a large, stable and prosperous professional theatre that did a little bit of everything, but specialized in recent Broadway hits. When McConnell retired in 1958, he was succeeded by K. Elmo Lowe, whom he had brought with him to the Play House in 1921.

Today Mr. Lowe presides smilingly over the busiest of the resident professional theatres. This season, between September and May, the Play House has mounted seventeen productions in its three theatres, for an audience of some 125,000. Two productions were sent on a twelve-week tour of universities and small towns, where they played to another 100,000 people. Then there was the Shakespeare Festival: *Twelfth Night* this year for 25,000 teenagers. And the Children's Theatre, which played to some 12,000 kids. And the annual summer season at Chautauqua, which attracts another 16,000 or so spectators. The approximate grand total for the year, then, is an audience of 278,000. Clearly, the Cleveland Play House is reaching the public.

The Play House is solid. Its budget this year is around $400,000; it owns some $2 million worth of real property, including a flourishing restaurant that is run as a private club. It is true that over the years its neighborhood has become rundown, but now the area is scheduled for urban renewal, and the Play House will move to a new site downtown. Even the acting company (about twenty-eight Equity actors: one of the largest permanent Equity companies in America) is solid: performers come to Cleveland not just for a play or two, or even for a year or two, but, in many cases, for a decade or two. The Play House is an American success story.

The danger with success in America, however (and perhaps with success in general), is the tendency on the part of the successful to forget, from time to time, what it's all for. "I went into the theatre," says Mr. Lowe, "because of Mr. Stanislavsky and Gordon Craig. . . . I wanted the Moscow Art Theatre." He didn't get it.

I do not say that the Play House management doesn't put on good plays; this season they mounted *Tartuffe, Uncle Vanya, Antigone, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *Twelfth Night*. They have even dared to put on a good number of new plays never done before anywhere: something few American theatres have the courage to attempt very often. Nor do I mind that they make a buck by putting on *Mary, Mary;* the provision of innocent merriment is a historic function of the theatre, and by no means a dishonorable one, if the merriment provided is of good quality. But the Play House often descends to second-rate merriment, and—even worse—to gussied-up hack work that has pretensions to "Art." This season, for instance, it produced Sidney Michaels' *Dylan,* which merchandises the life of Dylan Thomas for people more interested in gossip than poetry; and Ira Wallach's *The Absence of a Cello,* which might have been tolerable trivia had it not been decked out with a maddeningly simple-minded hard sell for Integrity. (Why



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do popular playwrights never learn that the integrity of trivia is triviality?)

My own visit to Cleveland coincided with the Play House's production of *The Amorous Flea* by Jerry Devine and Bruce Montgomery, a peculiarly vacuous and ugly musical-comedy debasement of Molière's *School for Wives*, which had an off-Broadway run some time ago. It is a coy, twaddling, graceless little show, and Cleveland gave it a performance to match, full of strutting, mincing, simpering, giggling and pouting (with singing that ranged down from tolerable). It was a horrible triumph of pseudo-"style."

But there is a certain amount of Jekyll and Hyde about the Play House. While *The Amorous Flea* held forth in one of its theatres, another was occupied by an excellent production of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Incredibly enough, both productions were directed by the same man (Kirk Willis, who came to the Play House in 1929).

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Mr. Lowe obviously had qualms about the Albee play: ". . . we must caution our audience," he wrote, "that this enormously successful prize-winning play is brittle, brash, and frankly outspoken. . . . We say categorically that it is a play for adults who are shockproof and we urge you to consider this seriously before making plans to attend." A columnist in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* called it "a sacrilege that this kind of slime should be flowing across the stage of the Play House. . . ." The night I was there, however, the audience seemed to be taking the slime in its stride. They laughed loudly at the funny parts, but they also seemed absorbed in most of the emotional climaxes, and they spent the intermissions talking earnestly about what it all meant. ". . . so she created this myth," said one student type to another, after the show. "And he went along with it. He needed it too; it was all he had," said the other. "I would like to see it again," said a respectable-looking gray-haired matron.

The women in the cast—Jo Ann Finnell as Martha and Catherine Heiser as Honey—were admirable; the men were particularly interesting. Larry Tarrant, who played Nick (the ambitious young biologist), is either a clever good actor or a very lucky bad one. Nearly everything he did was halfhearted, hollow, unspontaneous, hackneyed, fake; yet all these characteristics seemed to belong to the character, not the actor. It was a clear and vivid portrait of a total opportunist, a man who lives every moment for what he can get away with. Better, I kept thinking, to be George or Martha, red in tooth and claw, than to be such a mechanical homunculus—which is surely the point Albee is trying to make.

George was played by William Paterson, a nineteen-year Play House veteran and evidently a superb actor. In appearance and manner he was very much the man of distinction, yet there was defeat and futility in the very set of his shoulders. His irony was relaxed, delicate and sharp; he showed himself a master of understatement for both comic and pathetic effect. His other roles this season were in *Never Too Late*, *Poor Richard* and *The Absence of a Cello*.

The Play House evidently has great resources of talent as well as real property; it can excel in quality as well as quantity. But it seems that its resources are largely wasted by an effort to please everyone in the choice of material. The audience gives signs of being ready for more rigorous work: Brecht's *Galileo* last year, and Molière's *Tartuffe* this year both did excellent business. But the management appears to be hanging back.

WHY ARE YOU WALKING?

Why are you walking the lane
That leads down to the house
Where a still light is shining?

In the house there is a room
Where a man stares at the wall
All day, and does not move.

A woman stands by the light,
Watching the sick man breathe.
Her hair is the redness of gold.

But that was long ago.
Your father has gone from the house,
The woman is withered and old.

LOUIS SIMPSON

The Pittsburgh Playhouse, just as its namesake in Cleveland, is long established (1934) and wealthy (some $2.5 million in real property). It, too, has three theatres and a private-club restaurant; as well as numerous auxiliary activities (a children's theatre, a touring company that visits high schools as far away as Punxsutawney, Penn., and a theatre school for children and adults). It also began as an amateur group; unlike Cleveland, however, the Pittsburgh Playhouse remained essentially an amateur group until last year. Among its performers, along with a few professional actors, were a truck dispatcher, a barber, a sheet metal worker, a salesman and a minister. Its plays, as general manager Richard Hoover later admitted, were "stock pap"; when it did attempt a classic, business was usually terrible. By comparison, the Cleveland Play House *was* the Moscow Art Theatre.

Gradually, one supposes, word filtered into Pittsburgh that other cities were setting up *professional* theatres, and discovering that there was an audience for plays of some consequence. Last year the Playhouse board fired its artistic director after twenty-eight years of service. The amateurs were cleared out, and the board invited William Ball, a highly admired young director who had worked mostly off-Broadway and at the New York City Opera, to make the Playhouse the first home of his American Conservatory Theatre. The ACT was sponsored by the Playhouse and by Carnegie Tech (a Pittsburgh institution which sent its advanced drama students to intern with the ACT); it was financed with the help of a $115,000 Rockefeller Foundation grant; but it was and is Bill Ball's company.

Ball opened in Pittsburgh on July 15, 1965. In the next six months his group mounted a dozen plays in repertory in two theatres. In one single week it performed *Tiny Alice*, *The Apollo of Bellac*, *Antigone* (Anouilh's), *The Servant of Two Masters*, *King Lear*, *Tartuffe*, *Six Charac-*

ters in Search of an Author, The Devil's Disciple and *Death of a Salesman.* Reviews were good. "In Pittsburgh," said the *Post-Gazette,* "the theatre never had it so good. Mr. Ball and his American Conservatory Theatre have restored it to an eminence nobody hereabouts ever hoped for or dreamed of."

Some of the natives were restless. One man wrote to the *Post-Gazette* saying that he and his wife had "been devoted members of the Pittsburgh Playhouse since 1947," but that *Tiny Alice* "is a sick play about mentally sick people by a sick author, Edward Albee. After hearing Mr. Ball's analysis, I am forced to the reluctant conclusion that the sickest of all was Director Ball. . . . Candor forces me to say that I yearn" for the old Playhouse regime—and he was not the only one. But new people replaced the disaffected. "Our audience not only multiplied, they changed," said a Playhouse official. "They became younger and more knowledgeable and eager for the finest things these professionals could do."

Yet at the end of the first six months, the ACT left the Playhouse forever. The reasons for the break are not quite clear. Some say that Mr. Ball was irresponsible and impossible to work with; others suggest that he was too audacious, too odd, too talented even for the stodgy Playhouse management. At any rate, the ACT is now a resident professional theatre without a residence (it has recently played engagements at the University of Michigan and in Westport, Conn., and it has a booking at Stanford University this summer). And the Playhouse will never be the same.

Since ACT left, the Playhouse has slipped part way back into amateurism and "stock pap"—but only part way. To fill his theatre for the winter and spring of this year, Mr. Hoover (still general manager, as before and during the ACT eruption), scheduled a "season of distinguished great plays": *Rhinoceros, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, The Complaisant Lover* and *The Knack.* The Playhouse now has a contract with Actors' Equity, but the locals have gotten back into the act: "2 Squirrel-Hillers Star in Rhinoceros," said a headline in the *Squirrel Hill News.*

The Complaisant Lover gave me some idea of what the old regime must have been like. This Graham Greene piece is a glossy, vacuous, French-windows-on-the-garden British comedy, and it was performed in Pittsburgh with a sort of cellophane-packaged urbanity by a cast of six professionals and three local amateurs. The audience was sparse and unenthusiastic; even the young people in it had a settled, middle-aged look. ". . . light, entertaining," I heard someone say. "I don't want anything that makes me think. I think all day."

Virginia Woolf was another matter. It is the kind of play that American actors are good at, and it was played very well in Pittsburgh by a cast of professional New York actors. Of all the plays of the 1960s, moreover, none has so much to say to so many of us in this country as Mr. Albee's demonstration that people who need people aren't necessarily the luckiest people in the world. They flocked to it in Pittsburgh: "Not since last season's *Mary, Mary,*" said Mr. Hoover, "have we enjoyed such a box office deluge." The audience had a tendency toward half-embarrassed giggling at all the sex talk. But they paid attention; they applauded more than politely; and they left the theatre discussing the play.

Mr. Hoover is determined that the Playhouse shall not return to the past. He is currently hunting for an artistic director to establish a new resident professional company at the Playhouse. "I think we have a variety of tastes to satisfy," he says. "We certainly have an intellectual community which wants and should be supplied with the highest form of the art." Nobody was talking that way in the pre-ACT days. Mr. Hoover does not foresee the elimination of escape entertainment, but he envisions it as a minor part of the future program. "We have not been in the vanguard in the development of theatre in America," he admits. "And I think we have some catching up to do."

When the regional theatre movement began to grow, it looked for inspiration not to Cleveland and Pittsburgh, whose playhouses plugged away more or less unnoticed, but to a small group of post-World War II pioneers. Early among these were two ladies from Texas: the late Margo Jones, who started a professional theatre (now defunct) in Dallas in 1947, and Nina Vance, who founded the Alley Theatre in Houston in the same year. The Alley began as an amateur company, performing in a rented dance studio. In 1949 it moved into its present home, a converted fan factory; in 1954 it signed up with Actors' Equity and became a professional theatre. The first few years were a struggle: "I clawed this theatre out of the ground," says Miss Vance. Lately her task has been easier, since the Alley has become a favorite beneficiary of the Ford Foundation.

The fan factory seats only 230; this season it has been operating at very nearly full capacity, and turning many people away. Yet when I asked about it at my downtown hotel, it took two desk clerks and a bell captain in conclave to figure out where it was. Clearly, the Alley needs a new home if it is to play any significant part in the communal life of Houston. And it is going to get one, with the aid of $1 million from the Ford Foundation and an additional $800,000 raised locally. The new building will have two theatres, seating 800 and 300, and will open in late 1967 or early '68. It will be in downtown Houston, where the hotel clerks won't be able to miss it. The Ford Foundation will also supply $110,000 a year for the first ten years, to defray operating expenses in the new building.

Miss Vance says that she started her theatre in unconscious revolt against amateur theatres that devoted themselves to "family plays"; there were other works, she thought, that the American people wanted to see. Nevertheless, for many years she did works like *Time Out for Ginger, The Reluctant Debutante* and *Holiday for Lovers.* But the Houston audience has evidently grown in more ways than one—or perhaps Miss Vance has. She now believes that: "The public is ahead of our ability to keep up with its taste." "I'm less scared to give 'em what I didn't think they'd buy," she says, "than I was even a year ago." This season she has given 'em a responsible, if not very adventurous program: *The Devil's Disciple, Ah, Wilderness!, Right You Are (If You Think You Are), You Can't Take It With You* and *Duel of Angels.*

Duel of Angels, Jean Giraudoux's last

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play, was on the bill when I got to Houston. It is a curious, subtle, difficult work, dramatizing the conflict between Innocence and Experience, Idealism and Expediency, Chastity and Promiscuity. The Alley has actors who can play Giraudoux—who can display elegance and intelligence, who can deal with his irony—but it does not in all cases have actors who can play these particular parts in this particular play. It appears to have, for instance, two actresses who could play Experience (or Paola, as Giraudoux calls her). Unfortunately, one of the two had to play Innocence (Lucille), and was too mature, too sophisticated for the part. Lillian Evans, who *did* play Paola, had a combination of flamboyance and precision that more than compensated for her inability to pronounce the letter "g" at the end of a word. The production in general, cramped on a tiny stage, was neither admirable nor discreditable, but it certainly did not make the most of the play. In her new theatre, presumably, Miss Vance will have a larger, and even better company to cast from.

Like the Alley, the Front Street Theatre in Memphis was founded as an amateur group by a local zealot. George Touliatos began it in a hotel ballroom in the summer of 1957, when he was 27 years old. It "went Equity" in 1959, and moved into its present quarters, a 372-seat converted movie house, in 1961. (The cultural climate has changed in this country: theatres are growing now at a much faster rate than they were in the late forties and early fifties.) Mr. Touliatos hopes within three years to move his company into a new theatre that would form part of a cultural center in Overton Park.

Mr. Touliatos' aim, he says, is to make his audience "better citizens by alerting them . . . to the most dominant ideas in the world today that can be projected, by showing them problems of the past that are problems in life today, so that they can cope with them and handle them better. . . ." He is aware, however, of a certain disparity between his aspirations and his achievements.

"I'm very proud of the audience here," he says. On the other hand, he also says that people in Memphis are "not ready to accept" what he hopes to do. "At this point, there is still the problem of developing audience taste [and of] economic security." And so he has been "somewhat conservative in my selection of plays. I feel a certain guilt about this, I suppose."

In 1964 he told a local newspaper man: "I think the popular play has a definite place in the schedule. We're not trying to be ultra-arty—I can't stand that." But when I saw him this spring, he said: "We don't do *Life with Father* anymore." Instead he does two musicals a year; he calls them "the only true American art form," but maintains that he does them in order to survive: "If we took the musicals out of our subscription package I'm afraid we'd lose half our subscribers." (The audience he is so proud of?) Nevertheless, he has hopes for the future: once he had to do nine musicals a season, in a few years he hopes he will not have to do any. Evidently Mr. Touliatos is suffering from an advanced case of ambivalence; but it appears that in Memphis, as in Pittsburgh, Houston and elsewhere, the tide of the times is flowing toward a more serious repertory. Next year, aside from two musicals, Mr. Touliatos will offer Williams, Pirandello, Osborne, Molière, Shaw and Shakespeare.

The Front Street production of Anouilh's *Becket* this spring, directed by William Woodman (who has also worked at the Cleveland Play House and the Hartford Stage Company), was a quite creditable job. In spite of all the talk about ensemble acting that goes on in resident-theatre circles, these theatres are often much better off with plays written around one or two characters, because one or two first-rate actors are easier to find than half a dozen or more. Several roles in *Becket* were quite badly played, but the production was held together by the performances of William Shust (jobbed in from New York) as King Henry and Gil Rogers (a member of the resident company) as Becket.

Both parts were unconventionally cast. Becket, the "little Saxon," was 6 foot 3; he had neither quite the lightness for Becket's dandyism at the beginning nor quite the weight for his archepiscopal dignity at the end. But he had what was really needed: an air of quiet authority and unpretentious intelligence, and a nice relish for irony. The king was not the usual expansive brute, but a little boy who liked to shock his elders and to have his way. The relationship between the two was clear and credible: a case of passionate adolescent hero worship, fatally complicated by the fact that the adolescent in question was the king. About every half hour or so there came a reminder that this was not quite what Anouilh had in mind, but on the whole it worked surprisingly well.

In Oklahoma City, Mack Scism's Mummers Theatre was also founded (in 1949) by local people as an amateur theatre. But the Mummers is still in a very early evolutionary state, far behind almost every other theatre I visited. Though it proclaims itself "Oklahoma's Only Resident Professional Theatre," it is still not really professional. Mr. Scism maintains a few ill-paid, non-Equity resident actors, but otherwise relies on local talent: two students from Northwest Classen High School had prominent roles in the Mummers' production of Noel Coward's *Hay Fever*. One was intolerable; the other provided a slightly monotonous but competent funny-fat-girl characterization that was almost the best performance of the evening.

The Mummers now functions in an old oil field equipment warehouse that seats 286 people, but the Ford Foundation has recently given it $1.25 million to build and equip a new theatre, and to raise the company to Equity status. Lord knows, the Mummers needs the money, but does it deserve it? Many people in the resident theatre movement feel that Ford has given Mr. Scism a very great deal of money as a reward for a not very high level of achievement. One theatre official dismissed the grant as the foundation's attempt "to plant culture on the prairies." Certainly it would seem that if a theatre of decent quality can be established in Oklahoma City, "in the big fat middle of the Bible Belt," as a local resident observed, then it can be done anywhere. What will Mr. Scism buy with his million and a quarter (plus $700,000 raised locally)? As yet, nobody knows.

ART / Max Kozloff

No better exhibition of current art's taste for riddles, its limitless powers of hybridization, or its antiseptic energy can be imagined than that now at the Jewish Museum, entitled, with befitting neutrality, "Primary Structures." Not long ago we were given a foretaste of these pleasures in a show called "Sculpture From All Directions" (World House), followed shortly thereafter by one at Irvine, Calif. And there are at present two supporting events, at Finch College and at the A.M. Sachs Gallery. Taken together, they invoke a sensibility of sculptural dry runs, striving for expression despite, and through, its very fragmentation.

But perhaps these are not the words to describe a phenomenon whose every implication is synaesthetic. That is, it seeks to transfer sensory perceptions characteristic of one medium, worked out in a language of metaphorical equivalence, into those of another. In this case, the three media are architecture, painting and sculpture. Yet, rather than incorporate units identifiably associated with each of these three arts into one additive construct, the typical amalgam here forms a bold blend of their qualities. The space with which they deal, as well as the forms they often display, recall the internal members of buildings. Their polychrome surfaces, in the meantime, are pictorial in the manner that emblem painting, or the shaped canvas has for some time accustomed us. While the contexts in which they are seen are still—although one almost feels reluctantly—sculptural. To the extent that three-dimensional activity today holds these various impulses in tricky suspension, it marks a considerable shift from the monolithic or self-contained, or even "free form" sculpture, so satisfyingly poised, of the recent past. In place of earlier anthropomorphic or "eloquent" compositions, one's eyes are invited to train on stunted, non-tactile objects, disjointed or inert elements, sometimes repeated in puzzling sequences. These elephantine presences activate far less space than they take up. But they also prefer to insinuate a buoyancy through lightness of color and an obvious hollowness of mass that tends to free them from too secure or dead a placement. In conjunc-

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tion with their wall or ceiling orientation, this buoyancy is responsible for a kind of frozen or mousy gaiety. Having extended themselves simultaneously in three separate areas, the current pieces seem to be paying an emotional price in their strange uncertainty of mood.

Part of this problem might stem from their range of new materials. There are as yet no expressive coefficients by which to "read" formica or fiberglass or polyester resin. It could be, of course, that such merely utilitarian synthetics are desired for their very impersonality. Many artists would have us believe so. But if these materials are impersonal (which is always a relative concept), they are never nondescript. Sometimes one feels that the sculptors have overlooked the bathroom or office associations of their substances; at other moments, that they are ironically aware of them—if not of their already period quality quaintness. Often, the impression is of an unwitting illustrationalism, as the relentless power of the spectator to see the real object in the mock-up, and the homely literalness of the latter's material, fuse into varyingly unstable images of banality. Perhaps what I am saying is that the sculptor can never attain a neutral transmission of his thought, and the attempt to do so only entangles him in a vestigial sentimentality, whose effect is psychologically enervating. The effort to "de-sexualize" the surfaces, in this instance, can lead the work to unman itself aesthetically.

At this point, it might be useful to sidetrack two red herrings that have been connected with the show. One is the confluence or deliberate affinity that many of the exhibitors state they have with science; the other is the false issue that a work's industrial manufacture (or physical origin) invalidates it as art. Whenever an artist tells me that he is "with" the latest researches, say, in nuclear physics, and that his work "embodies" their findings, I think not merely that he is misinformed but that his art probably needs the crutch of his newfangled (and tiresome) religion. And whenever I hear that the literal product of craftsmen or machinists cannot be accounted a work of art, the speaker strikes me as unacquainted with our conceptual sophistication about the identities of art. It is only when the craftsman is in abject bondage to the artist that a proper finish—beyond the means of manual or studio tooling—can evoke the intended hyper-polished or dead-pan effect. Paradoxically, the more anonymous the result, the more it emerges as intended and controlled by its author. Irregularities, in this case, far from being ingratiating touches of humanity, constitute distracting blemishes. What is normally called standard machine work is quite different from this custom-made engineering.

The trouble, then, is that many of these works lean debilitatingly toward either affirmation of Platonic idea, or a topicality in the American present. Instead of "primary structures," they become weightless wonders or cloddish artifacts. One sees mute polyhedrons and aggressive jungle gyms, flavorless cubes and trellises or trademarks or three-dimensional road signs, suckered in, as it were, by commercial practices whose mere good taste has escaped ironic displacement. As for the included British sculpture, it introduces a note of giddiness to the proceedings that sometimes slides down to the plexiglass capers of Peter Phillips' "Tricurvular," or up to the menacingly ludicrous sliced cone of Phillip King. Certainly the British rely on a surrealism and animism that livens their efforts, but can also seem a little too pat.

The actual progenitors of the work shown at the Jewish Museum are, as may be imagined, variegated. Present by spiritual proxy are the sculptors David Smith and Mark di Suvero; participating in the (painted steel) flesh is Anthony Caro. Also evident is the influence of painters: Ellsworth Kelly, Kenneth Noland, Charles Hinman, Sven Lukin, Frank Stella and Al Held. From the first group was learned a kind of bulky, but lightfooted gesturing, sometimes profiled, in the manner of a surrogate drawing, always grandiose in scale, and frequently low-swung and off-center in composition. The Cubist or Abstract-Expressionist vocabulary of such work has now been expunged in favor of something stylistically less definite and decisive, if still distinctly edged and shaped. From the second group, the painters, have come impulses that have to do with compression, repetition, and an anti-harmonic color which also avoids any particular spatial function. In other words, the "thingness," the inertness, of certain aspects of recent painting, decelerating all sense of process, is what has most affected the new sculptors.

None of this in itself would have guaranteed any spectacular results, and indeed, it can be seen how mutually contradictory these origins are. Sensitive to their presence, the "primary structure" people have yet found it very difficult to profit from them. Just the same, there are a few absolutely remarkable works of art in the show. It has been said that Ronald Bladen's three leviathan, painted aluminum and wooden, leaning slabs are the most monumental statement in postwar sculpture; and, further, that they are cantilevered hauntingly from their bases to weigh against and yet elate the close-coming spectator. With this, I meekly agree. If for no other reason than its exhibition of this work, the "Primary Structures" show has made history. Similarly, the "Rainbow Picket" of Judy Gerowitz, with its six bars diminishing and slanting in to buttress a nonexistent tension between floor and wall, all of which is contradicted by the suavity of her cosmetic coloring, is an unforgettable piece. The same goes for Larry Bell's coated glass and metal frame boxes, or rather chambers for the distillation of metaphorical incense. With vatic elegance, they, too, "contain" a false presence, and reflect it by means of surfaces which stop just short of being two-way mirrors. Surely the most radical of idioms along such lines, and conceivably the most instructive, is exemplified by Donald Judd and especially Robert Morris. Their aesthetic stock in trade consists here of galvanized iron boxes, sequentially arranged; or off-white, fiberglass, upturned L beams. Proceeding from the notion that "simplicity of shape does not necessarily equate with simplicity of experience" (Morris), their position has been most consistent and uncompromising, without eliciting, in me, at least, the slightest scintilla of emotional reaction. It is not, after all, a great virtue unswervingly to follow a straight line, if it leads out the window. Considerably more engaging, if somewhat unresolved, is the work of Robert Grosvenor, Michael Todd and Isaac Witkin: all men of resourceful talent, and exhilarating high spirits, mingled with a certain cunning. Credit must finally be given to Kinaston McShine, who organized, without doubt, the most enterprising exhibition of the year.

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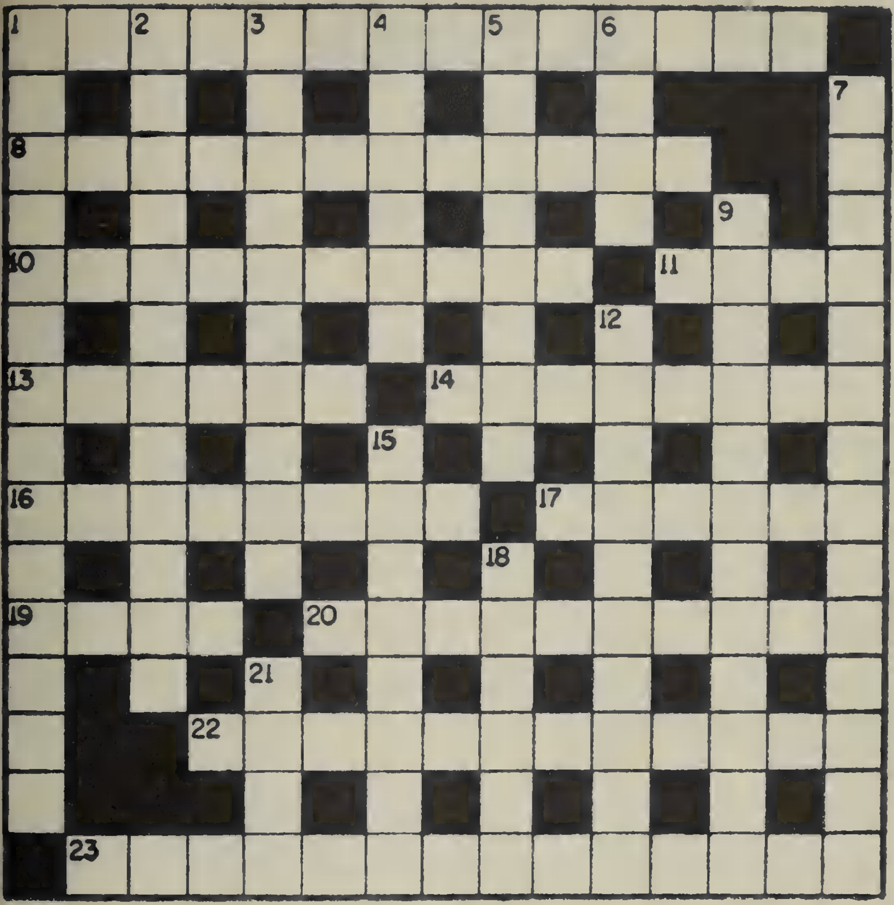
Crossword Puzzle No. 1156

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Where a deponent might put his name, to put it mildly! (14)
8 See 4 down
10 If you're just squeaking by, this might help. (4, 6)
11 Obviously not the result of being wounded in the Union forces. (4)
13 A vital juice to get flowing back with a fruit tree? (6)
14 A merry thought, if altogether British. (8)
16 Certainly not a truth seen in retrospect by those to whom property is transferred. (8)
17 More writing, perhaps. (6)
19 A little quantity of turkey, if not a hen? (4)
20 See 4 down
22 Relating to a number of books, this sort of heat can let up. (12)
23 Hardly the critic's mark of approval, but over half the university is well spoken of. (3, 11)

DOWN:

1 Perhaps one's tongue can't be extended for such things, exactly. (14)
2 The meaning of one sign of the Jolly Roger. (6, 6)
3 The sort of thing trees have to show what another application of the wrench sometimes does. (10)
4 20 across and 8 across Quill might have been expected to win any fight, by implication. (3, 3, 2, 8, 4, 3, 5)
5 A very small part of statecraft? (Covers 36 sections.) (8)
6 A token payment in Germany? (4)
7 Implying a couple of shots shouldn't be missed, since 63 gallons could be accounted for by such a quantity. (6-8)
9 Done with talent? (12)
12 Casablanca, where Roosevelt stayed for a long time? (5, 5)
15 Cracked ice lifts like a rock! (8)
18 How one suffers! (6)
21 Such an obstruction is almost uncanny! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1155

ACROSS: 1 Carpetbag; 6 and 10 Faultfinding; 9 Unloose; 12 Mailer; 13 Pict; 15 Disputed; 16 Single; 18 Pestle; 20 Handsaws; 23 Iris; 28 Actinic; 29 Regards; 30 Endow; 31 Residents. DOWN: 1 and 25 Crumbled; 2 Relaxes; 3 Enormously; 4 Beelines; 5 Gaffer; 6 Fans; 7 Uniting; 8 Tightness; 14 Middle-aged; 15 and 24 Duplicate bridge; 17 and 11 Pandora's box; 19 Sainted; 21 Aileron; 22 Grocer; 26 Dusts; 27 Snow.

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LETTERS

medical fees

Stanford, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In his article, "Medicare: Promises and Pitfalls" [*The Nation*, May 23], Selig Greenberg makes perceptive arguments for medical reform. . . . His remarks regarding the physician's role are less perceptive. . . . Fee setting in any profession is a difficult problem. Over the years physicians, in their various attempts to charge equitable fees, have agreed on no single schedule. They have relied on schedules suggested by national surveys of fees charged, on the state welfare and "Blue" insurance schedules, on state systems of relative value, and on a nebulous notion of community standards. The advent of medicare and recent attempts by physicians to reach agreement on fees should not be misinterpreted as extortion of the public by the medical profession. *Tom Norris*

Lukacs on Mann

Bridgeport, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: It is unfortunate that Isaac Deutscher chose to review *Essays on Thomas Mann* by Georg Lukacs [*The Nation*, May 16] from the point of view of Lukacs' hypothetical relations with Stalin rather than that of his actual relations with Mann.

Having developed an aesthetic that demands of the novelist a total comprehension of the interaction of individual and society, Lukacs would admire Mann, as he does Balzac, quite aside from the matter of their "patrician" or "bourgeois" outlook. An exploration of Lukacsian critical theory would have revealed the basis for his admiration of Mann more accurately than intimations of a Stalinist plot lurking in the background. . . . *K. B. Gilden*

freedom from the CIA

London

DEAR SIRS: We can only assume that your comments on *Encounter* magazine in your issue of May 16 were written and printed before *The New York Times* published on May 10 a letter by the editors of *Encounter* and a statement by the editor of the *Times*. In *Encounter's* letter a serious error and misstatement in the *Times* story were corrected. In the statement by the editor of *The New York Times* the defamatory implications of the original story were repudiated, and the editor of the *Times* went on to affirm that nothing was said or intended to suggest that *Encounter* was anything but what it is known to be, namely, "a distinguished international journal of independent opinion."

Stephen Spender
Irving Kristol
Melvin J. Lasky

Paris

DEAR SIRS: In a recent issue you have repeated the assertion contained in a *New York Times* article about the patrons who have in the past helped support conferences and publications of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. In our reply published in *The New York Times*, we have stated that at no point in the history of the Congress has any donor sought to shape or interfere with its actions, policies or programs.

We have also publicly gone on record to declare that in the light of the implications raised by *The New York Times* and in order not to leave any doubt about the Congress' integrity, we have requested the individuals and

(Continued on page 715)

EDITORIALS

The Conflagration Spreads

Five months ago we called attention to the fact that the war in Southeast Asia was expanding regionally ("And Now Thailand," *The Nation*, January 10). The expansion continues. Thailand is now an American military outpost second only to South Vietnam, while Cambodia, which declines to serve as an American satellite, is under threat of American military action. Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the Cambodian chief of state, unaccountably prefers the risks of defying the U.S. juggernaut to the prosperity (and inflation) which a vast influx of American forces and American dollars is guaranteed to bring to a small country.

The hazards to which recalcitrant Cambodia is exposed arise in the first place from the Vietnamese war, and are aggravated by the compliance of Thailand. The Cambodians and the Thais are hereditary enemies and have a long history of territorial disputes and regional wars. (See "Cambodia Beset" by Gail D. Stark, *The Nation*, April 18.) For the United States, many problems would be solved if Cambodia could be divided between South Vietnam (assuming pacification and a secure status as an American ally) and Thailand, which is already in that happy condition. Still happier, but hardly more than a military prophet's reverie, would be a North Vietnam purged of communism and joined with the other two in an American protectorate and jumping-off place for the subjugation of Red China.

If this cannot be, at least Thai-American relations show to what a satisfactory consummation the combination of anti-communism, American military force and dollar diplomacy can lead. Eighty per cent of air operations against North Vietnam are now conducted with F-105 and F-4C fighter-bombers from four U.S. air bases on Thai soil. Flying time to North Vietnam is twenty minutes, and there are no Vietcong to lob mortar shells into the installations. Farther south, at Sattahip on the Gulf of Siam, the biggest construction job in all Asia is going forward. Budgeted at $100 million, it is a combined airport and seaport, with great ammunition storage piers, fuel pipe lines to the interior, and two 11,500-foot runways designed to accommodate B-52s and other heavy aircraft. Some 20,000 U.S. servicemen are now in Thailand, with 10,000 more due before the end of the year.

All this is on the basis of gentlemen's agreements between the Thai rulers and American negotiators instructed to take full account of Thai sensibilities. Neither party will acknowledge publicly what everybody knows. Thus, although U.S. Marines guard the gates of the bases and shipments of supplies are addressed to United States Air Force Base, Udorn, Thailand (or Ubon, Takhli or wherever), the fiction is carefully maintained that these are Thai bases.

For their part, members of the Thai upper crust are handsomely paid for their cooperation. According to *Time* (May 27), the late Marshal Sarit Thanarat, in just five years' service as premier, "harvested close to $140 million, kept some 100 'minor wives' (i.e., mistresses)." There is scarcely any limit to the American taxpayer's bounty in the crusade for freedom.

NOV 6

Contrast the situation in Cambodia. Secretary Rusk disavows any intention of taking over the country, but last December 21 the State Department warned Norodom Sihanouk that U.S. forces in Vietnam had been authorized to undertake military actions in Cambodia "in exercise of the inherent right of self-defense." On several occasions American forces have attacked enemy forces with small arms, artillery and aircraft; the break in relations between the United States and Cambodia resulted from such clashes. One incident, which occurred early in May, was officially acknowledged by American military spokesmen. As a further warning to the Cambodians, it was emphasized that the U.S. field commander had not requested permission from higher authority. No such permission was required: "A commander is authorized to take whatever means are at his disposal to protect his troops and his command."

Should these minatory words and actions fail to bring Cambodia to terms, and if the Thai rulers should demand a further *quid pro quo,* might they not be permitted to "adjust" their disputed frontier with Cambodia? We have supplied them with the necessary arms and equipment.

News Manglement

Almost daily, a new, ignoble chapter is added to the feud between the White House and the press corps. On the President's excursion to Princeton University, newsmen, who are dependent on White House planning, were left waiting aboard their plane from Washington for fifteen minutes before a ramp was produced to allow them off. Then they waited another quarter of an hour for a bus that never came. Some of them hitchhiked to town in trucks and police cars. This kind of contemptuous treatment of the press has become commonplace in the Johnson Administration.

A writer for a national news magazine recently wrote of the President as a "people eater," meaning that he consumed the energies of his staff until, to save their souls, they fled his employment. The President passed the word down to this writer that he would not talk to him again "until I get over being a people eater"—meaning, until the newsman wrote something nice enough about him to cancel out the previous description.

President Kennedy was accused of managing the news. President Johnson mangles it, and newsmen who do not shape what they write to serve the Administration's purposes feel his wrath. One Pulitzer Prize-winning chronicler of Presidential affairs has so offended Johnson that he is not allowed in the White House.

Judging from the recent speeches and extemporaneous outbursts of Robert H. Fleming, the deputy press secretary at the White House, he was hired primarily to upbraid the press. Recently *The New York Times* (among other newspapers) published on its front page the picture of a Vietnamese rebel, arms held high over his head, who had just been interrogated by Vietnamese marines loyal to Premier Ky. The caption told of how a moment later the rebel was shot down for no apparent reason and, as he lay dying, the marines stripped off his boots.

Hardly had this heartless vignette been publicized than Fleming was cranking out his condemnations of "inexperi-

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THE NATION *Volume 202 No. 24*

enced" reporting, of "headline type coverage." He complained that it was very unsporting to use that kind of picture just when the government was trying to calm the American public about the civil warring in Vietnam.

It is this kind of response that prompted Charles Roberts, for twelve years a White House correspondent for *Newsweek,* to comment at a recent University of Wisconsin symposium that "apparently the President feels we should print the news just as he dictates it, without any explanation, interpretation, background, or 'speculation.' . . . It is hard, sometimes impossible, to get a straight, substantive, responsive answer out of him. . . . The President's purpose in holding press conferences seems to be to dominate and even intimidate the press rather than to tell reporters what he is really thinking."

CIA-AFL-CIO

For several years there have been rumblings of dissension in the labor movement over the activities of Jay Lovestone, the AFL-CIO international affairs director and one of George Meany's closest coadjutors. In the February 10, 1964, *Nation,* Stanley Meisler ("Meddling in Latin America: Dubious Role of AFL-CIO") referred to the antagonism between Lovestone and Walter Reuther and his brother Victor, president and international affairs head respectively, of the United Auto Workers. The dispute involved the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD) defined by Meisler as "an enterprise run by the AFL-CIO, partly with its own funds but principally with money made available by the Alliance for Progress and private enterprise." The ostensible purpose of the AIFLD was to train Latin American labor leaders and to build a strong anti-Communist labor movement in Latin America.

To this end, U.S. agencies were engaged at that time in efforts to unseat the leftist-leaning Premier Cheddi Jagan of British Guiana and to replace him with Forbes Burnham, now head of the newly independent Guyana. One of the steps in this operation was a bloody general strike waged against Jagan by the British Guiana Trade Union Council. In a letter to *The New York Times,* Jagan charged that "local trade unionists known to be hostile to my government—and none others—have been trained by the American Institute for Free Labor Development to overthrow my government." Meisler saw in the attacks on Jagan the imprint of Lovestone, a rabid anti-Communist since his ouster as leader of the Communist Party USA in the twenties. The *Times,* after noting the Reuther brothers' criticism of Lovestone's close relations with George Meany, president of the AIFLD as well as the AFL-CIO, commented that "to his enemies, Mr. Lovestone is a sinister figure, who, they say, has soured the relationships between the AFL-CIO and other free world trade unions by unnecessary intrigue and bitter feuding."

British Guiana was only one focus of AFL-CIO anti-Communist activity in Latin America and elsewhere. Since the Central Intelligence Agency was engaged in similar endeavors abroad, one could hardly help speculating on the possibility that there was not merely parallelism but liaison between the Communist-fighters of the two organizations. Meisler indeed voiced the question: Does the U.S. Government really want the AFL-CIO to serve as a junior CIA?" No proof could be cited at that time, but at the recent UAW convention in Long Beach, Calif., covered by Harry Bernstein for the *Los Angeles Times* and *The Washington Post* (May 23), Victor Reuther charged that the AFL-CIO is "involved" with the CIA in the political affairs of foreign countries and particularly their trade union movements, and that these intrusions are either entirely secret or only partially reported to the AFL-CIO executive committee.

Reuther cited a recent case in which A. Paulson, general secretary of the International Food and Drink Workers Federation, with headquarters in Geneva, found it necessary to abolish the Panama office of the federation because of the presence there of eight individuals who were said to be "posing as official representatives" but of whom he had no knowledge. Reuther said this "seems to be one most recent example of CIA activities." A spokesman for the AFL-CIO denied that the AIFLD had any connection with the CIA. He also denied that Lovestone had had anything to do with setting up the AIFLD—which is not the same as saying that he never had anything to do with its operations.

Despite the denial, Victor Reuther continues to take a dim view of Lovestone. "The tragedy of the AFL-CIO activities in the field of foreign affairs," he says, "is that they are a vest-pocket operation by Jay Lovestone. . . . Mr. Lovestone seems to have brought into the labor movement the working habits and undercover techniques which he learned when he was in the highest echelons of the Communist Party." Which, come to think of it, sounds very much like the working habits and techniques of the CIA itself.

Slight Thaw

Some glimmerings of sense are beginning to appear in the American policy toward Communist China—perhaps to be followed, on some distant tomorrow, by reciprocal manifestations on the part of the Chinese. The Johnson Administration, however, cannot be credited with taking the initiative in withdrawing from the John Foster Dulles position that Red China was only a passing pestilence which Dr. Dulles himself would help to eradicate. The fact is that the Administration has been impelled toward realism by Senators Edward and Robert Kennedy, George McGovern, J. W. Fulbright and Rep. Henry Reuss, and by a general feeling around the country that it was about time to cease cowering before the China Lobby and the ghost of Joe McCarthy. This change we owe also to George Kennan, John K. Fairbank and the other experts who testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The fact that in 1965 the vote for admitting Red China to the UN was a 47-to-47 tie, with twenty abstentions, no doubt helped.

In his speech of May 3, Edward Kennedy suggested as an immediately feasible measure the appointment of a "blue-ribbon commission of distinguished men to make, publicly, recommendations for new directions in our China policy." In submitting this proposal Senator Kennedy lamented the fact that outstanding scholars and public servants were persecuted during the 1950s for what had happened in China. "As a result," Mr. Kennedy concluded, "the wellspring of respected scholarship, on which sound political discussion is based, began to dry." This is a precise summation of what happened in the McCarthy era; accordingly *The Nation* suggests that the first appointees to the commission should be Owen Lattimore and such other victims as may be willing and able to serve.

At first, Senator Kennedy's proposal received a cold reception from the State Department. Secretary Rusk said that it already had ample outside advice. Shortly, however, the Secretary found the proposal "intriguing" and promised that in the future State would seek outside advice "somewhat more systematically." This somewhat reluctant change of heart may have been initiated by President Johnson, who is sensitive nowadays to ideas publicized by the Kennedys.

It must be emphasized that progress toward alleviation of U.S.-Chinese tension will be slow—a matter of a decade or two. There is little hope of any major change until the United States is prepared to abandon its alliance with the Chiang Kai-shek regime and to acquiesce in the status of Taiwan as an autonomous region of China, or an independent state with close ties to the mainland. The idea that scientific, educational, cultural, artistic, medical, athletic contacts, etc., can bring about a reconciliation is illusory.

Nevertheless, the emerging willingness on the American side to consider the possibility of friendly relations is a great advance over the frozen hostility of recent years. With luck, it might even help to extricate behemoth from the morass of Vietnam. Senator McGovern made this point and showed how, having substituted communism for the devil, we had assumed identical attitudes toward the Viet Minh, our ally in the war against Japan, and the Chinese Communists after their defeat of the corrupt Kuomintang. Secretary Rusk would be well advised to read carefully the speeches by McGovern and Edward Kennedy, and the subsequent discussion by Senators Fulbright, Jackson, Proxmire, Pell, Hart and Miller.

Reader Beware

In a recent lecture on the multifarious activities of the Central Intelligence Agency, Senator Morse warned readers, members of Congress and the public at large against blind confidence in studies emanating from universities and other ostensible centers of scholarship, when the source of financing is unknown. He cited a case where he himself and John F. Kennedy, then a Senator, promoted a study of U.S. policy in Latin America. One of the papers that came out of the project was prepared at a division of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology which, it later turned out, had been created under a CIA grant. According to Morse, the paper was a good one, but neither he nor Kennedy knew about the CIA's role, nor did MIT trouble to enlighten them. Morse adds that we still have no idea how many other studies have been subsidized by the CIA, the Defense Department, or other government agencies that operate under the cloak of national security.

Several cases of *sub rosa* financing by the CIA of book or magazine publishers have come to light, and there may be others that have not been disclosed. A deception not involving direct subvention has been uncovered in connection with an article on "The Faceless Viet Cong," by George A. Carver, Jr., in the April issue of *Foreign Affairs Quarterly*. In its identifying note the magazine told everything about the author except that he was an employee of the CIA. *Commonweal* (May 13) calls attention to an article in the February 24 *Reporter* on the National Liberation Front. This one was written by Douglas Pike, identified as a specialist in research on the Vietcong for the U.S. Information Agency in Saigon "who recently spent a year at MIT preparing a definitive study of the NLF." Presumably this is the same MIT Center of International Studies that was established with CIA money, has only recently severed its relations with the CIA, and is still headed by a former CIA assistant director. "Once again," *Commonweal* asks, "what is one to think?"

It would be utterly fatuous to credit authors like Mr. Carver, or the unknown number of publications and writers who may have been subsidized directly or indirectly by the CIA, with an objective viewpoint. As an employee of the agency, Mr. Carver was no more free to reach conclusions favorable in any material respect to the Vietcong than a writer in a Vietcong publication would be to say anything good about the American war effort in Vietnam. When such connections are concealed, either the author has deceived the publication or the publication the reader.

The MIT case, the CIA infiltration of Michigan State University and the suspicion that, justly or unjustly, now surrounds a multitude of university projects abroad, all give support to Sen. Eugene McCarthy's proposal for the creation of a broadened Senate committee to oversee the operations of the CIA. Enough has been revealed to show that the present improvised committee is hardly more than a cover for anything the agency cares to perpetrate. The plea that the CIA's legitimate operations would be compromised is specious. Will anyone assert that the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee who would serve on the new panel are less loyal than the Senators on the present committee?

Atlanta's Operatic Mores

A belief particularly dear to the hearts of liberals is that acceptance of racial desegregation by whites increases with education and income. This reflects, perhaps, our faith in education as a cure for social ills and our unspoken fear that if education and economic security won't cure prejudice, nothing will. In Atlanta, Ga., that fear is only too well grounded. In the Gate City, as it delights to call itself, a measure of desegregation has been achieved—through force of law—in schools, hospitals and other public institutions; but the doors of private institutions remain closed to Negroes. With few exceptions, the "leaders" of the community choose to limit their associations to persons like themselves in race, and usually in religion as well.

The ultimate test of Atlanta's elite came with the annual visit of the Metropolitan Opera, the high point in the region's cultural and social life, co-sponsored by the Junior League and the Music Festival Association, a body studded with the names of top-drawer business and social leaders. In recent years, or since the Negro no longer knew his place, the Met's appearance has presented problems as well as artistic joy. Until 1962, Negroes were permitted only in top gallery seats, but that year Rudolph Bing announced that the company would not play before racially segregated audiences. The opera lovers were in a dilemma. They could continue the policy of offering tickets on a priority basis to those who had bought them the year before, thus practically insuring the inheritance of the best seats in the house, or, as Mayor Hartsfield expressed it, they could have "enough Negroes in the front rows for Mr. Bing to be able to see them." Compromise prevailed: there is no longer any restriction on where anyone may sit—he just has to have the ticket.

As always where the arts, especially opera, are concerned, social rewards and punishments are a consideration. Entertaining for the opera stars has traditionally been the reward for those who have labored long and hard in the operatic vineyard. The Piedmont Driving Club was the chosen place until two years ago, when Leontyne Price sang one of the leading roles. On that occasion the party following the performance was given at a restaurant. And this year, the sixth after the beginning of school desegregation in Atlanta and the second after passage of the civil rights bill, the Atlanta Opera Guild held its luncheon, a social event of the highest importance, at the Piedmont Driving Club as of yore—but without the members of the Metropolitan company. Unanimously, the artists stayed away. They sent their regrets, said an assistant manager, because Negro members of the company were not invited and "we don't like to attend functions where all our members cannot attend."

Explanations followed. According to the president of the Opera Guild, the luncheon had to be held at the Driving Club; all attempts to find a suitable public facility had ended in failure. The president said further that the Guild has no restrictions on membership "other than $8 a year dues," that they have members from eight states and for all she knows, some of them may be Negroes. The Driving Club said that members are permitted to invite guests to functions, but "we do have racial restrictions on guests." In sum, it appears to be a case of wanting not to entertain Negroes more than wanting to entertain Metropolitan opera stars, and anyone who knows Atlanta knows that anything the elite group wants more than that, they must want very much indeed.

FRENCH EYES ON VIETNAM

AMERICA'S COLONY IN HELL

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

If General de Gaulle is, in many ways, disengaging himself from the "tutelage" of the United States, it is not because he hated Roosevelt during the last war and is generally "anti-American," but very largely because he sees the war in Vietnam as the biggest danger that the peace of the world has run since the end of World War II. He himself was one of the Guilty Men of the French war in Vietnam of 1946-54; but he gradually realized his mistake, welcomed the end of the war there, and has latterly advocated a neutralization of South Vietnam. As the world's "No. 1 decolonizer" (a description of which he is very proud) he has been increasingly shocked by the news coming from Southeast Asia. I understand that he has been studying with particular care the detailed report recently brought back from Vietnam by Robert Guillain, the gist of which has just been published in a series of five long articles in *Le Monde*. Guillain belongs to that small band of French writers who have spent years in Vietnam since the end of World War II and who consider that the Americans (with rare exceptions) "simply do not understand what kind of country they have taken on."

He opens his series with a description of Saigon. The piaster-franc currency rackets of the French occupation were child's play, compared with the innumerable rackets going on in Saigon today. There is not only the dollar-piaster racket with its three different exchange rates; there are rackets in everything. Vast quantities of PX goods are stolen and resold in Saigon, GIs and big and small Vietnamese officials all playing their part in these thefts. There are rackets in real estate, in building materials, in opium and gambling dens; and, above all, there is prostitution, this being "Saigon's biggest industry." Thousands of rooms in hotels and private houses are being let to GIs for the purpose, so that a high proportion of the population is making a good thing out of it. Guillain "found Saigon nauseating."

> Here, after twenty years of wars and revolutions, are re-established all the detestable visions of white supremacy, the whites are masters of the city. . . . Is not America afraid of the judgment of the "third world"? For here, after twenty years of decolonization, the Americans have turned an Asian capital into the world's biggest whorehouse.

The Vietcong could spoil all the fun by turning Saigon into a city of terror, as the Algerian nationalists did in Algiers; but they prefer it this way: they want the people to realize that "South Vietnam's head—i.e., Saigon—has gone completely rotten." They intensify this "rottenness" by frequently interfering with food supplies to Saigon; the result is ever rising prices, inflation and discontent. And it is not as though the Vietnamese (and the girls) liked the Americans; they merely like dollars. The Americans, on the other hand, imagine that they have friends in Vietnam:

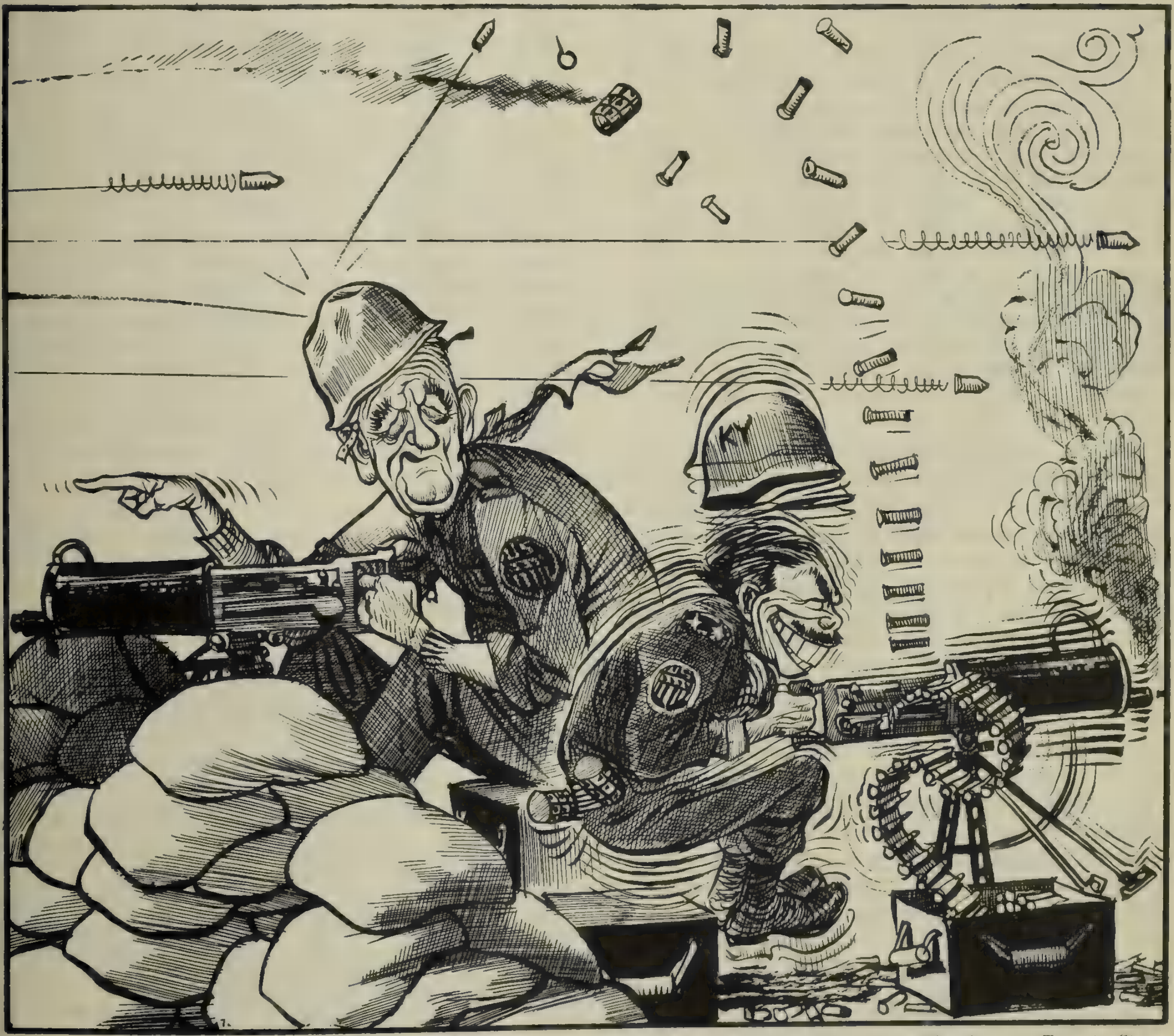
> What is surprising is that the Americans shouldn't be aware of the *political* decay in Saigon. Without experience of Vietnam, and too crude to see the finer points, they judge everything in black and white—the "good" Vietnamese who work for them and whom they regard as their friends, and the "bad" Vietnamese who live in the jungle. What they do not see is that, only too often, the "good" and the "bad" Vietnamese is the same person.

There is, in fact, no "parallel" Vietcong organization instead, there is a ubiquitous penetration of the South Vietnamese government machinery at all levels by the Vietcong. One of General Ky's ministers told Guillain: "40 per cent of my staff are Vietcong men and women." In Saigon alone there are 20,000 active Vietcong agents; the American camps and offices also teem with them, and the girls whom American officers take to cocktail parties are, more often than not, Vietcong agents. Such agents also exist in the highest ranks of the South Vietnamese government and army.

South Vietnam, Guillain argues, is a colony, to a degree even greater than it was under the French. The myth of an "independent South Vietnam" is hard to maintain. The economy of the country is chaotic and the United States pays for almost everything—up to 80 per cent of the South Vietnamese budget. Vietnam was a very big exporter of rice; now vast quantities must be imported from America. South Vietnamese officials are so corrupt that the Americans are increasingly forced to introduce direct American administration everywhere. But that is not easy, since many thousands more Americans would be required to make such a "direct administration" work. Meantime the fiction is maintained that American officials are only "advisers," not "directors"; as a result, a high percentage of U.S. supplies continues to be stolen, even including medical supplies for hospitals. This will have to be stopped, if the system is to work at all. But how?

Striking sights in South Vietnam today are the vast new installations put up by Vietnam Builders, an organization responsible for building new naval bases, air bases, airfields, roads, etc. It will soon be employing 50,000 Vietnamese. Attracted by the high wages, workers are abandoning the rubber plantations to take construction jobs. Vietnam Builders is a formidable new American force, as important in its own way as the Army, the State Department, U.S. Aid and the CIA. Its presence suggests that the United States intends to stay in Vietnam indefinitely.

U.S. Aid, which deals with economic improvements and refugees, is also largely run by Vietnamese officials, and it is they who mostly deal with the 230 camps holding half a million refugees and with the 300,000 "resettled" people. But these figures, Guillain alleges, are grossly exaggerated,



Macpherson: Toronto Star

"Not Thataway, Thisaway"

and the refugees, like everything else, provide a fruitful racket for the Vietnamese officials. Meantime, the "resettled" peasants and refugees, many of them living in horrible conditions, provide perfect inflammable material for the Vietcong.

All the refugees come from "unsafe" areas, which have been obliterated by the American Air Force, or which keep changing hands between the Vietcong and the American-Vietnamese. On the American bombings of "suspect" villages Guillain has much to say—about men, women and children burned to death or half burned with napalm. While unable to give any precise figure of Vietnamese civilians killed (mostly villagers—men, women and children) he reckons that in 1965 alone nearly 100,000 people were exterminated in the (usually highly indiscriminate) bombings. Guillain does not claim that the average Vietnamese peasant is pro-Vietcong; all he wants is peace, but the herding of hundreds of thousands of peasants into camps and refugee squatter towns is not making the populace pro-American. Altogether, Guillain says, the spectacle of heavily armed white men killing badly armed or unarmed yellow men is having a devastating effect in all the countries of Asia.

> There is one element that does not figure in American computer figures, and that is the incredible Asiatic capacity to suffer and resist. The Vietnamese are even tougher in that respect than the Chinese and Japanese. At guerrilla war the South Vietnamese are better than the North Vietnamese, and much better than the Chinese. . . . Moreover, they are sly, cunning and virtuosos at playing a double game. The Americans just didn't know what kind of country they took on. The longer the war and the occupation last, the more likely will there be a rising of a whole people. The war and the GIs are, every day, creating more resistance than all the propaganda of Hanoi and Peking. The U.S. can destroy the country entirely with their bombs; they will not be able to hold it or occupy it indefinitely.

No one underrates the power of the United States, but the Vietcong, though it has suffered heavy casualties, has not been wiped out. The Vietcong are usually able to dodge major operations in which they would be at the mercy of American air power. As an American expert told Guillain: "To occupy Vietnam, we shall need not fifteen but fifty divisions." But even then they would have more and more Vietnamese against them. For the present, the Vietcong effectives are not diminishing; at night, the Vietcong are the bosses over large territories. Young boys are recruited in the villages, and 5,000 new guerrillas slip through every month from North Vietnam, the bombing of the "Ho Chi Minh Road" having proved ineffective. It will, in short, take many years to "pacify" South Vietnam, and the results are not apt to be better than was the French "pacification" of Algeria. The Americans are getting impatient, and the South Vietnamese officials even more so, since they foresee the day when they, too, will be forced by popular pressure to say, "U.S. go home."

Since the guerrilla war has proved disappointing in every way, and since the Americans are beginning slowly to realize that, despite their "military successes," South Vietnam is, politically, a worse madhouse than ever, the question of what next becomes increasingly ominous. There are, in Guillain's opinion, four possibilities. One is to cut the Ho Chi Minh Road, "the Vietcong's pipe line," at any price; but the terrain is "detestable," and very large forces will be required to control the road. Second, the Americans could land in North Vietnam, preferably at Vinh (an ancient city already almost wholly destroyed by bombing) and cut the country in two. Politically, this would be a very dangerous move. A third course open to the Americans would be to smash everything in North Vietnam, including Haiphong and Hanoi, and perhaps even the great dykes whose destruction would condemn the country to starvation. Finally, the United States could bomb China, beginning with its atomic installations and heavy industry.

Guillain thinks this last solution unlikely, but he is convinced that the Chinese themselves will hit out if it seems to them certain that North Vietnam is on the point of cracking up. Since the all-out attack on North Vietnam is by no means improbable, Guillain considers that there is every reason for us all to "spend sleepless nights" over the war in Vietnam. This war, of white men massacring yellow men, is sufficiently dreadful in its own right, but it is also a "little" war that may well lead to World War III. For if North Vietnam cracks up and the Chinese intervene, the Russians will almost certainly have to come in, whether they want to or not. Almost as an afterthought, Guillain concludes that the Vietcong have a secret weapon—which is to offer peace to the Americans. If such a peace is made, there can only be a complete disintegration of that American "crown colony," South Vietnam.

Meantime, President Johnson's protégé, General Ky, has proved a good pupil of the Americans: by trying to solve an essentially political conflict with the Buddhists and dissident soldiers at Danang by military means, he has won what can be only a false victory. And not even a complete victory at that; for the soldiers and people of Hué continue to defy Saigon, and collusion prevails between the dissident generals at Hué and the Buddhist leaders. Ky's "American" way of handling a political conflict is not likely to help him in his promised election. As *Le Monde* says in its editorial of May 26:

> For the Americans the war may, as they say, be "going well"; but that solves precisely nothing, so long as the military operations are threatened by a political collapse in the South Vietnamese rear.
>
> More serious still, Ky acted in this case independently of the Americans, thus starting a new civil war within a bigger war. . . . Perhaps the Americans will now begin to realize that there is a wide gulf between the military junta of South Vietnam and the Vietnamese people. And this situation can, in the end, play only into the hands of the Vietcong.

None of the commentaries by leading European authorities on Vietnam (and many more could be quoted) suggest that there is much intelligence or understanding at the White House, with its black-and-white vision of Asia, and its dubious, if not downright bogus, crusading spirit. If only, it is felt here, the President would take a little notice of what thoughtful (and non-Communist) Asians say—for instance of U Thant's speech at Atlantic City on May 24, with its call for a cease-fire—a beginning of the end to horror might be made.

THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORT: 1

SOME UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

FRED J. COOK

When the report of the Warren Commission was issued, we asked Herbert L. Packer, of the Stanford Law School, to evaluate it for our readers ("The Warren Report," The Nation, *November 2, 1964). Mr. Packer's conclusion, which we shared then and now, was: "The verdict of history will be a long time coming. We have not seen the end of this affair. What the Warren Commission has done is to refute or render irrelevant the speculations of those who, out of whatever aberrant needs, still refuse to believe that Oswald, Ruby and the Dallas authorities were what they appear to be and not something more sinister."*

At the time Mr. Packer prepared his analysis, the supporting volumes of transcripts and exhibits, originally slated for release simultaneously with the report volume, were not available. As Mr. Packer pointed out: "This should not have been allowed to happen. Whether the fault lies with the commission or with the White House, it is a grievous one. What it means, very simply, is that there is not at this time an adequate basis for evaluating the quality of the commission's fact-finding process. The problem is particularly acute in the case of findings that rest wholly or largely on testimony by eyewitnesses. By a careful reading of the report one learns who some of these witnesses were and what the commission thought was established by their testimony. What one cannot learn is how their testimony was probed by the inquiry. . . . One assumes . . . that the probing was detailed and penetrating; but that remains a surmise until the raw material is available for examination."

Because of these circumstances, The Nation *is publishing the following detailed examination of the transcripts by Fred J. Cook, a crime reporter of many years' experience. His manuscript, as here presented, was delivered to us on May 9. Mr. Cook does not question Oswald's guilt. But his reading of the transcripts raises unanswered questions about how the assassination actually occurred. In publishing Mr. Cook's intensely interesting analysis of the evidence as it bears on these questions, we repeat what we have previously said about the Warren Commission and its staff (see editorial, November 2, 1965, p. 290); we have never doubted the good faith of the commission or the good faith or high quality of its staff. But the facts disclosed by the transcript, as they relate to the points that trouble Mr. Cook, are not conclusive, and from them reasonable men may reach different or, as in this case, variant conclusions. It could not be otherwise because the Warren Commission was a fact-finding body; it was not concerned with "legal truth" as it is established in an adversary proceeding (see "The Warren Commission" by Maurice Rosenberg of the Columbia Law School,* The Nation, *September 14, 1964). The historical verdict, which is something else again, will, as Mr. Packer pointed out, be a long time coming.*—THE EDITORS

Abraham Zapruder staggered away from five and a half seconds of horror in Dallas, his 8 mm. movie camera dangling from his hand. "They killed him, they killed him!" he kept screaming as he made his way blindly through the crowds and back to the office of his dress manufacturing firm at 501 Elm Street. Zapruder had just witnessed the November 22, 1963, assassination of President Kennedy; and, though he could not know it at the time, he had captured on film the most vital single bit of evidence the Warren Commission was to receive in its long investigation.

His camera had recorded virtually the entire sequence of the assassination. Its shutter speed subsequently enabled investigators to determine the speed and position of the Presidential car; its film detail established approximately the point at which the President was first hit and definitively the exact spot at which the final shot mortally wounded him. The Zapruder film is basic to any understanding of what happened in Dallas, and if its unchallengeable pictorial record is interpreted with any logic, it strongly suggests that Lee Harvey Oswald alone could not have fired all the shots on this day of assassination.

The Warren Commission, which studied the evidence of the Zapruder film, came to practically the opposite conclusion; it decided that Oswald, and only Oswald, had fired the lethal bullets. The process by which the commission arrived at this conclusion lies largely unperceived at the heart of the Warren Report, and to understand it one must examine in some detail the significance of the evidence preserved in Abraham Zapruder's graphic film strip.

Zapruder had established himself on a concrete abutment about 4 feet high and 2 feet wide on the right-hand side of Elm Street as it comes curving down, bending to the right toward the triple railroad underpass that President Kennedy was never to reach alive. Fom this vantage point, Zapruder had an almost unimpeded view of the entire motorcade as it swept along Houston Street and made its left-hand turn into Elm directly in front of the Texas School Book Depository where, in a corner sixth floor window, Oswald was crouched, waiting. There was just one obstruction in the range of Zapruder's camera, a large rectangular road sign reading, "Stemmons Freeway, Keep Right." This sign was to blot out the Presidential limousine during one short, early portion of the assassination sequence, but once the car emerged from behind the sign, every detail was vividly filmed.

In subsequent tests with the camera, the FBI determined that it took 18.3 frames per second. Each of these so-called "frames" is an individual picture, and by numbering the frames on the Zapruder film and carefully analyzing the progress of the Presidential limousine it was possible to determine with great accuracy both the sequence of the action and the vital timing involved. Zapruder's film showed clearly that President Kennedy, who had received a tremendous ovation in Dallas, was smiling and waving to the crowds during his entire approach down Elm Street. At frame 205, the rectangular Stemmons Freeway sign intervenes, cutting off a complete view of the Presidential party; but the President's head is still erect, his hand raised in a half wave, and so he appears until frame 210, at which point he vanishes behind the sign, apparently still unhurt.

Fifteen frames later, the President is seen again—and a fateful change has set in. When he emerges from behind the sign at frame 225, his hands are just beginning to jerk toward his throat; he has evidently just been shot. This movement of the President's hands, barely discernible in frame 225, becomes definite in frame 226 and is nearly completed in frame 227. The film seems to establish that the President could not have been struck by the first bullet before frame 210.

With this much established, the official description of one suspect, three shells, three shots begins to collide with fact. Seated on the jump seat of the Presidential limousine directly in front of the President was John Bowden Connally, Jr., Governor of Texas. The Warren Commission was to conclude that the first shot to hit the President pierced the middle of his back on a line straight in from the shoulder joint, exited at high velocity from his throat slightly below the Adam's apple, plunged into Governor Connally's back on the right side, exited below his right nipple, fractured his wrist and ploughed a furrow in his thigh. The Zapruder film clearly disputes this reconstruction of events. By about frame 231, the President is shown at the climax of his reaction to the first wounding shot. Both of his arms are raised to shoulder level, hands clutching at his throat as if trying to tear out some offending object—the spasmodic reaction of the suddenly wounded. Yet there, directly in front of him, facing forward with face still serene, is Governor Connally. It seems inconceivable that the body of this man, as the Warren Commission contends, has already been penetrated and furrowed by an almost lethal bullet.

Why, in the face of this pictorial evidence—and, as we shall see, despite the clear and candid and completely credible testimony of Governor Connally himself—did the Warren Commission insist upon deciding that the Governor *must* have been wounded at a point at which all the pictorial and other evidence says he was still untouched? The answer is to be found in the irreconcilability of the one-assassin theory with the sequence established by the Zapruder film.

The Warren Commission, in reconstructing the case, conducted elaborate tests with Oswald's war-surplus, 6.5 mm. Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. It discovered that the fastest time in which the fastest trigger finger in the FBI could touch off a shot with the Carcano was 2.3 seconds. Then, on the basis of no evidence whatsoever, it made the further judgment that Oswald, who apparently hadn't fired a rifle in months, could match the fastest gun in the FBI. It was entirely possible, the commission ruled, that Oswald had fired a series of lethal shots spaced 2.3 seconds apart.

Though this basic premise of the commission is at desperate odds with the time table of the film, the conflict is just beginning. See what happens when one tries to fit this fastest firing time into the assassination sequence established by Zapruder's camera. The film was rolling 42 frames in 2.3 seconds. Medical evidence submitted to the commission held that Governor Connally, judging from the angle at which the bullet passed through his body, could not have been hit after frame 235. An FBI expert suggested that the Governor might have been hit up to frame 240, at which point his body was twisted completely out of the line of fire. Governor Connally himself viewed the Zapruder film and testified that he believed he was wounded between frames 231 and 234, an opinion that agrees with that of the medical experts.

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It seems clear from the Zapruder film that the President could not have been hit for the first time before frame 210. Even supposing that Oswald's trigger finger matched the lightning touch of the fastest hand in the FBI, he could not have shot the President at frame 210 and wounded Governor Connally before frame 252. And those vital 42 frames, representing 2.3 seconds, cannot be wedged between the maximum check points, frame 210 and frame 240.

How, then, did the Warren Commission reconcile the film evidence with the official theory of the assassination? It determined that President Kennedy and Governor Connally *must* have been wounded by the same bullet, in all probability the first one fired. This "solution" collides with the seemingly clear pictorial evidence of the Zapruder film, which shows Governor Connally apparently unharmed long after it is clear that the President has been hit. Expert witnesses helped the commission to reason away this disturbing evidence. They argued that it was impossible to tell from Governor Connally's reaction in the film precisely when he was hit; they explained that reaction times vary with the individual and with circumstance. Therefore, they argued, the Zapruder film evidence would not be conclusive, persuasive as it appears. And so, the commission evidently concluded, it could disregard the apparent collision between fact and theory and sustain the official line. To do so, it had to ignore a mass of other corroborative evidence.

Probably the one most forceful, cogent and completely credible witness during the entire Warren Commission investigation was Governor Connally himself. Tall and handsome, speaking quietly and clearly, with evident restraint and great care for exactitude, he created an impression of sanity and responsibility in an insane situation. Appearing on nation-wide television in the immediate aftermath of the issuance of the Warren Report, he was asked about the inconsistency between the commission's findings and his own clear recollection of events. He shook his head and said that it was difficult to quarrel with a panel of such distinguished experts but he could only repeat what he had said before—his mind was clear about what had happened, and it simply, to his recollection, hadn't happened that way. Let us see, therefore, just how specific and how detailed was Governor Connally's testimony before the Warren Commission.

The motorcade, the Governor said, had made the left-hand turn into Elm Street and had gone perhaps 150 to 200 feet down toward the Stemmons Freeway "when I heard what I thought was a shot. I instinctively turned my head to my right because the sound appeared to come from over my right shoulder, so I turned to look back over my shoulder, and I saw nothing unusual except just people in the crowd, but I did not catch the President in the corner of my eye, and I was interested, because once I heard the shot in my own mind I identified it as a rifle shot, and I immediately—the only thought that crossed my mind was that this is an assassination attempt.

"So I looked, failing to see him, I was turning back to look over my left shoulder into the back seat, but I never got that far in my turn. I got about in the position I am in now facing you, looking a little bit to the left of center, and then I felt like someone had hit me in the back."

The shots came so fast, Governor Connally testified, that "the thought immediately passed through my mind that there were either two or three people involved or more in this or someone was shooting with an automatic rifle." He described how the force of the shot drove him to the right; how, as he collapsed, his wife pulled his head into her lap; and how, lying there, he heard the sound of the third shot and saw the President's head literally explode.

Arlen Specter, one of the commission's assistant counsels, asked the Governor which shot, in his view, had caused his own injuries. It went like this:

> Governor Connally: The second one.
>
> Mr. Specter: And what is your reason for that conclusion, sir?
>
> Governor Connally: Well, in my judgment, it just couldn't conceivably have been the first one because I heard the sound of the shot. In the first place, I didn't know anything about the velocity of this particular rifle, but any rifle has a velocity that exceeds the speed of sound, and when I heard the sound of that first shot, that bullet had already reached where I was, or it had reached that far, and after I heard that shot, I had the time to turn to the right and start to turn to my left before I felt anything.
>
> It is not conceivable to me that I could have been hit by the first bullet, and then I felt the blow from something which was obviously a bullet, which I assumed was a bullet, and I never heard the second shot, didn't hear it. I didn't hear but two shots. I think I heard the first shot and the third shot.
>
> Mr. Specter: Do you have any idea as to why you did not hear the second shot?
>
> Governor Connally: Well, first, again I assume the bullet was traveling faster than the sound. I was hit by the bullet prior to the time the sound reached me, and I was either in a state of shock or the impact was such that the sound didn't register on me, but I was never conscious of hearing the second shot at all.
>
> Obviously, at least the major wound that I took in the shoulder through the chest couldn't have been anything but the second shot. . . .

A couple of facts corroborating this testimony should be noted. Governor Connally, because he sat on the jump seat in front of the President, became visible again to Zapruder's camera before the President did. At frame 222, the Governor can be seen clearly as the car emerges from behind the Stemmons Freeway sign. At this point, the Governor's head is turned sharply to the right (apparently he has just heard the first shot and is looking in that direction); he

continues to gaze to the right in frames 223 and 224, and in 225, when the President is first barely visible, with his hands just beginning to jerk toward his throat, Governor Connally is facing further forward, evidently beginning that turn to the left that he never completed before he himself was hit.

Sound registers at 1,127 feet per second; a bullet fired from Oswald's Carcano was later clocked at 1,904 feet per second at a range of 180 feet. In other words, if the first bullet that struck the President also inflicted the wounds on Governor Connally, the slug would have passed through the Governor's body before he became visible at frame 222; he would not have been able to turn his head to look to the right, he would not have been able to begin swinging his body back to twist and look to the left, as he testified he did and as the Zapruder film shows he did, *before* he received the impact of that second shot that stunned him and flung him violently to the right. The film sequence clearly says that this vital action, basic to the Warren Commission's entire reconstruction of events, *did not happen* the way the commission was to decide it *must have happened.*

In additional testimony, Governor Connally made a couple of comments that should be noted. In response to a question from Sen. John Sherman Cooper, of Kentucky, he explained that "I have all my life been familiar with the sound of a rifle shot, and the sound I heard I thought was a rifle shot, at the time I heard it; I didn't think it was a firecracker, or blowout or anything else. . . . I have hunted long enough to think that my perception with respect to directions is very, very good, and this shot I heard came from back over my shoulder, which was in the direction of the School Book Depository, no question about it. . . ." And in pinpointing exactly where he himself was hit by the second bullet, Governor Connally fixed on frames 231 to 234 and related his judgment to a roadside landmark, the Stemmons Freeway sign. "It was just after we came out of the sign (Zapruder frame 225) . . ." he told the commission.

Mrs. Connally was seated beside her husband on the left-hand jump seat of the Presidential car. She recalled in her testimony before the Warren Commission that, as the car made its swing into Elm Street, the welcome the President had received had become so heartfelt and enthusiastic she could not resist turning to him and saying: "Mr. President, you can't say Dallas doesn't love you."

She continued:

"Then I don't know how soon, it seems to me it was very soon, that I heard a noise, and not being an expert rifleman, I was not aware that it was a rifle. It was just a frightening noise, and it came from the right.

"I turned over my right shoulder and looked back, and saw the President as he had both hands at his neck. . . . I saw no blood, no anything. It was just sort of nothing, the expression on his face, and he sort of slumped down.

"Then very soon there was the second shot that hit John. As the first shot hit, and I turned to look at the same time, I recall John saying, 'Oh, no, no, no.' Then there was a second shot, and it hit John, and as he recoiled to the right, just crumpled like a wounded animal to the right, he said, 'My God, they are going to kill us all.' "

Mrs. Connally recounted how she pulled her husband's head into her lap, and seeing that he was alive, kept murmuring to him in reassurance that he was going to be all right. She had seen the Zapruder film strip before she testified, she said, and she agreed with her husband about the spot at which he had been wounded.

"I am not sure I remember the numbers so correct me," she testified, "but I thought at the time that it was 229—it could have been through the next three or four frames."

Allen Dulles, former Chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, was puzzled by one aspect of Mrs. Connally's testimony.

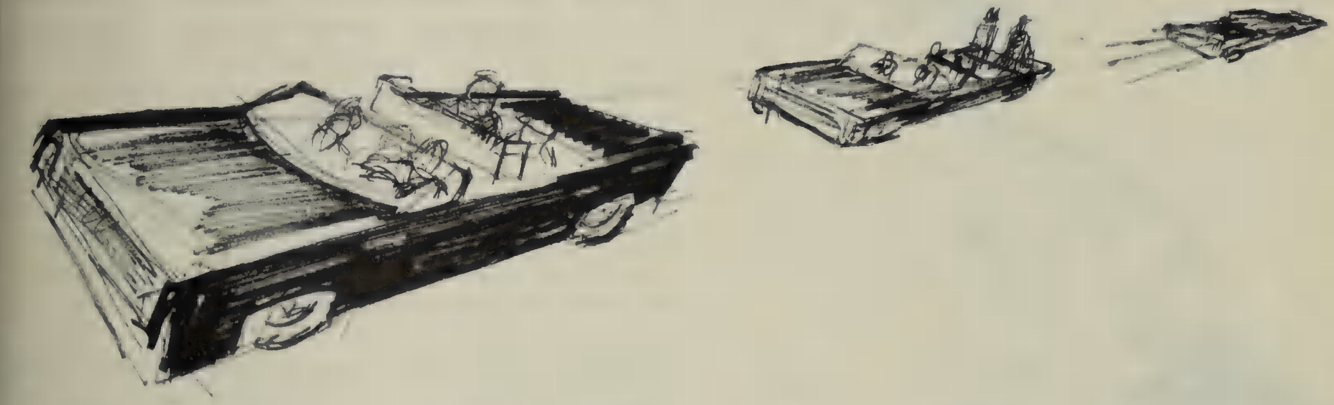
" . . . Mrs. Connally," he said, "on one point your testimony differs from a good many others as to the timing of the shots. I think you said that there appeared to be more time between the second and third than between the first and second; is that your recollection?"

"Yes," Mrs. Connally said.

Here was an issue that was to plague the commission time and again. Some eyewitnesses thought the first and second shots came very close together; others were just as positive that close firing marked the second and third. Even when one makes allowance for the imperfection of human ability to recollect fleeting seconds of high crisis, many of these witnesses were highly intelligent, trained observers—and so the conflict was baffling to a commission that was trying to limit itself to three shots and to fit these three shots into an exact sequence. The Zapruder film's definite check points might have suggested an explanation —but not one limited to three shots. What the film said was that the President was wounded first shortly after frame 210; Governor Connally was struck before frame 240; and the last shot that blew out the side of the President's head came at exactly frame 313. This meant that the first two shots came very close together, so close that it is scarcely conceivable one man could have fired them both; and it meant that there was then a long pause of about four seconds before the final and fatal shot struck. This break in the action suggests the possibility of a slower and more reasonable firing time than 2.3 seconds; it suggests the presence of two marksmen. If shots were bunched either at the beginning or the end of the assassination sequence, it was manifestly impossible to have just a single sharpshooter touching off just three shots. One of the commission's major problems throughout was to get those three shots to which it had limited itself properly spaced, and the warring recollections of witnesses were a great befuddlement. Of course, if one considers the possibility of two riflemen, some of the difficulty begins to resolve itself. Two men firing at the same target, working bolt-action rifles as rapidly as possible, might indeed have touched off shots that almost synchronized at different stages of the assassination sequence. And since the marksmen would have been firing from different locations the distance covered by the shots and the distance sound had to travel would be different. The time relationship of the shots would have depended upon where a person stood in relation to firing; two shots might even have registered as one or, as Secret Service Agents were to testify, as a bang-bang coming right together.

Roy H. Kellerman, the Secret Service Agent in charge of the detail guarding the President in Dallas, rode in the right front seat of the Presidential limousine beside the driver, Secret Service Agent William Robert Greer. Kellerman, too, had a landmark to help him fix the point of action—the Stemmons Freeway sign—and it should be borne in mind that, since he was in the front seat, he cleared the sign and was out in the open a split second before the President. The evidence of the Zapruder film shows Kellerman just coming into view at frame 218, and it was immediately after this, according to his testimony, that the shooting began.

"There was a sign on the side of the road which I don't recall what it was or what it said," he testified, "but we no more than passed that and you are out in the open, and there is a report like a firecracker pop. And I turned my head to the right because whatever this noise was I was sure that it came from the right and perhaps into the rear, and as I turned my head to the right to view whatever it was or see whatever it was, I heard a voice from the back seat and I firmly believe it was the President's, 'My God, I am hit,' and I turned around and he has got his hands up here like this."



Kellerman demonstrated how the President had grasped at his throat.

Kellerman said he then swung around, snapped to Greer to get them out of there fast, and grabbed the microphone to tell the Secret Service detail in the car ahead to speed them to a hospital. He continued:

"Now, in the seconds that I talked just now, *a flurry of shells* came into the car. I then looked back and this time Mr. (Clinton J.) Hill, who was riding on the left front bumper of our follow-up car, was on the back trunk of that car; the President was sideways down into the back seat." *(Italics added.)*

Greer, the driver, filled in the gap between Kellerman's first observation of the President's being hit and his next look into the back seat after it was all over. Greer testified that he heard the first shot and thought it was "a backfire of one of our motorcycle policemen." Then he heard a second. "And I glanced over my shoulder and I saw Governor Connally like he was starting to fall." Both Kellerman and Greer had one clear recollection, the rapidity of the last two shots. Kellerman estimated that there might have been a five-second pause between the first sound he heard and the second, but that the last two reports came almost together. This version conflicts with the Connallys' clear recollections and with the evidence of the Zapruder film strip which clearly indicates that the President and the Governor were wounded by separate shots fired no more than 1.6 seconds apart (the maximum elapsed time if one takes frames 210 and 240, the earliest and the latest possible, as firing points) and perhaps considerably closer together if one judges from Kellerman's testimony that the action began around frame 220 and accepts Governor Connally's version that he was wounded no later than frame 234, the equivalent of seven-ninths of a second.

Kellerman himself in his testimony seemed to be aware of some puzzling and haunting conflict that his memory could not help him resolve. He referred again and again to "a flurry of shots," but he had a clear recollection of only three reports. Two large bullet fragments from one of the shots came flying into the front seat between Greer and Kellerman; one of these fragments or some other fragment chipped the inside of the windshield just to the right of the driver; and there was another dent in the chrome plating at the top of the car. This splintering of bullets and showering of fragments into the front seat might partially account for Kellerman's "flurry of shots" impression, but it can hardly explain away his own clearest and most positive recollection, the almost simultaneous reports of the last two shots that he heard—an effect that could hardly be created by a lone sharpshooter with a bolt-action rifle.

Asked how many shots he had heard after the first noise, Kellerman testified in a manner that hinted at his own uncertainty. "I am going to say two," he said, "and it was a double bang—bang, bang."

He described the shots as "instantaneous." Pressed to describe how closely the third report followed the second, he gave this illustration: "You have heard the sound barrier, of a plane breaking the sound barrier, bang, bang. That is it." Repeatedly, Kellerman indicated that he felt there must have been more than three shots, but he couldn't recall having heard more. "I'll have to say 'No,'" he answered when asked if he had heard more than three.

Instructed to mark on a map where he thought the President's car was when the second shot was fired, Kellerman drew a red "Y" in the roadway. He said he could not advance the car at all for the third shot; in his opinion, it had struck in the same place.

Greer's recollection matched Kellerman's. Where Kellerman had used the word "instantaneous" to describe the last two shots, Greer used "simultaneous." He had had barely time to turn his head after his rapid glance into the back seat on hearing the second shot when he heard the report of the third. "The last two seemed to be just simultaneously, one behind the other," he said. "It seemed like there was the first one, and then there was, you know, bang, bang, just right behind it almost."

It is perhaps advisable to pause here and see what meaning can be derived from the dovetailing and quite positive recollections of Greer and Kellerman about those last "simultaneous" or "instantaneous" reports. The evidence of the Zapruder film segment says that *neither of these reports* related to the shot that felled Governor Connally. The Governor could not have been wounded after frame 240; the shot that killed the President struck at frame 313. This is inescapable fact. Governor Connally was struck almost exactly four seconds before the shot that killed the President; and, if Kellerman and Greer were right—and they were both highly trained Secret Service Agents—virtually simultaneous reports at the end of the firing sequence could mean only that another shot was fired at this point in addition to the one that killed the President.

How, then, does one account for the agents hearing only three shots if at least two, the first that wounded President Kennedy and the second that wounded Governor Connally, had been fired prior to this final "flurry"? It should perhaps be noted that the four seconds of elapsed time between the wounding of Governor Connally and the killing of President Kennedy corresponds closely with Kellerman's memory of a five-second gap in the firing sequence. Only, judging by the Zapruder film strip, the agent must have misplaced the location of this gap. In the tension of the moment, this is understandable; furthermore, logic suggests a fairly simple explanation. This tragic action erupted so rapidly and unexpectedly that witnesses could easily have been confused about what they heard. There would be a normal lag in human reaction, a failure instantly to comprehend the meaning of those first two closely spaced shots, and the reports may well have blended in consciousness into the recollection of a single sound. Especially might this be true for Kellerman and Greer, seated in the front of the car and so a little more remote from the action; but, if the agents were right about those "simultaneous" final reports after their senses had been alerted, it can mean only that the shot that killed and another shot from another gun were fired almost together at this point.

All of this emphasizes the crucial importance of determining whether the commission's conclusion that the first shot wounded both the President and Governor Connally is tenable. The Zapruder film record and the testimony of Governor Connally and his wife say it is not. Furthermore, *not a single eyewitness* the commission heard saw the action in the way that the commission decided it had happened. *All, without exception,* were convinced that the President and Governor Connally were felled by two separate, wounding shots. S. M. Holland, veteran signal supervisor for the Union Terminal Railroad, was stationed on the overpass, looking directly down at the motorcade as it approached him. Holland gave a precise description of exactly what he saw. He described how the President was waving to the spectators, then "he went over like that [indicating], and put his hand up"—and a moment later the sound of a shot, "the first report I heard," reached him. ". . . the car traveled a few yards, and Governor Connally turned in this fashion, like that [indicating] with his hand out, and another report. . . ."

Mrs. Jean Lollis Hill was standing with her friend, Mary Moorman, who was to take a famous picture of the assassination with her Polaroid camera. Mrs. Hill was yelling to the President to get him to look toward them, and he had just started to turn his head in her direction when the first shot hit him. Then there was a second, and Governor Connally went down. Mrs. Hill, a schoolteacher, had heard before she testified that the commission was postulating the theory that one shot had struck both the President and the Governor; but she insisted, with respect to Governor Connally, "it wasn't the first shot. To me he wasn't hit when the first shot hit." Asked what shot she thought hit the Governor, she said, "the second."

What did the Warren Commission make of all this? To its partial credit, it seems to have been disturbed and perplexed. The reaction became clear during the questioning of FBI Agent Lyndal L. Shaneyfelt, who explained to the commission how his colleagues, with the aid of the Zapruder film, made a test-run reconstruction of the assassination. Shaneyfelt pointed out that Governor Connally, since he became visible at frame 222, in which he was already looking to his right as if he had just heard a shot, had been in camera range longer than the President. Yet throughout some twelve frames of this longer viewing time he continued to appear so natural that some of the commissioners had difficulty crediting he had already been shot. In Vol. 5, p. 155 of the commission testimony, one finds this passage:

> DULLES: But you would then have the problem you would think if Connally had been hit at the same time, would have reacted in the same way, and not reacted much later as these pictures show.

John J. McCloy (another commissioner): That is right.
Dulles: Because the wounds would have been inflicted.
McCloy: That is what puzzles me.
Dulles: That is what puzzles me.

It is not clear at just what point in its investigation the commission stopped puzzling and decided to embrace the hypothesis of the double wounding by the single bullet. But it did so; for otherwise it could not avoid a head-on collision with the inflexible Zapruder film sequence. This decision carried with it corollary decisions. It meant that two shots must have found their mark and done all the damage, and that one shot missed the Presidential car completely. It meant that, by adopting the fastest possible 2.3-second firing time as a standard, the commission could permit Oswald one miss, and still fit its one-assassin theory into the imperatives established by the Zapruder film.

This basic decision, by which the commission sought to reconcile the discrepancies, led it, however, into another maze. Since it now had one shot missing completely, which shot must it decide had missed? The commission ducked this vital point by not deciding, but it is obvious that only a first-shot miss could really reconcile the commission's theory with Governor Connally's explicit testimony that he had heard one shot before the second hit him. Only if the first shot had missed completely, only if it was the second shot (which Governor Connally did not hear and which everyone else would have had to mistake for the first shot) that struck the President and wounded the Governor—and even then only if Governor Connally could sit for the better part of a second without giving any indication that he had already suffered an almost mortal wound—only if all of these implausibilities can be accepted does the commission's theory even begin to make sense. But at precisely this juncture the natural geography of the site makes a first-shot miss seem highly unlikely.

Looking down from Oswald's perch, FBI agents discovered that a large oak reared up to block off the view of the Presidential motorcade as it drove down Elm Street. It was not until the motorcade reached the spot indicated by frame 210 on the Zapruder strip (the very point at which the action was hidden from Zapruder for 15 frames) that Oswald would have begun to have a clear and unimpeded target. Prior to that, there was just one fleeting instant in which the President's back would have become visible through a gap in the oak leaves. *If* Oswald had fired at the President through such a chancy aperture, *if* this shot had hit a twig or limb and ricocheted away, *then* conceivably the assassination *might* have happened the way the commission insisted on reconstructing it (provided always that one can ignore the actions of Governor Connally). But the commission itself was dubious of such a first-shot miss, however vital to its theory. It wrote that "it is unlikely that the assassin would deliberately have shot at him [the President] with a view obstructed by the oak tree when he was about to have a clear opportunity." And later it adds that "the greatest cause for doubt that the first shot missed is the improbability that the same marksman who twice hit a moving target would be so inaccurate on the first and closest of his shots as to miss completely, not only the target, but the large automobile."

At this point, the vulnerability of the commission's one-assassin theory begins to become apparent. Even so, it is surprising to discover that at least one key FBI witness specifically spelled out for the commission just how hypothetical and uncertain it was. The witness was Robert A. Frazier, the fastest marksman in the FBI and the expert who squinted through Oswald's Carcano telescopic sight in the reconstruction test run at Dallas. Frazier explained in meticulous detail how, based on the information given him by the commission, he had staged the re-enactment. He had carefully measured the angle of fire; he had had the action stopped at vital points indicated by the Zapruder film; and when his sights had lined up the marked bullet hole on the jacket of the President's stand-in, more measurements had been taken and a rod had been placed between the President's stand-in and the gubernatorial stand-in to show the perfection of the angle between the exit point on the President's neck and the entry point on the Governor's back. It is most persuasive testimony, if one can discount Governor Connally's explicit description, if one can discount the pictorial evidence of the Zapruder film, if one can discount all the other eyewitness testimony corroborating Connally. And *if* one stops reading at this point, without listening to Frazier as he scrupulously explains just how theoretical this entire reconstructed sequence is.

The revelation comes when Specter asks Frazier to express his professional opinion on the commission's one-bullet-multiple-wound theory.

"There are a lot of probables in that," Frazier testified. "First, we have to assume there is absolutely no deflection in the bullet from the time it left the barrel until the time it exited from the Governor's body. . . . I feel that physically this would have been possible. . . . However, I myself don't have any technical evidence which would permit me to say one way or the other, in other words, which would support it as far as my rendering an opinion as an expert. I would certainly say that it was possible, but I don't say that it probably occurred because I don't have the evidence on which to base a statement like that."

Frazier emphasized that "we are dealing with hypothetical situations here." He explained that he could never be certain that the actors in the re-enactment had been perfectly placed to duplicate the positions of the President and the Governor because films are "only two dimensional. They don't give you the third dimension." He had no way of knowing that there had been absolutely no deviation in the flight of the bullet; even a slight change of a few degrees would throw off all calculations—and he had seen "bullets strike small twigs, small objects, and ricochet for no apparent reason. . . ." He explained that "if the bullet entered the Governor's back and immediately took a 20-degree leftward angle, then the Governor could have been shot as he was facing straight forward in the automobile. Now, I can't tell that, and therefore I can only say that *my opinion must be based on your assumption* that there was not a deviation of the bullet through the President's body and no deviation of the bullet through the Governor's body, no deflection. On that basis then you can say that *it is possible* for both of them to have been hit with one bullet." *(Italics added.)*

And that was as far as Frazier would go. The commission itself had to take it the rest of the way—and it did, even though some of its members indicated that they had persistent doubts. Here is the paragraph of bizarre logic in which doubt is metamorphosed into positive conclusion:

> Although it is not necessary to any essential finding of the Commission to determine just which shot hit Governor Connally, there is persuasive evidence from the experts to indicate that the same bullet which pierced the President's throat also caused Governor Connally's wounds. However, Governor Connally's testimony and certain other factors have given rise to some difference of opinion as to this probability but there is no question in the mind of any member of the Commission that all the shots which caused the President's and Governor Connally's wounds were fired from the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository.

There may have been no question in the mind of any member, but an array of other testimony, and certain implausibilities, suggest that there should have been.

There is no intention here to exculpate Lee Harvey Oswald. One of the unfortunate aspects of the post-assassination furor is the manner in which vital issues have been obscured by the shouts of some well-meaning partisans that Oswald was completely innocent. The Warren Commission proved one angle beyond reasonable doubt—Oswald was directly involved.

Consider just some of the major evidence which the commission developed to link Oswald to the crime: the Mannlicher-Carcano C2766 was mail-ordered from Klein's Sporting Goods Co., in Chicago on March 30, 1963, by one "A. Hidell"; on "A. Hidell's" instructions it was shipped to Post Office Box 2915 in Dallas, a box that from October 9, 1962, to May 14, 1963, was rented to "Lee H. Oswald"; and when Oswald was arrested after the murder of Patrolman J. D. Tippit, police found in his wallet, along with his own Selective Service card and a card showing his service in the Marines, a forged Selective Service card bearing the signature of "Alek J. Hidell"—and the picture of Lee Harvey Oswald. After the assassination, a palm print identified as Oswald's was lifted from the barrel of the rifle; Oswald's left index fingerprint and right palm print were found on the homemade paper bag used to carry the gun into the School Book Depository; and another palm print identified as his was found on the top of the carton on which the sniper had crouched behind the sixth-floor window. Ballistics tests established that the nearly whole bullet recovered from Governor Connally's stretcher was fired from Oswald's Carcano—and no other gun; that the two large bullet fragments found in the front of the Presidential limousine came from Oswald's Carcano—and no other gun. To contend in the face of all this—and much more besides—that Oswald was innocent is to endorse absurdity.

But, in all logic, it is just as hard to believe that Oswald acted alone. We have already seen how the commission's one-assassin theory collides with the film record and the other evidence concerning the wounding of Governor Connally; how the commission tried to reconcile the irreconcilable by developing its one-miss and one-shot-multiple-wound theory. Even this rationalization, however, presented the commission with some thorny problems and necessitated that it build Oswald into something he patently was not—one of the world's greatest marksmen.

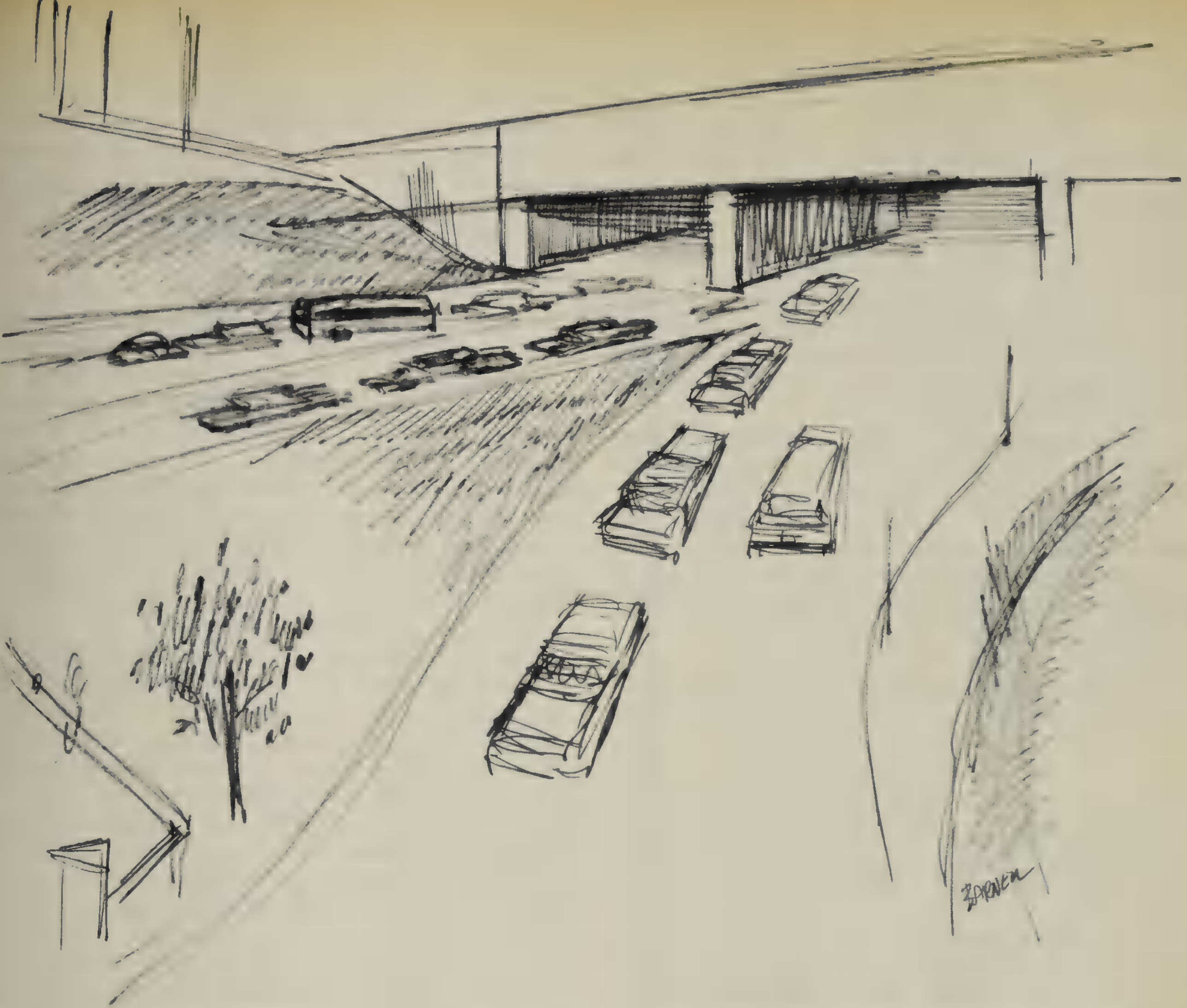
For to find that Oswald alone turned the Presidential limousine into a scene of carnage, the commission had to decide that he had the capability to fire three shots in five and a half seconds, two of them at least with unerring accuracy. The commission's judgment that this performance was well within the range of Oswald's capabilities was based primarily upon his record in the Marines.

As a Marine recruit, Oswald had received intensive training in all forms of small-arms fire. Twice he was tested and rated on a rifle range. In the first test, December, 1956, he scored 212, two points above the minimum qualification of sharpshooter on a scale that ranges upward from marksman to sharpshooter to expert. Oswald was obviously a good shot at this point in his career, but he was still not one of the world's best. In May, 1959, in his second test, Oswald scored 191—just one point above the minimum for marksman, the lowest designation on the efficiency scale. It would appear that he had not improved, but had retrogressed. His "lowest of low marksman's" rating indicated he was "a rather poor shot," according to the testimony of Lt. Col. A. G. Folsom, Jr., head of the records branch of the U.S. Marine Corps.

One of the most striking features of the commission's final report is the legerdemain by which this "rather poor shot" is converted into a superb marksman. The transformation was performed with the assistance of Major Eugene D. Anderson, Marine Corps marksmanship expert. Major Anderson explained that when Oswald shot 212, "he had just completed a very intensive preliminary training period. He had the services of an experienced, highly trained coach." On the second test, the Major said, there was "little probability" that Oswald had such an expert coach and "he probably didn't have as high a motivation because he was no longer in recruit training and under the care of a drill instructor." His weapon also might not have been in as good condition. Considering all these factors, said the Major, "I would say that as compared to other Marines receiving the same type of training, that Oswald was a good shot, somewhat better than or equal to—better than the average let us say. As compared to a civilian who had not received this intensive training, he would be considered a good to excellent shot." In other words, if you compared Oswald with a civilian who had never been trained to shoot, Oswald would look pretty good—and so, the commission implied, the "rather poor shot" was really an "excellent" one.

Aside from the weakness of this reasoning, there is another significant point in this aspect of the testimony. Major Anderson emphasized the importance of intensive drill, of constant training. Marksmanship, like any other precise skill, calls for regular and constant practice, and Major Anderson evidently attributed the fall-off in Oswald's score on the second test to just such a lack of drill. But if that is true, then Oswald on the day of the assassination must have been a much poorer marksman than he was when he left the Marine Corps.

There is no evidence—and the commission conceded as much—that Oswald had been on a firing range for months prior to the day of the assassination. Rumors that he had taken target practice and had exhibited fabulous dexterity



were checked out thoroughly by the commission and dismissed. The commission concluded that witnesses evidently had confused another rifleman with Oswald. Marina Oswald could remember only one occasion, months earlier, when Oswald had taken the rifle and told her he was going to practice with it. Both her testimony and that of the Paine family, with whom she stayed in Irving, Tex., indicated that the rifle, wrapped in a blanket, had been kicking around the Paine garage from the time the Oswalds returned from New Orleans in September until the morning of the assassination. Logic says that under such circumstances the "rather poor shot" of 1959 should have become an even poorer shot by 1963.

Yet Oswald, as anyone who has talked to hunters or expert marksmen knows, would have had to be little short of fantastic to achieve the feat attributed to him in Dallas. The incredulity of the experts, literally international in its scope, arises on two scores: the idiosyncracies of the Carcano, and the speed and accuracy with which Oswald would have had to operate what is really a cranky gun. My own notes are punctuated with the remarks of experts who look upon the Carcano with skepticism, if not contempt. At the New York Sportsman's Show in 1964, one marksman snorted, "Impossible!" in discussing Oswald's supposed feat with the Carcano. "It can't be done," he said. "Did you ever try to fire a Carcano fast? The bolt action isn't anything like the bolt action on a Springfield, for instance. You don't just pull it straight back and slam it forward. It's got a twist to it; you have to squirrel it." Another expert commented on the impossibility of firing a Carcano at lightning speed unless a special valve-grinding compound had been used to smooth out the contrary bolt action. The Carcano, he explained, has what is called "a sticky bore," and the squirreling action as the bolt is slammed home helps to throw the gun off target more than would be the case with smooth-action rifles like the Springfield or the Mauser. "Oswald would have been better off with a Sears Roebuck rifle or a second-hand gun picked up from a pawnbroker," this expert declared.

The Warren Commission gave no emphasis in its report to this additional difficulty standing in the way of its theory, but its record shows that the point was detailed in testimony. The idiosyncracies of the Carcano were explained by Ronald Simmons, chief of the Infantry Weapons Evaluation Branch of the Army's Ballistics Research Laboratory and the expert who supervised some of the tests conducted with Oswald's gun. Simmons described a series of tests fired by three riflemen rated Masters by the National Rifle Association—a ranking that means they had all shot in national rifle championship competition. All of these sharpshooters practiced for some minutes with the bolt of Oswald's Carcano before they actually began firing; still, they had trouble with it. They commented, Simmons said, about "the amount of effort required to open the bolt. As a matter of fact, Mr. Staley [one of the experts] had difficulty in opening the bolt in his first firing exercise. He thought it was completely up and it was not, and he had to retrace his steps as he attempted to open the bolt after the first round.

"There was also a comment made about the trigger pull, which is different as far as these firers are concerned. It is in effect a two-stage operation where the first—in the first stage the trigger is relatively free, and it suddenly required a greater pull to actually fire the weapon."

Simmons pointed out: "In our experiments, the pressure to open the bolt was so great that we tended to move the rifle off the target. . . ."

He thought that this "might not have occurred" if the marksmen had had "greater proficiency" (more practice) with Oswald's Carcano, but obviously "considerable" experience with the weapon would be required for any kind of fast and accurate firing.

One other serious flaw in Oswald's assassination equipment should be noted. The telescopic sight mounted on the rifle by Klein's when Oswald purchased the gun was a cheap one of Japanese make—and defective. Frazier, the FBI gun expert, testified that, with the scope, the rifle consistently threw shots high and to the right; at 100 yards, this resulted in shots flying as much as 5 inches high and 5 inches to the right. Frazier said there was apparently some defect in the scope which could not be readily corrected, but he pointed out that a marksman who had used the gun, knowing this flaw, could compensate for it in lining up the cross hairs on the target. It would seem, however, that this additional computation, plus the necessity to "lead" a moving target, could not have been conducive to the rapid and extremely accurate fire attributed to Oswald.

Other witnesses pointed out to the commission that even expensive telescopic sights tend to get jarred out of proper alignment and that good hunters always practice with their guns and adjust the sights before going out for deer. These witnesses testifield it was inconceivable that Oswald's cheap Japanese sight, jolting around in the back of a station wagon all the way from New Orleans to Dallas and later being moved from place to place in the Paine garage, would not have developed wayward tendencies of which Oswald himself could not have been aware without test-firing the gun. He apparently never did so.

Yet the commission record turns this defect, which would make accurate sighting impossible, into an aid to accuracy. The tendency of the rifle to shoot high, Frazier explained, would virtually eliminate the necessity to "lead" the target, and the quirk that resulted in the rifle's throwing shots to the right might also have been an advantage, because the curve of Elm Street would help to bring the target into line. Of course, all such fancy theories depend upon the supposition that Oswald was such an ignorant marksman he would not attempt to lead his target or compensate for the Elm Street curve; for, if he had tried to make such routine allowances, without having previously test-fired the rifle, he would have insured a set of misses. In any event, it becomes apparent from such considerations just what a chancy business this one-assassin theory is, and the chanciness is emphasized still more when one studies what happened to real master marksmen who tried to duplicate 0swald's supposed performance.

Frazier testified first about a series of tests fired by himself and two other FBI agents. Parenthetically, anyone who has seen FBI gun experts shoot on an FBI range could hardly fail to be impressed by their speed and accuracy. Bearing this in mind, it is instructive to see what happened when Frazier, Charles Killion and Cortlandt Cunningham tried to duplicate the fast firing attributed to Oswald. In a test on November 27, 1963, five days after the assassination, Killion got off three shots in *nine seconds*; Cunningham required *seven*; Frazier, *six*.

Even these slower firing times do not tell the entire story. Frazier explained that they were not firing under circumstances at all comparable to Oswald's; they were simply aiming at silhouette targets at a range of 15 yards in a test designed to show primarily how fast the Carcano could be operated.

The results must have been jolting, for Frazier, whose time was the fastest, fired two more series of three shots each. The range this time was 25 yards; the purpose, again, to show "how fast the weapon could be fired," with only secondary attention to accuracy. Under these circumstances, which obviously provided no valid comparison, Frazier got off his first round of three shots in 4.8 seconds; his second round in 4.6 seconds.

Still a third test was performed at 100 yards on the Quantico firing range, with the attention given this time to both accuracy and speed. Parenthetically, it should perhaps be noted that, for exceptionally fast firing, rifle experts prefer the iron sight to the telescopic sight. They explain that the recoil of the rifle sets up vibrations in the cross hairs of the telescopic sight, making it more difficult to line up the target quickly for the next shot. This difficulty, not emphasized by the commission in its report, possibly accounts for the slower firing times registered by the FBI agents on the Quantico range. Again each agent fired a round of three shots. The firing times: 5.9 seconds, 6.2 seconds, 5.6 seconds.

But this was not the end of the complications. Frazier was asked what would have happened if he had been firing at a moving target, and he replied: *"It would have slowed down the shooting.* It would have lengthened the time to the extent of allowing the cross hairs to pass over the moving target." Could he estimate how much additional time this might have taken? *"Approximately one second,"* he replied. With "considerable practice" with the weapon, something there is no indication Oswald had, Frazier thought his firing times might have been reduced—but *"4.6 seconds is firing this weapon as fast as the bolt can be operated, I think."* This fastest, bolt-action-only time (a statistic that does not reflect accuracy or the necessity to adjust to a moving target) thus became the commission's standard in deciding that Oswald could readily have performed the deed attributed to him.

When one turns to the series of tests run under the supervision of Simmons, the Army ballistics expert, the results are no more persuasive. Simmons' three Master marksmen from the National Rifle Association fired at silhouette targets placed at 175, 240 and 265 feet—the approximated distances at which the commission had deduced the shots might have been fired. Again, it must be emphasized that Simmons' marksmen were firing at *still* targets; they did not have to adjust for speed and so use up that precious extra second that Frazier had estimated would be required. The results:

First expert: 8.25 seconds on his first three-shot series; 7 seconds on the second.

Second expert: 6.75 seconds and 6.45 seconds.

Third expert: 4.6 seconds and 5.15 seconds.

Only one of the three championship marksmen—and he only on one round and firing at still targets—had matched the firing time attributed to Oswald. And even these sharpshooters, with still targets, had trouble matching Oswald's supposed accuracy with the moving car. All three NRA men hit the first and closest target perfectly. But when they shifted to the second target, their first four shots missed completely. The angle of adjustment was less for the third shot, but still one of the bullets fired in the standard test with the telescopic sight (one marksman fired an extra round with an iron sight) flew wide of the mark.

From this test, it would seem, as the commission itself virtually concluded, that Oswald's first shot would have found his mark and that, if he missed, he would have missed most probably with his second shot. His third shot then, coming at Zapruder frame 313, would have been the last shot, and the entire action would have been compressed into 100 frames (even less if one concludes the President was first wounded around frame 220) and into 5.5 seconds of time. *On this basis, Oswald would have accomplished something beyond the capacity of the fastest trigger fingers the commission could find.* None of them fired at a moving target; none of them had to take that extra second Frazier had estimated would be necessary. And still they could not match Oswald's supposed feat. In all, according to the commission's own records, fourteen rounds of three shots each were fired; in only two of these rounds (and one of these was designed to test bolt-action speed only) did the fastest trigger fingers approximate the time attributed to Oswald. In the other twelve, they failed—and in most, they were not even close!

Yet the commission decided that Oswald placed the cross hairs of his telescopic sight on target and squeezed off shots of unerring accuracy. The investigation in Dallas had left the commission with just one suspect, Lee Harvey Oswald. And the commission, it would seem, lacking other evidence, decided that Oswald and his capabilities *had* to fit the case, ignoring the alternate conclusion that, if they simply would not fit, there *had* to be another explanation.

If Oswald were not alone, if he acted in concert with a confederate, more than three shots must have been fired (since the discharged shells would indicate Oswald himself fired three)—and so a second sniper must have been firing at the President at the same time from a different vantage point. Is there any evidence of this? The answer is: Yes.

(To be continued in The Nation, *June 20)*

LETTERS

(continued from page 698)

institutions who have supported our activities to confirm the nongovernmental character of their support.

Finally, in a letter published by *The New York Times* on May 9, signed by J. K. Galbraith, George Kennan, J. Robert Oppenheimer and Arthur M. Schlesinger . . . it is stated that "an examination of the records of the Congress, its magazines, and its other activities will, we believe, convince the most sceptical that the Congress has had no loyalty except an unswerving commitment to cultural freedom. . . ."

Denis de Rougemont
Chairman, Executive Committee
Nicolas Nabokov, Secretary-General

baby bonus

Estes Park, Colo.

Dear Sirs: Robert Theobald's article, "Should Men Compete with Machines?" [*The Nation,* May 9] contains a specific suggestion for the implementation of a negative income tax—$1,000 for each adult and $600 for each child. Such a plan would accentuate the problem of overpropagation within the lowest income groups, the same groups that should be most benefited by the idea. It would seem rather silly to invest in birth control clinics, then pay the indigent to make kids (as we are doing at the present time). I would prefer to see a family minimum income that would be sufficient for two or three people but would not increase as the family grows. *William S. Devick*

uneasy border

New York City

Dear Sirs: Gail D. Stark's "Cambodia Beset" [*The Nation,* Apr. 18] presents a rather lopsided picture of historical relationship between Cambodia and her neighbors. . . .

The Thai Government and its responsible authorities have repeatedly made statements, both public and private, to the effect that Thailand has no aggressive designs on Cambodia and we are fully prepared to respect Cambodia's neutrality, provided that it is genuine and does not serve as a bridgehead for further Communist encroachment into Southeast Asia.

Events in the last several years, however, prove to the contrary. . . . C. L. Sulzberger of *The New York Times* wrote on May 1, as follows:

> . . . Cambodia is indeed a sanctuary and supply source for the Vietcong *on such a scale* that the Phnom Pen Government must know of it.

Sulzberger then wrote about "an impressive build-up of Vietcong and North Vietnamese troops" on the Cambodian side. An intelligence officer, said Sulzberger, wryly comments: "The V. C. is using Cambodia all over the place." Indeed, an extension of the Ho Chi Minh Trail inside Cambodia has now become known as the "Sihanouk Trail. . . ."

Not only is Cambodia willing to be used as a tool for Communist expansionist forces but has also chosen to sustain a systematic campaign of provocative actions against Thailand in the border area. Cambodian soldiers have been firing daily their rifles, machine guns and mortars into Thai territory and at Thai citizens across the border. Ray Cromley in his column of Apr. 14, in the New York *World-Telegram* told us that Sihanouk even had the audacity to say, "we have also sent men to lay mines on the other side [within Thailand] and have succeeded in making them jump like grasshoppers. . . ."

Anand Panyarachun, Chargé d'Affaires
Thailand Mission to the UN

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Doris Lessing: Child of Violence

CHILDREN OF VIOLENCE. Vol. III: A Ripple from the Storm. Vol. IV: Landlocked. *By Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster. 544 pp. $6.95.*

FLORENCE HOWE

Miss Howe is a professor of English at Goucher College. She will be on leave next year, living and writing in Chicago.

Doris Lessing is now four-fifths through a bulky, complex series of autobiographical novels called *Children of Violence*. The recent publication of volumes three and four in a single volume brings American readers up to date. Volumes one, two and three first appeared in the fifties, before *The Golden Notebook;* volume four, just last year in England. The series' importance has to do not only with Mrs. Lessing's reputation as author of *The Golden Notebook;* for she is trying to do something even more ambitious here. She is writing *bildungsroman* and at the same time, especially in these two recent volumes, she is producing good political fiction. Her themes are major: the politics of race and war; more particularly, the failure of Rhodesian left-wing politics in the forties; the West's changing attitude toward the Soviet Union; the shift from the Second World War to the cold war; world-wide revolutionary struggle against the West and capitalism; the problem of violence.

The series chronicles the life of Martha Quest-Hesse, an English girl born in Southern Rhodesia (called Zambesia in the novels) immediately after the First World War, and hence, 20 years old as the Second World War begins. Hers is the white generation who declared Rhodesian "independence" last November. And though Mrs. Lessing, in the four novels already published, takes us only to Martha's 30th year, hers is the generation whose children are now of combat age. The pattern suggested by the series' title is clear enough: Martha's story is a record of growth and change in a century of unchanging war. Martha's general problems are ones we all share: how to understand ourselves in relation to the complex, violent world we live in; how to live useful, if not happy, lives; how to love and how to *be*. Martha's particular problem in volumes three and four of the series is how to be political: how to change, how to effect change.

Political themes dominate the third and fourth volumes as sexual and existential ones did the first and second. If I found volumes one and two relatively unprepossessing (*The Nation,* January 11, 1965), it was largely that *The Golden Notebook* dazzles on similar thematic material: free women, love, sex, marriage. The naive, young Martha Quest, moreover, pales beside the alternately wise and jaded-neurotic heroine-novelist named Anna Wulf. And I suspect that the relatively colorless Martha is to blame for bored or irritated reviews of *Children of Violence*. Though I often find Martha rather uninteresting—at least through volume three, I would maintain that the novels demand her, that her slow rate of growth and change is particularly essential to Doris Lessing's purpose.

For Mrs. Lessing is trying something here that she does not do in *The Golden Notebook*. There she writes the inner history of a woman who has already lived through two decades of the politics of race and war in Rhodesia and in England. The subject is the torment inside Anna Wulf's head and heart. In fact, one way of putting it is to say that Mrs. Lessing is writing—in *Children of Violence*—what the novelist Anna Wulf cannot. In *The Golden Notebook,* Anna says of her Rhodesian days, "I don't think I really saw people then, except as appendages to my needs." Anna's consciousness so dominates that novel, moreover, that the male characters are not significantly distinguishable from one another, even as the female characters are all Anna.

A Ripple from the Storm and *Landlocked* are another matter. The subject is the history of a decade, the Rhodesian scene itself in the foreground, with a world at war or revolution in the background. The scene includes a wide variety of characters, only one of whom is Martha Quest. *Ripple* charts the first two years of Martha's political education, *Landlocked* the next five. *Ripple* begins in 1942, several months after the conclusion of the second volume, when Martha, in her early 20s, had left her husband and young daughter to join a small Communist group. Though she has been living in an African urban environment for five years, only with her assumption of political activities does she really begin to see it. As Martha cycles from her typing job to the colored quarter, then to visit her sick father, then to meetings, we learn the geography of the town that so clearly reflects the condition of its inhabitants. White suburbs ranging from luxurious to modest circle the town area proper on one side. The town area itself descends to squalor on the other side and then to living areas (Lower Town) for Indians and Jews who serve as a border group between the white minority and the black majority. The blacks live their own apartheid lives: first in the colored quarter, then in the enclosed Native Location for the "pure" African. The British air base, built outside the town, between the Native Location and the white suburbs, becomes increasingly important to the series. Its presence is, of course, a constant reminder of the war in Europe and Asia. But history also provides irony for the novels' racial theme. The Second World War, presumably being fought against Hitler's racism, brings British airmen for training to a racist British colony.

It is several airmen and a German refugee who begin in earnest the Communist group that Martha joins. And in the two years of *Ripple,* the group grows and diminishes, joins forces with the liberal Left, then disintegrates when that Left splits irrevocably. The novel consists almost wholly of the sort of material that typically resists novel-making: eleven political meetings in sixteen chapters! Mrs. Lessing's skill with this intractable material can only be admired. The political meetings vary from intimate ones among the original five or six Communists to large, public ones that the Communists attend. The party members themselves range from the warm-hearted Greek, Athen, who says, "We must try and live like socialists who care for each other and for people, even while we are hurt all the time by capitalism which is cruel"; to the stony Stalinist who would have the group meet nightly for study sessions; to the pragmatist who wants his evenings free for organizing labor. We see the group quarreling about party discipline, about "running half a dozen of the town's most lively and demanding organizations," many of which have to do with cultural or financial support for the war-time Soviet Union. We see a drunken group member make a disruptive speech at a large, public meeting. We see a tense Communist group trying to hold to the rule book's demand for frank self-criticism. We smile with the group when a dogmatic chairman repeats endlessly and solemnly that "we have neglected our theory," that we must "analyze the situation" again.

Where is Martha in all this? Between meetings she works as a typist, she scurries to round up members for meetings, or she distributes the *Watchdog*, the group's paper, to the colored quarter (the Location is off-limits) and to Lower Town. As a group member, she is a willing and energetic, totally committed political activist. Feeling useful, feeling part of some motion, being in motion—all this carries her along. Mrs. Lessing doesn't rush things: Martha is there, absorbing the scene, the talk, sometimes contributing, but most typically concluding to herself, "I don't know anything about anything yet. I must try to keep myself free and open, and try to think more, try not to drift into things."

What sustains her? Apart from the activity itself, the friendships, the "communal tenderness" within the group. But her personal life is highly unsatisfactory. There are the ever present family problems: she must avoid her husband and daughter; she must visit her complaining, pathetically cruel mother and her invalid father. She has one love affair that she terminates with relief when the airman is sent off to the war. She tells herself that she longs "for a close complete intimacy with a man," but she allows herself to "drift" into a relationship with Anton Hesse, the fatherly Stalinist theoretician of the group, with whom she is intellectually and emotionally and physically incompatible. Even as she plans finally to break with Anton, she agrees to marry him when it seems as though he would be deported otherwise. With grim determination, she goes through with the "wedding"—sandwiched between two political meetings. In spite of her activity, in spite of her generosity, inside she is frozen, emotionally cold or at least untouched.

But, still, what sustains her? What perpetuates the motion and the sense of usefulness? What abnegates her personal failures? I suspect that what sustains Martha is also precisely what holds my interest throughout *Ripple*. The political activity she enjoys is built on the assumption of one essential goal: the abolition of race prejudice. It is not farfetched to assume that her sympathy for the enslaved African is related to her own feelings of uselessness, though she herself is hardly capable of this kind of analysis. She joined the Communist group because she believed that with them she could work for effective social change—right there in Africa. If it is Martha's illusion, it is also the compelling material of most of the novel.

Thus, a temporary coalition between the potentially viable liberal Left and the Communists (who could be counted on re "racial questions") moves the novel toward a climactic meeting in the Location, among Africans. Here, for a moment, there is an emotional climate pitched deeply enough to enmesh a large group of Africans and several Europeans in hope and trust. An African: "Now at last we know that there are some Europeans whose hearts are turned in kindness towards us, now we know that we have friends. . . ." As the three white liberals are swept into the emotional vortex of the Africans who declare themselves an "official" African Branch of the Labour or Social Democratic Party, Martha and her Communist friends at the back of the hall are also "caught up in the hunger for unity and brotherhood that beat through the hall like drums." They feel "that at last they were coming somewhere near the source of their need for service." But at the end, Martha and her friend Jasmine Cohen find themselves depressed by the scene: "All we are is a bunch of dogooders uplifting the poor." Jasmine adds: "I was hating those men [Africans] for being so damned grateful, and I could feel myself becoming more and more condescending and pleased with myself inside. . . ." The liberals are not bothered by the paternalism, but they, of course, must face the political realities of a white population who now regard them as *Kaffir lovers* (the African version of "nigger lovers") and hence, Communists.

The final third of *Ripple* is taken up with the attempt to begin African political change through the establishment of a token African Branch. And the failure even of the token proves a prophecy of the further impasse to come. For the final result is the split of the politically viable Left into an all-white Labour Party and a remnant of Social Democrats who eventually (in *Landlocked*) lose what little political power they have had. *Ripple* ends with Martha's double vision of futility—personal and political. She knows now how little the two years have achieved politically for the Africans. And she says of herself, "The fact is, I'm not a person at all, I'm nothing yet—perhaps I never will be."

At the end of *Ripple*, Martha has not learned how to be nor how to be political. For two years, she had submerged her individual self to the collective identity of the Communist group. Now she retreats from political activity, presumably to wait out the end of the war so that she may divorce Anton and leave Africa. She stays put, "landlocked," feeling dry and barren, longing for sea and cold air and spray. She feels ill, splintered, fragmented. She thinks of herself as trying to hold together a series of separate rooms in a house that has no center. She sees people constantly, but one at a time—the group is now a number of friends who need her attention.

Volume four, *Landlocked*, is very different from volume three. If it is less sharply focused, if it is more diffuse in structure and theme, its richness and complexities are ample compensations. The novel covers twice as many years—from 1944 to 1949—and without the sense of close historical continuity that *Ripple* provides. We hit high spots in the history of those years, V-E Day, for example. At times, other political themes—the illusion that the Second World War really ends, for one—are more intrusive than the ever present racial theme. But chiefly the difference has to do with Martha herself. One can only speculate about the relationship between this novel and *The Golden Notebook* that preceded it. But certainly, since Martha in these five years takes time to think, she is here more interestingly introspective than ever before.

In a brilliant scene at the beginning of *Landlocked*, Martha is about to refuse her boss' offer of his secretary's job. The lawyer, an ordinary, apolitical, white British colonist, bumps his head against a desk drawer, at least in part because he doesn't understand Martha and her presence makes him feel awkward. Martha braces herself against responding humanly to his pain, assuming that if she were to respond, the ensuing rapport between them would prevent her from refusing the job offer. She would then be seduced into the master-slave relationship that she is anxious to avoid. Instead, therefore, she looks out of the window at a black man cutting grass in the sun. She concentrates on the sun and the black man. And the lawyer thinks of her as inhuman and is glad that she has said no. Which she is, of course, in the sense that troubled people are. Or, put more complexly, Martha must respond "inhumanly" against her own instincts if she wishes to protect her independence. At least, that is, until she has her independence.

As Martha withdraws within herself, so do political Africans. She hears of people "in contact with some contacts in the Coloured Quarter," but she doesn't get to know who they are. She hears about a mysterious new African leader, "called Mr. Zlentli," who has "nothing to do with the white sympathizers." And she even gets invited to meet him, or at least she thinks it is he, though he never says a word through the "meeting." Increasingly, the atmosphere is one of black chauvinism and of white ineffectuality. The best intentions again prove inadequate to the political realities. Token political participation has failed. Real integration was never even a possibility. Political education for revolution is something that well-meaning white liberals cannot face. We see the Africans finally engaged in a national strike of railroad workers—a strike called by *"invisible* strike leaders." And though the strike accomplishes nothing directly, it does serve to educate at one stroke all of the black population—removed by hysterical whites to the Location.

As the Africans begin to cultivate their own garden in this novel, so does Martha. The central event in her life is a brief lull in the series of personal wars with family, husbands, lovers. For she experiences an intense physical-spiritual love relationship with Thomas Stern, a Polish Jew stationed at the air base. And in the "authority" of her body's health, for some time she feels whole. The house of many rooms becomes one room. And though their liaison is temporary, its humanizing effect is deep and lasting. But even here, Mrs. Lessing's problem—the colorless Martha—prevails, for I find myself more interested in Thomas than in her.

Thomas' anger against the British imperial character (they "couldn't be bothered" about people they considered subhuman) or against the "South African style" of "murder" ("these people are capable of killing off an entire population out of stupidity . . .") cannot be contained. Love is not enough. Politics are not enough. Thomas sets out deliberately to release his anger: he goes off to Israel to kill Britishers. He returns several months later a strange man, both sick and strong, a tortured and isolated person, who goes to live and then die (of blackwater disease) among an African tribe.

And where, again, is Martha? Waiting. First for Thomas' return, then for his death and her father's. Then for her divorce from Anton. As a fictional character, she has begun to sense the connection between her state and the world's. She has been called "unstable." She has worried about her knowing nothing, being nothing. She has felt increasingly powerless as she has lost contact with Africans. She remembers Athen's advice —a possible motto for the entire series of novels. He is thinking of the 40 million dead after the Second World War, of the 2 million displaced in Europe alone: "You must think about it, you must think. We do not think enough about what these things mean." But she feels particularly keenly the emptiness of knowledge without power. She senses the increasing polarization in Rhodesia and leaves, an exile.

Doris Lessing is trying to do something extremely ambitious. Her success is debatable. But the canvas large enough to contain world events and small enough to measure the growth of a human being is one that only the very greatest novelists have tried. Martha's half-conscious identification of her own lot with the Africans', as she struggles against the tyranny of paternalistic personal relations, is a motif that lights the novel. Her personal wars are refractions of that other, greater war. And if she is slow to learn how to manage her wars, who is quick? For the final, hard question is still to be answered, is hardly askable: how can "children of violence"—Thomas, Martha, the Africans and others—even those who know that violence solves nothing but who were spawned by it—"twisted and warped" by violence—how do they get themselves out of the deadly squirrel's cage?

De Beauvoir: At the Deathbed

A VERY EASY DEATH. *By Simone de Beauvoir. G. B. Putnam's Sons. 106 pp. $3.95.*

MURIEL HAYNES

Miss Haynes has written reviews and critical essays which have appeared in The Massachusetts Review, Studies on the Left *and the English publications,* Views *and* Tribune.

Sartre is a sad atheist, it has been remarked. Can we not now conclude that Simone de Beauvoir is a sad *emancipée*? In the preface to *The Prime of Life,* the second volume of her autobiographical trilogy, she admitted a restlessness that stemmed from disenchantment. "Freedom I had—but freedom to do what?" she asked. The question defines the limitations of the inquirer. By the end of her third volume, *Force of Circumstance,* the disenchantment has hardened into despair. The prize has eluded her. She has exerted her intelligence to make the correct choices. She has labored in the service of reason and light, yet the world remains unchanged by her existence. She confesses ennui, her zest for living has diminished. She looks in her mirror and, like any aging housewife, is pained by the signs of physical decay, and she mourns the passing of her sensual life. "It is strange not to be a body any more."

One has always had the uncomfortable feeling that Mme. de Beauvoir has bitten off more than she could chew. Beneath the professions of candor, the celebrated "honesty," has lurked the hint of that insecurity which is more often than not the underside of ambition. The walls of her intellectual house have been papered with earnest mottoes from the beginning: first, Freedom, Experience, Literature; later, she added History, Commitment. A credulous trust in these watchwords fortified her against failure. Optimistic and spurred by moral idealism, she convinced herself early that life would respond to her will so long as her will applied itself to worthy enterprises. When she rips the slogans away, the gesture mingles disillusion with petulance. Regretfully we ask ourselves: what was all the fuss about? The self-proclaimed man-woman stands bereft as any superannuated mother, her cherished purposes, like so many ungrateful children, fled from her embrace. Her voice is plaintive. At 55, no age, if one is to believe the actuarians, at which to throw in the towel, she sees herself as no more than an agglomeration of emotions felt and scenes observed. There is nothing left to grapple with but the certainty of annihilation. "Death is no longer a brutal event in the far distance; it haunts my sleep."

Her new book may be classified as an autobiographical addendum and it is not surprising to find her posted at a deathbed. Her mother's, to be sure, although there is an inescapable impression of rehearsal for her own end. She tells the story with characteristic respect for chronology and factual detail. It is clearly a transcription of accurate notes. The narrative begins: "At four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, 24 October, 1963, I was in Rome, in my room at the Hotel Minerva; I was to fly home the next day and I was putting my papers away when the telephone rang. It was Bost, calling me from Paris." We are immediately in a country which is familiar to us.

Her mother's illness mercifully lasted but thirty days and occurred within a single locale, the nursing home to which she was confined. To these circumstances, it is fair to say, rather than to conscious compression is owed the admirable brevity and economy of *A Very Easy Death.* The prolixity and carelessly written patches of gossip, the trivial comings and goings, which diffuse the interest of her earlier books are here replaced by a taut structure. Clinical manifestations, the alternating rallies and declines as Françoise de Beauvoir is destroyed by cancer, generate in us pity and terror. The book achieves true catharsis.

The watchers, Simone and her sister, Poupette, ponder their complicity as they grieve; the victim endures, her innocence transcends the humiliations of her flesh. As might be expected, Simone de Beauvoir resists tenderness, but her control and lucidity reproduce with considerable power the tension between the outer world to which the onlookers are bound and the alien circumscribed region wherein the sufferer's spirit is gradually robbed of artifice.

Until now, Françoise de Beauvoir has been a carefully edited figure in the author's life. In *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter* she was a character viewed from a single perspective; an element, rather than a full human being, in the rationalized construct by which her daughter molded the story of her childhood to the shape demanded by her adult consciousness. At first, a gay, beautiful and unpredictable young woman to whom the small child responded with worship and a passionate desire to please; later, a rival for her father's affection and approval; finally, a tiresome, repressive symbol of the respectability and simple religious faith by which the women of her time and class denied their manifest enslavement. We learn in *The Prime of Life* that Simone de Beauvoir remained on good terms with her family after she quit their roof. However, neither in that book nor its successor did she reveal the quality of her relationship with her parents. Her mother was given no speaking part—even at the time of her husband's death years before, which we now discover caused her great anguish.

These omissions are explained in *A Very Easy Death:* "Since the time I left home, I had felt little in the way of emotional impulse toward her . . . generally speaking, I thought of her with no particular feeling." Yet by the act of dying, her mother is restored to life, a spirited, complex being, albeit the portrait is drawn with an unintentional touch of patronage, testimony to a rivalry never quite settled between them. In one of the ironies by which the human spirit redeems its perversity and weakness in its ultimate extremity, Françoise de Beauvoir wrests the stage at last from her daughter.

Of the very large cast who troop through her works, only Sartre, and Zaza, the early friend who died in girlhood, have comparable vitality. There is a further irony: the mother who was awed by her daughter's intellectual accomplishments, even as she disapproved her conduct, provides her with the most genuinely personal and moving chapter of her memoirs.

Thus, in one sense, is the debt discharged. Mme. de Beauvoir sees her scrupulous vigil in another light: "With regard to Maman, we were above all guilty, these last years, of carelessness, omission and abstention. We felt that we atoned for this by the days we gave up to her, by the peace our being there gave her, and by the victories gained over fear and pain. Without our obstinate watchfulness she would have suffered far more." The balancing of the scales is a bit too neat: so much remorse against so much fulfilled obligation.

Throughout her lifetime Simone de Beauvoir has been dogged by the specter of self as nothing, an anxiety not to be confused with existential dread, the sense of universal nothingness. The freezing shudder at her first awareness of certain mortality, recorded in *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter* has never left her. In the pages of *The Prime of Life* she described the mental crises induced by her horror of death, her dreams, and her attempts to exorcise her fear by externalizing it through the written word. It seems that Mme. de Beauvoir has been unable to imagine that there is more to life than the attainment of a deserved happiness, a successful voyage by a voracious ego. A measure of deeper truth,

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a compassionate acceptance of tragedy in which the urgings of self yield in grace to the absolute of the human condition, has eluded her.

Perhaps it is because, though she rebelled against middle-class conventions, she has never cast off her belief in the essentially middle-class concept of life as utilitarian. In the final sentence of *Force of Circumstance* she told us she felt "gypped." *A Very Easy Death* helps us to understand more fully why. The brilliant philosophy student has flunked her final exam; the eager "Beaver" of Sartre's affectionate nickname has no answer to the questions raised by death save that it is an accident—"you die from *something*" — and a violation. "You frighten me, you do," her mother murmurs to the formidable daughter at her bedside. She takes the words out of the reader's mouth.

Colette: A Scandalous Sincerity

EARTHLY PARADISE: Colette's autobiography, drawn from the writings of her lifetime. *By Robert Phelps. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 505 pp. $6.95.*

MARY ELLMANN

Mrs. Ellmann is currently preparing a book about women novelists for Harcourt, Brace & World. Her articles on fiction have appeared in Commentary.

Earthly Paradise is the first fat book by Colette. Naturally, as a plump woman, she preferred slender books, and this new reversal of her taste is explained, of course, by her not ever having quite written it. *Earthly Paradise* is an attempt, by rearrangement of Colette's writing, to persuade her, now that she is dead, to produce a consecutive autobiography.

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Published by **THE AMERICAN WRITERS AGAINST THE VIETNAM WAR.** Letterpress, 64 pp., $1.00. Available in the larger bookstores. Distributed by The Sixties Press. Mail orders: Sixties Press, Odin House, Madison, Minnesota, one dollar, postpaid.

And a quite successful attempt. The new book offers a genuine sample of Colette's work, a generous sample too, since (in one place or another) almost whole old books are included. And since very little that Colette wrote is boring ("Boredom is so intensely depraving!"), almost any part or any selection of what she wrote is interesting. The editor, Robert Phelps, has a natural ally too in Colette's habit of shapeliness: her books subdivide easily into sections, each rounded in effect and yet depending on the whole, like grapes in a bunch. These sections lend themselves to being plucked out of place and smoothly dissimulate their sense of outrage. Yet, as often in dealing with a compliant personality, the editor eventually comes up against a stubbornness, a refusal to do more even for amiability's sake. Living, Colette was inconsecutive in her memoirs, subordinating recollection to style, extinguishing whole decades that failed to provoke "better words." And the progress of autobiography is still impeded where Colette chose to impede it.

For some reason, the anthology does not include the first event, Colette's birth, remembered as forgotten and invaluable pain by her mother Sido in *La Maison de Claudine*. But the two best memories of Colette's life, her country home and that same Sido, who reconciled intelligence and love, are well represented. So, in their degrees, are her father and brothers, her growing up as Sido's "masterpiece," and her first marriage, at 20, to the Parisian "Willy" (Henri Gauthier-Villars), world champion of bad husbands. Moving into *his* earthly paradise, Colette undergoes what she calls *Mes Apprentissages:* he locks her up to write the Claudine books, he publishes them as his own, he exhibits her at skating rinks as the artless "model" of his heroine. Poor premature Willy, the huckster born before his time.

But of her second and third marriages, to Henri de Jouvenel and to Maurice Goudeket, and of the voluntary continuation of her writing, Colette spoke briefly or tangentially, and she does not expand on them now. Consequently, segments of her life, like the years 1920-1939, consist in *Earthly Paradise* of such matters as "The South of France," "Gastronomy," "Animal Nature" and, neither fish nor fowl, "Human Nature" (20 pages). These periods in which the writer, for the purposes of biography or autobiography, seems to hibernate rather than to live, remain as opaque in the new book as Colette left them forever in 1954.

Still, in depending entirely upon Colette's nonfiction, *Earthly Paradise* may be a useful supplement in English to her most popular novels, *Chéri* and *Gigi*. And it is published at a time when there isn't much except that popular loyalty on which Colette can depend. She seems, for the time being, out of fashion: as an old woman during the Second World War she was writing *Gigi* while Camus was writing *The Stranger*. Her work is divorced from subsequent French concerns with the theory of fiction or with embodiments of philosophy in fiction. She had no taste for theory, feeling that "feathered hats, general ideas, and earrings" did not become her. She spoke of her own thoughts as though they were cows wintering in a barn: "They have grown used to waiting, half asleep, for their feed of fresh words." Her commitment to the concrete was so absolute that words and even single letters, the two abstractions she could not escape, became things for her: she saw the capital *S* "standing on end like a protecting serpent."

It is this attachment to the visible that prompts the conception of Colette as naturalist and, by extension, as pantheist. But it is risky, as Robert Phelps has said, to ignore the qualifications of her famous "Look!" Colette had, certainly, a tendency toward excess, toward an emotive extravagance, the aspect of her work which an unpleasant friend labeled "rustic poetics." But it seems more difficult to be a Wordsworth in France, especially in Paris, and the checks which Colette imposed upon her sensuous excursions are not romantic. She remarks that a "literary coldness, healthy on the whole, protected me from romantic delirium. . . ." And in *Break of Day (La Naissance du Jour),* an apostrophe, "Vines, you shall rear yourself into the sky," is clipped at once by "Already lyrical, already in ecstasy?"

Colette undeniably possessed, and enjoyed, an animal-like sharpness of the senses. Few could say of a rose that it smelled like "crushed ants," and it is as doggy as it is witty to say that another rose smelled "like a gymnasium frequented exclusively by young redheaded women." Yet the only sensation which she seems not to have cross-examined was the desire for good food: Maurice Goudeket has recalled her rattling the kitchen with her cries of "I'm hungry!"

But within her books, these rapacious senses are supervised by ironic severity. Even her writing habits exemplified the chosen debate. In the morning, in Provence, she gardened with the ferocity described in *Break of Day*. In the afternoon she went inside, into the least attractive room, and wrote. And she thought of writing as discipline, as her eccentric form of austerity. It became, it is true, the discipline without which her life seemed aimless, but it was nonetheless a deliberate removal from living. The current questions of fiction, how to weather ennui, how to initiate action, are alien to Colette. It is not the prolongation of torpor which frightens her but her possible capitulation to excitement. "One must be careful not to fall in the direction in which one naturally leans."

This care is taken through a variety of expedients. She writes, she says, about her own "conflagrations" only when she is "a little at a distance, cool and in a safe spot." In her "case-book of love," *The Pure and the Impure*, she searches each encounter for a sacrifice of pleasure or an "invisible severity," the quality which prompts her to respect the "Ladies of Llangollen," two early pioneers of Welsh Lesbianism. Only that respect, or an awe of English, could account for her not smiling over the elder Lady's diary: "From seven to nine, I had a sweet conversation with The Delight of my Heart, by the fire. Then we put our hair up in curlers. . . ."

More often, as romanticism is close to solemnity, Colette determines upon what she calls frivolity. She excuses a snake as though he were a nephew: "He's young, after all, and intelligent." Her memory fastens on the defect which a friend found in that most blatant image of natural beauty, the peacock: "He is beautiful . . . but it's mistaken of him to wear long, snuff-colored knitted underpants." She can turn the same frivolity on human beauty, "the bottomless, radiant imbecility of Mlle. d'Estouteville," on feminine histrionics, "It's four o'clock . . . at five I have my abyss," and on sexual relations: a man confides in a woman "whose frigidity or sophistication sets his mind at rest." That quality in Colette which Gide considered vulgarity but which in Sido is called a "scandalous sincerity," results in the acumen of the least lyrical observations: "nasty little curtains fit for wrapping up abortions."

There is, after all, something here that we have appropriated as modern, a working against the grain, a many times repeated *Journal à Rebours*. A novel like *The Ripening (Le Blé en Herbe)* represents Colette's capacity for an almost immaculate sympathy with sensations, here the sensations of adolescent sexuality, and for all its delicacy it is a suffocating book. What one continues to read of Colette is apt to be these books out of which *Earthly Paradise* is formed, the books in which Colette chooses a high perversity, working distrust against impulse.

To Dream with Gods or Engineers

ANGEL IN THE FOREST. *By Marguerite Young. Scribner's. 331 pp. $6.95.*

HARRIET ZINNES

Mrs. Zinnes teaches creative writing and modern literature at Queens College. She has recently published a book of poetry, An Eye For An I *(Folder Editions).*

Twenty years ago the "intellectual eccentric" still engaged the sympathetic attention of our writers and poets. They themselves were a bit wild, dreamers, idealists, creators of fantasies spun not out of drugs and drink but out of their dreams of society. Robert Owen, "the father of modern socialism," who envisioned a science of society, was then magic enough for the writer of fable. Yet in 1945 when Marguerite Young originally published her superb historical epic on two utopias, she anticipated a new American sensibility, one that was beginning to be wary, to be suspect of the dreamer. Or is it that in reading the reissue of *Angel in the Forest* in 1966 the reader confronts the text with an altered sensibility, one that is uncomfortable unless it encompasses irony?

Angel in the Forest tells two major stories. On a strange spot in America's wilderness, New Harmony, Ind., from 1814 to 1827, two visions of society were given the possibility of development: the spiritual communism of Father Rapp from Württemberg, Germany, and on the same site, after the Rappites found it profitable to move back again to Pennsylvania, the

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materialistic communism of Robert Owen. Both finally failed as communistic enterprises. Without dogmatism and with poetic understanding of the complexity of men's motives, Miss Young attempts to understand the reasons for these failures.

Were these the failures of dreams not sufficiently linked to reality or of the eccentric betrayed by his foibles, the very source of his dreams? To Miss Young, the fault derived, in part, from man's absurd, but oh so human desire to think with a Father Rapp that a dream can emerge as "an unhooded reality, an angel in the forest," or with that philanthropist from Scotland, Robert Owen, that "happiness is the instinct of the universe, that happiness is attainable through the union of the workingmen in a rational order." The Rappites with their mazes and the Owenites with their "glittering vision of this planet with rectangular paradises" were equally benighted by man's sweet folly: the desire to dream with the gods or to plan and construct with earth-bound engineers.

It is not that Miss Young looks skeptically upon the utopias set up in New Harmony, nor on any attempt to implement a dream. She does not discount eccentricity. In her novel, *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling*, drugs sustain a dream, which is the reality. In *Angel in the Forest* the writer has obviously dreamed a political dream. Miss Young penetrates deeply into this dream and sees behind it a reality as frustrated as the illusion. Despite man's fervent illusions there is always the spade that remains the spade. (Father Rapp, the manufacturer of illusion, was also ironically enough the manufacturer of whiskey.) The Rappites themselves, says Miss Young, were more interested in "their cabbages than in eternity," so that finally they were a "community of businessmen who acted like oiled saints." And if their later community became more and more affluent, it is also true that their country churchyard was converted over to the use of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Their error was not in ignoring the spade but in seeing angels in hearts that were actually inhabited by financial demons.

The error in Robert Owen's dream was free of moral ambiguity. Robert Owen was a good man, with tremendous energy; a reformer who was also an employer. In New Lanark, Scotland, he had built an educational system that transformed charity cases into ladies and gentlemen. He was able to administer mills that worked well enough to build him a fortune. But he was unable to build in a new land. He carried a utopian political vision into rough country that required hard physical labor rather than discussion groups and writers of Declarations of Mental Independence. His community was made up of idlers, fanatics, drunks, a few scientists and some physically weak and unskilled men. They could hardly turn the former Rappite industrious community into a livable and productive utopia. On the contrary, because of so much talk and no work, at one point, "in order to provide housing for the large influx of Owenite population, it was necessary to allocate a few small families to hog houses and sheep shelters. Utopia was exactly what had been predicted, the sty of Epicurus." The sty of Epicurus! There is always something bizarre and comic in all men's dreams. Marguerite Young discerns it.

In the papers left by a Thomas and Sarah Pears, who had come to Robert Owen's paradise of "rational communism" on the banks of the Wabash, Miss Young gives poignant expression to the blasted credulity of a lady pioneer:

> The pit of hell seemed open under Mrs. Pears' feet. To Uncle Bakewell, she wrote that she came away from each lecture on happiness more unhappy than she went—not that she was perverse, but that she represented an important part of human nature. The third part of the moon was already dark—yea, she was going down a very dark sky, so blind she could hardly see, and dogs barking all the way. She felt enslaved, enchained, pursued. There were so many troubles. She would never be able to do the work which Robert Owen expected of the women—never be able to stand her turn, six weeks in the community kitchen, cooking for multitudes! The idea of equality made her sick to the bone. Oh, that she could live in a house upheld by those twin pillars, praise and blame. There was much of her which was reducible to no system. Neither was she a machine, nor was she a string in the community harp. . . . Mrs. Pears considered the sacrifice she had made so blindly, foolishly—leaving Pittsburgh. . . . What good had come of it? Not even a feather bed.

The Pears inevitably returned to Pittsburgh. And New Harmony became another thwarted dream. But the man who made the dream possible can be loved still. Miss Young writes of Owen: "Who fails to love this man fails to love humanity."

Father Rapp does not come off so easily. The credulity of the Rappites was astonishing: it included a willingness to see themselves destroyed. With characteristic wit (a playful phrase, an aphorism, a paradox), Miss Young describes the hardships the Rappites suffered in their new land. They were filled with religious zeal: "They did not forget that they were related to the most sacred characters in sacred history—like Eli among the brambles, eating a raven. For God had chosen the things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are." They were willing to turn negativism even more inward: they accepted Father Rapp's order to take a vow of celibacy. Because his son John defied this order, Father Rapp had him emasculated, and from that agony John dies. Miss Young relates this macabre story as a Freudian grotesque, a tale told of a wilderness in a father's soul.

Angel in the Forest is a superb drama of man's folly and wisdom, of his yearning to be God and of his living as a man, in God's image. Miss Young is eloquent in the tradition of Whitman, Melville and Faulkner who believed, as she does, that America is a large land, not a private navel, that it encompasses myths and the tall tale, the mad adventures, the sadistic pranksters, the confidence men, the Puritans and nature lovers, the murderers of sons and the wasters of women. Like *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling, Angel in the Forest* is in the epic tradition. It restores the poet to his own real world—a world that cherishes the eccentric imagination, that relies on the dream, for without the eccentric there is no history. Without the dream there is finally no reality.

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Left Behind in Sinai

THE POLITICS OF MODERNIZATION. *By David E. Apter. University of Chicago Press. 481 pp. $7.50.*

THOMAS M. FRANCK

Mr. Franck is a professor of law and director of the New York University Center for International Studies. He is the author of East African Unity Through Law *(New York University Press),* Race and Nationalism *(Fordham University Press) and other books.*

A traditional society, we usually think, is one subsisting in a steaming banana jungle and ruled by chiefs, headmen and witch doctors. Professor Apter reminds us that a traditional society is any political association which places status values to the fore. Even in this country there are clear signs that we tend increasingly to allow purely institutional values to dictate our goals and exhaust our fervor. Traditional societies which are change resistant succumb in conflict with modernizing societies. In a tight, complex, competitive little world, modernization is the elixir of survival.

In this consummately intelligent and stimulating work of political theory, Apter does not make the error of prescribing a single diet for keeping down the cholesterol count in the body politic. This is, in itself, an important improvement over most prescriptive writing in the "whither society?" literary syndrome. Instead, drawing on his extensive field research in Uganda, Ghana and, to a lesser extent, other parts of Africa, Apter tries to describe the various methods by which a society modernizes and the factors which prevent modernization in others.

Although Apter's encyclopedia of modernizing societies includes such exotic species and subspecies as the modernizing autocracy and the political theocracy, the main entries are the *mobilization system* and the *reconciliation system*. The former includes China, Nkrumahist Ghana and Egypt. The latter is typified by pre-military-coup Nigeria and the United States.

Apter's view is that the mobilization system is characterized by personalized, charismatic leadership, political religiosity and a nationalistic-Socialist dogma. It tends to be erratic and short-lived, but relatively effective in bringing about a leap from the stage in which a society values *tradition* and consistency above all to one in which it values *change*, professionalism, youth, the intellectual and, *primus inter pares*, the scientist. It is powered by consummatory values, which is to say that it keeps its eye on the distant star. As the mobilization *élan* fades, as it has with dramatic suddenness in Ghana, Apter predicts that the system becomes more pragmatic but not necessarily more democratic—to adopt "neo-mercantilist values."

The reconciliation system, which is based on diversified power and leadership, on negotiation and compromise, tends in Apter's opinion to be capable of sustaining modernization and growth "only if there is extensive self-discipline, popular participation, civic devotion and, above all, a planning mechanism." Thus, the reconciliation system would appear to be appropriate for the United Kingdom, Israel or the United States, but not for Ghana (which had abandoned it after a brief trial), Egypt (which never tried it) or Nigeria (which tried but failed, at least for the moment). "Today reconciliation systems need to be rich in order to be successful (and even then they rarely appeal to younger political generations), and in newly modernizing societies they are not likely to be." Instead, reconciliation-type systems in newly developing nations seem only to lead to institutionalized obstruction and interest seeking, stratification of society, corruption and stagnation —all in the name of a phony parody of parliamentary democracy. On this, one finds agreement among the Nkrumahs, Nyereres and young coup-colonels.

Worst of all, the reconciliation systems in underdeveloped nations, even though usually lacking the coerciveness of mobilization systems, in practice give the citizen *less* of a sense of participation in government. In mobilization systems, the man in the mud hut is at least involved, as an individual, in the *style*, even if not the power play, of politics. Rallies, demonstrations and other jollifications are not designed to test the citizen's appreciation of his leaders, but they do demonstrate the leaders' appreciation of the importance of the citizenry. In Mexican Presidential elections, for example, in what is essentially a one-party system, the inevitable victor's role is to campaign vigorously, not in order to cadge votes but to achieve maximum exposure to the voters and give them a tangible (if largely symbolic) sense of participation.

In the new nations which had adopted it, the reconciliation system, on the other hand, provided the machinery of multiparty parliamentary democracy. But, Apter adds, "though repressive law is limited, equity remains a matter of competitive bargaining between groups, mediated by government and regulated by rules." The political parties generally are little more than the same old status-oriented tribes, in which the few lead the many: not in informed analysis and debate of national and international issues but in opportunistic raids across the ill-defined line between dissent and dissension. Apter concludes that "since so few participate" in the democratic process, "the system could be described as taking place in a vacuum."

If the parliamentary democracy we know is not the right prescription for newly developing nations, does this mean that the lights of freedom are gradually going out all over the world? Is Nkrumahism, with or without Nkrumah, or neo-mercantilism, or mercantilist-militarism, the New Wave on which, at best, our little Noah's Ark is destined to be tossed, forever, with a few representative specimens of our democracy aboard?

Apter is not so readily discouraged. He finds two reasons to hope for the future of democracy and the reconciliation system. Neither reason, however, is quite what we had expected and the rabbits are, therefore, much more interesting than the somewhat familiar hat from which they are drawn. Apter's first reason for hope is the search for a humanist faith by which democracy can regain the popular sense of purpose and association which was lost with the decline of Christianity. It is to this loss of faith, of a

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sense of ultimate purpose, that Apter attributes the diseases of social alienation and cultural stagnation. He insists that our contemporary faith in procedural institutions—the law, for example, and the Congress—is no substitute for a faith in substantive values and in a destiny of man. He makes a long end run: "Having lost its religious basis, our society is in danger of becoming a system of organized plunder in which meaning derives only from personal gain, orderliness becomes mere containment of anarchy, and the concept of humanness has no wider dimension than an individual's functional value. This is the ultimate and disastrous consequence of the utilitarianism omnipresent in our schools and colleges and in daily life."

Is Apter telling us that life is nasty, brutish and short? Or echoing Ruth Shklar's accusation that our competitive society is producing "an elite of emotionally stunted rat racers and a mass of dimwitted inferiors"? That ours is an imperfect society is too trite a thought to be uttered. But is it as wickedly utilitarian as all that? And is its badness really due to lack of a bright star to steer by? No affluent, powerful ruling class has ever before so peaceably and uncompetitively shed itself of its colonies or divested itself of the profitable privileges of racial superiority. And the self-imposed welfare state may be "organized plunder"—but not in the sense meant by Apter. What utilitarian "personal gain" is there to be derived from two years in the Peace Corps or by whites' participation in the civil rights movement?

Even the war in Vietnam, if it has a deeper social significance, seems to me to evince the predominance of ideals over utility in American foreign policy. To argue that the war is a monopolist-capitalist bid for markets and colonies is simply to face one's guns in the wrong direction. America is in Southeast Asia because it believes that the people of Vietnam must have the democratic option. Call that ideal naive, but don't call it utilitarian.

What makes Apter's search for democratic viability in the discovery of new "consummatory values" and "larger meanings" particularly surprising is—and this is the second stimulating rabbit—that he appears to find *his* star not in Marxism, which is dismissed as "more and more a ritualized expression of antecedent values," nor in "modernizing autocracy, which has become almost obsolete" but in *science.*

That science is essential to modernization is commonplace. But to Apter it is science which can rejuvenate democracy. Science can remedy the lack of impetus in the older industrial democracies and save them from ossifying. "The scientific spirit," Apter says, "is the basis of an ideology that provides a measure of identity for those who subscribe to it and a measure of solidarity for the members of a society in the midst of change."

In authoritarian societies, for example, science forces stay the hand of coercion in the name of knowledge. "The Scientific ethic is based on the need for free exchange of knowledge and information. This is particularly necessary in modernizing societies, where, although their numbers are small, scientists, social scientists, and technicians are the modernizers."

A faith in science seems to me as excessive as Apter's faith in faith. It is, of course, true that scientists need access to data and that free-flowing data is a kind of freedom. But is it true that the sort of data most scientists need is the kind civil libertarians are talking about? Not every truth makes us free. A man in chains is not in the least liberated by a logarithmic table. Yet the confusion between neutral scientific data and the ideas that move men and that totalitarians suppress is evident in Apter's remark that "when China succeeds in industrializing, the conflicts (between the scientific need for data and the political need to coerce) ought to become much sharper and the role of the scientist more influential. Already the fields of pure science and atomic research appear to be relatively free of coercion." Are China's atomic scientists free to travel to England? To run for political office? To subscribe—God help us—to *Time,* the weekly news magazine? Surely it is misleading to think either that libertarian societies must produce better technological results than authoritarian-coercive ones—particularly in the short run—or that a highly science-oriented community is likely to work its way to freedom through data processing. Copernicus and Galileo are in this respect almost *ad homonym*. Scientists are, familiarly, servants of the society to which they belong. Notoriously, it is the scientists at Russian universities who, in opposition to the humanists, are the reliable and uncritical mainstay of the anti-libertarian condition. Russian biology timidly reached out to Mendel only a decade after the literati helped themselves to the work of Hemingway, and to Freud not at all.

Apter himself describes the "scientific ethic" as "an emphasis on rationality and the importance of empirical research, an awareness of what constitutes valid evidence, and a feeling that what is known must be susceptible of verification." But from this we are to conclude that "the scientific spirit is the basis of an ideology that provides a measure of identity for those who subscribe to it and a measure of solidarity for the members of a society in the midst of change."

This sounds like the creed of a brave new world, and one hates to be left behind in Sinai. But I've tried reciting it, Gregorian-chanting it and belting it out to the tune of the Old Hundredth: it just won't work.

Science, like the law, seems to me more

THE BATHING PLACE

There it was as if the body
had no origin. As if it came
up from the muds and lingered
here to this perdition.

They stood, sat, knelt and
stretched on a plot of grass
no bigger than a tennis court
seventy naked men in the

match-light of an English sun.
The Cherwell is not a crystal
brook; the currents churn with
weeds and silt but when I punted

past the bathing place a fat man
with greying pubes dove like
a muskrat into the stunted waters.
Four nude boys twisted like slugs

in the sweaty light. A man so old
his skin was matted to his sinew
covered his privates with a woolen
cap. "Why do they come here to this

damp and hidden place? Why do men come
and linger nude when the sun is
hidden in a fetid mist?" "They come
for sinister reasons. Not sexual

but natural fantasy draws them bare-
assed to this soggy pitch
where they lay in wait for Sol
to bugger them. He never does."

I'd never strip and show my body
to such men who seem so clothed
when they are not. I've lain
naked in the sun but not with men

who look like dry rot in a fallen
tree, who roll on their glue-white
butts snorting at the sun. It takes
style to strip. It's not pulling off

of pants and shirt that makes a body
nude; its putting on of skin.
I dove once into the Aegean
from a rock on Ios

and brushed against a
jelly fish round as a ten
gallon hat. That stripped me.
I've not been dressed since.

NED O'GORMAN

a method of achievement with its own internal system of integrity and of values. Science elevates verification, rather as law, which Apter consigns to an institutional value, elevates consistency and reason. The preference for verification and consistency with reason is, in a sense, a faith in ultimate values. But in the end, both law and science are instruments for the achievement of social purpose and not substitutes for the social purpose itself. As Hitler's scientists and Hitler's courts served evil, so ours can serve good. But though a definition of social good and social evil may happen to come from a scientist (an Oppenheimer, for example), it cannot come as science but as art, and should be received accordingly: with interest, an open mind, and with a healthy disrespectful awareness of its subjectivity.

In Darkest Fulbright

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

Mr. Kostelanetz is the editor of The New American Arts *(Horizon) and* On Contemporary Literature *(Avon) and the forthcoming* Twelve Great Stories of the Sixties *(Dell).*

Some institutions have developed such an aura of sanctity that they seem above criticism. Such an icon is the Fulbright Program, which sends American scholars and lecturers abroad and selects foreign students to study here. It is indicative that in Walter Johnson and Francis J. Colligan's *The Fulbright Program* (Chicago University Press), the only negative judgments are attributed to Communist newspapers. But surely there must be *some* deficiencies in the Fulbright Program.

I had a grant myself last year to do research at the University of London. I learned about England, investigated into my subject and enjoyed my new friends. But I can attest that the program itself is not wholly congenial.

First of all, it is difficult to discern the purpose of the stipend. Is it supposed to offer a year of graduate education to recent *cum laudes*? Is the intention to subsidize the research of maturing scholars? Should it flood the country with subdiplomats—"cultural ambassadors," if you will—who will spread good cheer, become model citizens and spout the American point of view on all occasions? The program's officials mention all these purposes here and there; but because the aims are hardly complementary, the result is confusion in their own minds as well as in the scholars'.

The first purpose strikes me as fantasied; for recent graduates in America are generally not mature enough as scholars to do much work on their own. Their applications outline hastily imagined projects and they generally embarrass the program because they are so ill equipped to handle the work the universities accepted them to undertake. More than one sponsor has telephoned the program's executive secretary to ask why so-and-so was selected, since he hardly appears interested in his own project. Many of these Fulbrights need another year to decide, for example, if law school might be better than academic work. For some the grant affords the first year away from their parents; abroad, they become either nuisances or cop-outs. The shame is that often they have taken places that might otherwise have gone to students with real research to do. In the English program, which is the most competitive, about one-fifth of the scholars seemed incipient professionals—people capable of doing work of some substance; and I would doubt if the percentage is higher in other countries.

If the Fulbright Program considers itself an adjunct of diplomacy, it should select red-cheeked fraternity presidents rather than scholars. Still, the program's bureaucrats often mention this "purpose" to discipline behavior they find recalcitrant, to justify asking the Fulbrights to give gratis lectures (often, "humorous after-dinner talks") up and down the land, and to support their own presence in the country. However, high-handed bureaucrats, armed with secretaries to type letters and place telephone calls, generally create more bad feeling among local scholars than the most obnoxious students. Also, many of the Fulbright programs are subsidized by war debts, a fact that is nothing but an embarrassment to those who do research and to their hosts.

The biggest threat facing the Fulbright scholar is lack of money. He simply does not receive enough to subsist, even alone; and those with families or those assigned to cities with higher standards of living are further disadvantaged, because they receive no supplements for their greater burden. For a scholar with a family, the situation is nearly intolerable, because most countries legally forbid him or his spouse from taking a job that requires a working permit—a fair rule where considerable unemployment exists. However, with the same innocence of realities that keeps them from supplying increments, the commission fails to consider what happens to a family of two or three or four forced to live on $1,550 (the English stipend) for ten months, in places where prices may equal those of American cities. They often live in hopelessly crowded and unheated conditions, sometimes in a noisy slum—a situation hardly conducive to serious study. Both the husband and wife may attempt to get work outside the province of the working permit, for example as translators, Gallup pollsters, researchers, part-time teachers, commercial artists, writers or baby sitters. Some even develop a small business in books or paintings; one sent his wife back to the States to earn money for herself and him. If the Fulbright offers financial hardship to the grantee, it demands nothing but sacrifice from the spouse.

The money situation would not be so terrible if the scholar were native to the place and knew the local byways of cutting costs. However, strange places are as a rule more expensive than home; and if one is to fulfill the role of an honored guest rather than a Bohemian outcast, the expenses escalate. In London, for example, the housing officer advises the incoming Fulbrights not to look for apartments south of the Thames because, she says, it is "too slummy" for Americans. Actually, many of the buildings are comfortable; the neighborhoods safe and convenient; the rents cheap; the people, cockney. She really means that the area is too totally working class and notoriously unfashionable for a Fulbright. Moreover, how can the commission expect the Fulbright scholar to socialize with the local folk if he cannot afford a round of drinks at the pub? In London, I knew a couple who were slum dwellers by tradition, sedentary by nature and Spartan by habit—the sort who live on less than $3,000 per year in New York. Still, they spent the equivalent of three Fulbrights in ten months; like everyone else in the program, they borrowed money from home.

To make matters worse, as an American the scholar is subject to the accumulated traditions of fleecing; but where the tourist pays freely to escape complica-

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tions, the Fulbright scholar usually cannot afford it. In addition, rather than representing the interests of the student, the local commission acts on behalf of "good public relations" with the country. For example, when a Negro student had considerable difficulty finding lodging for himself and his family, the commission refused to supplement his stipend or to acknowledge that James Crow lived in England.

Indeed, the major thorn of the Fulbright is precisely commission bureaucrats; for the program is a kind of HARYOU in which executives live in regal style ("fat-catting"), while the peons in whose name it is run starve on a pittance. These officials consider themselves diplomats; thus, they have plush offices in sumptuous buildings, as well as clerks, secretaries and receptionists; and their personal salaries are often ten times that of the scholars they support. Moreover, having nothing to do, they become nuisances to the scholars, cajoling them into participating in all sorts of official functions, invading their lives with the freedom and impatience of the police, and even threatening to withhold the monthly stipend or the payment of passage home.

To make matters worse, officials tend to be failed academics—men with good degrees, a record of diligence, grandiose ambitions, but little success; thus, they exhibit considerable *ressentiment* toward those young scholars who, talented and productive, have free time to develop their interests. These officials are the sort of men who, upon failing to attain the deanship or the professorship at the university back home, would become deans of admissions or freshmen or of financial aid; abroad, they become royalty with their own castles. They enjoy being disciplinarians; and their favorite threat is the standard recourse of the weak monitor—to put a black mark in one's record. (Who puts, one wonders, the black marks in *their* records?)

Some have been known to write professors who supplied references for a brilliant but difficult student, threatening never to honor their opinions again. As cultural ambassadors, these officials are hardly effective. They are rightly blamed for the selection of immature students, and local teachers object to their high-pressure tactics in placing students in universities. The selection committees abroad are often elderly V.I.P.s with little sense of matters academic or intellectual; they prefer the safe and traditional to the adventurous and contemporary.

As a rule, when a charitable program exists more for the sake of the officials than the recipients, the beneficiaries become dupes in the perpetuation of the bureaucratic machine; and despite its honorable intentions, the Fulbright Program is no different. The student is being exploited so that the bureaucrat can thrive in expense-account comfort. As the bureaucrats prefer the most exploitable and obedient students, the European teachers complain, quite rightly, that Fulbrights are not as challenging and exciting as the students they meet in America. One can hardly imagine Norman Mailer, Marshall McLuhan, Allen Ginsberg or William Faulkner as Fulbrights; and perhaps this explains why so few major books were written on Fulbright scholarships.

Anything less than a general overhaul of the program will only bring continuing disrespect, not only with American students but also with foreign scholars. In this respect I submit a five-point program:

First of all, its subsidy must be removed from war debts. Forgive the debt; pay for the program out of American money.

Second, give the scholars sufficient funds to meet the area's standard of living, adding increments for those who have families or who reside in areas with acknowledgedly higher costs.

Third, stop insisting that the scholars be cultural ambassadors; American students are gregarious enough to be fine emissaries without being self-conscious missionaries.

Fourth, encourage mature scholars, rather than recent graduates. I recommend the following selection procedure: A student on his own initiative writes a professor of his choice at a foreign university, asking to do research under him and presenting evidence of his own competence and of the relation of his interests to the professor's; the professor, upon deciding to accept the applicant, then sends a note to the local consulate. Providing that both the sponsor and his prospective student are of a demonstrably high caliber, a professonal selection committee in Washington should award the grant. The student will therefore join the community of scholars at the invitation of the community, rather than become a cipher foisted upon a local university.

Fifth, abolish the educational commissions and their selection committees. They are fundamentally unnecessary; and the money saved should go toward increasing the stipend. These reforms will, I believe, push the program closer to Sen. J. W. Fulbright's ideal, expressed in his foreword to *The Fulbright Program:* "The optimum utilization of physical, cultural, spiritual, and human resources, and the perfect adjustment of the individual within the social framework."

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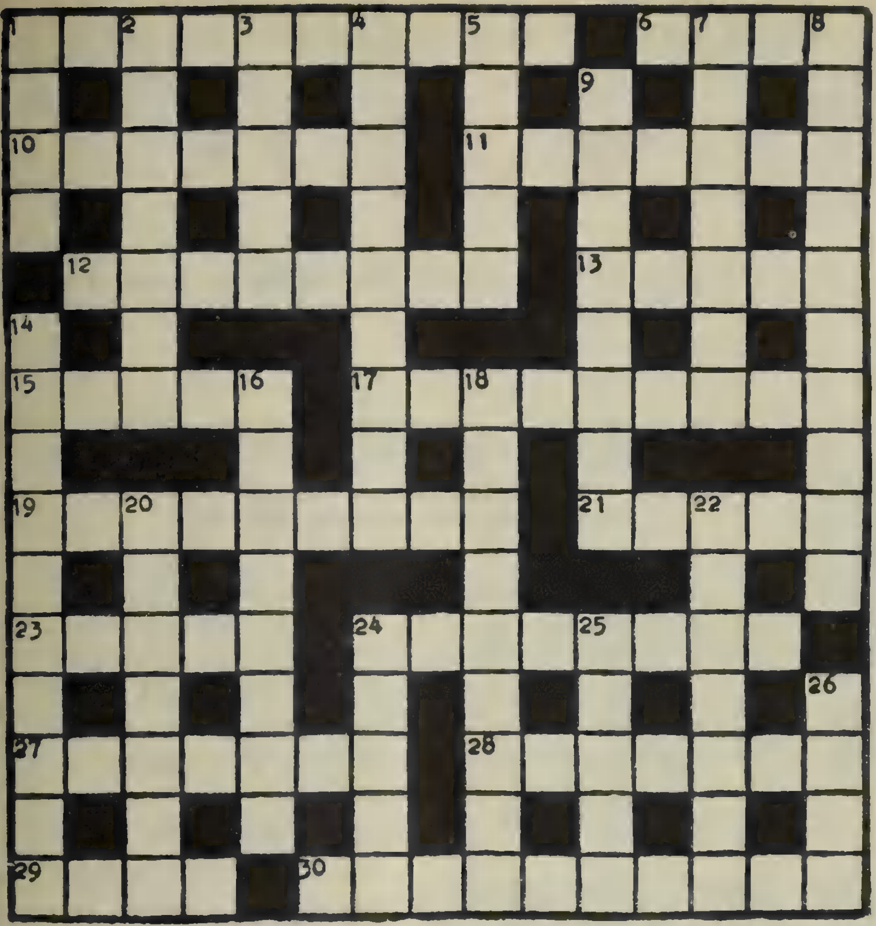
Crossword Puzzle No. 1157

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Broom, tinkered with by Dukas' apprentice? (10)
6 It's the last letter one in general might describe funny! (4)
10 and 11 Do they make contact, if your requirement is a current one? (6, 8)
12 Against all kinds of associates? (8)
13 and 24 down Used to mark the new year? (The celebrant as well.) (5, 5)
15 and 26 down Produce an equal to Macbeth, possibly, where more holes on the side are important. (5, 4)
17 Came into the ride in disguise. (9)
19 Certainly not good times spent in song, as gardeners know. (9)
21 Possibly Henry V in torment. (5)
23 Subsequently rely on this, to make it honestly! (5)
24 Joining in a very small contribution to the circle? (8)
27 Unlikely to go this way if composed. (7)
28 Did one back Charlie on the show as well, or act just as a good messenger? (7)
29 On each side of the line perhaps, for various purposes. (4)
30 In a mean manner. (10)

DOWN:

1 and 3 Doesn't give how the wrestler should be familiar! (9)
2 Well-known drawer of harbor scenes? (7)
3 See 1 down
4 3 perhaps, but the remainder comes down. (9)
5 Licks the hand, possibly, like little animals. (5)
7 One probably doesn't believe it, as the alternative. (7)
8 Those fool lighters of ours! (10)
9 Tribal ruler. (8)
14 Even hard courses shouldn't be close to impossible! (10)
16 Held back, as dirty clothes might be. (8)
18 One might hope it's regular to find a bat there. (9)
20 A Crusader can't get mixed up with a communist! (7)
22 Broke the rule of play. (7)
24 See 13 across
25 One point of sailing might be to get so far. (5)
26 See 15 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1156

ACROSS: 1 Understatement; 10 Axle grease; 11 Scab; 13 Sapota; 14 Wishbone; 16 Alienees; 17 Utopia; 19 Atom; 22 Pentateuchal; 23 Not recommended. DOWN: 1 Untranslatable; 2 Deadly poison; 3 Retightens; 4, 20 and 8 The pen is mightier than the sword; 5 Township; 6 Mark; 7 Double-barreled; 9 Accomplished; 12 White House; 15 Felsitic; 18 Victim; 21 Weir.

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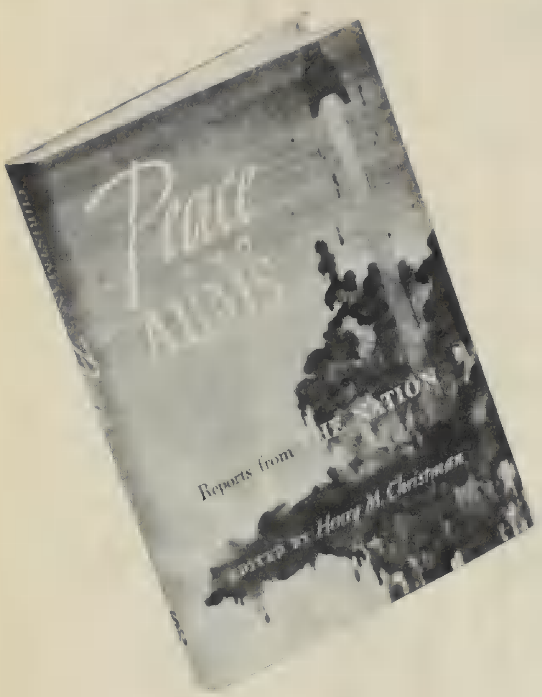

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The Warren Commission Report/part two

TESTIMONY OF THE EYEWITNESSES

FRED J. COOK

JUN 21 1966

MARXIST HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION . . . JAMES O'CONNOR

HINTERLAND THEATRE: PACIFIC COAST . . . JULIUS NOVICK

LETTERS

golden road to peace

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I applaud Robert Garretson's peaceful sentiments in "The Ruble-Dollar Road to Peace" [*The Nation*, May 16] but question his reliance on material wealth to produce a durable peace. If by the year 2000 "even" China would not want war bcause it would have reached the economic levels of the U.S. in 1929, then what is the latter doing in Vietnam in 1966? True, the Administration says that the U.S. is there to defend freedom, not for material gains.

Let us take another example: Germany on the eve of World War II. That nation had reached the material levels that would presumably encourage China to desire peace a half century hence. What made Germany go to war in 1941? True, Mr. Garretson is thinking of a nuclear war in which there could be no victor. But we have no reason to believe that the present blessed state of nuclear stalemate might not be obliterated one day by a new breakthrough (real or imaginary) in weaponry. . . . And this seems to be what weakens Mr. Garretson's essay: instead of meeting the cold war issues head-on, it skips them. Its thesis seems to be that as the U.S. and the USSR inch toward multitrillion economies, their philosophical and ideological theories would change, presumably for the better, and finally coalesce. And as the two tigers see more eye to eye, the dragon must have second thoughts before fuming, especially since it would probably before long be on its yuan-road to affluence. But these different roads to abundance do not run in isolation; they are getting in one another's way. This is how the whole issue of war and peace in our time has arisen. And it seems that we cannot wait for the arrival of great wealth (with perhaps a few non-nuclear wars thrown in) to improve our philosophical and ideological levels. It may be too late then. In short, we cannot avoid thinking about philosophical and ideological questions—*now*. [See "The Ideological Vacuum," *The Nation*, Apr. 18.] Mr. Garretson would help us in thinking about peace if he would clarify the relationship between moral and intellectual values on one hand and the means of achieving economic prosperity on the other. Hasn't it been a truism since the end of the 19th century that man's technological expertise has lost touch with his moral intelligence and that this estrangement is what's making "progress" so dubious, even frightening?

H. L. Hsiu

abject objectives

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: The Chicago *Sun-Times* (June 2) inadvertently (?) offered a lulu for word coiners. As quoted, the President confidently expects "we will achieve our *abjectives*" in Vietnam. . . . And if you read elsewhere in the same issue, it begins to look as if our objectives are indeed abject.

On the same page it says that South Vietnamese citizens (on whose invitation our troops are supposed to have come) vented fire and hate on our consulate in Hué and on our President's paper effigy; that a line of twenty gasoline-soaked Buddhist nuns and monks were ominously brandishing matches.

In the business section they write that stocks sank because Tuesday's Vietnam "peace scare" made free enterprisers nervous. And Walter Lippmann's column headed "The Prelude to Disaster" has our President taking "a reckless gamble" in this "dismal and bloody stalemate. . . ." Lippmann asserts that our country's future hinges critically on one man's ability to "master his pride" and preserve his "personal reputation. . . ."

(Continued on page 748)

EDITORIALS

When Is News News?

Everyone concerned about freedom of the press and the ethics of journalism in an era of cold war must be grateful to managing editor Clifton Daniel of *The New York Times* for spreading on the record (June 2) the full story of the coverage of the Bay of Pigs invasion. Mr. Daniel's account, given before the World Press Institute in St. Paul, will be pondered by historians and journalists; adding to our knowledge of what happened, it may help to avert similar disasters in the future.

Mr. Daniel starts off by saying that it was an editorial in *The Nation* (November 19, 1960) that first brought the preparations for the invasion to the attention of the *Times*. He quotes at length from the editorial, which dealt with a visit to Guatemala by Dr. Ronald Hilton, director of the Institute of Hispanic-American Studies at Stanford University. Dr. Hilton informed *The Nation* that the Central Intelligence Agency had acquired a large tract of land in the interior of the country where, under heavy guard, Cuban counterrevolutionaries were training for the forthcoming invasion. The *Times* sent Paul Kennedy, its correspondent in Central America, to check on the story. Kennedy's confirmation appeared in the *Times* on January 10, 1961: everything Hilton had reported was true, and the facts were now known to both the *Times* and *The Nation*, including an attempted brush-off by the authorities in Guatemala when Kennedy began his investigation.

As the invasion date neared, the *Times* was in a quandary. Stories by Tad Szulc, the paper's veteran Latin American correspondent, were "considerably" toned down in an effort to tell as much as possible without jeopardizing the success of the operation and the lives of the anti-Castro Cubans. After a dummy for the front page of the *Times* for April 7, 1961, was changed, Ted Bernstein, the assistant managing editor on night duty, and Lew Jordan, the news editor, went into the office of managing editor Turner Catledge to remonstrate. Mr. Catledge recalls that Jordan's face was dead white, and he was quivering with emotion —surely an unusual condition for the news editor of a great metropolitan daily. Jordan and Bernstein protested that "never before had the front-page play in *The New York Times* been changed for reasons of policy." Catledge, himself "flaming mad," called in Orvil Dryfoos, the publisher. Mr. Dryfoos explained that his reasons "were those of national security, national interest and, above all, concern for the safety of the men who were preparing to offer their lives on the beaches of Cuba." The reference to the imminence of the invasion stayed in, however. The principal change was the elimination of the multi-column head, but that was important; as Jordan now says, "a multi-column head in this paper means so much."

At this stage several magazine stories, including one scheduled for *The New Republic*, were killed at the insistence of the White House. After the ill-conceived invasion had failed, President Kennedy at first took the *Times* to task for its disclosures, but later he changed his mind. He said to Catledge, "If you had printed more about the operation you would have saved us from a colossal mistake," and to Dryfoos he said, "I wish you had run everything on Cuba. . . . I am just sorry you didn't tell it all at the time." Daniel's view now is that the Bay of Pigs operation might never have occurred "if *The New York Times* and other newspapers had been more diligent in the performance of their duty—their duty to keep the public informed on matters vitally affecting our national honor and prestige, not to mention our national security."

At one point in the discussion between Catledge and the President, the former pointed out that the information had appeared in *The Nation* before it was picked up by the *Times*. "But it was not news until it appeared in the *Times*," was President Kennedy's comment. That is a mistake that others have made before and that is still being made. News is news, whether it appears in *The New York Times* or elsewhere.

The Meredith Ambush

On the theme, "To Fulfill These Rights," 2,600 invited delegates gathered in Washington on June 1 for the White House Conference on Civil Rights (see article by Robert Sherrill p. 734 this issue). Simultaneously with these carefully controlled proceedings, James Meredith was preparing to walk from Memphis, Tenn., to Jackson, Miss., likewise "to fulfill these rights." He had hardly crossed the state line when he was shot in the back. The situation in Hernando, Miss., proved to be quite different from that in Washington—the difference between the redneck's shotgun and the soothing words of well-fed officials and leaders.

James Meredith had succeeded in desegregating the University of Mississippi in 1962, but under protection of federal marshals and at the cost of two lives in the rioting which accompanied his matriculation. He had returned to Mississippi only once since his graduation, more or less surreptitiously, to attend the funeral of his father. Meredith knows his Mississippi, and his march had a twofold purpose born of that knowledge. He wanted to conquer his own fear and, by inspiring Mississippi Negroes to register to vote, to help them conquer their fears.

Meredith did not embark on his project in any foolhardy fashion. He wrote to Governor Paul B. Johnson and the sheriffs of all the counties on his route to apprise them of his schedule. The Governor ignored the letter and only one sheriff replied. His was the last county along the projected route; Meredith was shot in the first.

In that county—De Soto—Meredith and his companions were accorded only perfunctory protection. Meredith was assaulted verbally by whites before the shooting took place; by Mississippi custom, any and all abuse of a Negro by a white man is allowable, although the reverse would be unthinkable. The Negroes who came out to greet Meredith were scared, and with good reason; they came out nevertheless. A carload of FBI men followed the little procession in their familiar role of observers. They were there to witness shooting, not to forestall it, still less to do any shooting themselves.

After the crime had been committed, Governor Johnson wrung his hands, deploring both the violence and Meredith's

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invasion of his native state. It was a "very, very foolish thing for him to have done," the Governor said, availing himself of the time-honored reproach of the oppressors against the oppressed. No one knows better than a Southern governor how much easier it is to blame the violated than the violator, and many in all parts of the country will wholeheartedly agree. Their overriding concern is for tranquillity —on their own terms.

The ambush of Meredith has blown sky-high the "bubble of unreality" that was the White House Conference. New civil rights legislation will not help as long as Washington is unwilling to enforce, with vigor and resolve, the existing legislation. What is lacking in Washington is an honest determination at all levels, including the Presidency, to do something, now, about lawlessness in Mississippi.

Arm-Twisting Arms Salesmen

It seems sometimes that William C. Foster, director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and Robert S. McNamara, Secretary of Defense, cannot possibly be serving the same government. Perhaps President Johnson should arrange a meeting between the two, so that Mr. Foster will know what Mr. McNamara knows, and vice versa. The only difficulty is that Mr. McNamara seems to have been trying to change his public image, so that Mr. Foster may be more puzzled after an exchange of views than before.

Lately, his eyes piously cast skyward, Mr. Foster has complained that world arms costs exceeded $130 billion in 1964, the last year for which statistics are available. Dividing this figure by the world population, Mr. Foster finds that $40 is being spent for each human being—including centenarians, babes in arms and adults whose annual income totals less than this amount. Mr. Foster finds this state of affairs distressing, and so it is, but if he would only read past issues of *The Nation*, he would discover that the Pentagon is the biggest hawker of arms in the world. If Mr. Foster does not wish to take *The Nation*'s word for it, he can find similar data in McGraw-Hill's *Business Week*; revealing figures are furnished in the October 9, 1965, and other issues. The Pentagon, *Business Week* reports, is the world's top seller of arms, and since 1962 had secured orders, commitments and options from foreign countries totaling $9 billion for U.S. defense contractors.

Some of these commitments have required hard selling, but Henry J. Kuss, Jr., deputy assistant secretary of defense for international logistics negotiations, is that sort of salesman. When he requires help, Secretary McNamara himself is ready to jump into the breach. In an editorial in *The New York Times* (June 6) Robert Kleiman tells how Mr. McNamara laid down the law to West German Defense Minister Kai Uwe von Hassel at the Pentagon on May 13. Bonn, it appears, is not buying enough military hardware from Uncle Sam, and doesn't like some of the stuff it has been getting. (Its 700-plane fleet of American F-104G Starfighter jets has accounted for fifty-six crashes and thirty pilot deaths.) The chief dispute, however, is quantitative. The West Germans pledged themselves to buy military hardware in the amount of $1.35 billion during the two-year period ending June 30, 1967, and still have $600 million to go on that obligation. They are trying to renege, if that is not too harsh a word, on the balance. They would like to shift part of it to the purchase of American industrial equipment for the West German aid program in developing countries, including Vietnam, and to have the U.S. reconsider the whole deal. Mr. McNamara will have none of that. He made it plain that we reserve the right to reduce our forces in Germany "proportionately" if Bonn's purchases of U.S. arms continue to lag.

Thus we have the spectacle of the peace-loving leader of the Western world turning the screws on the erstwhile Hun, and Mr. McNamara sliding back into the same old slot. As for Mr. Foster, if other nations do not credit our protestations of eagerness to end war for all time, he knows where he can go to straighten things out.

California, There She Blows!

Two somewhat inconsistent meanings can be read in the results of the California primary. In 1964, Barry Goldwater surprised the political pundits by defeating Governor Rockefeller, backed by Sen. Thomas Kuchel, in the California Republican primary. Later that year, George Murphy, a conservative right-wing Republican, won the Senate seat against Pierre Salinger despite the Johnson landslide. At the time, these results were dismissed as still another example of the unpredictable volatility of California politics. In this year's primary, Ronald Reagan, a candidate of the Right, has scored a smashing victory over George Christopher, who was billed as a liberal-moderate Republican. Once again the pollsters and pundits were surprised. In the same primary, Mayor Samuel W. Yorty rolled up a disturbingly large vote against Governor Brown. Pre-primary estimates gave Yorty perhaps 20 to 25 per cent of the Democratic vote; he did much better. On the face of it, these results show that there has been a growing swing to the right in California politics; viewed in this perspective, the 1966 results represent an extension of the trend that was apparent in 1964.

So much is clear. But there is another aspect to the results. Reagan, definitely of the Goldwater Right, did not campaign as such; on the contrary, he tried to dissociate his campaign from the Birchers and the right wing and to adopt the image of a "moderate," the better to cut into Christopher's strength. The nature of the campaign favored this tactic. For one thing, there were few sharply defined issues, virtually none. Then, too, the Brown forces wanted Reagan to win the nomination although they were doubtless surprised by the margin of his victory; hence they did not concentrate their fire on Reagan. After all, it was a primary campaign. In a campaign without issues, Reagan could pose as a "moderate"; it will not be so easy for him to do so between now and November. Reagan was "handled" by one of California's most expert professional political public relations firms (Spencer-Roberts & Associates) and, with the exception of some initial mistakes that Reagan himself made, they were able to keep him under close supervision and it paid off. It is in the issueless campaign that the "performer" type of candidate can make maximum use of television exposure as against candidates who, whatever their merits, are not actors or performers.

While there were no "issues," in the normal sense, there were two highly explosive, emotional situations which contributed to both the Reagan and Yorty votes. One was Berkeley, the other Watts. It is fairly easy to tap resentment among middle-class voters by inveighing against students that don't shave, go in for eccentric hair-dos, wear sandals and levis, and, now and then, raise hell on the campus. As to Watts, there was unquestionably a strong white backlash. Districts adjacent to Negro areas in Los Angeles voted early and heavily, and they went to Yorty by wide margins. The California Supreme Court's recent decision, invalidating the results of the state-wide initiative of 1964 on Proposition No. 14, created a fine opportunity for Yorty to exercise his considerable skills as a demagogue.

A measure on the primary ballot called for approval of a bond issue which would have been used to build a badly needed hospital in Watts. One would think that it would have carried hands down; it did receive a majority of the votes cast, but bond issues require a larger margin and so it failed. The failure of this measure is a clear indication that strong backlash sentiment existed. At the same time, Yorty very skillfully drove a wedge between the Mexican-American minority and the Negro minority. In view of Watts, it was only natural that the spotlight of public attention and concern should have been focused on Negroes and that the anti-poverty programs, etc., should have been concentrated in Negro areas. Mexican-Americans resented this and also resented the fact that they have not received their share of political patronage as compared with the Negro minority. Yorty received a heavy vote in Mexican-American sections of Los Angeles.

What, then, is one to make of the primary? The results do show a continuing shift to the right in California politics but the special factors noted had much to do with the results. The primary also indicates that the Johnson consensus is not holding up. In the 7th Congressional District, Robert Scheer ran a strong race against the incumbent Jeffrey Cohelan. Scheer polled about 45 per cent of the vote. He drew a heavy vote in the Berkeley Hill precincts and in the Negro sections of Oakland. Edward Keating, publisher of *Ramparts*, also ran a strong race in a Republican primary on the same major issue raised by Scheer, namely, opposition to the war in Vietnam. Both campaigns show what can be done with a "new style" of campaigning geared to real issues.

Governor Brown between now and November will be the underdog, his preferred position. He will be able to concentrate on Reagan's lack of experience and his right-wing affiliations. One can only have sympathy for Brown. He has been a good governor. He should be able to win on his record but, in two terms, he has made his share of enemies and aroused the ire of numerous malcontents. However, he should not be counted out by any means. The question is, how many Yorty votes will switch to Reagan in November? Not all of them, of course, but too many. Yorty has his eyes on the Senate seat now occupied by Senator Kuchel. But he may be disappointed. Reagan has nothing to gain by antagonizing Kuchel any more than he has already antagonized him; in fact, Kuchel's support might well be the key to a possible Reagan victory in November.

The national significance of the California primary is fairly clear. Reagan's victory strengthens the right wing in the Republican Party; Reaganites will be much in evidence at the next Republican convention. At the same time, the results will spell trouble for the Democrats; LBJ's consensus has been badly shaken. California is today the main political powerhouse in the nation. What happens in California, therefore, automatically has national political significance. Inscribed over the entrance to the state capitol in Sacramento is the ironic scroll: "Bring Me Men to Match My Mountains!" But what manner of men are Sam Yorty and Ronald Reagan? Can't California, a state that produced Hiram Johnson and Earl Warren, do better than this? Governor Brown is in the Johnson-Warren tradition but he is surrounded, at the moment, by midgets. (Readers will be interested in comparing the results of the June 7 primary with Gladwin Hill's shrewd look at the campaign: "The California Sweepstakes," *The Nation,* March 27.)

Edmund Wilson

The press has been nearly unanimous, as well it should be, in applauding the award of the National Medal for Literature to Edmund Wilson. Editorial after editorial has echoed the judgment that Mr. Wilson is our leading man of letters. Judgments of this sort are easily reached when there is only one person who fits the category.

But Edmund Wilson has qualities that should be singled out for special comment because they have relevance to the current dreary state of American letters. One is an extraordinary curiosity—about almost everything. There is no one left in literary journalism with anything like his unappeasable curiosity. He can interest himself in almost anything that attracts his eye, and because his curiosity is fathomless he can invest whatever he writes about with the glow of fresh discovery. As lesser colleagues while the hours away in cloistered college hideaways, complaining that there is nothing much that interests them, Wilson goes barging about the world endlessly fascinated with what he sees and hears and learns. Another quality that might be noted: he takes his craft seriously, that is, he works at it. And many other special attributes might be cited, among them his unflagging kindness to young writers.

True to form, he accepted the $5,000 grant that accompanies the award in his own spirit and manner. First of all, he acknowledged that heavy taxes had left him with about $100 in the bank; the tax-free grant would, therefore, come in handy. It was all the more welcome, he said, because it was tax free "so that not a penny of it will be demanded for the infamous war in Vietnam and for our staggering appropriation in the interests of so-called defense which, when I last examined the budget in 1964, amounted, together with space programs, and the costs of past wars, to 79 per cent of the total. I am very much gratified, for once, not to have to contribute to these mistaken efforts."

The Nation feels it an honor, on this occasion, to salute a valued contributor and friend, a great man of letters, and a most remarkable citizen of the republic.

WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE

BUBBLE OF UNREALITY

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

Skepticism was at least knee-deep at the White House Conference on Civil Rights, a $300,000 affair at the luxurious Sheraton-Park and Shoreham Hotels. The National Council of Churches' Commission on Religion and Race had predicted the conference would be "a frivolous exercise which will accomplish nothing." The two dozen Associated Community Teams (ACT) pickets who, on the first day, wandered around on the sidewalks foul-mouthing the delegates as "black lackeys" soon left, realizing that nothing was happening inside except a piling up of disbelief and of unrealities. Yale Rabin, a University of Pennsylvania faculty member now working with the Delta Ministry and the NAACP, stuffed his suitcase angrily at the end of the second day. "This," he said, "has been a hopelessly frustrating conference. I'll be in Wetumpka, Ala., tomorrow and what's gone on here has no relevance to what I'll be facing down there." Another delegate said she had "a feeling I've been taking LSD." A Tennessee member of the Commission on Civil Rights said: "I know I'm being used as a tool. That's what the convention is all about. But you have to come, just in case something does happen." Floyd B. McKissick, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality, had come to the conference damning it as being "rigged"; midway through he changed his judgment—now it was a "fraud."

Not many delegates would disagree with him on either description. It was rigged in the sense that particular grievances were smothered in the broad agenda of social ills—not enough economic security, welfare, housing, justice—with deadeningly broad remedies: more security, more education, more good housing, and more justice. Nobody could argue with that. What else was there to say? It had all been said on the sidewalks, in Negro churches, in marches, in sit-ins, in riots for a dozen years and more. Lawrence Landry, an ACT leader from Chicago, observed: "If the conference had been held in 1950 it would have been forward-looking. Today, it's just ludicrous."

The conference was definitely rigged against violent dispute; those little FBI types saw to that, flitting around checking credentials so that no uninvited malcontents could get in. Malcontents who had been invited got another type of treatment. When McKissick sent up his resolution asking President Johnson to get out of Vietnam, the section chairman, James Nabrit, a Johnson appointee to the United Nations delegation, sat on him; McKissick protested that Nabrit was acting unfairly, and Nabrit responded: "This is what I'm here for, Mac." It was a nice piece of candor.

The original ground rules permitted no resolutions from the floor, and no voting. McKissick may not have intended it that way, but he did the conference designers a great favor when he demanded and got them, reluctantly, to ease up to the extent of permitting some quarreling from the floor on the afternoon of the second day. If it hadn't been for that to look forward to, the conference could have sunk beneath a rapidly accumulating burden of boredom. It almost did anyway.

Because the conference was broken into a dozen simultaneous sections, ten Washington newsmen organized a pool. Each would cover a different section and then they would come together at the end of the day and swap notes. "It would have worked out O.K.," the *Atlanta Journal*'s correspondent told me, "except that when we met, we found out we didn't have anything to swap. Nothing had happened." That was at the conclusion of the first day.

Some felt that President Johnson moved up his appearance from the last night to the first night because he feared giving the outside civil rights rebels an extra day to prepare a wild demonstration that might embarrass him. Others believed he changed his schedule in order to recruit the delegates to his side in the event that anti-Vietnamese war resolutions were in the offing. But neither of these theories is nearly so good as the proposition that he did it to stir some life into a conference that was beginning to sag dangerously. The same purpose was probably behind UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg's visit the following morning. He had not been scheduled to speak at all, he had nothing especially to say, and he gave every appearance of having been rushed in without being told what the gathering was all about until he stepped through the door. I almost felt sorry for him when he remarked: "We get disturbing reports that lawyers in some parts of the country do not discharge their duty." Could it possibly be that this former Supreme Court Justice does not yet know it as a *fact* that most lawyers in the Deep South won't touch a civil rights case?

Before the White House Conference goes into President Johnson's book of memories as a significant occurrence, rather than the bubble it was, the record should be put a little straighter, especially in regard to McKissick's antiwar resolution. First of all, it should be understood that the Vietnamese waste was constantly alluded to—not just by McKissick but by many delegates. Typical was the remark of Leslie Dunbar, director of the Field Foundation of New York and former director of the Southern Regional Council, to the effect that the bountiful housing proposals made by the conference steering committee (2 million new housing units a year, half of them in the low income field, etc.) would require redirection of funds from the war, and unless the conference was willing to cope with that probability "everything else is unreal."

With Vietnam a substratum concern throughout, CORE's formal resolution to get out of the war was not the pivotal issue some newspapers—forgivably desperate for copy at that drab parliament—made it out to seem. The issue was only lightly lobbied and briefly debated. And when the delegates in McKissick's section turned down his resolution they did not do so in such a way as to support the war. Chairman Nabrit turned it aside by saying: "I don't want to put that albatross around the civil rights movement." The vote was not *for* the war, but *against* the albatross.

In other sections of the conference, resolutions similar to that posed by McKissick did not fare so badly. In one group the resolution was slipped in on the end of a larger resolution to help the Southern sharecroppers. The concluding sentence was: "The ingenuity, and energy, and resources of this country must be redirected and devoted to the building of new towns (in the South) and not to the burning of villages in Vietnam." The vote against this was twenty-nine to twenty, with another thirty or forty persons not voting at all; considering that it was a pro-Johnson group, this was not exactly a vote of confidence in the Vietnamese war.

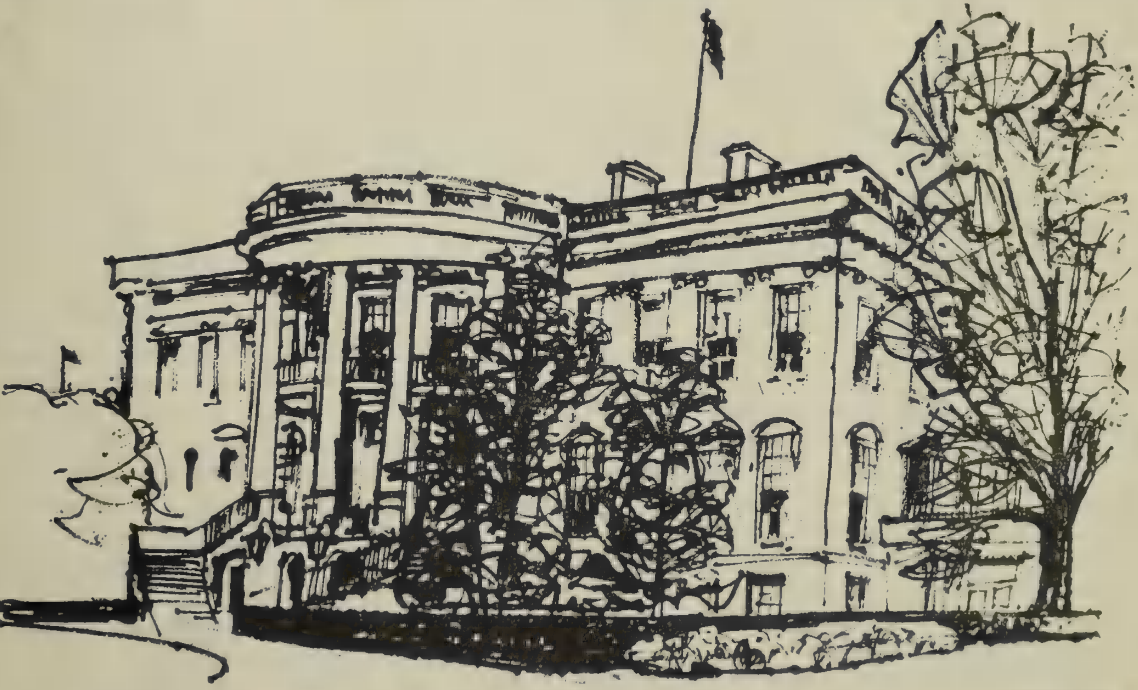
The Administration position is that this White House Conference will be a good leverage to get a new Civil Rights Act out of Congress, but considering the feeble enforcement of previous civil rights legislation, any new act will do the Democrats more good on Election Day (if promises prevent rioting, there may be no disastrous white electoral backlash in places like California; also, a new Civil Rights Act would help counteract the white liberals' disenchantment over Vietnam) than it will do the Negroes good thereafter. Many delegates pointed out that if laws already passed were enforced, life would be comparatively blissful for American Negroes.

Jack Young, an attorney from Jackson, Miss., said that because of the U.S. Office of Education's "flexible guidelines" in enforcing school integration laws, "on the whole, the picture in Mississippi is no better than it ever was." Harold Howe, II, U.S. Commissioner of Education, sitting three rows away, did not respond. Less than 1 per cent of the Negro pupils in Mississippi and Alabama go to integrated schools; those who do often are beaten and cursed by their white classmates. Yet the federal government makes no use of its control over school funds to help the Negroes. Similar laxity is shown by federal officials in administering welfare funds.

A large part of the federal welfare money that comes into Detroit, for example, said Helen Brown, corresponding secretary of the Aid to Dependent Children mothers, "never reaches the poor." Negro children drop out of school because they can't read the blackboard and they can't get glasses; they drop out of school plays because they don't want to walk across the stage in tennis shoes; they drop out of gym class because they can't afford the necessary physical examination. The U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, she said, makes no effort to correct the crookedness of the welfare distribution.

Lawrence Guyot, chairman of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, had other tales of federal indifference. "Last Friday a Negro youth was shot while on his way to a MFDP political rally. Our candidates are repeatedly threatened by telephone. A member of the MFDP executive committee was beaten by a highway patrolman recently. Rev. Clinton Collier, an MFDP Congressional candidate in the Fourth District, has been repeatedly arrested by Sheriff Rainey and his deputy, Price, and was recently beaten in Neshoba County. [These are the law men whose names were linked to the triple murder of civil rights workers near Philadelphia, Miss.] I grow tired of seeing the rights of Negroes guaranteed on paper, discussed thoroughly in meetings and, in fact, denied. Our right to participate meaningfully in the political process of Mississippi has been greatly hindered by incidents such as these."

Every schoolboy knows that the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment and the entire Fifteenth are aimed at protecting the Negro against just this kind of political harassment, yet frequent pleas to the Justice Department for protection have come to nothing. Attorney General Katzenbach will not act, nor will President Johnson. No further laws are needed on this point; the apparatus is already at hand but they will not use it. One explanation is that the Negro vote in the South is not as politically useful to the Executive department as are the



Schwering

kindly feelings of Senators like Stennis, Eastland, Ellender and Russell.

Another possible explanation was offered at the conference by Arnold Trebach, director of the Human Rights Program at Howard University and formerly chief (1960-63) of the Administration of Justice Section of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. In a word, his explanation was blackmail, or at least the threat of blackmail, by J. Edgar Hoover.

Trebach disclosed that "the Commission on Civil Rights recommended federal law-enforcement officers be stationed (in the South) at the scene of likely violence, that increased numbers of federal officials be assigned to communities where violence has occurred, that more extensive investigation and surveillance activities be undertaken by these officials, and that federal law-enforcement officers be authorized to make on-the-scene arrests for violations of federal law."

But, he said, these remedies had been blocked by "the Number One sacred cow in this town, J. Edgar Hoover," who "has a dossier of secret, damaging material on many prominent people, and it is thought that he will use it to protect his turf if necessary." Trebach charged that "Hoover has no real belief in civil rights and he is constitutionally unable to fully lend the energies of his agency to their support." He said that Hoover's defects "are common gossip at Washington cocktail parties," but "any high government official who comes out and says these things, even though he believes them, is committing political suicide—or inviting political assassination through the attacks he would thus provoke from Hoover and his powerful friends."

Trebach admitted he did "not know if every one of these claims is true, but many people in Washington believe them," and he sensibly suggested one way for Congress to find out would be to investigate the matter.

But that is not the end of the hypocrisy on which this conference was built. Just as HEW won't protect civil rights through the stern supervision of education and welfare moneys, and just as the Justice Department is not using the laws it already has available to protect Negroes in politics, even so does the U.S. Department of Agriculture side with the big plantation owner in helping to crush the Negro sharecropper.

One authentic sharecropper was brought to the conference: Floyd Robertson, 47, of West Point, Miss. He didn't know why he was selected. "I guess God just picked me out to come here," he said, unimpressed by the irony of a situation wherein the government spends for his trip to Washington one-fourth as much as he will earn in an entire year.

Robertson isn't doing so well. For five years he sharecropped 71 acres for Mr. Billy Bran at Prairie, Miss., harvesting 300 bales of cotton during that time. For his labor Robertson received $8,600 (and paid for his own groceries, contrary to the usual sharecropping arrangement), while earning $51,400 for the plantation owner. Not exactly a fair shake. Year before last he harvested 82 bales, bringing in roughly $16,400. Of that he was paid only $1,481, the landlord telling him: "You come here without a damn thing and that's the way you're going to leave."

Last year Robertson was chased off the farm—after he tried to enroll his children in a "white" school—and he is now renting 5 acres from another Negro in order to support his family of six children. For three years he has had his application in with the Farmers Home Administration for a loan to buy his own place. He has heard nothing from the FHA.

The first recommendation made by the White House Conference's counsel for assisting the 4 million Southern rural Negroes (90 per cent of whom are impoverished) is to provide those "who are engaged in or who wish to engage in the operation of commercial or subsistence farms with means and incentives for achieving successful farm ownership and management. Such a program should include combinations of loans, grants, training, counseling and technical assistance."

Incredibly, the conference leaders make these suggestions as if they did not realize that the federal government already has the legal and financial wherewithal to help the Negro farmer in just this fashion—and won't! They write as if they did not know that instead of helping the Negro farmer to get loans through the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service, with reasonable interest rates, the Department of Agriculture, just this year, instituted a new law which allows the Southern landowner to charge any rate of interest he wants (Robertson says some of them charge 25 per cent) on cash advances—which traditionally have been interest free—thus further impoverishing the sharecropper.

Officers of the National Sharecroppers Fund, as well as members of the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee, have this spring written many letters to Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman itemizing the injustices that federal farm officials in the South not only allow but encourage—and they not only get no reform action out of Freeman but they often do not even get a responsive letter. "If the government says it's goin' to do, it ought to stop politickin' and *do*. We poor folks," Robertson observed mildly, "need help *now*."

It may be that Johnson, an old master at the divide-and-conquer political strategy, may think he achieved a useful split in the civil rights leadership with this conference, a split that will make the national Negro bloc easier to handle. On the surface there might be some reason to think so. Roy Wilkins of the NAACP alluded to SNCC leaders, who did not attend the conference, as "flippant doctrinaire conformists." Dr. Martin Luther King was on the premises but did not show himself, reportedly because (this was *The Washington Post*'s theory) Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall, in a speech to the general convention, neglected to say a kind word on behalf of demonstrations and direct action. And there were other surface signs of schisms and minor feuds.

The history of the civil rights movements to this date indicates that it would be foolish for Johnson to bank too heavily on this fussing. If the Negroes hit the streets this summer (and Vice President Hubert Humphrey's speech indicated the Administration is fearfully confident they will; he decried *only* "slumism," and touched not at all on the unhappiness of the unrebellious Southern Negroes), the civil rights leaders may tut-tut the violence in gentlemanly terms, but Johnson will be kidding himself to suppose their sentiments are anything but black.

At one conference session Mrs. Mary O. Ross, of Detroit, president of the Women's Auxiliary of the National Baptist Convention, rallied the troops with a piece of verse that ended:

The battle's on, let's fight it!
The world's wrong, let's right it!
Is faith asleep, let's wake it!
Today is ours, let's take it!

Mrs. Ross, a happy battleship of a woman, was smiling and rocking like a Girl Scout song leader, and the crowd responded with laughter and shouts and applause. Typical Negro store-front church stuff, or so it seemed. But behind the smiles and good humor these people really believe the day *is* theirs, and they do mean to take it.

THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORT: II

TESTIMONY of the EYEWITNESSES

FRED J. COOK

The following is the second and concluding section of Fred J. Cook's analysis of the testimony given before the Warren Commission. As we explained last week, the manuscript was delivered to us, in its present form, approximately three weeks before publication of Part I; in other words, before the appearance of press releases announcing publication of two books which also analyze the testimony and the rejoinders from spokesmen for the commission which these releases stimulated.

—The Editors

Despite the speed with which the Dallas authorities closed out the case of President Kennedy's assassination after they had latched on to Oswald, despite the speed with which they promulgated their one-assassin-three-shot-theory, despite the effect that this must have had on the recollections of all but the stoutest and most positive witnesses, a surprising number of spectators insisted with varying degrees of certainty that they had heard four, five or six shots.

One of the most positive and emphatic on this point was Mrs. Jean Hill, the schoolteacher who was standing with Mary Moorman when the latter took her widely distributed Polaroid picture of the assassination. The two women were standing on the curb of the little grass plot known as Dealey Plaza, on the left-hand side of the motorcade as it proceeded toward the triple underpass. The firing broke out as the Presidential car moved directly in front of them, and Mrs. Hill stubbornly testified that she heard more than three shots.

"I've always said there were some four to six shots," she told the commission. "There were three shots—one right after the other, and a distinct pause, or just a moment's pause, and then I heard more. . . . I think there were at least four or five shots and perhaps six, but I know there were more than three."

Mrs. Hill thought that she heard shots not from the Texas School Book Depository but from a knoll directly opposite her, on the right-hand side of Elm Street. This would mean that the sounds came from the same general direction, but from a different firing point. The ground across Elm from Dealey Plaza slopes up to a semicircular monument structure in the center of a little park. A concrete wall runs for some distance from the end of the monument toward the underpass; behind the wall, crowning the crest of the knoll, is a thin line of trees, thick with foliage. Beyond the trees there is a parking lot, wedged in between the knoll and the railroad tracks that come curving down to pass over Elm, Main and Commerce Streets.

Mrs. Hill saw a man who seemed to be running away. She even crossed the street to pursue him, but people began to mill around, and she lost sight of him. Subsequently, she and her friend were taken to the courthouse so that officials could get their statements of what they had seen. By the time they were released, Oswald had been captured and held for the murder of Patrolman Tippit; his rifle and three discharged shells had been found; and official theory already had hardened into the belief that the entire case had been solved. To Mrs. Hill, the official theory didn't jibe with what she had seen and heard; and so, as she was leaving the courthouse, she protested to a Secret Service agent.

> I talked with this man, a Secret Service man, and I said, "Am I a kook or what is wrong with me?" I said, "They keep saying three shots—three shots," and I said, "I know I heard more. I heard four to six shots anyway."
>
> He said, "Mrs. Hill, we were standing at the window and we heard more shots also, but we have three wounds and we have three bullets, three shots is all we are willing to say right now."

This remark so perfectly expresses the official mentality that had botched the aftermath of tragedy in Dallas that it carries the ring of truth. To digress for a moment: every law-enforcement agency on the scene that day had disgraced itself. The FBI knew all about the erratic Lee Harvey Oswald; it knew he had been distributing Castroite leaflets in New Orleans and had gotten into a street brawl there; it even knew that he was working in a building on the Presidential route—and it told nobody. Adlai Stevenson, a short time before the President's trip, had been viciously attacked in Dallas, yet the Secret Service, when making its protective plans, got from the FBI the name of not a single fanatic in a city that breeds them like kernels on a corncob. To suggest how strange this was, months before the killing in Dallas, in an article dealing with fanatics of the Right, I had described the activities of a mysterious and wealthy young Dallas businessman, self-styled "The Patriot," who was trying to form a nation-wide secret organization composed of radicals pledged to rise and assassinate prominent officials on "The Patriot's" orders. The activities of this and other rich, powerful and wild-eyed yahoos in Dallas could not have been unknown to the investigative agencies.

Then, once the seemingly unanticipated disaster had occurred, the security agencies got a heaven-sent break. Oswald was practically dropped into their arms and they grabbed their man. They solved the case—and let no one take *that glory* from them! This is the quintessence of police mentality, the kind of official reaction that atones for asinine error with a fast "solution"; one suspects that some of the truest words spoken in the entire Warren Commission inquiry were those of the Secret Service agent as quoted by Mrs. Hill: ". . . we heard more shots also, but we have three wounds and we have three bullets, three shots is all we are willing to say right now."

Three shots is all they were ever willing to say because, if they could just stick to those three shots, the crime which they were charged with preventing would be avenged in the only way possible—by the perfect solution. In less than twenty-four hours, Dallas officials were telling the press that they had absolute proof of Oswald's guilt; and by Sunday night, when their passion for publicity had resulted in Oswald's murder by Jack Ruby—live on nationwide television—District Attorney Henry Wade was proclaiming that "the Oswald case was closed." The record seems to show that there was never any official disposition to look beyond Oswald, to question whether "three shells, three shots, three wounds" would fit all the circumstances of the case. As a result we are left today with tantalizing implications.

The most intriguing of these peep out from the testimony of S. M. Holland, the signal supervisor of the Union Terminal Railroad, who had described so accurately the sequence of sights and sounds as he looked down on the assassination scene from the triple overpass. When one reads testimony in transcript form, without the advantage of actually seeing and hearing witnesses, one gets a wide variety of impressions. Some witnesses are obviously fumbling and ignorant and confused; some appear to be lying; others, either in their anxiety to please or the need to fatten their egos, begin to stretch their observations and expand upon their actual knowledge. But occasionally one finds a witness who has observed keenly and who is so scrupulously honest and factual that one trusts what he has to say almost implicitly. Such a witness was Holland.

He told the Warren Commission that since he knew railroad personnel he had been asked by the Secret Service and police to take up a post on the railroad overpass and help them check on expected sightseers. Holland obviously took his job seriously and observed and recalled with the greatest care. Looking down on Elm Street, he saw Mrs. Hill and Mary Moorman with her Polaroid camera; he described how he saw the effects of the shots that hit President Kennedy and Governor Connally before the sounds of the shots reached him; he saw Jacqueline Kennedy turn toward her husband after the first shot and saw the third shot knock the President flat, face down in the back of the limousine. The testimony is sharp, vivid, as accurate and straightforward a recital of what happened as the commission was to get from any one witness. Then, under questioning by Samuel A. Stern, assistant counsel of the commission, comes this sequence:

STERN: Did you hear a third report?

HOLLAND: I heard a third report and I counted four shots and about the same time all this was happening, and in this group of trees—[indicating].

STERN: Now, you are indicating trees on the north side of Elm Street?

HOLLAND: These trees right along here [indicating]. . . . There was a shot, a report, I don't know whether it was a shot. I can't say that. And a puff of smoke came out about 6 or 8 feet above the ground right out from under those trees. And at just about this location from where I was standing you could see that puff of smoke, like someone had thrown a firecracker, or something out, and that is just about the way it sounded. It wasn't as loud as the previous reports or shots.

Holland was asked what shot this would have been. He explained that everything had happened so fast he could not be certain.

HOLLAND: It could have been the third or fourth, but there were definitely four reports.

STERN: You have no doubt about that?

HOLLAND: I have no doubt about it. I have no doubt about seeing that puff of smoke come out from under those trees either.

Realizing what had happened, Holland said, he took off at a run along the overpass, scrambling down it at the north side of Elm Street where a picket fence, extending from the line of the concrete wall by the monument, runs along the crest of the knoll, separating it from the parking lot. There was a sea of cars in the parking lot, Holland testified, and he and some "twelve or thirteen policemen," who had come flocking to the same place, looked around for empty shell casings, but didn't find any. Holland then decided he couldn't be of any further help; he had better leave things in the hands of the authorities and go back to his own job on the railroad.

On his return trip, however, he made a discovery that, in the confusion of the moment and the belief the authorities would have everything in hand, he had not mentioned to anyone until he came before the commission. He testified:

> I remember about the third car down from this fence, there was a station wagon backed up toward the fence, about the third car down, and a spot, I'd say 3 foot by 2 foot, looked to me like somebody had been standing there for a long period. I guess if you could count them about a hundred foot tracks in that little spot, and also mud on the bumper of that station wagon . . . that is approximately the same location as—that car and the trees that I saw the smoke would probably be the same location.

The mud on the bumper of the station wagon, Holland said, looked as if someone had scraped off his shoes or had stood up on the bumper to look over the fence.

Some partial corroboration of Holland's account may be found in the testimony of Lee E. Bowers, Jr., the tower man in the north tower of Union Terminal. From this vantage point, Bowers had a wide-ranging view over the assassination scene and the surrounding landscape. He testified that, in the twenty minutes before the assassination, he noticed three strange cars circling around in the parking-lot area behind the knoll. Two of the cars had similar, out-of-state license plates, he recalled; one was a blue-and-white station wagon with a couple of bumper stickers, one a travel sticker, the other a Goldwater sign; and in one of the cars, a man seemed to be talking over a microphone held in his hand. The cars seemed to wander around the parking lot as if looking for a way out, Bowers said, and one of them, a 1961 or 1962 Impala with an out-of-state license and quite a bit of mud on it, stopped behind the knoll directly opposite the assassination site about eight minutes before the President's motorcade came along. Then Bowers, whose job it was to operate switches in the yard from the north tower, got busy and didn't think any more about the stopped car or observe it further.

Before he became so preoccupied with his work, Bowers said, he had noticed two men, one heavy set and middle aged, the other younger, in his mid-twenties, standing in the trees along the crest of the knoll. When the motorcade came past, Bowers said, he heard three shots and the reverberations from them, but he couldn't tell from what direction the shots had come. He quickly noticed, however, that there "seemed to be some commotion" in the trees along the knoll, and he saw a motorcycle policeman try to ride up the steep incline. The policeman was heading for the area in the trees where Bowers had seen the two men moments earlier. One of the men had vanished, Bowers said, but the other, he thought, was still there. Why had Bowers' eyes been drawn back so swiftly to this wooded section along the knoll? He could not say.

"I am just unable to describe rather than it was something out of the ordinary," he testified, "a sort of milling around, but something occurred in this particular spot which was out of the ordinary, which attracted my eye for some reason, which I could not identify."

Had this "something out of the ordinary" been that puff of smoke that Holland had seen so clearly? Bowers simply could not say.

It is perhaps of some significance that despite the swift arrest of Oswald and the almost instantaneous discarding of any evidence that did not point to him, so many witnesses still retained the impression that the firing had come from the wooded knoll. Oswald, it should be remembered, was firing from a spot directly above the heads of the thickest part of the crowd; in fact, when he touched off his final shot, trailing cars in the motorcade were directly beneath his window, and Mrs. Earl Cabell, wife of the Mayor of Dallas, looked up and saw the end of his rifle poking out above her head. Further along Elm Street, in the direction of the underpass and the knoll, the crowd thinned out considerably, and so it would seem that this very distribution should have made more persons acutely aware of Oswald and the firing from the School Book Depository. Yet this does not seem to have been the case. A compilation made by Harold Feldman in *The Minority of One* showed that, of 121 eyewitnesses whose statements appear in the twenty-six volumes of the commission's hearings, thirty-eight had no clear opinion about the origin of the shots, thirty-two thought they came from the School Book Depository—and fifty-one believed they had come from the knoll.

Several witnesses besides Mrs. Hill and Holland felt certain that they had heard more than three shots. Some even claimed to have seen shots hit that, it would seem, could not be accounted for in the three-shot quota allotted for the action in the official version. One Dallas patrolman, J. W. Foster, who was stationed on the overpass, was certain that he had seen a shot strike the turf near a manhole cover on lower Elm Street, but police insisted they had not been able to find any trace of such a bullet. Another witness, Royce G. Skelton, a mail clerk who was also on the overpass, thought he had heard four shots but could not be certain. As he recalled it, the first two shots came closer together.

"After those two shots, and the car came down closer to the triple underpass, well, there was another shot—two more shots I heard, but one of them—I saw a bullet, or I guess it was a bullet—I take for granted it was—hit in the left front of the President's car on the cement, and when it did, the smoke carried with it—away from the building . . ." Skelton testified. He explained that by "smoke" he meant a spray effect spreading out ahead of the shot as it hit the concrete. Again police reported that they had been able to find no evidence of such a shot.

Some indication that the Foster or the Skelton bullet—or perhaps yet another bullet—may actually have been recovered is to be found in the reporting of Richard Dudman, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Dudman subsequently wrote in *The New Republic* that on the day of the assassination he had learned of a bullet that did not seem to be accounted for in the three-shot, official version of events. "A group of police officers were examining the area at the side of the street where the President was hit," he wrote, "and a police inspector told me they had just found another bullet in the grass. He said he did not know whether it had anything to do with the assassination." All mention of such a bullet seems to have vanished from the subsequent official accounts.

There was one shot that did not vanish. It struck the south Main Street curb, and a fragment from it nicked the cheek of a spectator. James T. Tague. Tague had been watching the approach of the Presidential motorcade from a spot beside a pillar at Commerce and Main Streets down by the triple underpass. After the shooting, a patrolman noticed that Tague had blood on his cheek; he hunted around and found what looked to be a fresh bullet scar on the curb. The Warren Commission reported that scientific analysis showed traces of lead, apparently made by the lead core of a bullet, but no trace of copper from a jacketed bullet like those Oswald was firing. Hence, the commission reasoned that one of his bullets (perhaps the shot it theorized had missed) must have shed its copper jacket by striking somewhere else before its lead core hit the curb. Once one acknowledges the evidence indicating a second marksman, however, this reasoning becomes meaningless. For who knows what kind of bullets Assassin No. 2 might have been firing? Anyone asking that question must begin to wonder what the Tague incident really indicates.

We get from the Warren Report only the vaguest impression of directions and angles. A much clearer account has been given by Vincent J. Salandria, a Philadelphia attorney, legal consultant for the American Civil Liberties Union and critic of the Warren Report. Salandria reported in *Liberation* on his study of the Tague incident:

> From my view of the maps, diagrams, photographs and after a personal inspection of the situs, at no point would Tague have been in the line of fire from the Depository Building to the Presidential limousine. He was some 1½ blocks from the Depository Building, about a block south of the limousine. But he was directly across from the grassy knoll on the north side of Elm Street. . . . If this was the source of Tague's wound, then Tague was very much in the line of fire since the limousine was then between him and the knoll. The trajectory is consistent with an elevation beginning about 25 feet above sea level (my estimate from personal inspection of the height of the grassy knoll) downward to the curbing and thence into his cheek. . . .

Such discussions cause one to examine with greater skepticism the commission's account of President Kennedy's wounds. If one agrees that the evidence indicates that Governor Connally was not hit by the bullet that first wounded the President, it follows that Oswald could not have injured them both because he simply did not have time to get off two shots. Since ballistics tests showed that the nearly whole bullet recovered from Governor Connally's stretcher came from Oswald's Carcano, it then follows that the first bullet that wounded the President must have been fired by someone else. But, if so, it would seem that the angle and the trajectory of the bullet would have to be different. Is there any evidence for this?

Commander James J. Humes, the Navy pathologist who had charge of the autopsy at Bethesda, gave the commission the anatomical facts. He placed the entry wound in the President's back "14 centimeters from the tip of the right acromium process and 14 centimeters below the tip of the right mastoid process." Fourteen centimeters are roughly 5½ inches, and the specifications locate the entry wound on a straight line in from the tip of the acromium, or point of the shoulder, and straight down from the mastoid bone, just to the right of the spinal column. Pathologists at Bethesda were unable to get a probe through the wound and thus trace the actual path of the bullet, so the trajectory must be judged solely by the entry and exit wounds. And the exit wound was located in the President's throat at about the level of the "third and fourth tracheal rings"—in other words just below the Adam's apple.

The layman can perhaps better visualize the approximate location of these wounds from the testimony of Frazier, the FBI expert, who described the bullet holes found in the President's clothing. Frazier placed the point of entry at 5⅜ inches below the top of the President's coat collar; 5¾ inches below the top of his shirt collar, and 1⅛ inches to the right of the center line of the shirt. In exiting, Frazier said, the bullet nicked the knot of the President's necktie.

These, then, were the anatomical facts about this first wound. Their significance can be understood only in relation to one other vital factor. If Oswald had fired the bullet that caused this wound, it would have struck the President in the back on a *downward* trajectory precisely calculated by the FBI at 17° 43′ 30″ at the point of impact. This means that the exit point of the bullet would have to be the *lowest spot* penetrated on the President's body.

Throughout Commander Humes's testimony, no attempt was made to relate the anatomical evidence to the exactly calculated downward trajectory from Oswald's gun. Instead, the commission was presented with a couple of "schematic drawings" that seemed to reconcile the wounds with the downward-trajectory thesis. The first of these drawings, which became Exhibit 385, shows a bullet zinging in and out of the President's neck on a dotted line representing the downward trajectory. The second drawing, Exhibit 386, is a back view of the President's head and shoulders; it places the entry wound, not on a line with the tip of the shoulder, not almost in the middle of the back, but *well up above the shoulder level on the right side of the President's neck.* In other words, *the location of this wound has been changed!*

The seriousness of the distortion becomes apparent when one contrasts Exhibits 385 and 386 with the drawings in Commander Humes's own autopsy report from Bethesda (Exhibit 397). A comparison of the back view of the human male figure represented there with the back view of the "schematic" Exhibit 386 shows that the entry wound has hopped from the middle of the back on the autopsy report to well up on the neck in the schematic drawing. Only so could the requirements of the downward trajectory have been fulfilled.

A check with medical experts quickly exposes the seriousness of this visual distortion. Doctors on both the West and East Coasts, questioned about this vital conflict between the autopsy report and the schematic drawing, all agree on these basic facts:

Even if Commander Humes's drawing on his pathologist report is not exactly true to scale (doctors are notoriously poor artists, one points out, and Humes may have placed his entry dot a little too low), nevertheless his precise verbal description of the location of the entry and exit wounds makes it *impossible for the bullet that caused them to have been fired into the President's body on a downward trajectory of more than 17 degrees.* The entry and exit wounds are located almost on a straight line, indicating that the bullet must have been fired on a nearly level trajectory. "The only way you can reconcile these wounds with the projected downward trajectory would be if the President had been leaning forward at an angle of almost 20 degrees when he was struck," one expert said.

The Zapruder film, of course, establishes that the President was *not* leaning forward, but was sitting erect and waving to the crowds. It is significant that when the Presidential car vanished from Zapruder's camera behind the road sign at frame 205, the President's erect head and upraised right hand were still visible. They remained partially visible after others in the car had disappeared from view.

From all of this, it is clear that the "schematic drawings" that evidently deluded the Warren Commission misrepresent the anatomical details. How was this accomplished? At this point, the trail becomes murky. Commander Humes testified that the sketches were prepared by a medical corpsman who was a skilled illustrator. He conceded that the artist had not been permitted to view the X rays or pictures taken of the President's body; in short, he had drawn what he had been told to draw. One might have thought that the commission itself would have had some doubts and would have wanted to see the basic evidence, the X rays and the photographs. But, no. Commander Humes assured the commission that these exhibits, though horribly more "graphic," would not alter essential details.

One final item should be mentioned in connection with this phase of the investigation. In Vol. XVII, page 48, of the Warren record, one finds Exhibit 397, a cryptic note signed by Commander Humes: "I, James J. Humes, certify that I have destroyed by burning certain preliminary draft notes relating to Naval Medical School Autopsy Report A63-272 and have officially transmitted all other papers related to this report to higher authority."

Commander Humes told the commission that the notes he burned in his home fireplace comprised the original draft of his final report. Just why he should have considered it necessary to burn any notes in a case of such transcendent importance remains unexplained. As for the X ray and photographic evidence of the President's wounds, Humes said they had been turned over either to the FBI or the Secret Service, and there they have remained.

In its final report, the commission argued strongly—and it would seem at first glance persuasively—that the sharp downward trajectory of this bullet, presumably fired by Oswald, proved that it must have also wounded Governor Connally. The commission made much of the fact that a search of the interior of the limousine failed to show any spot where the downward-flying missile had struck — and so it concluded that this pellet *must* have been the one that pierced Governor Connally's back. But once it is realized from the evidence of the President's wounds that the bullet was on virtually a level trajectory, one of the commission's strongest arguments for believing the first shot wounded both the President and the Governor is vitiated. A bullet on level flight, exiting from the President's neck, could simply have taken off into space.

Such a reconstruction of events, based on the official anatomical evidence, indicates that Lee Harvey Oswald did not fire the first shot that wounded President Kennedy; it suggests very strongly that someone else was firing at the President from another vantage point, with a different rifle, on a different and far flatter trajectory. The evidence argues further that the Stemmons Freeway sign may well have been a predesignated firing point. It would be a standard ambush tactic to zero in on the roadway at such a landmark, and to begin firing when the President reached this precise point. That would explain, as the commission's version does not, the rapidity of the first two shots that hit President Kennedy and Governor Connally; it would not conflict head on with Governor Connally's assertion that he was wounded by the second shot; and it might explain, assuming that rifle reports in such circumstances would almost blend, the confusion in the minds of witnesses about the number of shots and their incredibly close spacing.

If Oswald was not the only gunman, were the assassins working together? This is a question to which, at present, there is no possible answer since it is a question that was never really explored. All that exist in the record are certain vague trails, peculiar and tantalizing.

One of the more remarkable aspects of the case may be found in the speed with which Oswald was identified as the killer. This has suggested to some that he may have been a pre-selected pigeon, slated from the start to be fingered and caught. Such suspicions gave rise to rumors of some pre-assassination connection between Oswald and Jack Ruby or between Oswald and Patrolman Tippit. The Warren Commission tried diligently to track down such reports, and decided that there was no factual evidence to justify the allegations. What remains, then, is the question of the lightning speed of the identification. Is this natural? Can it be normally and logically explained?

The shots that killed President Kennedy were fired at 12:30 P.M. By 12:45 the police radio was carrying its first, quite accurate description of Oswald. And at 1:16 Patrolman Tippit, apparently acting on the radio description, stopped Oswald—and, according to all the evidence, was murdered by him. This rapid-fire sequence is dealt with in the Warren Report with the statement that the radio description of Oswald "probably" stemmed from details supplied by Howard L. Brennan, a steam fitter. The commission's vagueness on this vital point earned it some justifiable criticism, but there is little doubt, from the report and other accounts, that Brennan was the man who first accused Oswald. Rep. Gerald R. Ford (R., Mich.), a member of the commission, later declared in an inside-the-hearing-room piece for *Life* that Brennan was "the most important witness to appear before the Warren Commission in the ten months we sat."

Brennan told the commission that he arrived on the scene about ten minutes before the Presidential motorcade appeared. He perched himself on top of a low retaining wall around a little pool in the park directly across Elm Street from the Texas School Book Depository. It was later calculated that Brennan was about 120 feet, looking upward at an angle, from the corner sixth-floor window behind which Oswald was stationed. Brennan testified that as he waited for the President he "observed quite a few people in different windows" of the School Book Depository building. "In particular, I saw this one man on the sixth floor which left the window to my knowledge a couple of times."

Why "in particular"? What was there about this one man, in advance of the event, that caused Brennan to focus acute and special attention upon him? One wishes here, as at other points in Brennan's recital, as at many other phases of the testimony, for the illumination that comes only from the trial process, with a keen and skeptical opposing attorney cross-examining and probing a witness' story.

Brennan's story, accepted without challenge, continued as follows:

After the President had passed, he heard "this crack that I positively thought was a backfire." Then there came a second explosion that "made me think that it was a firecracker being thrown from the Texas Book Store and I glanced up. And this man that I saw previous was aiming his last shot."

Asked to describe exactly what he saw, Brennan went on:

> Well, *as it appeared to me he was standing up and resting against the left window sill,* with gun shouldered to his right shoulder, holding the gun with his left hand and taking positive aim and fired his last shot. As I calculate a couple of seconds. He drew the gun back from the window as though he was drawing it back to his side and maybe paused for another second as though to assure himself that he hit his mark, and then he disappeared. *(Italics added.)*

Brennan was asked how much of the marksman he could see.

> Well, I could see—at one time he came to the window sill and he sat sideways on the window sill. That was previous to President Kennedy's getting there. And I could see practically his whole body, from his hips up. But at the time he was firing the gun, *a possibility from his belt up. (Italics added.)*

So fortified with observations, Brennan rushed to a policeman and rattled off this description of the marksman at the sixth-floor window: a white man in his early 30s, fair complexion, slender and neat, 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighing 160 to 170 pounds. Note how nearly letter perfect was this description. Oswald actually was 24 years old, slender, 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighing about 150 pounds.

Other witnesses later reported that they, too, had seen a man lurking at the sixth-floor window, but none had seen him with Brennan's precision and detail. Most had seen only a vague figure and "a stick" or "a pipe" poking out the window. According to these witnesses, Oswald himself was barely visible—and for a very good reason. In its report, the Warren Commission gave this description of Oswald's sniper nest:

> A carton had been placed on the floor *at the side of the window* so that a person sitting on the carton could look down on Elm Street toward the overpass and *scarcely be noticed from the outside.* Between this carton and *the half-open window* were three additional cartons arranged at such an angle that a rifle resting on the top carton would be aimed directly at the motorcade as it moved away from the building. *(Italics added.)*

The conflict becomes obvious. This man who could scarcely be seen from the outside had been observed in startling detail by Brennan 120 feet away and looking up at a sharp angle. Brennan could give an almost exact description of the height, weight and appearance of this man who was only barely visible to everyone else.

But the difficulties are only beginning. At the moment of gunfire, a press photographer, Thomas C. Dillard, swung his camera on the upper stories of the Texas School Book Depository. His lens caught the figures of two Negroes in windows on the fifth floor, and above them it pictured a black gap behind the half-raised window of Oswald's aerie. It is interesting to note that the Negroes on the fifth floor appear right in the open window frames, resting their elbows on the window sills and looking out. But can you judge their height, weight and age with any exactitude? Try it. You will find that you cannot.

One of the problems lies in the fact that the men appear to be standing and leaning on the window sills. But the window sills of the School Book Depository were very close to the floor, and the men at the windows were actually kneeling. Exactly so, above them, was Oswald. He could not have stood and fired his shots through the half-open window; he had to be either kneeling or squatting on the carton he had placed at the side of the window for this purpose—the carton on which his palm print was later found. Yet we are to assume that Brennan judged perfectly the height of a squatting or kneeling man whom he mistook for a standing man—and that he saw this squatting man from the belt up as he fired his last shot.

Brennan's explanation, of course, was that Oswald had come out and squatted on the window sill prior to the arrival of the President; at which time he had had a chance to observe him more closely. It must be said that no one else saw Oswald sitting on the window sill, and it should perhaps be noted that Oswald would have found it difficult to perform the feat. As pictures taken at the time make clear, the entire window sill was blocked by three heavy cartons of books, arranged at an angle, the last carton resting on the sill itself and giving Oswald a rifle rest for his shots down Elm Street. For Oswald to have sat on the window sill and displayed himself to Brennan, he would have had to lug away some of the obstructing book cartons, and one might have thought that he would have raised the sash all the way up so that he could see out without obstruction. There is no evidence of any of this activity.

A hint of the puzzle shows in the testimony. David W. Belin, an assistant counsel, showed Brennan the Dillard photos, and it is fairly obvious that Brennan was a bit staggered. He had described the pile of boxes that reared up behind Oswald's nest, shielding Oswald from view inside the building. Belin asked if he had seen any box in the window itself.

"No, no," Brennan said. "That is, I don't remember a box in the window. . . ."

BELIN: Well, here is Exhibit 482. First of all, I see a box on Exhibit 482, right in the window.

BRENNAN: Yes, I don't recall that box.

There it ends. No one seems to have thought that the obstructing cartons raised a question of credibility about Oswald's supposed window-sitting feat—and so about all of Brennan's reported observations.

Brennan's subsequent performance on the day of the assassination might well raise further doubts as to his story. After Oswald's arrest, Brennan was summoned to see if he could identify the suspect in a police line-up. He said that Oswald "looked like" the man he had seen in the window, but he could not be certain. Actually, he insisted to the commission, he had always been certain but he was scared of what might happen to himself or his family if he made a positive identification. As he explained to the commission:

"I believed at the time, and I still believe, it was a Communist activity, and I felt like there hadn't been more than one eyewitness, and if it got to be a known fact that I was an eyewitness, my family or I, either one, might not be safe."

It is impossible to reach a final judgment on Brennan's testimony, but it strains credulity to believe that he could have observed Oswald as he said he did. Had he known Oswald previously? Did he recognize him? And, if so, how and where and when had they met? Such questions instantly suggest themselves; indeed, they are elementary—but they were never asked.

In the brief span of life left to him, Oswald kept insisting —for example, to Seth Kantor of the Scripps-Howard press —that he had been made the "patsy." What did he mean by this? What might have been brought out had Oswald lived to go to trial? One can never know. Certainly, Oswald's character does not shine with the light of truth. He denied to police, for example, that he owned the Carcano, yet clearly it was his. Oswald was hardly the complete innocent that he pretended to be, and his cry of "patsy" may have been nothing more than the bleat of a guilty man deprived of other excuse. Yet, in view of all the evidence that there had to be a second gunman, one cannot completely dismiss the possibility that Oswald may indeed have been double-crossed so that other, more important men might go free.

If there was such a plot, what was its basis? There is a possibility that Oswald intended to kill Governor Connally, not President Kennedy. Connally was Secretary of the Navy when Oswald's honorable discharge from the Marines was changed into a dishonorable one, and Oswald blamed Connally, as he showed in one angry letter that he wrote. Since the only bullet definitely tied both to a victim and to Oswald's gun by ballistics tests is the one that wounded Connally, since the autopsy suggests that the first shot that struck the President was fired by another marksman, it is possible that Oswald's selected target was the Governor and that someone, knowing of his hate and intentions, perhaps stimulating them, took advantage of the situation. Such nagging threads of doubt and suspicion have been exhibited by those closest to Oswald. Marina Oswald first indicated to the Warren Commission that she had no doubt her husband had shot the President; but later she shifted ground and said she thought he might have intended to shoot Governor Connally. The change of testimony incensed Congressman Ford and veteran Sen. Richard B. Russell, who both concluded that, for some reason they couldn't fathom, Marina was a far less candid person than they originally had thought her. Immediately after the publication of the Warren Report, Robert Oswald said that he accepted its findings about his brother's guilt, but added that he felt someone must have worked on Lee to get him to commit such a deed.

Against this background, one is compelled to ask: What about the final and fatal head shot? If there was a second marksman, as the evidence indicates, did he fire this shot? Or did Oswald?

Two fairly large shell fragments, identified by ballistics experts as coming from Oswald's Carcano, were found in the front seat of the limousine. Clinging to them were particles of tissue, indicating that they had struck either the President or Governor Connally. No attempt was made to examine this tissue clinically; the fragments were simply cleaned off so that ballistics tests could be made. Since the commission had attributed all of Governor Connally's wounds to the nearly whole bullet found on his stretcher, it followed logically that these large fragments with their clinging tissue could have come only from the shattered head of the President.

But even here difficulties arise that make this conclusion not as simple as it first appears. As the commission reconstructed events, one bullet did all the damage to Governor Connally. The Governor himself could recall having been hit just once, but then he was in pain and shock and did not even realize his right wrist had been fractured until he woke up in the hospital and found it in a cast. For the commission, adhering to its one-assassin-three-shot theory, it was essential to decide that only one bullet had struck the Governor.

Cracks began to appear in this hypothesis with the testimony of FBI expert Frazier. Frazier said that the almost whole bullet weighed 158.6 grains; standard bullets of identical make weighed about 161 grains—sometimes even a little less. This meant, Frazier estimated, that the Connally bullet had probably lost only about 1.5 grains; it could not possibly have lost more than 3 or 4 grains. But Frazier had also been given a one-half grain fragment of metal that had been taken from Governor Connally's wrist. In addition, other minute fragments of metal were never recovered from the Governor's wrist and leg.

Lt. Col. Pierre S. Finck, chief of wound ballistics for the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, one of the three experts taking part in the autopsy at Bethesda, was asked by Specter whether this nearly whole bullet could have inflicted Governor Connally's wrist wound along with his other wounds.

"No; for the reason that there are too many fragments described in that wrist," Colonel Finck replied.

Commander Humes, asked if this nearly whole bullet, after passing through Governor Connally's chest, could have inflicted the wounds on his wrist and thigh, answered:

"I think that that is most unlikely. . . . The reason I believe it most unlikely that this missile could have inflicted either of these wounds is that this missile is basically intact; its jacket appears to be intact, and I do not understand how it could possibly have left fragments in either of these locations."

Commander Humes believed that the "intact" bullet was the one that had caused Governor Connally's chest wounds because no particles of metal were found in the Governor's chest and *"I doubt if this missile would have left behind it any metallic fragments from its physical appearance at this time."* Arlen Specter tried again, with a persistence that shows the importance he attached to the issue. But wouldn't it have been possible, he wanted to know, for this bullet to have caused Governor Connally's thigh wound? Colonel Humes stood fast. "I think that extremely unlikely. The reports, again Exhibit 392 from Parkland, tell of an entrance wound on the lower midthigh of the Governor, and X rays taken there are described as showing metallic fragments in the bone, which apparently by this report are still present in Governor Connally's thigh: *I can't conceive of where they came from this missile." (Italics added.)*

Dr. Robert Roeder Shaw, of Parkland Hospital, was asked whether this one bullet could have inflicted all of Governor Connally's injuries, and he replied: "I feel there would be some difficulty in explaining all of the wounds as being inflicted by bullet Exhibit 399 without causing more in the way of loss of substance to the bullet or deformation of the bullet. . . . As far as the wounds of the chest are concerned, I feel that this bullet could have inflicted those wounds. But the examination of the wrist both by X ray and at the time of surgery showed some fragments of metal that would make it difficult to believe that the same missile could have inflicted those two wounds. There seems to be more than three grains of metal missing as far as the—I mean in the wrist."

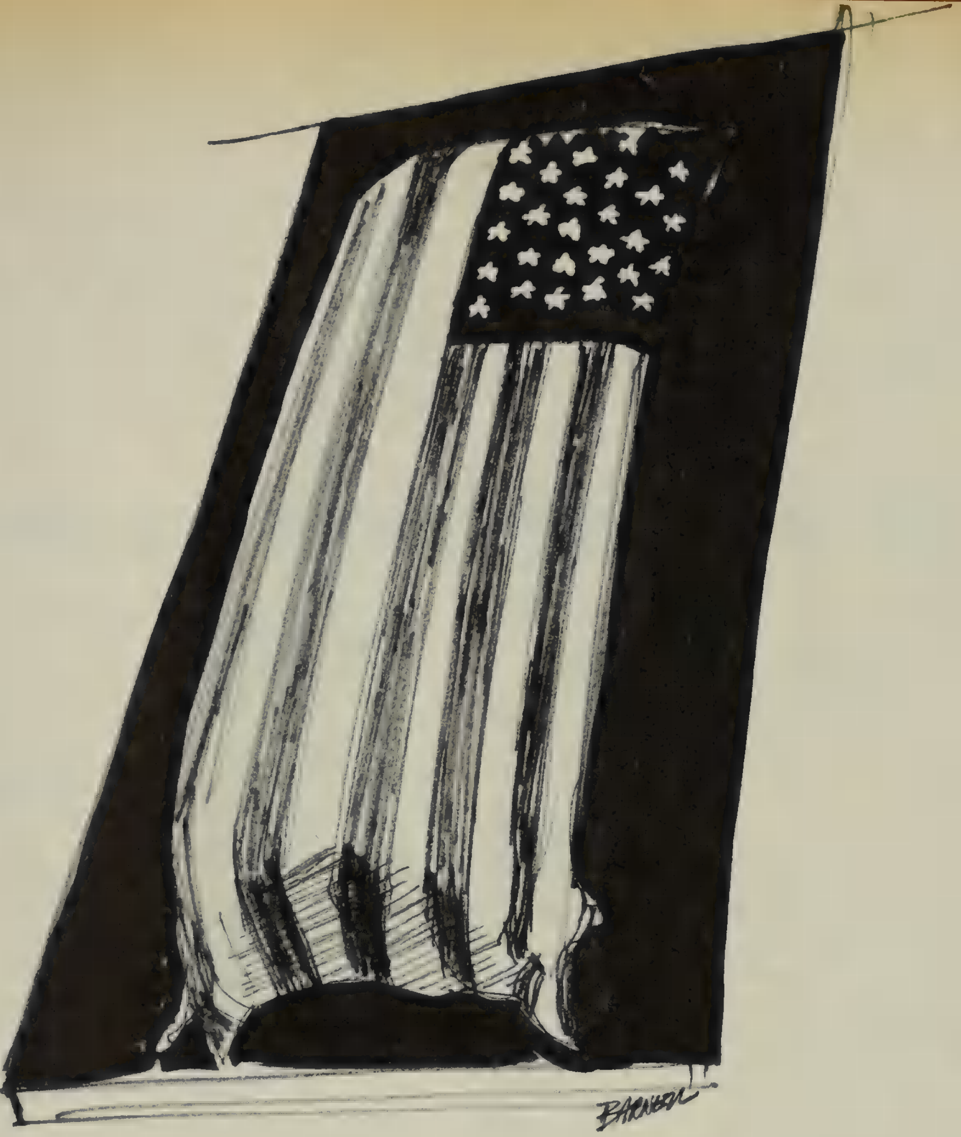
This explicit testimony strongly indicates that Governor Connally was hit by two bullets, a situation that in itself would cast heavy doubt on the commission's one-assassin-three-shot theory. It would also remove all certainty from the deduction that the two large fragments found in the front of the Presidential car were sprayed there from the bullet that killed the President. They may have been, but again they may not.

The possibility remains that Oswald, though clearly involved and guilty, may still have been a decoy for others more intent than he on killing the President. Who would these others have been? There is no evidence on which to base a judgment since the very possibility was shunted aside, first by authorities in Dallas and later by the commission. The kind of deep-digging investigation that alone could have found the answer was never made.

Given the almost hysterical right-wing bias of Dallas, given a "Patriot" whose brain had envisioned the wholesale slaughter of public officials, an all too easy assumption is that Oswald may have been the pawn in some devious right-wing conspiracy. But, again, it is not necessarily so. In the background are Oswald's undeniable Castroite activities and his earlier attempt, seemingly well established by the testimony of his wife, to assassinate rightist Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker. That abortive attempt at murder is said to have taken place on the evening of April 10, 1963, when a bullet, fired through the window of Walker's study, missed his head by inches, went through a wall and was later recovered, battered beyond identification, on some packing cases in an adjoining room. Marina Oswald testified that her husband, before going out that evening, had instructed her on how to act if he never came back. She said that he later admitted to her that he fired the shot, and that he hid the rifle for a time so that he would not be caught with the evidence if the bullet should be traced.

The Walker incident could suggest a plot by some Castroite fanatics of Oswald's own persuasion. For one thing, there are some indications, vague and indefinite but still disturbing, that Oswald was not alone in the Walker attempt. Robert Alan Surrey, who described himself as General Walker's partner in a book-publishing venture devoted to right-wing propaganda (he claimed the Fifth Amendment when the Warren Commission sought to question him about his role in distributing a scurrilous handbill that showed President Kennedy's picture under the headline, "Wanted for Treason") said that two nights before the shooting he had seen a car parked about 20 yards from Walker's house: "I saw two men around the house peeking into the windows and so forth." The men leaped into the car and sped away. Surrey chased them, but lost them. The next morning he reported the incident to General Walker, who notified the police. Surrey said he had not had a good look at either of the prowlers, and could not identify either as Oswald.

On the night of the Walker shooting, a next-door neigh-



bor, Walter Kirk Coleman, 15, heard the sound of the shot. He ran out and peered over a picket fence into a Mormon Church parking lot that adjoined the Walker property. Coleman subsequently told authorities that he saw two men. One was hurrying toward the driver's seat of a Ford, parked headed out with lights on and motor running. The other went to a Chevrolet parked by the fence adjacent to the Walker property, and appeared to put something into the back of the car before getting in behind the wheel. Coleman could not tell whether there was anyone else in either car. Both cars drove away. Later, shown a picture of Oswald, Coleman told the FBI that neither of the men he saw resembled Oswald. And there it ends.

Again, nothing is definite. Surrey and Coleman may have seen different men, and perhaps none of these men had anything to do with the attempt on Walker's life. But the faint threads dovetailing between the two accounts, plus the fact that Coleman added he had never seen anyone prowling around the Walker home before or since, makes it seem unlikely that it could all have been inconsequential coincidence. If it was not, serious questions are raised. If Oswald had collaborators in an attempt on Walker's life, he might have had the same collaborators in a Kennedy assassination plot. Crackpot leftists might have hated Walker enough to want to kill him; and the same men, if of Castroite persuasion as Oswald was, might have hated Kennedy just as irrationally for the Bay of Pigs, the missile crisis and his general Cuban policy. It is only a possibility, but it cannot be dismissed.

In summary, then, we are left with this picture:

Unless the commission's one-shot-multiple-wound thesis can be justified, the entire one-assassin theory collapses. To uphold this hypothesis, the commission had to turn its back on Governor Connally's clear and explicit testimony; it had to disregard the graphic, corroborative evidence of the Zapruder film; it had to ignore the vital fact that *every* eyewitness supported the Governor, that *not one* saw the action as the commission reconstructed it. To make the pieces of its theory fit together, the commission took the fastest firing time of the fastest finger in the FBI and implied that this "bolt-action only" speed was consistent with both Oswald's capabilities and his task of aiming accurately at a moving target. But even with this assumption, theory would not mesh with fact. The commission's case rested upon the evidence of the Zapruder film and its own reconstruction, and it established these fixed points: if Oswald were the marksman, he could not have shot President Kennedy before frame 210—and Governor Connally could not have been wounded after frame 240. Yet the fastest marksmen the commission could find could not fire two shots within that time span; if the President and Governor Connally were wounded by separate shots, as the weight of the evidence indicates, there had to be a second marksman. This conclusion is reinforced by the anatomical evidence. The first bullet to strike the President, if fired on a downward-slanting angle by Oswald, could not have entered his back at the point it did and still have exited just below his Adam's apple; the anatomical evidence says that this bullet was fired into the President on virtually a flat trajectory. Such a trajectory would conflict with the angle of fire from Oswald's window, and so, in illustrative drawings, the entry wound *was actually moved* from back to neck; otherwise, the downward trajectory of this bullet could not have been depicted. All of this suggests a reconstruction of the assassination in serious conflict at vital points with the preponderance of the evidence.

Yet if the reconstruction was not valid, there had to be a second marksman—and a Pandora's box of possibilities flies open. To admit so much is to admit that the man whose bullet actually killed President Kennedy may still be at large.

WHAT POVERTY DOES to the MIND

ROBERT COLES

Dr. Coles, research psychiatrist at Harvard University Health Services, has worked for five years with Negro and white, urban and rural poor in both North and South. In an early issue we shall publish an article by William Ryan of the Massachusetts Committee on Children and Youth on the care of emotionally disturbed children.

It is interesting to see what the general public and its "culture" fastens upon in the psychiatric literature. Let child psychiatrists discuss—as they must—the latest clinical observations, and let them be as discreet or ambiguous as their training and the state of the data dictate, and a whole society stands breathlessly ready to forsake its notions about child rearing for yet another hypothesis become dogma. Let a psychoanalyst frown upon religion, seeing in it only neurosis institutionalized, and a generation of compliant ministers will nervously fear to say the obvious: every mind, even one that studies other minds, has limits upon what it can either rationally or emotionally understand. Finally, all one need do in America as a psychiatrist is speculate about what is still in many respects unknowable—the specific roots of alcoholism or addiction, even of mental illness itself—and a hungry, all too uncritical audience is assured.

Yet some of the most disciplined and substantial research in psychiatry today gets no such quick response from the same public. For ten years, a number of investigators have systematically tried to learn what poverty does to the mind's stability, to the individual's capacity to deal with life's issues as they arise day by day. What such psychiatrists and other social scientists have discovered is perhaps harder for the lay public to accept than the usual "applied" advice Americans seem able to obtain—or wantonly snatch—from their proliferating "experts." In brief, because the poor have no money, they must suffer more deprivations than hunger or rat-infested, freezing tenements; they get—as an additional incentive to stay in their place—shabby or inadequate medical and psychiatric care. What is more, the people who get the least help appear to need it most: the poor have a disproportionate chance of appearing in a psychiatric clinic or being committed to a mental hospital.

The whole thorny problem of what poverty—or for that matter any kind of hardship—does to the mind is by no means settled. No one yet knows exactly what mental illness is, or how it comes about. The very term is nondescript, embracing an assortment of symptoms and tribulations. Under such circumstances, neither harsh poverty nor idle affluence can be said to *cause* mental illness.

On the other hand, a psychiatrist and a sociologist at Yale, F. C. Redlich and A. Hollingshead, published in 1957 *Social Class and Mental Illness*, an ambitious and painstaking study that has become a classic. [See "Deformations of Society," a review by Arthur K. Davis, *The Nation*, June 28, 1958.] It has generated both similar projects and efforts to remedy the problems identified by the book. The authors studied the psychiatric population of New Haven and emerged with these conclusions: the poor have more than their share of mental illness—"the lower the class, the greater the proportion of patients in the population"; the more severe diagnosis of psychosis was applied much more frequently to the poor, while the middle- and upper-class patient was more commonly judged "neurotic"; the poor go to public hospitals and the rich go to private hospitals or secure private treatment. Moreover, the difference in institutions only begins to indicate how different the treatment can be. Lacking money (or education), the patient is likely to get drugs and electric shock, while well-to-do patients tend to receive individual psychotherapy. In brief, careful scrutiny showed what it would not be very hard to guess: the poor tend to predominate among patients, and get exactly what their resources command—the least medical attention, the lowest quality of care.

The everyday life of the poor is such that certain forms of medical and psychiatric illness are so widespread as to seem "normal"; they are everybody's lot. It is hard even to study the problem: the middle-class doctor is overwhelmed by finding that what he had always thought to be "symptoms," occurring only in some people, now appear everywhere; they are unremarkable, virtually the order of the day. Thus, in my work these past years with both the rural and urban poor, I have gradually found my own standards changing. I no longer notice with surprise the terribly rotted teeth, the poor hearing, the eyesight too long neglected, and hence hopelessly impaired. When I see children whose bone development is obviously faulty, who show signs of heart disease or skin disease of one sort or another, I have to remind myself how uncommon such ailments are among the rest of us. I often find myself taking for granted the occurrence of parasitic diseases. Rat bites no longer seem rare and awful: rodents are everywhere, in the halls and in the apartments as well as in the littered alleys. Finally, there are to be found in the poor a host of diseases, deficiencies and developmental disorders that even medical students in pursuit of variety and experience rarely see. They are the illnesses and erosions of the body that go with poor diet. They are the neurological disorders brought on by untreated or poorly treated injuries or diseases. They are the serious congenital and metabolic flaws—in us they are quickly spotted and treated—that have been allowed unimpeded existence or growth.

The mind does not live on its fantasies and dreams alone. The mind is the brain's possession, and as such lives in a body that constantly nourishes it (or fails to) by sending ceaseless messages—even in sleep—up the nervous system. No mind can ignore an ill body—one that is feverish, paralyzed, crippled, injured, pain-ridden, undernourished, infected with worms, covered with sores, or denied the signaling and informative function of its senses. One need only recall one's last bout, say, of the flu or a headache, to appreciate the moodiness brought on by even episodic and relatively mild bodily discomfort.

The mother of one child I am now studying—he is being bused from a ghetto school to a middle-class one—was recently told by an inspector from her city's welfare department that she seemed upset. "He said my nerves are bad, and you can tell it by the way I shout at the kids. So I asked him what I was supposed to do. Then he told me I shouldn't let the kids make so much noise, and I shouldn't have any more children—because I have too many already. I didn't dare answer him back; he has the money, and I need the money, or we'd starve. Then my nerves would be even worse!"

I asked her whether she thought he was right, whether in fact her nerves were worn thin, and if so whether she had any notion of what would make her feel better. "Yes, I think he was right," she answered immediately. Then she paused a few minutes, trying to collect in her mind a *solution*: "I was told in the City Hospital a few years ago that I was 'excitable.' The doctor, he told me I should take pills to quiet me down. He gave them to me—they were yellow, I recall—and I took them, but they didn't do a thing, except make me feel dopey. I was as upset as before, just all fogged up by the pills. So when I went back I told that to the doctor, and he said maybe I should go see the nerve doctor—the psychiatrist. They sent me over to that clinic, but they told me I would have to see a social worker first. I thought I was back in the welfare department, answering those questions she asked, one after the other. (They must memorize them in school.) She told me it was months you had to wait, and did I have a regular doctor to see in the meanwhile. I said I did, but it was he that sent me to get a psychiatrist in the first place. She said that was the way things are, and so I forgot about the whole thing."

I thought that she had more to tell, that months later she had heard from the psychiatric clinic. I waited a moment for her to resume the chronicle, and that failing I prompted her: "Then what happened?" She looked at me as if I were clearly confused—as well as confusing to her: "Nothing ever happened. I asked my doctor, and he told me you had to wait. That was last year. I was going to stop by and ask what happened, but my neighbor told me not to bother."

I know her neighbor, and have heard from her exactly what may well happen when a poor, rather uneducated but nonetheless intelligent and troubled person, *does* seek out and finally obtain a response from a psychiatric clinic or hospital: "They took me there and told me I had to stay because I was too sick to be at home. I was shaking, I knew that, and I lost my spirits so much I just cried and cried all day. I knew I was all mixed up, so to tell the truth I was glad to be in the hospital. When my kids came to see me they wanted to stay, the food was so good, and the place was kept warmer than our building ever was. After a while I must have calmed down, because they said I could go. They didn't hardly talk to me; they gave me pills, though. Sometimes I wanted to tell them what was going on, but they were too busy, I could tell. There would be one doctor to take care of a whole building, practically. Now I have to go back every month or so, to have my pills checked and get more. I try to talk with the doctor, but he hasn't got the time. He tells me I'll be fine, and to take the pills when I get nervous, and if it's especially bad, to take an extra one. If I tell him the pills aren't working, he tells me it takes time for them to work, and I'll be O.K. if I just hold out. I can tell by his face that he doesn't want to hear too much bad news from me. So when Mary told me she was going to talk with one of the psychiatrists, I told her there was no chance of that, and she was fooling herself. I said if she wanted even to see them, she'd better become crazier than she is—and even then she would get electricity through her head or some pills, *period*. You have to have money to get them to talk with you more than a couple of minutes, and we don't have the money, none of it. I tell my kids, without a dollar you're half-crazy at least; then all the other troubles fall on you, and you go the other half."

I had known her long enough and well enough to ask her rather directly whether money was the only issue: "Do you think you *could* talk to one of those doctors for a long time? I mean, would you be able to relax enough with them to tell what's on your mind?"

"Well, I sure would like to *try*," was her quick reply. "If they gave me the time, I would try to tell them what's wrong, or as much as I can see of it. It might not be the right answer, but it would be something; and if they listened to me, maybe *they* could find out what's the trouble. But they don't listen, and I know they haven't got the time. There aren't enough of them, not for people like us."

I was hearing from her those individual, face-to-face observations that do more than confirm what social scientists like Redlich and Hollingshead meticulously learn and carefully declare. A tough, repeatedly arrested youth from that same ghetto neighborhood put the problem this way: "They call me a delinquent, and they several times tell me it's my mind; that I'm all loused up in my mind. I'll tell you: I think they get themselves off easy that way. They can call me a name, and send me up to sit in jail or talk with the probation officer. But what about my life, and what's happening to me? I mean, if I'm nuts or something, do they stop and find out why. Not on your life. They call me 'nuts' so they can get rid of me. It makes them feel better. They know the score. But it does nothing for me that I can see."

The more time I spend with youths like him, or families like those who live near him, the more clearly I recognize the high psychological costs such people pay simply to stay alive, to keep going. If I respond with clinical alarm to their many emotional troubles I would soon enough learn how impossible such concern is. In certain respects what I would call "psycho-pathological" in well-to-do suburban people is everywhere among the poor, so that I have to call "customs" or "habits" what I once thought to be indications of "disease." It is hard to point out where society's injustice ends and the individual's confusion or disorder begins.

Is a mother "neurotic" when she sleeps with her older children—as we so commonly say when confronted with such instances in a middle-class home—or does she simply lack a bed for them, and the money to buy a bed? For that matter, even if she did have the money, it may well be better for her and her children to sleep together. I once asked such a mother why she preferred buying a television set to an additional bed. "I know, the welfare people and the visiting nurse tell me not to keep my children in my bed; but I want them as near as they can be at night. In the day, they leave for the street, and Lord knows what happens. I figure that if they are close by at night, they'll remember me in the day, and maybe they'll be spared all the trouble that comes on you when you grow up."

I have seen enough families like hers to pause for a time before disagreeing, or offering my particular knowledge as a remedy for her problems. She and millions of others live not only in sordid, rotting tenement blocks but in the cabins of tenant farmers and sharecroppers. Without jobs, without the prospect of jobs, exposed to every uncertainty, from freezing temperatures to the next day's illness or scarcity of food, they huddle together, suspicious of a world that so far keeps them exactly where they are. What do old and crowded schools mean to them or their children? Why respect the police, who come in and tell them to obey laws which do nothing to help free them from their present conditions? What is the use of being thoughtful and kind to one's neighbor when every incident in the street says that it is the brutish and the callous who win?

The psychiatrist who has to face such awful facts—they are, in sum, a story of national wealth still helpless before the suffering of millions—may be tempted in several directions. He can cling tenaciously to his own experiences and attitudes: delinquents are delinquents; school dropouts are school dropouts; the sick are the sick, universally present, made so by common and verifiable causes—genes, or subtle and not so subtle experiences within the family. He can throw up his hands in proper embarrassment and bewilderment: I am a doctor, a middle-class professional man, and as a result beset by limitations upon my experience and empathy. I can do only what I can, understand the people I have been brought up to understand, treat the people I have been trained to treat. It is for others—politicians and their antagonists—to solve social problems, to work with the complaints of the poor, to take care of their needs.

Alternatively, he can frequent the painful borderline territory that compels his involvement in social issues—and among those whose lives are unlike his own—but at the cost of more than occasional frustration and uncertainty. As a doctor he will know that the poor lack money to command private care—and get precious little public care, if their medical needs and difficulties are a relevant standard of measurement. As a psychiatrist he will realize that a benighted or harsh social order affects its individual members all the time, in dozens of ways, so that dark halls, roaches, idle hours and scant food spawn frightened children who years later are adults plagued by defeat, futility, hate or finally insensibility. He will not deny his own work, the treatment of those people who, as one distinguished psychoanalyst has put it, "have lost the freedom to change with changing circumstances." Neither will he neglect to point out again and again the desperate need the poor (and all of us) have for those very changing circumstances. He will recognize the barriers in himself and others that keep him from understanding the poor, even as he tries to surmount those barriers—the attempt being mandatory not only for moral reasons but for professional ones. For one thing, we know all too little about the diverse ways that individuals come to terms with their particular worlds. An even more compelling reason is the fact that there can be a frightful contagion to professional insularity: it starts out by insisting upon its lack of interest in this or that problem, but soon its spirit and influence spreads. The "objective" restrictions to professional concern or competence become the doctor's inner restrictions. The development of yet another self-possessed and chilly technician is completed.

LETTERS

(continued from page 730)

If the President really reflects the common will, why aren't my male students enlisting en masse instead of howling that low grades will be their infinitely reluctant deaths?

Conrad Chayatte, Associate Professor of Psychology, DePaul University

bourgeoisement ressentiment

Paris, France

Dear Sirs: When I signed a summer lease the other day, it made me laugh to observe that I was agreeing to conduct myself *bourgeoisement* on the premises. Still, I reflected, it is good to be reminded of what the word bourgeois means, of what it simply means, divested of the fast-drying scurrility that so irremovably plasters contemptuous epithets upon it. Thank God, I went on to reassure myself, for *The Nation* and its few equals which, however implacably they castigate, never descend from the level of scrupulous language. I have just read [*The Nation*, May 23] the otherwise carefree article, "Touring the Hinterland," in which Julius Novick wonders whether the "young" audience in the provincial theatres may not secretly long for something entitled *Under the Yum-Yum Tree*, and goes on to add: "Bourgeois they may be, but they are often a credit to the bourgeoisie." *Bourgeoisement* I resent this.

Forgive me for this petty fault finding with language; in your policies and your judgments I find nothing with which to quarrel.

Robert C. Stephenson

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Marxist Heavyweight Division

MONOPOLY CAPITAL: An Essay on the American Economic and Social Order. *By Paul A. Baran and Paul M. Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. 402 pp. $8.75.*

JAMES O'CONNOR

Mr. O'Connor will join the Economics Department of San Jose State College in September. He is an associate editor of Studies on the Left.

In *Capital* Marx set out to discover the "laws of motion" of capitalism (or what is called today the theory of economic growth) under conditions of competitive markets. Writing a few decades later, Hilferding and Lenin observed that monopolistic markets had replaced competition as the dominant form of economic organization, but were silent on the future prospects of the advanced capitalist economies of their day. Over twenty years ago, Michael Kalecki, whose *Theory of Economic Dynamics* established him as perhaps the most brilliant Marxist economist of this century, took the first giant step toward uncovering the "laws of motion" under *monopoly* capitalism. The first part of the late Professor Baran's *The Political Economy of Growth* falls more or less easily in the Kalecki tradition and, besides, introduces us for the first time to the central concept of the volume under review—the idea of "economic surplus." Now *Monopoly Capital,* a joint effort by the two leading Marxist economists on these shores, offers the first scientific account of the growth process in contemporary United States.

Mark well the word "scientific." What distinguishes *Monopoly Capital* from pure and bastardized versions of contemporary neo-classical and neo-Keynesian growth "theories" served up by orthodox economics, is precisely what separated *Capital* from its orthodox counterparts a century ago: Like Marx, Baran and Sweezy root their theory in real, concrete observations (some would say "sociological observations") of economic life. For Marx, the important datum was the wage labor-capital relationship; for Baran and Sweezy, it is the pricing, costing and investment process in the giant corporation functioning in markets characterized by only a handful of sellers, or oligopolistic markets.

Orthodox growth economists, on the other hand, still "put the science before the science" by basing *their* theories on certain *assumed* behavior on the part of "rational" savers, investors and firms. Their "models" have the appearance of scientific theories when they are "empirically verified," but as any decent sociologist knows, "all the facts in the world fit all the theories in the world." Aware that their opinion alone of what is rational behavior and what is not is irrelevant to the actual growth process, Baran and Sweezy base a theory of aggregate growth on a brilliant description (not all of it original with them, as they are the first to point out) of the economic forces at work in the main centers of economic power—the giant corporations.

Baran and Sweezy's theory of growth by no means exhausts the accomplishments of *Monopoly Capital,* which is much more than its modest subtitle, "An Essay on the American Economic and Social Order," suggests. It is that rare commodity today, a book which treats of the quality of contemporary American life, yet rarely wearies the reader with mere opinion of the authors on the range of social questions. The book denounces—but also dissects. It is more than just another addition to the enormous academic and popular literature (C. Wright Mills to Vance Packard) which has turned up the weeds and explored the dark corners of American society. More important, it is unique in its attempt to come to grips with the society's malaise in a systematic way, within the confines of a theoretical framework based on a coherent description of our dominant institutions.

Central to this framework is the idea of economic surplus. A serviceable definition of the economic surplus is the difference between the economy's total output and the cost of producing it. The cost of producing total output is best thought of as the volume of "socially necessary" consumption of productive labor—a concept with no exact empirical counterpart. The volume of surplus is roughly indicative of a society's potential for freedom—freedom from necessary labor—and how it utilizes the surplus signifies how that society uses its freedom. Further, analyses of why we use the surplus in the ways that we do tell us why we use our freedom as we do. The old-fashioned Marxist way of saying this is that the mode of surplus utilization is the mechanism linking up base and superstructure.

The central contradiction of monopoly capitalism thus can be stated as follows: there is a growing disparity between the potential for freedom (volume of the surplus) and the wasteful and destructive uses to which freedom is now put (utilization of the surplus). On the one hand, compared with the real cost of producing the total output, we are rich beyond the wildest dreams of Midas. On the other hand, the corporate oligarchy wastes and uses our potential freedom for destructive purposes. Baran and Sweezy analyze the chief forms of wasteful and destructive spending—advertising, built-in obsolescence, unwanted style changes and other expenditures which make up the "sales effort," throughways, urban renewal and other monsters of civilian government and, finally, the war machine. The giant corporations are identified as the virulent bacteria.

"Monopoly capitalism is a system made up of giant corporations." The corporations are ruled by professional managers, but the managers' behavior is not very different from that of the old-fashioned entrepreneur—both are eager to maximize profits. Now independent of bank control and able to finance their own research, expansion and modernization programs, the corporations have three aims—strength, growth and size—and profits are the key to achieving all three. Marx's old slogan, "Accumulate! Accumulate! That is Moses and Prophets" is not as threadbare as some might think. Baran and Sweezy conclusively show that profits remain the driving force of monopoly capitalism as well as competitive capitalism, and thus the process of unplanned, unrestrained accumulation continues to dominate economic change.

The corporations dominate the economic landscape; small business is in the shadows. But even the biggest corporations account for only a small share of total output. Thus, "overall, monopoly capitalism is as unplanned as its competitive predecessor." How does it work?

Prices in oligopolistic markets are flexible, but in only one direction—upward; price wars are left to the small fry. Price policies ordinarily seek to maximize profits (or increments to profit) for the industry as a whole. The search for higher profits takes the form of struggles over market shares; meanwhile, there is a powerful built-in incentive for the corporations to reduce costs. Profits are directly enhanced, and from a financial standpoint, the corporations are better equipped to expand their share of the market. With an increasing disparity between costs and prices, the corporate economy as a whole generates a larger and larger volume of economic surplus. What is more, the "investment seeking" part of the surplus rises relative to total surplus because of limits on personal consumption by capitalists.

This is a rough, capsule view of one side of the story. Simultaneously, outlets for surplus in the area of productive investments tend to dry up. The main reasons are not "exogenous" to the system, but are contained within it, are a necessary and inevitable part of it. The key determinant of productive investment is technological progress. (Late in the book there is a lucid and convincing analysis of the favorable effects of the automobile on investment outlets.) Under competitive capitalism, investment in new technology is determined by uncontrolled market forces. Under monopoly capitalism, while the volume of innovations may not be affected, *the rate at which innovations are introduced* in the production process is slower than under a regime of competition. It is not in the interests of the corporations to "slaughter the value" of their capital by changing their production techniques overnight. Nor would it be in the interest of a competitive firm. The difference is that the competitive firm has no say over the matter. Thus we are offered a theory of total investment (and economic growth) based on an analysis of corporate behavior. This is an important accomplishment because "macro-economics" and "micro-economics" ordinarily constitute completely separate fields of study.

Surplus which is not utilized, or spent, is surplus which is not produced. And surplus not produced signifies capacity not utilized and unemployment. The normal *tendency* of U.S. capitalism is therefore stagnation; the tendency is replaced by historical fact when there are insufficient offsets to the rising surplus. Apart from outlets for the surplus in the area of productive investments arising from major technical breakthroughs (the automobile and, perhaps, the transistor, which the authors fail to discuss), historically, the major offsets have been the "sales effort" and military expenditures. The chapter on the sales effort contains a beautiful analysis of the interpenetration of production costs and selling expenditures, and suggests that a growing proportion of selling expenses are built into the commodities themselves.

The excellent chapter on U.S. militarism and imperialism is unsatisfactory in one major sense: the authors seem to think that there are certain limits on military expenditures arising mainly from the nature of modern weaponry. I think that they grossly underestimate U.S. military needs, and therefore possible offsets, in the struggle against national liberaation movements. Besides, I suppose because much of the book was written some years ago, there is hardly a word about space expenditures as a mode of surplus utilization. These are hidden forms of military expenditures and are likely to continue to expand at a rapid rate.

The other main potential outlets for surplus are civilian government expenditures. These are sharply limited (not absolutely, but relative to total product) partly by the unwillingness of private capital to allow the state to encroach on its traditional territory. The critique of efforts at liberal reform in the chapter on civilian government will be familiar to readers of *Monthly Review*, a Socialist publication edited by one of the authors of *Monopoly Capital*. My major quarrel with this analysis is not that the state will not ordinarily lay out funds unless private capital profits thereby, but that a rational capitalist state may be able to make urban renewal (not current-day human removal which is perpetuated under the slogan of urban renewal) and other welfare expenditures profitable. Of course, this would require the rationalization of the present-day haphazard system of subsidies to private business (euphemistically called the welfare state) and a considerable degree of planning, by the corporations and for the corporations. But can we really rule out completely the possibilities of thoroughgoing intercorporate planning? General Motors today, after all, produces in well over 100 different industries. One of the motivations, according to Mr. Sloan of GM's billion-dollar expansion program in the first half of the 1950s, was precisely to raise the level of aggregate demand. The giants continue to gobble up small and medium-sized firms at an astounding rate. Will it be true forever that the biggest corporation will continue to account for only a small share of total output? There is every reason to believe that the corporations are aware of the need for profitable surplus offsets, and that, objectively, they are more and more in a position to do something about it. Especially if the control of the corporate oligarchy over the federal government hardens—and there is reason to believe that this is in the cards, as well.

A general review of *Monopoly Capital* would not be complete without a tentative attempt at placing the book in the overall field of contemporary radical social science, both Marxist and non-Marxist. In the heavyweight division, there are only four contenders (although we are fortunate to have a growing flock of middleweights, some of whom may bloom into heavies): two are the authors of *Monopoly Capital,* one of whom, Paul Baran, is dead. Of the other two, C. Wright Mills is also dead; one is a historian at the University of Wisconsin. C. Wright Mills's classic, *The Power Elite,* which Baran and Sweezy rely on in more than one connection, can be regarded as working out the details of certain propositions in *Monopoly Capital* regarding the role of the corporate manager in the political system. A good part of the work of William Appleman Williams can be seen as the exploration of the ideological aspects of monopoly capitalism, with an eye to identifying the continuity of American expansionism from colonial times through the competitive phase down to the present system of corporate rule. From this angle, *Monopoly Capital* may be regarded as an analysis of the sources of contemporary political formations (American imperialism) which Mills described so well and the corporate, and therefore the American, ideology which Williams has dissected more fully than anyone else. For lesser social scientists with a yearning to exercise their critical, as well as their technical, intelligence, *Monopoly Capital* will be a munificent source of insights and ideas for many years to come.

THE ORANGE

like a purse-snatcher my mouth
pulls the slice off its skin
I am eating a good orange but
my one real idea of myself and the earth
buries itself in the yells of the bus's stopping outside
did ezekiel only hear rumors of the wheel I wonder
when from the wall of sloshy taste in my mouth
a sky-blue love of my legs uncrossing now
like a bird tries to fly

ALLAN KAPLAN

The Economics of Optimism

INSURING FULL EMPLOYMENT. *By John H. G. Pierson. Foreword by Hubert H. Humphrey. The Viking Press. 305 pp. $6.*

THE GUARANTEED INCOME. *Edited by Robert Theobald. Doubleday & Co. 233 pp. $4.95.*

JAMES F. BECKER

Associate professor of economics at New York University, Mr. Becker has published in professional journals as well as in Studies on the Left *and* Columbia Forum.

The lack of real vitality that is cloaked by the pervasive optimism of the economist is most evident in his political economy: in the quality of the union that obtains among economic theory, the political stance of the economist, and the ultimate values that he needs to promote. From among these the whole man seldom emerges. The symptoms of the failure to supply what is demanded by the best traditions are the irrelevance of advice to urgent needs, or the failure to give it when it is needed, or the simple tender of bad advice. These deficiencies have their apologists, of course. A recent president of the American Economic Association ventured to say: ". . . our humbleness is built out of knowledge, not out of ignorance." Whether humility is evident in such a claim is as doubtful, it would seem, as whether economists know what our needs really are, or what has to be done in order to cope with them.

Such a charge can hardly be substantiated fully by referring to only two recent works, except insofar as these are typical in salient respects. The volume by Mr. Pierson represents, certainly, a too common view of the theoretical and political import of Keynesian economics. He begins with the famous simple model in which the aggregate demand for product comprises the demands of consumers, government, private investors and "net foreign demand." He then offers a political interpretation of the model in which those dragon's teeth of Keynes's *General Theory*, never too firmly rooted, are once more painlessly extracted.

Despite recognition of a tendency to less than full employment within our economic order, Pierson's devotion to private enterprise leads him to veer away from Keynes's suggestion that private investment needs to be supplemented ("socialized," Keynes said) in order to maintain full employment. Instead, we must peg the level of consumer expenditures as high as possible, and what is possible Pierson would gauge by what consumers have in the past been willing to spend under conditions approximating full employment. What gorging this entails would be underwritten by a system of state subsidies, alternating with positive taxes when necessary to hold us on the target, if not upon it. He joins the happy band seeking a "negative income tax" or, as he prefers, a "reversible federal sales tax."

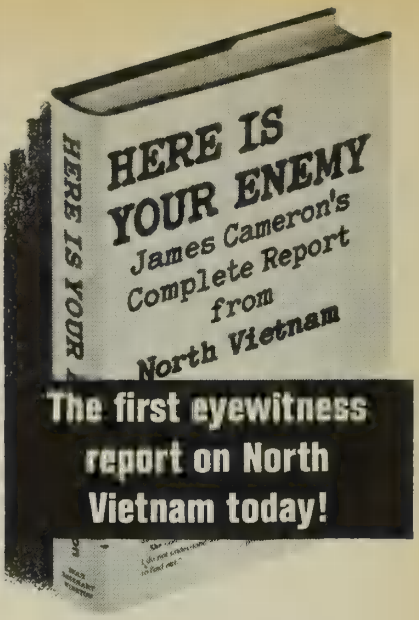
By maximizing consumption under the administrative auspices of government, we can more readily achieve full employment and at the same time minimize the danger that public investment will encroach upon inviolable precincts. The shade of public works and services is exorcised, becoming one among other "compensatory devices" for filling the gap left over when private consumers and investors, along with foreign purchasers of our products, have had their fill, or their swill, as the case may be. The gains:

> First, our greater prosperity and economic security will increase our capacity and no doubt our willingness to extend material aid to other countries. Second, our larger income and demand will automatically, without any special effort or sacrifice on our part, increase our imports from other countries to some extent. Third . . . we will be able to modify our trade policies and practices in the interests of other countries . . . without, as would be the case now, risking injury to our own essential interests.

As if these were not gain enough, Pierson implies that his remarkably costless policies would repair the "lack of social cohesion in the United States which a wide segment of thoughtful opinion regards as a serious and growing danger."

To a point, his argument is consistent with the theoretical model from which he begins, but there is a grander inconsistency that infects this and similar works. The defect appears when we ask what kind of world will follow from such policies. "The day will come," he says, "when working will no longer have the value it now has," and he cites approvingly the remark of H. Kirk Dansereau: "The teen-agers' design for living, organized as it is around leisure-time pursuits and fun, rather than around work, may be a prototype of the adult world of the future when automation has deprived many people of work . . . as a source of life satisfaction."

Why such a world should be termed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"adult," and why the childish activities it comprehends should contribute to international or domestic cohesion, is unclear and must forever remain so. Pierson refers derogatorily to "the aseptic world of perfect competition," but it is hard to conceive of a world more sterile than that of the neo-Keynesians who believe that a still greater supply of "swilled insolence" will serve our needs for freedom, cohesion, or anything else worth having.

Since the publication two years ago of the report of "The Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution," the central proposition of *The Guaranteed Income* has become familiar, though not yet so much so as to arouse contempt. Our vast productive capacity, together with the continuing displacement of labor through rapid technical change ("automation" and "cybernation"), enables us to guarantee all men an income, whether employed or not. The "link between jobs and income" can be severed so that all men can be free.

The nobility of the aspiration, and the unabashed assertion of an indissoluble bond between security and freedom, seem calculated to bring together both Right and Left in a common cause of political economy. The trouble is that the bond is not wholly visible, and remains unclear despite, for example, Mr. Theobald's arithmetical illustration of the simple calculations, in the style of the "negative income tax," that will lead to the requisite income flows from our emancipator, the Internal Revenue Service. Contempt may yet be bred.

Not that the essays are wholly bad. McLuhan's, for instance, is provocative and vaguely poetic, but remains curiously equivocal even after one subdues his ambiguities of language and peculiarities of style. One is amusing: C. E. Ayres's vigorous but doubtless futile resuscitation of the political economy of Locke's second *Treatise*.

One or two essays are informative: Ben Seligman's survey of labor displacements by automation, and Conrad Arensberg's somewhat turgid exposition of some theses of Karl Polanyi. One is so freighted with the optimistic visions of the man of good will (Erich Fromm) that virtually all consideration is waived of obstacles to their realization. Theobald's own remarks are, happily, rather brief, for his discussion of "The Background to the Guaranteed Income Concept" is historically innocent and theoretically inept.

Where Pierson's work is given a certain unity and semblance of authenticity by virtue of the simple model, *The Guaranteed Income,* lacking such a foundation, is a rambling compendium of diverse opinions, some interesting and some not. Among the interesting is McLuhan's observation that the possibility of cybernating production of our material fundamentals makes it reasonable for us to think of "jobs" in a new, more significant way. "The job" is whatever occupation, by demanding the full exercise of all of our faculties, hastens our further development as human beings. This marks a conceptual advance, with respect to the nature of the activities that it is now possible for us to pursue, over the "free" and aimless playing favored by irresponsible utopians. What measures would serve to promote full employment of this type, with the displacement of labor proceeding apace, McLuhan does not tell us. But it is not his business to tell us; it is rather the business of economists to say what policies are appropriate to the technical facts of life to which he draws our attention. Meno Lovenstein's essay, "Guaranteed Income and Traditional Economics," does not take us far since he, like Theobald, ignores so many of the relevant traditions.

Both volumes have in common a failure to make clear those interrelations among theory, policy, and social values without which our efforts to improve ourselves must be fumbling. Bits and pieces are to be found in *The Guaranteed Income,* but their integration is nowhere effected. This lack of system has but one advantage. If it makes it impossible for those who support a guaranteed income of some sort to demonstrate the practicality of their proposal, it makes it equally impossible for those who oppose it to know how to condemn it.

Until social theory and social values have been synthesized, there must always be excessive arbitrariness and error in the ways that we adopt to insure both the jobs and the incomes that will serve the varied needs of all. Men, even intellectual men, will entertain the naive hope that "the guaranteed income," or some other shibboleth, will free us from work, rather than free us from the labors that no longer serve our needs in order to put us to work at the labors that do.

The Permanent Hell

BUCKDANCER'S CHOICE. *By James Dickey. Wesleyan University Press. 79 pp. $1.85 paper.*

DAVID IGNATOW

Mr. Ignatow's most recent collection of verse is Figures of the Human *(Wesleyan University Press).*

Winner of the 1965 National Book Award, James Dickey's fourth book has a poem, "The Firebombing," that I have read and reread, fascinated by what it omits to say. I have been seeking to make out the meaning of this gap and have come to believe it is the poem itself, as the holes in Moore's sculpture determine its form. The structure is the message, perhaps because what is being said is too terrifying to contemplate aloud, for an American, for any human.

The poem is a semi-dream of the poet's experience as a war pilot over Japan during an "anti-morale" mission to deliver napalm bombs at night on an outlying suburb. He is recalling the moment twenty years after, as he stands in the pantry of his own suburban home, amid the wives, children, husbands and houses of his neighbors. He also finds himself tied down to debts, domestic routines and chores and social ritual, all of which serve to stupefy him. He is growing a paunch. As he stands there, he can recall the beauty of the night flight over the Japanese suburb, the clouds and the moon, but most vividly he sees again the flashes of flame making the night brilliant as napalm connects with cottage rooftops. Ruefully, he remembers no horror in himself then, but even as now the aesthetic pleasure in the power and the flame. He contemplates this flaw in himself. It seems without solution. If punishment he must feel, it is to know that between then and now nothing has happened but this constrained existence.

The beauty of the language, its forceful detail, throw one off from these implications. One gasps in admiration at the daring word combinations which achieve the dreamlike affect.

. . . Ah, under one's dark arms
Something strange-scented falls—
when those on earth
Die, there is not even sound;
One is cool and enthralled in the
cockpit,
Turned blue by the power of beauty,
In a pale treasure-hole of soft light
Deep in aesthetic contemplation,
Seeing the ponds catch fire
And cast it through ring after ring
Of land: O death in the middle
Of acres of inch-deep water! . . .

The poem ends cryptically:

Absolution? Sentence? No matter;
The thing itself is in that.

If I read the silences and these last two lines right, Dickey finds himself in a permanent hell from which no *mea culpa* can save, because it is the nature of guilt to be in hell. In the poem, in a context hardly flattering, is also reference to love of one's own country from which these night deeds spring.

Dickey has always done suberbly in poems about his own family and there are more than several here that deserve a place among the best, including "Buckdancer's Choice," "The Escape" and "The Celebration." Here is a short excerpt from "The Celebration":

From the crowd I watched them,
Their gold teeth flashing,
Until my eyes blurred with their riding
Lights, and I turned from the standing
To the moving mob, and went on:

Stepped upon sparking shocks
Of recognition when I saw my feet
Among the others, knowing them given,
Understanding the whirling impulse,
From which I had been born,
The great gift of shaken lights,
The being wholly lifted with another,

All this having all and nothing
To do with me. Believers, I have seen
The wheel in the middle of the air
Where old age rises and laughs,
And on Lakewood Midway became
In five strides a kind of loving,
A mortal, a dutiful son.

In this poem, just as in his earlier work, he invokes a mystical alignment of man with natural recurrent forces. This is especially striking in poems dealing with animals, such as "Pursuit From Under," "Gamecock and Fox Blood," respectively. Here Dickey merges himself with their sensibilities, to be rescued only by the power of his words. Of the two poems that compare in length and scope with "The Firebombing," namely "The Fiend" and "Slave Quarters," neither one quite makes it for me on the same level with "The Firebombing." In "The Fiend" I sense condescension. Its structure depends upon Dickey's identification with the character, but the language operates against the character and makes us lose sympathy with him, at least as a subject. It is a study of an accountant hiding in a tree at night as a peeping Tom. "Slave Quarters," also using the identification method, has its moments but is clearly made up of material banal by now, except for an ending of several lines—the poem's point—for which I found myself waiting too long.

In a paradoxical way, Dickey is an offshoot of Walt Whitman. To Dickey the self is all, as in Whitman who drew all creatures and persons to himself in a transcendent relationship. For Dickey, the self in which he resides is not the self he celebrates. Rather it seems to need confirmation from others. Only after this exchange is he restored to his original self, perhaps strengthened. It is a way of reassuring one's self, as the world stands today. Perhaps this is the root to the power of that dread poem "The Firebombing." Without reciprocal relationships nothing really exists.

Too Good for Others

AMERICA'S PARADISE LOST. *By Willard Price. The John Day Co. 240 pp. $5.95.*

STEPHEN ZOLL

Articles by Mr. Zoll have appeared in Dissent, The Village Voice *and* The Nation.

The location of islands is a difficult problem in casual geography. Where, for instance, are the Canaries, the Cape Verdes, the Sandwich Islands, the West Frisian Islands, the South Orkneys, the Lofotens, Svalbard, the Seychelles, Queen Elizabeth Islands? Most mid-ocean islands, such as those of Micronesia, the subject of *America's Paradise Lost,* are the product of volcanic activity which, in an indirect way, saves us continentals from being islanders. One view holds that the material of which the moon is constituted originated from what is now the Pacific Ocean basin, and that the wrenching free of such a granitic mass upset the stability of the underlying basaltic crust, allowing plutonic eruptions along the weakened lines of the resulting faults. But if the moon were returned to the Pacific, or had it never left, sea level would be many hundreds of feet higher and the globe would look like a collection of New Zealands, Japans and Franz Josef Lands. Parts of Colorado might just possibly be tentatively engaged in limited marine commerce with the Presidential Range Archipelago of New Hampshire.

America's Paradise Lost deals with some of the better known, but still unfamiliar, mid-ocean islands, and its true subject is the nonmetaphysical fate of being an island. The book is a listless polemic against the nonfeasance of the United States in the task of administering the islands of

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Micronesia, a trust territory assigned to the United States by the United Nations twenty unproductive years ago.

Micronesia, as a ward of Congress, includes the Marianas, Carolines and Marshalls; chiefly they are known as the scene of various battles with the Japanese and as the stamping grounds of teams of anthropologists. Mr. Price tells us that our country's trusteeship is a colonial problem, and one we are closer and closer to getting blamed for. He is probably right about the blame, even if the accusers can't quite locate Ponape, Palau, Jaluit, Rongerik, Majuro, etc.

Colonialism is an expansive word that need have no exact definition but is a shorthand for the supposed injustice of a powerful country seemingly having its way with a weaker one. The trouble is, the author states (and we should be willing enough to take his word for it as his facts sound accurate, though his conclusions are misleading), that the United States' interest is only to prevent any other landlord from becoming interested in gaining tactical bases of problematic importance: it is a parcel of real estate not good enough for us to improve, but too good for anyone else. Price says that it is our colonial problem because the islanders, having lost their paradise due to wars, atomic testing and being subjected to the magazine advertisements of the good life outside of Eden, have received no recompense for their loss of innocence.

Micronesia was known to the Portuguese in the early 16th century; annexed by Spain; interbred with Polynesians, Japanese and Melanesians; won from Spain by America but, except for Guam, given back; sold by Spain to Germany; entrusted to Japan; recaptured by America. Except to fortify the islands, no one seems to have known what to do with them. It is a collection of 2,000 islands totaling 1,000 dry square miles, spread out (without a hint of unifying nationalism) in 4 million square miles of ocean and underinhabited by a population of about 100,000. This is a practical density of one person per 40 square miles, a fact that Congress cannot be expected to legislate against. Broadway might be something less than the Great White Way if, proportionally, there were only six people living in Manhattan and two more scattered throughout Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx. The relationship between the benefits of civilization (once past the stage of missionaries and their civilizing Mother Hubbards) and civilization itself is not always equal to the relationship of fleas and their dog. It seems clear that Micronesia desperately needs the benefits of colonization. Chief among these would be colonists.

Micronesia is not without resources. Apparently, flourishing industries could be developed in fishing, agriculture, tourism, light manufacture, fertilizers, etc. I would be quite put out if Congress appropriated money in any really useful—which is to say, substantial—amount toward this development. However, this is far from a present danger. Mr. Price seems to urge that a greater generosity be shown these islands also as expiation of a blood guilt.

Colonialism has often been a scourge where the population pressures insured cheap labor but also swallowed the increase in the colony's productivity, and where what was plowed back of the colonists' profits was not redistributed with any fairness. This does not mean that all colonies did not prosper or that colonialism is an absolute evil. Further, profit is a far more compelling incentive than a profiteer's recognition of a God-given opportunity to enhance his mother country's international image. Perhaps Congress could set the ground rules.

Without roads, adequate inter-island communication, schools, know-how or capital (Yap stone money would not be useful) to invest, Micronesia does have uncrowded space, fertility for sugar, pineapples, bananas, dairying, a labor supply, an unfished ocean, salubrious climate, etc. Far from being the "world's largest colony, America's embarrassing burden," it seems a territory ripe for colonization. John Donne, in addition to writing that "no man is an island," admitted also that there were those "whom the flood did o'erthrow."

When Sugar Was King

SLAVE SOCIETY IN THE BRITISH LEEWARD ISLANDS AT THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. *By Elsa V. Goveia. Yale University Press. 370 pp. $8.50.*

OTTO H. OLSEN

Mr. Olsen is associate professor of history at Morgan State College. He is the author of Carpetbagger's Crusade: The Life of Albion W. Tourgee *(Johns Hopkins Press).*

Almost exactly one century ago, a Southern Confederacy, no stranger to democracy and led by men of great ability, wealth and knowledge, was reluctantly abandoning its bloody and costly effort to preserve a society based upon Negro slavery. Today, chattel slavery may be dead, but frightening problems of race and of a foolish dedication to economic systems are all too much still with us. The study of slavery affords fascinating insights into the difficulties not only of a past but of a present where injustice and the dangers of desperation are closer to home than Americans care to admit.

The names Elkins, Stampp, Rose, Wade and Genovese remind us that modern mores and research have already provided an impressive reconsideration of the facts of slavery in the United States. But ours is by no means the only society informed and perplexed by such a heritage. Elsa V. Goveia, a professor of history at the University of the West Indies in Jamaica, has furnished additional information in a study of several small, now relatively unknown, islands to the west of Puerto Rico.

Miss Goveia presents a picture that appears to confirm Stanley Elkins' insistence upon the uniquely callous nature of slavery within the British Empire. Established and conducted for profit and long free of external restraint, slavery in these Leeward Islands was a selfish, barbarous and wasteful system. Backed by British might, a startlingly small minority of whites maintained that system by coercion and law, by racial caste and Christian suasion, and by keeping Negroes racially divided, socially disorganized and physically exhausted.

Here sugar rather than cotton was king, but despite peculiarities of its own, the society depicted often reminds one of our own colonial and ante-bellum South. Similar to Eugene Genovese's assertions respecting our own South, Miss Goveia concludes that slavery determined and dominated the entire social structure of this society.

More unique to these islands was the remarkable preservation among the Negro population of African traditions—in dress, food, worship, folklore and music—particularly prior to a surge of Christian missionary activity late in the 19th century. Possibly this Christianity contained some promise of moral challenge to the entire social structure, but its immediate impact was rather to bolster slavery by preaching obedience and submission to the bondmen and undermining the independent identity of their culture.

These and additional pertinent facts are carefully spelled out by the author in a dry, detailed and documented manner reminiscent of the Cambridge volumes in economic history. Such scholarship has, without doubt, a wealth and a fascination of its own, but many readers may find too little of the soaring of a Eugene Genovese or the human and subtle touch of a Willie Lee Rose. A final chapter constitutes an admirable recapitulation of the entire book, and the volume has an index that is a model of thorough care.

A most fascinating aspect of this study is its treatment of the response of a pre-modern slave society to the humanitarian and economic challenges of the modern world. The response was one of determined defense. "The ideas of a society in which Negroes were released from their subordination and allowed legal equality with whites was so antithetical to the principles on which the slave society rested that it seemed to threaten complete social dissolution and chaos," an observation that will come as no surprise to students of our own secessionist South. Historians who are inclined to bemoan the Civil War, however, on the ground that slavery in this country was already on the verge of dwindling away, might well ponder the intensity and success with which slavery was defended and preserved in the British Leeward Islands.

The defense of this system saw the cultivation of a new equality and unity among the remaining whites, which contributed greatly to the ability of a white minority of 8,400 to dominate approximately 2,700 free Negroes and 83,000 slaves. Eventually, concessions to the free Negro also aided in the maintenance of a practically bankrupt labor system that was by no means yet on the verge of dissolution from within.

In 1833, pressure from the mother country brought about the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies, a pressure which was never adequate, however, so long as it was primarily dependent upon humanitarian considerations. Only when the high costs of slave production were recognized as an economic burden to the empire was destruction decreed, the islands themselves proving far too disunited and weak and dependent upon the Empire to resist forcefully.

It was a final irony that the economic benefits of emancipation did not accrue to the slaves but to the planters who had so strongly resisted. The destruction of slavery revived their failing sugar industry by providing both compensation, which paid off long-standing debts, and a vast supply of free labor that could be exploited with all the ruthlessness and efficiency of the market place. On the other hand, the conceding of equal rights to free Negroes a short time earlier, in return for their endorsement of slavery, enabled the freed slaves of the Leeward Islands to move quickly and easily into a position of legal and political equality. It is Miss Goveia's hope that this one advantage may provide a basis for solving the economic and racial problems that continue to plague that region.

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Hinterland III: Pacific Coast

JULIUS NOVICK

Among the postwar resident professional theatres, three in particular hacked out a path for the rest: the Alley Theatre in Houston, the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., and—most admired, least imitated—the Actor's Workshop in San Francisco. These three began early, when the going was hardest, and they survived by making perseverance and devotion the substitutes for more tangible resources; later, they were among the earliest recipients of Ford Foundation grants that enabled them (and, still later, other theatres) to entrench themselves and to expand. The Cleveland Play House and one or two others had been in existence long before, but they were isolated phenomena; it took the Alley, the Arena and the Workshop to show that resident professional theatre was possible even in America.

Herbert Blau and Jules Irving, two teachers at San Francisco State College, began that Actor's Workshop in 1952, in a loft behind a judo academy. They had in mind a private studio, a workshop, in which to experiment; the results of their experiments were shown, now and then, to a few invited guests. Gradually they turned their attention to the public, "went Equity," and rented two theatres in downtown San Francisco. But they retained something of a studio attitude: they had work that they wished to do, and those who shared their tastes could come and see them do it. They wanted a large audience, but were afraid of being corrupted by it; they raised money and peddled subscriptions, but their heart wasn't in it. Many people found them self-righteous; Blau in particular was given to venting his mind in pompous manifestos which won him few friends.

On the other hand, "There are occasions," as Blau says, "when the theatre must do its work against what passes for common consent, to appear to say, 'to hell with society!'" This service the Workshop has performed. It has been distinguished for the rigor of its principles and the fidelity with which it has held to them. If it has made compromises, they were small compromises made with great agonizing. It has never sought merely to please its audience. Most theatres do at least one lollipop a year—Coward, Kaufman and Hart, Murray Schisgal, if not an outright piece of Broadway merchandise. Almost alone among the residential professional theatres, the Workshop has done no lollipops at all.

Instead, it has specialized in Brecht, in the Absurdists and in other "difficult" writers. Many of these are now standard fare in the resident theatres, which *Variety* has called "the Beckett and Pinter circuit," but the Workshop was presenting them when no one else would dare. Blau and Irving gave the American premières of, among other plays, Brecht's *Mother Courage*, Pinter's *The Birthday Party* and *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* by John Arden. It can be argued that a less adventurous repertory might have done as good or better service for the people of San Francisco, but by introducing these plays the Workshop made itself a force in the American theatre.

The results of this combination of courage, high principles, high standards and bad public relations can be imagined. Though the Workshop was widely admired outside San Francisco, though it enlisted the support of the Ford Foundation, though it sent a production of *Waiting for Godot* to New York and to the Brussels World's Fair, its existence was always precarious because it never developed a solid base of financial support from its community. The city government made it an appropriation from time to time—something very few cities have been willing to do for their theatres —but this was never enough to make up for the lack of both a large subscription audience and a few rich patrons.

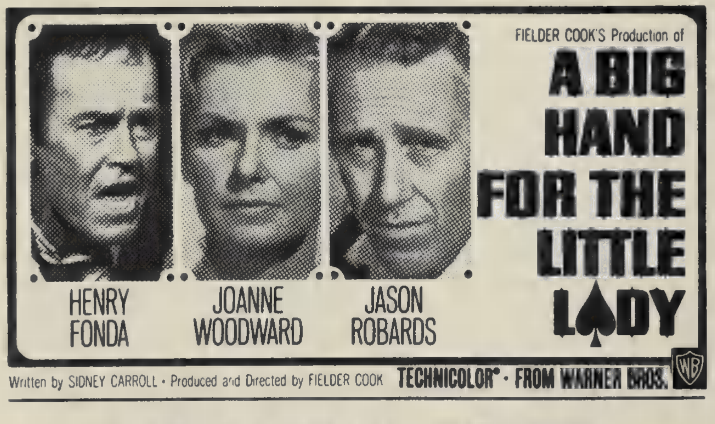
And so it is understandable that when Blau and Irving were asked to take over the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in January, 1964, they should have accepted; San Francisco had done very little for them. They canceled the rest of their San Francisco season and lit out for New York, leaving Kenneth Kitch, a young member of the company, as their successor at the Workshop, to keep it alive if he could. But what was there to keep alive? The Workshop had existed only as the lengthened shadow of Blau and Irving. Furthermore, they had taken with them to New York most of the leading Workshop actors (as well as the entire front-office staff, right down to the bookkeeper).

Nevertheless, Kitch went ahead. He hired as artistic director a 26-year-old Harvard man named John Hancock, and last July the Workshop reopened with *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More* by Tennessee Williams, directed by Hancock. The author came out to San Francisco to attend rehearsals and do rewrites; the production got a great deal of attention and did excellent business. On the strength of this success, Kitch and Hancock announced their 1965-66 subscription season; Brecht's *Edward II* (an American première), Saul Bellow's *The Last Analysis,* Molière's *Don Juan,* Strindberg's *The Father* and Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* In addition, they scheduled a nonsubscription series of weekend productions in their smaller theatre: several new plays, including one by an inmate at San Quentin, and the American première of Boris Vian's *The Empire Builders.*

It was an adventurous program in the Workshop tradition. Yet the new directors are more conscious than their predecessors were of the need for good public relations, and more interested in the techniques of ticket selling. For their first season they sold 5,100 subscriptions; this is not an impressive number, considering the Bay Area's population and its reputation as a cultural center (in Seattle, with no such reputation and a much smaller population, the local repertory theatre had almost 13,000 subscribers this season), but it is more than Blau and Irving ever succeeded in selling.

Then last December came another crisis: in spite of good reviews and good business, the Workshop ran out of money. The directors announced that unless $50,000 was raised "within the next few days," the Workshop would close its doors permanently. At the last minute, an anonymous benefactor came through with the final $20,000; the Workshop was saved, and the directors promised no more crises, ever again.

Upon my arrival in San Francisco, I was confronted by John Hancock's strange version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with sets and costumes by the Pop artist Jim Dine. As the play began, a tarpaulin was jerked off a large object prominently placed downstage right, revealing a gaudily lit-up juke box which emitted Mendelssohn (and Mahler) at intervals throughout the evening. Hippolyta, Theseus' captive mistress, wore only a loincloth, a bra, a great deal of black body make-up, some chains, a sullen expression and perhaps a wig; she played her first scene in a cage. Demetrius, one of the interchangeable youths, had a light bulb in his codpiece which flashed on and off whenever he was feeling amorous. And Helena, a maiden, was played by a man 6 feet 4 inches tall.



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These innovations were lively and theatrical; they got laughs; they "worked." But, surprisingly enough, they were not just gimmicks, not mere effusions of irresponsible cleverness, not simple futzing around; they were the expression of a consistent artistic intention. The intention was not, of course, Shakespeare's. Jan Kott has pointed out an element of sexual grotesquerie in the play that most directors ignore, but Hancock went whooping and hollering off to the opposite extreme, and scribbled grotesquerie all over what is, after all, an essentially lyrical work. Shakespeare wrote it as an epithalamium, a marriage song. It shows that love is productive of foolishness, confusion, even cruelty and grief; but in the play's scheme these things are transitory. Shakespeare's mockery is affectionate; it does not deny the validity of what is mocked, and the play ends with a powerful blessing on the marriage bed.

In the Workshop production lyricism was exposed as fraudulent, and love was revealed as half itch and half obsession. Mendelssohn was mocked by the juke box, Demetrius' romantic raptures by the blinking bulb in his crotch. And Hancock's mockery was for keeps. No amount of blessing — particularly not from the Workshop's distinctly *louche* bunch of fairies — is going to straighten out the marriage bed of a 6 foot 4 inch male Helena. Shakespeare says, "Jack shall have Jill, naught shall go ill"; Hancock said that the course of true sex never did run smooth.

The Workshop production was a denial of the play, a rebuttal, a parody, a blasphemy; it was an anti-*Midsummer Night's Dream*—and a brilliant one, perhaps the most theatrically exciting piece of work I saw on my travels. And since it propounded with consistency and clarity (as well as vividness and wit) the notion that man's sexuality makes him ridiculous and grotesque and betrays his pretensions to high-mindedness and beauty, it also fulfilled Matthew Arnold's grand old criterion for a work of art; it was a criticism of life. It was a criticism of Shakespeare as well, but Shakespeare can stand it. The theatre has this advantage, that though one director may decide, for good or bad reasons, to paint a mustache on the "Mona Lisa," the next director will find the masterpiece as good as new.

Furthermore, no other prudent course was open to Hancock if he was to do this script at all. His company is simply not well schooled enough to present the play adequately in the conventional lyrical manner; on the whole it was very wise of him to use all his tricks to distract our attention from the acting. If the Workshop is to survive on anything much more than its director's virtuosity, it needs better actors. Hancock professes himself aware of the problem; it remains to be seen whether he can do anything about it.

It is often said (though not by me) that the best directing is the least obtrusive. John Hancock, in the tradition of Reinhardt, Meierhold and Tyrone Guthrie, is clearly not letting this worry him unduly. Down the peninsula at Palo Alto, however, the on-campus professional Repertory Theatre of Stanford University completed its first season this spring, and there I saw a production of *All's Well That Ends Well* in which the direction was so unobtrusive as to be almost nonexistent. The young people in the two leading parts simply spoke their lines clearly, moved around in a more or less appropriate manner, and left it at that. Associate Professor William Sharp of Stanford, who was credited with the direction in the program, appeared to have had no views about what these ambiguous characters think and feel and mean and are, about what really goes on in this difficult "problem comedy," about what it is supposed to do to the audience, about what it's *for*. Certain plays, perhaps, are lucid and accessible enough to survive such treatment—or such lack of treatment—but *All's Well* is not one of them.

The Stanford Repertory Theatre is one of a number of American experiments in bringing professional theatre to the campus. The Equity actors at Stanford also teach, and direct and act in student productions. In turn, graduate students in acting, directing and designing, work on the professional productions; several (too many perhaps) were in the cast of *All's Well*. The Rockefeller Foundation has granted the new company $100,000 a year for its first three years, and the university makes up whatever deficit remains. Robert Loper, the producing director of the theatre, is also the executive head of Stanford's Department of Speech and Drama, but he insists that the theatre is for the entire area, not just the university community; Stanford students and faculty combined make up only 15 per cent of its audience.

Perhaps *All's Well* was not typical of the kind of work being done at Stanford. The theatre's production of *Prometheus Bound*—not an easy script—was greatly admired. Already it has taken a chance with a new play, *The Questions*, by John Hawkes. Professor Loper is an intelligent man, and seems more interested in the outside world than are many academics. He may be able to overcome, somehow, the idyllic, palm-studded, country-club isolation of the Stanford campus. He has already imported some fine actors: even in *All's Well*, Paul E. Richards interrupted the pervasive boredom with his vigorously amusing braggart Parolles, and Glenn Cannon coped valiantly with the most discouraging of all of Shakespeare's clowns. It would be pleasant to think that all that foundation money was not being wasted, and that genuine theatrical life was stirring amidst all those palms.

In Los Angeles, the local theatre is also connected with a university, but the association is much looser. The Theatre Group of Los Angeles was founded in 1959 under the sponsorship of the extension program at UCLA, to employ for serious theatrical ends some of the many talented people attracted to the area by the movie and television industries. It is not tied in to the university's Theatre Arts Department, and the university takes no financial responsibility for it. Like the Stanford group, it puts on its shows in university buildings, but can use them only when they are not required for other purposes; this necessitates at both universities a limited and somewhat sporadic production schedule. But while Stanford is planning to build a new theatre on campus for the exclusive use of its professional company, the Theatre Group is leaving UCLA. It has recently been named the official resident theatre company of the new Music Center, Los Angeles' answer to Lincoln Center, and in the fall of 1967 will move into a 2,150-seat proscenium house and a 750-seat thrust-stage theatre at the Center. (This will give it the largest seating capacity of any resident theatre in the country.) At that time, it will give up casting each production *ad hoc*, and become a genuine resident company.

From the beginning the Theatre Group has been bold in its choice of plays, and successful in persuading people to come to them. Last season it even scheduled one of the world's all-time, all-star audience losers, a bill of one-act plays by W. B. Yeats, which played to 74 per cent of capacity; no other production that season fell below 90 per cent. For its current season, which began this June (the Group is one of the few resident theatres that operate during the summer), it will present *Next Time I'll Sing to You* by James Saunders (a success in London, a failure off-Broadway); the musical version of *Candide* (a Broadway failure); Pinter's *The Birthday Party* and Sartre's *The Flies*.

The Theatre Group's production of Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy*, a big hit in Los Angeles last summer, was the first resident-theatre production in recent history to be booked for a coast-to-coast tour of road-show theatres in major cities. The Group was between seasons when I was in Los Angeles, but I caught up with *The Deputy* in Chicago. After the Los Angeles run several actors had left the cast, but the production had been recast and re-rehearsed by Gordon Davidson, the original director (who is also the managing director of the Theatre Group), so it can fairly be taken as a sample of the Group's work.

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is independent of the New York talent pool, but judging from *The Deputy* that is not much of an advantage. Hochhuth's hero (an idealistic young priest who goes around telling various church officials that the Nazis are killing the Jews) is a little on the simple-minded side at the best of times, but Robert Brown played him as Jack Armstrong in a cassock. No less than three actors in prominent parts, Brown included, had difficulty pronouncing the letter "s," and some strenuously hackneyed emoting was going on. The play was strongly and imaginatively staged, with a very effective use of sound and light, and it was well designed by Peter Wexler; but it would appear — on the admittedly inconclusive evidence of one production a long way from home — that Davidson has a tin ear for acting.

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A somewhat similar problem exists in Seattle, although affairs at the Seattle Repertory Theatre are rather complicated. The SRT was started by a group of Seattle citizens who were stimulated by the availability of a splendid 800-seat theatre left over from the Seattle World's Fair. Stuart Vaughan, who had been the artistic director of the New York Shakespeare Festival and the Phoenix Theatre, was brought out to be artistic director of the new organization, and on November 13, 1964, the company Vaughan recruited opened in *King Lear*.

From the first the SRT has been a true repertory theatre, presenting as many as four or five different productions during a single week. Vaughan's choice of plays was unexceptionably solid, with an emphasis on Shakespeare; the SRT has been explicitly a classic theatre. This season, for instance, it put on *Julius Caesar, Long Day's Journey, The Importance of Being Earnest, Heartbreak House, Galileo,* a special Christmas play called *The Tinder Box, Ah, Wilderness!, The Cherry Orchard, Twelfth Night* and *Hamlet*.

Before the theatre opened, it had 9,000 subscribers. In its second season it had almost 12,000, the fourth largest subscription audience in the entire resident professional theatre movement; for its third season, just past, the number of subscribers increased again. Overall attendance has also gone steadily upward. And yet, in December of last year, the SRT board of trustees suddenly dismissed Stuart Vaughan from the theatre he had brought into being.

It used to be that a theatre was founded by a fanatic who suffered for it, nursed it with his lifeblood, and became inextricable from it. But as the resident theatre movement spreads, more and more theatres are being founded by groups of citizens, without theatrical training or talent themselves, who have decided that theatre is a good thing for their town, and who raise money and import an artistic director from New York to create a company and to run it. The citizens retain the veto power over the artists, and sometimes — as in Seattle — they use it.

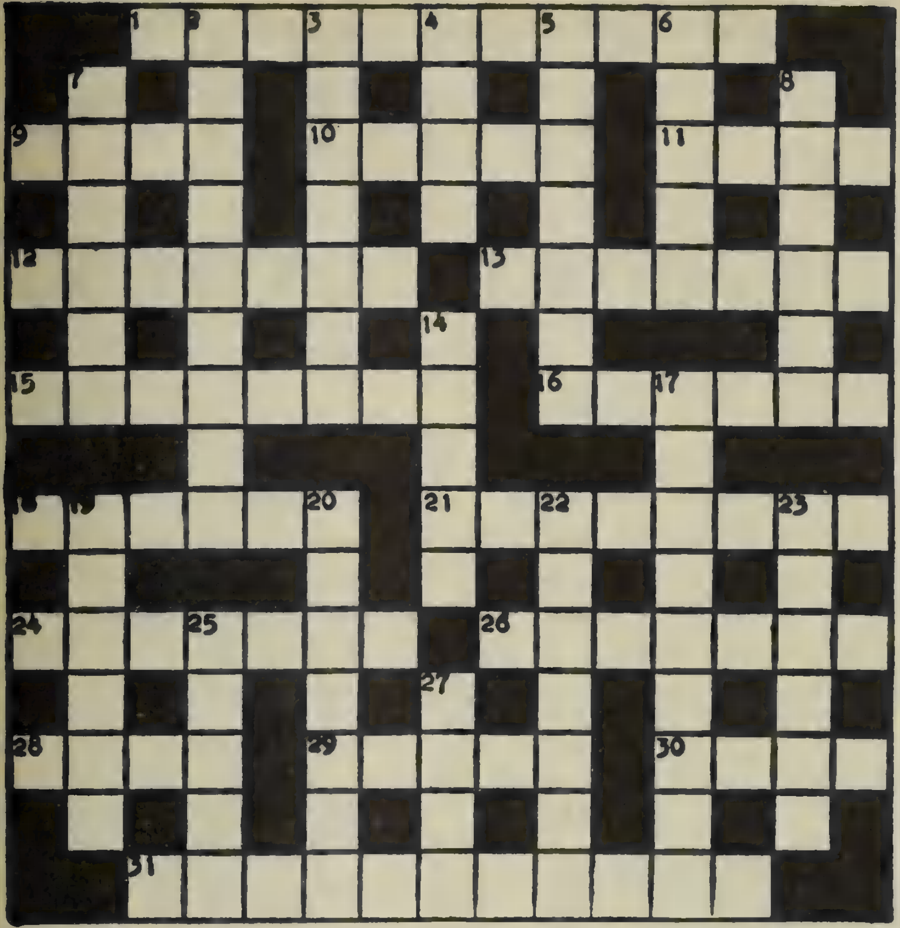
On these occasions partisans of the fired director will complain that the board is a bunch of rich, interfering amateurs who want to "play theatre," and the proponents of the board will insist that the fired director was at fault. Bagley Wright, the president of the Seattle board, maintains that Vaughan had no conception of teamwork, that it was a mistake for Vaughan to act as well as direct, that there are two other directors with the company who got better performances out of the actors than Vaughan could, that the subscribers were complaining, and that though Vaughan had done a lot for the company, a new artistic director was needed if it was to improve. Others complained that ten productions in a season were simply too many, even if four were revivals from the previous season. Allen Fletcher, whom the board appointed to succeed Vaughan, has arranged for next season a schedule of six productions, with no revivals from past seasons. One actor with the company told me that under Vaughan they had been "drowning in the mud of classicism"; be this as it may, Fletcher's first season will consist of plays by Arthur Miller, Brendan Behan, Noel Coward, Friedrich Duerrenmatt and Tennessee Williams, plus one (1) classic still to be named.

When I was in Seattle this spring Vaughan had been gone two months, but the company he had chosen was still there, sedulously adhering to the schedule he had laid out. Brecht's *Galileo*, which Vaughan was to have directed, was staged instead by the acting artistic director, Pirie MacDonald, who had been Vaughan's second in command. Much of the acting in it was mediocre in various ways, but the production was redeemed by Thomas Hill's good, strong Galileo. *Twelfth Night* was a revival of Vaughan's 1964 production, redirected by MacDonald; it had a reasonably good group of comedians (although the Malvolio tended to gabble indistinctly when he got excited), but Viola and Orsino had little lyricism and less ardor. Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, the production Vaughan was directing when he was fired, was three and a half hours of tedium when I saw it. Most of the actors flourished and brandished their elaborately phony characterizations like small boys in a shower room trying unsuccessfully to snap one another with heavy, soggy bath towels. Two actresses in major roles had maddeningly grating voices; when, after a long conversation, they were joined by a third actress who had a tense delivery and a pronunciation problem, I was strongly tempted to flee.

The SRT has a lot going for it, mainly things that money can buy: a handsome, good-sized, well-equipped theatre, a large company, lavishly mounted (and very good-looking) productions. Its annual budget is somewhere around $470,000, its board expects a deficit and is prepared to raise whatever money is necessary. It has in addition a large audience willing to commit itself in advance. What it desperately needs, judging from the work I saw, is what most of the resident theatres need: more good actors. With a new and widely respected artistic director and all that money, it would seem to be in a good position to get them.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1158

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One of them might be tender occasionally, when 9, 29 and 8. (4-7)
10 Isn't he a card? Honestly, no! (5)
11 In a string quartet, this really should get on with a political action group, and nothing else! (4)
12 It should be hard to reform this sort of ingrate! (7)
13 Does it make the curved part in the pen stiff? (7)
15 English celebrant, very noisy with one when the producer is around. (8)
16 For the meritorious, one of those things considered just for the hot and dry. (6)
18 Excluded in describing the lay of the land. (6)
21 Certainly not governing themes. (8)
24, 31, 9, 29 and 8 What to do when Tom exchanges letters with her? (3, 4, 3, 8, 4, 5, 6)
26 Becomes attached to certain materials? (7)
28 If this fish went by, it would appear nice and plump. (4)

DOWN:

2 and 23 down Traditional greeting of someone who wants to take you to court? (6, 3, 6)
3 Animal you (by the sound of it) give a disapproving tongue-clicking to? (You'll find it in Russia.) (7)
4 How I managed the country? (4)
5 Dealt with a non-paying consumer, by implication. (7)
6 Old man of music. (5)
7 Chosen name, by the sound of it, for disorder. (6)
14 Where they searched in "Little Orphant Annie" for iron? (5)
17 Monocular production? (9)
19 One who does it finally makes more noise, reputedly. (6)
20 A little light support. (7)
22 The result of a rental lending library's not having much volume? (7)
23 See 2 down
25 and 30 across He taught in the brass section—or at least started with brass. (5-4)
27 Real cool composer! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1157

ACROSS: 1 Witchcraft; 6 Zany; 10 and 11 Toggle switches; 12 Consorts; 13 and 24 Noise maker; 15 and 26 Match play; 17 Inherited; 19 Artemisia; 21 Harry; 23 Since; 24 Mitering; 27 Berserk; 28 Evangel; 29 Ends; 30 Wretchedly. DOWN: 1 and 3 Withholds; 2 Tugboat; 4 Restrains; 5 Fawns; 7 Atheist; 8 Yesterdays; 9 Ethnarch; 14 Impassable; 16 Hampered; 18 Heartbeat; 20 Tancred; 22 Reneged; 25 Reach.

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LETTERS

a very large 'No'

Aberdeen, Md.

DEAR SIRS: Richard Swerdlin, assistant professor at Southern Illinois University suggests in *The Nation* [letter, May 23] that "it is time to seriously consider lowering the voting age to 18." Speaking on behalf of myself (the 20-year-old whom I know best), I counter Mr. Swerdlin's suggestion with a very large "No."

Two years ago I came out of one Aberdeen high school with one diploma signifying that I had a high school education. A high school education—what is that?

In high school I was taught that "we are right and they are wrong"—"we" being American, and "they" being the Communists. I was taught a hatred for Communists along with the line, "the United States is a peace-loving country." But I was not taught how to think or prepare for the right to vote.

Since June, 1964 (graduation day), I've put in a year (two semesters) at Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, O., and in the last six months I've been reading, thinking and studying on my own. In this I've tried to get "into the hair" of the editor of the *Baltimore Sun* and I've succeeded, in part, to the tune of four printed letters to the editor (and one or two editorials that read like two letters sent). . . . I don't believe everything I read nor do I believe most of what comes out of Washington (I wait for "official denials"). I may not be ready to vote now (I may never be), but I am more ready today than I was two years ago, one year ago or yesterday.

If I had been given the vote at 18 I would have merely stamped approval on the hatreds I had been taught to accept for twelve years—stamped approval on the lies, half-truths and "official denials" that are choking this society. No, Mr. Swerdlin, the three to four years between high school and the voting age do not provide "opportunity for indifference to set in" but instead, opportunity for self-education and self-preparation to undo twelve years of "we've never lost a war, yet" thinking to be tossed out. *Tom Jones*

bucking the system

New York City

DEAR SIRS: It has become fashionable for certain sociologists to demonstrate their radicalism and their passion for the poor by saddling the social workers with all the responsibility for the evils of the system and publicly beating up on them for their insensitivity, their cowardice, their "welfare colonialism" and other sins. This display would be considerably more impressive if these critics were themselves to produce some sharp and radical analyses of the economic system that creates the conditions they rightfully deplore. But Richard Cloward ["A Strategy to End Poverty," *The Nation*, May 2] has no criticism of capitalism, only of welfare; and he would solve the problems of public assistance by sabotaging the whole program. Further, he would "end poverty" through the guaranteed annual income, which he naively assumes will be pegged at rates far above the bare subsistence levels of public assistance.

What Roy Lubove comes up with ["The Welfare Industry: Social Work and the Life of the Poor," *The Nation*, May 23] is that social workers should transform themselves into "hawks," eschew their "service role" and "confront the hard questions of power and income redistribution." One needs to ask which of the "service roles" he wants deleted and what such a "con-

(Continued on page 780)

EDITORIALS

Dinner at the White House

The problem of campaign costs has reached an impasse (see article by Victor H. Bernstein, p. 770), and it is by no means clear what should be done about it. One thing is clear, however: the shameless exploitation of the office of the Presidency in the Lyndon B. Johnson manner calls for the sharpest public rebuke. Mr. Johnson is reported to be thin-skinned, for a politician, and to be stung by criticism, however well intentioned. If he could manage to displace some of this sensitivity to his fund-raising activities, the problem of financing elections democratically would remain, but at least one gross offense against political decency would be eliminated.

By tradition, the President wears two hats—as Chief Executive and as the leader of his party. Presidents have always participated in politics and in raising money for political campaigns, but as a rule they have been at some pains to keep the two roles separate, or at least to maintain the appearance of separation in their public activities. In this way Lyndon B. Johnson's predecessors avoided flagrant violation of the dignity of the office. The nearest approach to Mr. Johnson's fund-raising techniques was Dwight D. Eisenhower's practice of giving stag dinners at the White House for big donors, but it was left to Mr. Johnson to throw discretion to the winds. By allowing his fund-raising organizations to be called the "President's Club," he is peddling the prestige of the office at $1,000 per head ($2,000 for those contributors who bring their wives to the annual dinner-dances of the "club").

Reportedly, a "super-dooper" President's Club is now being organized, limited to membership at $10,000 apiece, for which the reward will be dinner with the President at the White House. The faithful Bill Moyers has denied that such a Medicean scheme is in prospect, but Doris Fleeson, in whose *New York Post* column the report appeared, points out that Moyers shows no disposition to reveal White House guest lists.

It would be the height of naïveté to imagine that the current $1,000 affairs are patronized exclusively by Democrats. Many of the contributors are undoubtedly Republicans seeking status, or figuring that it may be good business to belong. Since the 1964 President's Club membership was about 3,800, it can hardly be regarded as an elite organization through which influence at the White House may be purchased, but if a businessman is approached, he may feel he had better contribute—it can do him no harm, while to refuse might be imprudent. Even if most of the donations are entirely voluntary, there is always the suspicion that the power of the Presidency has been used by lower-level money raisers in a manner verging on improper pressure.

Nowhere is the affluent society more affluent—and more corrupt—than in its politics. It is impossible to arrive at a reliable estimate of the cost of a national campaign, but $200 million seems to be a minimal figure for 1964. Much of this tidy sum is contributed by corporations, although corporate contributions to candidates for federal office are illegal. The law is easily circumvented. As *Business Week* points out, the burden of political giving rests on the business executive personally. He writes a check on his own bank account. He is reimbursed by the company through a bonus or some expense-account legerdemain. His contribution is not tax deductible, but the amount of the company's reimbursement can cover his total expenditure, or a little better.

While engaging in improper practices himself, President Johnson has proposed legislation for new controls on campaign contributions and expenditures. The only effect of the proposed controls on the President's Club would be to require clubs organized as state committees to report their finances to the Clerk of the House of Representatives and the Secretary of the Senate. Corporations could contribute through their executives as they do now, and the President's Club could continue its activities unhindered. While sponsoring reforms, Mr. Johnson might better set a good example himself, and the place to begin is with these so-called clubs of his.

Count the Civilians

We had always assumed that our expeditionary force to Vietnam was there for some purpose other than slaughtering civilians, but after noting Robert Guillain's estimate in *Le Monde* (see "America's Colony in Hell," June 13) that 100,000 Vietnamese civilians were wiped out by U.S. Air Force bombings last year, it is clear that our assumption should be modified. We went to the Pentagon recently to get a comparative estimate from official sources and were told by a Colonel Vickery of the press information office that the Department of Defense does not think in such bloody totals. As a matter of fact, he said, the Pentagon recognizes and acknowledges having killed "less than 200" Vietnamese civilians last year and "we expect the rate will be much less this year."

Vickery's figure represents those claims against the United States Government which the Pentagon admits to be valid. In other words, in dealing with that tiny nation the Department of Defense is its own judge and jury—not to mention executioner. Actually 11,000 claims were made against this government by the Vietnamese last year, although not all of these were for deaths attributable to trigger-happy Americans; some were for injuries, some for property destruction.

The "less than 200" figure makes up in absurdity what it lacks in accuracy. Our generals on the one hand boast of having killed 35,000 "Vietcong" last year; but Colonel Vickery concedes that such is the character of this war that "we don't always know who's a civilian" and who is a VC, and yet the Pentagon insists that only 200 civilians, give or take a few, were knocked off by our side.

The hypocrisy of the Pentagon's figuring has not gone unnoticed. Sen. Claiborne Pell in a committee hearing put the question to General Griffith: "Would they [the Pentagon's estimate] seem to you, as a military man, and bearing in mind the scope of the operation, to be in the realm of accuracy?" General Griffith squirmed at that one, saying, "I would rather not answer that question if you don't mind, Senator. I will answer it to you privately." Secretary of State Rusk also answered sorrowfully that every effort is made to avoid civilian casualties "wherever pos-

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THE NATION *Volume 202* *No. 26*

sible," but he just didn't know how unsuccessful these efforts are.

Finally Pell demanded that the Department of Defense tell him if the Vietnamese peasants even know there is such a thing as an indemnification program. And how easy is it for the peasants to enter claims against the U.S. Government? And how do we evaluate their losses? All good questions. But to date Pell has received very unsatisfactory answers—mere "GI gobbledygook," one of his aides summed it.

Whether or not Rep. Clement J. Zablocki's earlier estimates are accurate—that our soldiers are killing six civilians for every Vietcong in some engagements, and two for one in others (by the most conservative figuring, this would come to 70,000 civilians killed last year)—it is safe to say that Zablocki is more accurate than the Pentagon, whose only aim in these calculations appears to be deception. Over one six-week period, the 1st Cavalry reported twenty-four civilians killed and 131 wounded. By the time this was strained through the Pentagon, it came out to be six killed and twenty-one wounded.

Andrew Hamilton of the *Herald Tribune* recently complained, "The Department of Defense can supply statistics on just about every countable aspect of the war—except civilian casualties." It can tell you how many Vietnamese officials were assassinated or kidnaped by the enemy, how many VC were killed, captured, and wounded during any week. But when it comes to looking over the ground and counting the babies and old men and women, the Pentagon's score keeper is blind. Strange indeed. Can it be, as Anne Freemantle asked, that the civilians are not considered worth counting? "At shoots," she reminds us, "the keepers do not count the rabbits. But surely, humans—even if Vietnamese—deserve enumeration."

The Adamant Mr. Meany

It may be that the George Meany-Jay Lovestone combination has overreached itself in its anti-Soviet intransigence. By a margin of one vote a Pole, Leon Chajn, was elected to preside over the scheduled three-week meeting of the International Labor Organization in Geneva. Lovestone, who is as fanatically anti-Communist as only an ex-Communist can be, had counted on the election of a safe free-enterprise candidate, Gerald J. Veldkamp of the Netherlands. Possibly because Veldkamp was known to be the Lovestone candidate, Chajn won. There was no dispute as to the fairness of the election, but immediately Meany (Lovestone) ordered the five-member AFL-CIO delegation to walk out of the conference.

The ILO is one of the specialized agencies of the UN. It includes government, labor and employer representatives of the 114 member nations. The election of Mr. Chajn was a defeat for the U.S. representatives—government and employer as well as labor—since all had supported Mr. Veldkamp, but the walkout was confined to the AFL-CIO contingent. Since the Johnson Administration has been trying to improve relations with Eastern Europe, the boycott was acutely embarrassing to the U.S. Government. UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz, Under Secretary of State George W. Ball all tried to get Meany to reverse his stand but to no avail. President Johnson himself then conferred with Meany who, as anyone in the know could have predicted, remained firm. Age has only intensified the legendary Meany obstinacy, and in foreign affairs he would no more think of overruling Lovestone, who is *de facto* his secretary of state, than President Eisenhower would have thought of reversing a decision of John Foster Dulles.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: issues will be dated July 4, July 11, July 25, August 8 and August 22.

Not only is the AFL-CIO boycott awkward from the standpoint of the U.S. image abroad and American foreign policy, but the Meany-Lovestone entente is an increasingly divisive force within the AFL-CIO. Walter Reuther, president of the 1.5 million United Automobile Workers, has been trying to improve his relations with Meany—partly, no doubt, to improve his own chances of succeeding to the AFL-CIO presidency. The fracas at Geneva was too much for Reuther, however, and he challenged Meany's stand, calling it "a gross disservice to democracy" for the U.S. union delegates to walk out because the result of a fairly contested election was not to their liking. Meany promptly called a meeting of the AFL-CIO executive council which sustained him by a vote of 18 to 6.

A renewal of the enmity between Reuther and Meany is likely to destroy the former's chances of succeeding Meany. Reuther went into the ring with one hand tied behind his back. Labor politicians were mystified by his strategy, but the answer is simple—the move was not designed to be strategic. Reuther cares enough about the position of the United States in the international labor movement that he cannot abide an attitude so spiteful and, in the long run, so futile.

How long American labor as a whole can stand the Meany-Lovestone rule in foreign affairs remains to be seen. It is not a policy but rather a sterile insistence on cold-war immobility. Under this dispensation, organized labor's influence has steadily diminished. Many labor leaders are aware of this fact and, in private, deplore Meany's obstinacy. The incident at Geneva is only one of many. The AFL-CIO throttled a proposal by the American ambassador to Poland, John A. Gronouski, to send some Polish-speaking trade unionists from his home state of Wisconsin to Poland on a good-will mission. It warned its locals to avoid any contact with a Yugoslav union official who visited the United States last year; the man was, however, informally received by the UAW. The Citizens Exchange Committee invited a delegation of eight Russians from a Soviet labor group to visit this country. Secretary Rusk denied the prospective visitors visas, and made it clear that the AFL-CIO-Meany-Lovestone opposition was the decisive factor.

Sooner or later, however, labor will have to move with the times. One indication is the action, early in May, of 200 trade union leaders, representing thirty-nine international unions, who met in New York to form a trade union division of SANE. No high union officials were among them, but many represented not only themselves but the officers and rank and file of their unions. This development, and the stupid walkout in Geneva, may be the beginning of the end for the Meany-Lovestone dominance of labor's foreign policy.

Is Meredith Right?

Nonviolence may be the best policy for the American Negro in the civil rights struggle, but anyone who is sure of it may change his mind after reading the account of the James Meredith march in the June 7 Washington *Evening Star*. The narrator is Sherwood Ross, a reporter for radio station WOL, who accompanied Meredith until the shooting occurred and who was an eyewitness to all that happened before and after. It was Ross who asked Attorney General Katzenbach whether he planned to give Meredith any kind of federal support and received the answer, "Oh, I don't think it's going to amount to much."

On the first day of the march, hundreds of hoodlums cursed and threatened Meredith, crying, "Hurry up, nigger, you're gonna get killed in Mississippi." At one point, in a field bordering the road, mounted white men with ten-gallon hats, waving Confederate flags, reminded Ross of a Jeb Stuart cavalry charge. A special target for abuse was Rev. Robert Weeks, the Episcopalian clergyman from Monroe, N.Y., who was accompanying Meredith. The attitude of the law-enforcement authorities was as disconcerting as the murderous frenzy of the mob. Sheriff Lee Meredith of De Soto County told Ross: "We are going to treat James Meredith just like any other nigger chopping cotton in the fields." They did just that.

Seeing rifles in passing cars and trucks and listening to the threats of motorists and pedestrians hour after hour, Ross asked Meredith: "Do you think this nonviolent approach will work?" Meredith replied: "The time has come when Negroes have got to work for their rights and perhaps even fight for their rights. Nonviolence is not in the American tradition. The American tradition is to get out and work for what you want, to fight for what you want. I'm tired of all this begging and all this pleading. We've got to assert our rights." Then he was shot.

It may be hard to accept, but Meredith is incontestably right. Nonviolence really forms no part of the American tradition. Our tradition is one of violence, and from the earliest time. Witness the savage treatment of the Indians. Witness our numerous wars, at least three of them (counting Vietnam) essentially wars of aggression—or, at the very least, wars that could have been avoided had the impulse toward violence not permeated American society from top to bottom, with few dissenters. Witness chattel slavery, which could be upheld only by violence or the threat of violence, and which played a larger part in the Southern economy than in the economy of any nation since ancient Greece—where it was not based on race. Witness the bloody Civil War we fought over slavery, and the persistence of *de facto* slavery, upheld by violence, to the present day.

On the other side of the coin, we can point to Henry David Thoreau, who paradoxically was one of the apostles of the doctrine of nonviolence which, practiced by Gandhi and others, has spread over the world. But whether it will succeed in the land of its birth remains exceedingly doubtful.

Meredith's statement is a clear summation of what Negroes are up against. Not only do they have to win rights for themselves, with little help from the mass of Americans, but in so doing they will have to change the tradition from one of violence to one of nonviolence. This puts a double burden on them, a burden which is not well understood but which all non-Negroes must view sympathetically. At the very least, we must realize that in the present situation of the American Negro the antithesis of nonviolence, if it should fail, is not violence, but self-defense. Nor does the new policy of SNCC resemble in any essential respect the stand of the Black Muslims, as many disappointed white liberals have hastily concluded. SNCC calls on Negroes to use the political power they have to better their own condition, rather than to rely on integration as a joint white-Negro enterprise in which, as must be perfectly clear by this time, only a minority of whites are willing to join. These are typical of the revaluations that events are forcing on us, and that will be with us for many uneasy tomorrows.

Happy Days Are Here Again

In one of its enlightening roundups, *The Wall Street Journal* confirms that after a brief period of anxiety, expense-account living has made a comeback. In the summer of 1963, the Internal Revenue Service donned a bogy mask and succeeded in frightening many businessmen and the proprietors of the places where they were accustomed to doing much of their business—opulent restaurants, hotel suites, country clubs, duck blinds, yachts and other pleasure domes. The IRS gave warning that detailed records must be kept—showing, for instance, who was present at a three-Martini business lunch and how it was conducive to the cash flow of the corporation which picked up the tab.

Expense-account *bon vivants* asserted that by taking all the hard-earned fun out of business life, the IRS was promoting commercial stagnation. The restaurateurs were even more dismayed, and some began firing bus boys and pricing paper napkins. Nor, at the time, were their forebodings entirely without foundation. The banquet manager at the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco, for instance, reports that right after the crackdown, business parties plunged from $20 dinners to the Spartan level of $7, California champagne became the rule instead of the French product, and orchestras and entertainment were out. The first-class sections of air liners were almost empty except for sad stewardesses.

Now things are back to normal, or better. The director of Park Avenue's Four Seasons restaurant says that as far as he is concerned "normal" would be an understatement. Business spending, in his eloquent phrase, is "a lovely percentage" above the pre-crackdown level. What was then a boom has developed into a superboom.

In some respects, however, the crackdown has made a permanent impress on American business. According to IRS Commissioner Sheldon Cohen, businessmen are keeping better records, thus reducing disputes between them and revenue agents. As the Commissioner says, "After all, there is no argument with good records." Keeping good records, whether by talking into a tape recorder after the party or to a secretary when he gets back to the office, has become as much of a habit with the good businessman as making himself irresistible with the right after-shave lotion.

Most revenue agents would not think of challenging a clearly delineated expense account. According to a West Coast accountant sought out by the *Journal* reporter, a typical executive-IRS colloquy goes as follows. *IRS agent:* "I see Mr. Smith claimed club dues at the Burlingame Country Club as a business expense. What does he use this club for?" *Accountant:* "Well, he uses it primarily for entertaining clients." *IRS agent:* "All right." An overzealous agent might ask to see Mr. Smith's account at the club, but for the most part the agents are gentlemen.

Night, What of the Watchman?

Hale County has long been known as the very heartland of the Alabama Black Belt. In Hale, attitudes born in the days of gang slavery have persisted in their starkest and most benighted form. Sheer terror has kept the large Negro majority cowed, listless and silent ever since the false dawn of Reconstruction gave way to the darkness again almost a century ago. With the passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, a new glimmer lightened Hale's gloomy horizon. Assisted by federal examiners, Negroes registered in substantial numbers, despite their well-grounded fear of Mr. Charley's reprisals.

In a few months a pitiful handful of Negroes became augmented to an absolute majority of the county's registered voters. Negroes even filed as candidates in the Democratic primary, among them Rev. Henry McCaskill, minister of two rural churches, for the office of sheriff. In Hale, the high sheriff is quite literally The Man. McCaskill's filing for the office was therefore an act of supreme effrontery from the white standpoint. When he actually ran first in a field of four on May 3, the whites knew fear for a change. They rallied behind the white survivor, a state trooper with the Dickensian name of Ben Kizziah, and put pressure on the Uncle Toms to work against McCaskill in the Negro community.

The black candidate's phone began to ring more frequently. The usual anonymous parties reviled him obscenely and threatened him with death unless he withdrew from the sheriff's race. His little girl was told that her daddy had got too uppity and was going to pay with his life. On Sunday morning McCaskill went out to one of his churches in the country to preach. He found only a heap of ashes where his church had stood. McCaskill only campaigned the harder.

McCaskill had run 2 to 1 ahead of Kizziah in the first primary, but in the final run-off on May 31, Kizziah pulled a reversal, outpolling the Negro by the comfortable margin (for Hale) of 900 votes. "A Day of Decency" trumpeted the Greensboro *Watchman's* post-election editorial on June 2. This county seat weekly, edited for at least the past generation by one Hamner Cobbs, has been the stentorian voice of Black Belt proslavery advocates ever since the days of that hated abolitionist, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Back in the thirties, Cobbs led the embattled planters of the Alabama Farm Bureau Federation in veritable Pickett's charges against programs designed to emancipate a token few Negro sharecroppers from bondage to their landlords.

"As for the Negro, McCaskill," commented editor Cobbs in his best strain of patrician condescension, "he ran a good race—a race far better than he was entitled to run, by experience, record, political balance, or mentality." Cobbs quickly ran through his rhetorical gears up to the menacing pitch of "The kindest thing we can say about this man is that he ought to get out of Hale County, and go somewhere else for his evil and dangerous ventures." Cobbs capped this with the not-so-subtle suggestion to Hale County nightriders that they include the McCaskill problem on their agenda of upcoming violence. "He can no longer be a factor in our lives—but, on the other hand, we might very well see that he gets what should be coming to him if he stays here."

We Can Trade With The Communists

HAROLD J. BERMAN

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Building bridges to Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union has been a repeated theme of Presidential utterances since 1961, and in recent years the State Department and the Department of Commerce have spoken often of the need to expand so-called East-West trade. Yet very little has been accomplished thus far, either by government or by private business, to transform these words into deeds. In the field of trade, in particular, our legislation still speaks in terms of countries that are "dominated or controlled by the foreign government or foreign nation controlling the world Communist movement," while business, on the whole, sits back and waits for more positive encouragement from the Executive branch.

Meanwhile, the press discusses more or less academically possible economic benefits that might accrue to the Communist countries, and to us, from a relaxation of our trade restrictions. It is generally considered that our trade with the East could never be very large unless we were willing to subsidize it with long-term credits. Non-Socialist trade with the Eastern European countries and the Soviet Union is now fairly substantial, but it is not considered likely that we could capture a very large share of this market from our Western European competitors. The possibility of breaking into the much larger market which the Communist countries have created among themselves is generally ignored

—probably because the nature of what might be called "East-East" trade is not understood.

For convenience, we call this "intra-bloc" trade, but it is not a very accurate term. The "bloc" is not a bloc—at least from the standpoint of trade relations. It is clearly not a "Sino-Soviet" bloc, as we used to call it; nor is it a "Soviet" bloc, or an "East European" bloc. If it ever was a bloc, it surely always contained the seeds of its own "de-blocification." There has never been an integrated economic plan or a programed division of labor among the Communist countries; nor do they constitute a customs union, although they do accord one another certain preferences with respect to prices and other matters. It is true that for a period of eight to ten years after World War II, the Soviet Union exerted an enormous pressure on the foreign trade of the Eastern European countries (except Yugoslavia after 1948), but it exerted that pressure individually, bilaterally. The bloc—as a trade combine—has never had more substance than the diminishing political and economic pressure of the Soviet Union upon individual Communist countries has been able to give it.

Similarly, we refer to "East-West" trade, but it is not, in fact, East-West trade. Such a designation is not only a geographical distortion which compels us to speak of a shipment of, say, jute, from Delhi to Warsaw as a shipment from West to East. More important, any analysis of international trade—or of any foreign economic policy—that starts from the premise of ideological regionalism is fallacious. There are, of course, important geographical, political and economic regions in the world; but at least so far as trade is concerned, they are all subdivisions of a larger world economic unity. To approach problems of international trade from the premises of geopolitics was wrong when the Nazis did it in the 1930s and it is wrong today.

This article is another in the series examining the assumptions and perspectives of American foreign policy; others will be appearing in early issues.

Trade between nations is international trade, and all geopolitical arrangements are inevitably subject to conditions imposed by an international economic and legal order which is world-wide in scope and transcends all regional and ideological boundaries. If we impose restrictions on our trade with the Soviets, or with the Bulgarians, it is not because they are Communists but because we consider them to be our enemies, or at least not our friends. We do not impose such restrictions on our trade with Yugoslavia, which is also a Communist country, and we do impose them on trade with Rhodesia, which is not a Communist country.

Similarly, trade relations *among* Communist countries depend to a very large extent on the realities of the international economic and legal order. It is true that more than 70 per cent of their foreign trade has been with one another, and that this has been due largely to their political interdependence and their common political faith. But both history and economics exert a strong pressure to change the situation: the Communist states would *all* like to expand their trade with the non-Communist countries, and in fact that is the direction in which events are moving—despite the enormous strain that has been placed on their relations with Western Europe and the United States by the Vietnamese war. Poland's trade with non-Communist countries now amounts to more than 40 per cent of its total foreign trade; the same is true of Rumania, and for the Czechs and Hungarians the proportion is above 30 per cent. A few months ago Chairman Kosygin stated that the new Soviet Five-Year Plan contemplates that 30 per cent of Soviet foreign trade during that period will be with non-Communist countries.

In the past we have charged the Soviet Union and the Communist "bloc" with pursuing a policy of economic self-sufficiency. Today the charge is returned against us insofar as we have sought to isolate ourselves from trade with the Communist countries. The truth is that economic autarky is unworkable in the modern world. We approached it for a brief period in 1948-52, when the two "camps" faced each other down, and the "East" answered the Marshall Plan by attempting to withdraw into itself. But self-sufficiency, whether national or regional or ideological, is a myth in today's world. Within regions, national traditions and national interests will not be submerged; and between regions there are economic pressures for collaboration that are stronger than the ideological forces of division. This, I believe, is a major lesson of history since the end of World War II, and a major hope for the future.

At the moment, the Communist countries engage in roughly $25 billion of imports and exports annually with one another, as against the roughly $11 billion worth of trade per year that they carry on with non-Communist countries. I stress in passing that neither of these two amounts is paltry, and both have been expanding very rapidly. (It seems to me realistic from a business and a legal point of view to speak of the volume of exports *and* imports, and not just of exports, as we do in our economic statistics.)

The largest trader of the group, is, of course, the Soviet Union, which is now the fifth largest trading country in the world. The Soviets now export more than $7 billion worth of goods annually, and import about the same amount. More than 70 per cent of these $15 billion—some $11 billion—go to and from other Communist countries. Incidentally, some 18 per cent of total Soviet trade has been with Eastern Germany in recent years.

To understand *why* the Communist countries do so much of their trade with one another and to estimate the potentialities for change in this respect, we must first understand *how* they plan and operate their trade.

The first point to be made is that each of these nine countries—I am now referring to the USSR, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Eastern Germany, Bulgaria, Albania and Mongolia, but not to Yugoslavia and not to China—is a planned economy; that is, in each of them, all or most of the means of production are owned by the state, all or most of industry is managed by state officials, and most production and distribution of goods is carried out in accordance with a unified, centrally determined, annual program.

From the standpoint of international specialization on the basis of cooperative advantage, a planned economy has the serious defect that its internal prices, wages, credit terms and the like are set by its planners. Without a free multilateral monetary and financial market, it is very difficult for the planners of each country to determine whether it is more expensive to produce a given product at home or to import it from abroad; whether it is economically advantageous to export a given product or to consume it domestically. The currency in which such goods are valued is a purely internal currency; it has no legal validity and no precise meaning, for expenditure abroad.

That brings up the second point: that each of the nine countries—with its own inconvertible currency, its own pricing system, its own wage policies, its own production and distribution plan—deals individually, bilaterally, with each of the other countries in arranging for the mutual exchange of needed goods. The planners in each country determine what they would like to import and what is available for export; then the government of each negotiates with the government of every other, bilaterally, for mutual exchanges. Such bilateral intergovernmental trade agreements, providing for a program of deliveries of particular products at particular times, make it easier to plan and administer the domestic economy. The bilateral treaties become part of the five-year and annual plans.

For example, five months ago Bulgaria signed a five-year trade agreement with the USSR for 1966-70, which coincides with a new Five-Year Plan in both countries. The USSR committed itself to export to Bulgaria in the next five years 50,000 automobiles, 15.7 million tons of crude oil, 6 million tons of oil derivatives, 21 million tons of coal, 2 million tons of rolled steel, plus excavators, cranes, industrial and chemical equipment, timber, cotton and a variety of other goods. Bulgaria agreed to export to the USSR 83,000 electric and motor trucks, 355 seagoing vessels and barges, 150,000 tons of tobacco, 465 million bottles of wine, 200,000 tons of wine in barrels, electric motors, machinery, soda, cigarettes, grapes, vegetables and consumer goods. In addition to signing this trade agreement, the two countries signed a protocol stating what goods would be exchanged in the year 1966. The annual protocol becomes part of the annual foreign trade plan of each country, to be implemented by specific contracts between the various foreign trade organizations of the two countries. In fact, the foreign trade organizations—each of which is charged with responsibility for importing or exporting various types of products—often negotiate many of their contracts at the same time that the annual protocol is signed.

In the West such arrangements are often called barter agreements, but in fact it is not so simple. It doesn't make sense to exchange, say, ten barges for a million tons of oil unless you first determine that they have the same value. The goods have to be priced. Indeed, the whole agreement has to be priced before it can be negotiated. The Soviet-Bulgarian five-year agreement called for exchanges of goods having a value of 7 billion rubles. Where does this figure come from? A Bulgarian barge is not produced with rubles, and its cost in Bulgarian currency has no necessary relationship to the exchange rate of the ruble.

In view of the disparity of price policy among the various Communist countries, and the inconvertibility of all their currencies, it is necessary for them to find a standard of value elsewhere, and they have found it in world market prices. These are the prices at which they sell to non-Communist countries, and they are the only prices that have any objectivity for their trade with one another.

I once asked a high official in the Czech Ministry of Foreign Trade what will happen when the whole world is Communist and there are no longer any world market prices. He replied: "We used to worry about that, but then we decided we could forget about it because it was never going to happen!"

The trouble with world market prices, however, is that they fluctuate from year to year, and within a given year; also that they must be broken down according to considerations that may have no exact equivalent in the Communist world. Will you simply average the fluctuating prices of commodities within a given year? What year will you choose as a base year? How often will you change the base year? Will you make adjustments in world market prices to allow for special factors—high costs of production, competition from the West, political effects?

These questions, and also that of price discrimination by stronger Communist countries against weaker, are too complex to discuss here. I shall only mention that some progress toward joint multilateral action has been reached in this matter of pricing. The Council for Mutual Economic Aid (Comecon), formed in 1949 in response to the Marshall Plan, has had very little success in achieving its stated objectives of "economic integration" and an "international Socialist division of labor." But it *has* provided a forum for discussing and working out some common problems. From its recommendations has come the adoption from time to time of average world market prices for various base periods.

The difficulties of economic integration came to a head for the Communist countries in 1962, when Khrushchev proposed, with the support of Czechoslovakia and Poland, to control investment in the Comecon countries by a central planning authority. As Gomulka had put it in 1960. "There is no cooperation whatsoever in the important sector of investment; everyone peels his own turnip—and loses by it." Parallel investment had resulted in "non-economical short production runs. In the DDR one economist declared that in 1957, production runs for making office machinery were 5,000 to 30,000, compared with optimum runs in the range of 30,000 to 60,000; he also noted that in 1958, 39,000 autos would be produced in several different factories, compared with an optimum production [he stated] of 70,000 for any one make."* As early as 1956, Khrushchev had complained of "wasteful duplication of effort." "Hungarians, Poles, Rumanians and also the others have tried to build up everything by themselves. . . . [F]or small countries, this creates very great problems, for which solutions cannot be found within national boundaries." Each of the Communist countries "had sunk vast amounts of investment funds into iron-steel combines, penicillin factories, and so forth."

But the 1962 proposal to change this, reflected in a document adopted by the Comecon called "Basic Principles of the International Socialist Division of Labor," was defeated by Rumania. The basic principles declared that "integrated iron and steel centers should preferably be set up in countries that are fully, or nearly fully, provided with ore and processed fuel, or at least possess one of the two." This was specifically directed at Rumania's steel industry, which depended on imported iron ore and whose plants were far from any sources of metallurgical coke. Rumania said no. It preferred to keep its steel industry, and import the ore—and also steel-making equipment—from the West. Since the Comecon observes the rule of unanimity, Rumania's objections had the effect of a veto.

However, there have been some steps toward Eastern European economic integration outside the structure of Comecon. In some cases, one country has granted credits to another to develop an enterprise, the plant remaining the property of the recipient country and repayment of the loan (with interest) being made in kind from the eventual output. Also there have been some joint ownership ventures—to process coal slack and to develop engineering and consumer goods production. Thirdly, an international organization called Intermetall has been established to plan steel investment and to program current production.

As part of their efforts toward integration, the Communist countries have struggled to establish a multilateral clearing system. In 1957, the State Bank in Moscow was designated as a clearing agency; however, bilateral clearing was the normal method, and transfers to multilateral accounts required the agreement of all parties. In 1963, a new International Bank of Economic Cooperation was established, on which each Comecon member has drawing rights. But severe limits are placed on permitted credits during a calendar year, and no participant can, without the consent of the others, remain in debt to the clearing agency beyond December 31. Thus, even the level of cooperation reached in Western Europe in 1950 under the European Payments Union has not yet been achieved for trade among the Communist countries.

Even this sketchy account of the foreign trade system of the Communist countries will, I hope, make clear some of the difficulties which planned economy—and especially planned economy combined with Communist concepts of foreign policy—poses for international trade. Neither the economic principle of comparative advantage nor the legal principle of nondiscrimination finds a congenial atmosphere here. Of course it is true that in almost all countries, whether East, West, North or South, public controls of foreign trade are strict, and free multilateral trade is more an ideal than a reality. Yet as compared with Western Europe and the United States, the rigidities of the Communist system of foreign trade are especially severe.

Nevertheless, there is another important side to the picture. Each of the Communist countries has made very considerable economic progress—at least in terms of industrial development—in the past twenty years (with the possible exception of Czechoslovakia, which started at a very high level of industrialization). Each has substantially expanded its foreign trade, and that expansion is continuing in all directions. Thus, winds of change are blowing, and a spirit of pragmatism and of internationalism is challenging ideological rigidity and nationalism. As Carl Spaeth has put it, the right questions are being asked, and that means opportunity.

All the Communist countries of Europe are making strenuous efforts to decentralize economic decision making, and to expand the role of profits and of indirect economic controls. The spectrum of institutional change runs from the USSR at one pole to Yugoslavia at the other. And along with the greater internal flexibility they now enjoy, individual state economic enterprises are raising the question of independent access to foreign markets. This is of special importance to American businessmen because it creates more possibilities for establishing continuing relationships with particular customers, and for overcoming the problem of discontinuity of trade. Ultimately, American manufacturer-exporters must be in close contact with distribution and sales networks and with the final users of their products, if trade is to be developed to its full potential. At the same time, American importers must be in close contact with the foreign producers. Chairman Kosygin recently called for better market research by Soviet export agencies; we could help him greatly, if he would let us.

Finally, the legal institutions which form the framework of trade among the Communist countries also provide a basis for developing better trade relationships between Communist and non-Communist countries. Their treaties—with each other—of friendship, collaboration and mutual assistance have a good deal in common with traditional treaties of friendship, commerce and navigation. The General Conditions which they have adopted for foreign-trade contracts signed with one another contain many basic principles of contract law familiar in the West. A C.I.F. contract, or ocean bill of lading, or marine insurance policy, or letter of credit has basically the same meaning in Moscow as in New York or Timbuktu. Some legal problems can indeed create difficulties: sovereign immunity, excuse for non-performance due to revocation of export license, and others. Yet there is a common legal framework for resolving those problems. For example, the Czechs have recently adopted a rule imposing liability upon the exporter despite impossibility of performance due to denial or revocation of an export license (absent a contractual provision to the contrary). It is a rule that I have urged, against some opposition in this country, in order to meet the potential abuses of the doctrine of frustration, especially when one is dealing with state trading agencies.

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* This and following quotations from F. L. Pryor, *The Communist Foreign Trade System* (1963).

One's viewpoint on trade among Communist countries, as well as between Communist and non-Communist countries, can move in either of two directions: cold war, on the one hand, or the unification of mankind on the other. United States policy, for the most part, has gravitated toward the former extreme; I would without hesitation choose the latter. We cannot afford to view trade as a political weapon for containing communism; and the Communist countries cannot afford to view it as a political weapon for isolating themselves from the "capitalist camp." All regionalisms are a transitional stage in the process of unifying—or, if I may coin a word, "communifying"—the peoples of the world.

The experience of the economic relations of Communist countries with one another has itself exposed the folly of any approach to international trade that is less than global. Despite Lenin, economics simply cannot be swallowed up in politics. Law, a third member of the trinity, guards international trade from that fate and insists on its universal character.

PRIVATE WEALTH AND PUBLIC OFFICE

THE HIGH COST OF CAMPAIGNING

VICTOR H. BERNSTEIN

Mr. Bernstein, a free-lance writer, was managing editor of The Nation *from 1952 to 1963.*

The cost of political campaigning imposes on the office seeker a qualification not specified in the Constitution: he must either be rich or have rich friends. Perhaps because he qualified so handsomely on both counts, the late John F. Kennedy showed himself to be more sensitive to this situation than have most of our Presidents, and shortly after taking office he appointed a Commission on Campaign Costs empowered to recommend more democratic ways of gilding the path to public office.

The commission made its report to the White House in April, 1962, where for four years it lay (presumably lightly) on the conscience of Mr. Kennedy's successor. At any rate, at the end of May, 1966 (whether by design or not, probably too late for legislative action this election year), President Johnson laid before Congress a series of proposals which in some respects follow the commission's recommendations, but in others depart from them considerably. His proposals are analyzed in detail elsewhere in this article.

These developments have been stimulated by a steady and staggering rise in the cost of political campaigning. A four-year lease on the White House runs to many millions of dollars. A Senate seat can cost a million or more (a fact which accounts, at least in part, for the current travail of Sen. Thomas E. Dodd). More than $2 million was spent to make John Lindsay mayor of New York; even a House race, if it is in a competitive metropolitan district, may require $50,000 for the nomination campaign, and as much again for election. In 1964, the country's political campaign bills (including all races from dog catcher to President) totaled an estimated $200 million. This year, with the White House lease still unexpired, the bill is likely to be somewhat smaller—say $175 million, with the bulk spent at state levels. Do these formidable sums account for the prevalence of riches among our leading politicians (Rockefeller, Kennedy, Harriman, Romney, Pell, Ottinger, Johnson, et al.), and is this good for democracy? On the other hand, is democracy better served by relatively penurious politicians who owe office to support by the rich? How can a democratic electoral system be divorced from an aristocracy of wealth?

Politically, the rich have always been very much with us. The signers of the Declaration of Independence, and to an even greater extent, the authors of the Constitution, were largely landed gentry or wealthy merchants. Our early Presidents were all patrician—even Andrew Jackson, symbol of the rough frontier. Abraham Lincoln proved nothing except that the exception proves the rule. True, there was a tendency for the post-Civil War new industrialists to run the country from wherever they were making their money, rather than from Washington. But beginning with Teddy Roosevelt, most White House occupants have again been drawn from the upper economic strata of American society.

The influence of affluence has been noticeable in the Congress, too, and especially in the Senate, once known as the "millionaire's club." Donald R. Matthews, in his *U.S. Senators and Their World,* analyzed the personnel of the Senate for the decade 1947-58. Of the 180 individuals studied, the author found only two who were sons of unskilled workers: Wagner, son of a janitor, and O'Daniel, son of a construction worker. A handful revealed lower-class origins: Margaret Chase Smith, daughter of a barber, and Everett Dirksen, son of a house painter, among others. The "typical" Senator, Matthews found, was white, Protestant, native born of upper-middle-class origins, and college educated for a profession (most often law). "If these are taken as 'requirements,' " he added, "probably less than 5 per cent of Americans have any significant chance of becoming a Senator."

The American democrat who tends to sneer at the British caste system may be astonished to learn that proletarians

—miners, steelworkers, carpenters—are a good deal more common in Parliament than in Congress. One reason is that we have no labor party. But more important, perhaps, in an upwardly mobile society such as ours, an individual tends to identify with strata above him, whereas in a more rigidly stratified society he is likely to look to his own class for political representation.

In this country, running for public office is a private enterprise; except in one or two states, tax money does little more than provide boards of elections, polling booths and ballots or voting machines. Like that other waif of the American political system, the political party itself, methods of financing campaigns evolved quite outside the law, and it was not until certain obvious abuses touched the national conscience that regulative legislation was enacted. The first federal statute was adopted in 1867; it protected federal employees against political assessments. Over the next six decades, further laws were passed, and these were finally codified and revised by the Federal Corrupt Practices Act of 1925. This Act as amended, together with the Hatch Act of 1939-40, provides the principal ground rules for the raising and spending of money to attain federal elective office.

Unhappily, the regulations regulate nothing, as is indicated in the boxed summary below of the laws and the loopholes. In the view of many experts, such as Herbert E. Alexander, director of the Citizens' Research Foundation, they make a bad situation worse by encouraging cynical disregard for law, increasing the costs of campaigning, failing to broaden the base of political financing, and leading to so complicated a flow of funds from giver to receiver as to deprive both of any assurance that the money always follows its intended channel.

All advertising, whether to sell soup or win office, entails risk: one never knows whether the results justify the expenditures. In political advertising, there is built-in waste. The multiplicity of committees typical of a candidate's campaign multiplies administrative costs without necessarily increasing income. TV, which is eating up more and more of campaign funds, is more often than not a hugely wasteful medium. At least a dozen times, on my home TV, I watched Richard Hughes campaigning for office in 1964, and he rather won me over. But my admiration, so expensively won, did him no good at all; he was running for governor of New Jersey, while I live in Connecticut.

For a Congressional candidate in a metropolitan district TV is so wasteful that it is rarely used; there are forty or more districts within listening range of the major New York City broadcasting stations. But even without broadcasting costs, a Congressional campaign comes high. "One districtwide mailing," says Robert Price, the deputy mayor of New York and a veteran campaign manager, "will cost at least $20,000, including printing and postage. Two

The Laws and the Loopholes

A Summary of Federal Regulations Affecting the Financing of Political Campaigns — and Why They Don't Work

The Law: No political committee can receive contributions or make expenditures of more than $3 million in any one year. *The Loopholes:* The limits apply only to committees operating in two or more states, and therefore state and local committees are exempt; it permits the creation of any number of interstate committees, each of which may receive or spend up to $3 million a year.

The Law: Every political committee covered by federal statute must report periodically to the Clerk of the House of Representatives the names of all contributors of $100 or more and the names of all persons to whom at least $10 was distributed, together with the totals of all other expenditures. *The Loopholes:* Nobody checks or audits the reports, and you have to go to Washington to see them. They need be kept on file for only two years.

The Law: A candidate for the Senate may spend up to $25,000 and for the House up to $5,000. Each candidate must file, shortly before and again within a month after each election, a statement itemizing each contribution and expenditure made or received by him, or by any person for him, with his knowledge and consent. *The Loopholes:* Note that the law limits expenditures, not contributions receivable. With regard to expenditures, the key phrase is "with his knowledge and consent." The candidate can state that one of his committees put up 100 highway billboards "without his knowledge and consent," and by common consent he can get away with the disclaimer. Since the candidate is entitled to as many committees as he can gather members for, limits to spending disappear entirely. As for reporting, a candidate merely states that all contributions made to him were turned over to a committee for his election. And the committee need not report at all because it is intrastate.

The Law: No national bank, corporation or labor union may contribute to the election, primary, pre-nomination convention or caucus campaign of any candidate for federal elective office. *The Loopholes:* The banned organizations contribute in the name of individuals, or form "educational" or "nonpartisan" organizations which may legally contribute for "bipartisan" purposes. But how "bipartisan" is a COPE get-out-the-vote drive?

The Law: No government contractor may contribute during the negotiations for, or the life of, the contract. *The Loophole:* The president (or secretary or treasurer) of the firm makes the contribution.

The Law: No individual may contribute more than $5,000 to any one candidate or committee during the calendar year. *The Loophole:* But there is nothing to stop the individual from making unlimited $5,000 gifts to as many candidates and committees as he likes.

Note: *No limitations of any kind are placed on the personal receipts or expenditures of candidates for President and Vice President, nor are they required to make any financial report to anyone.*

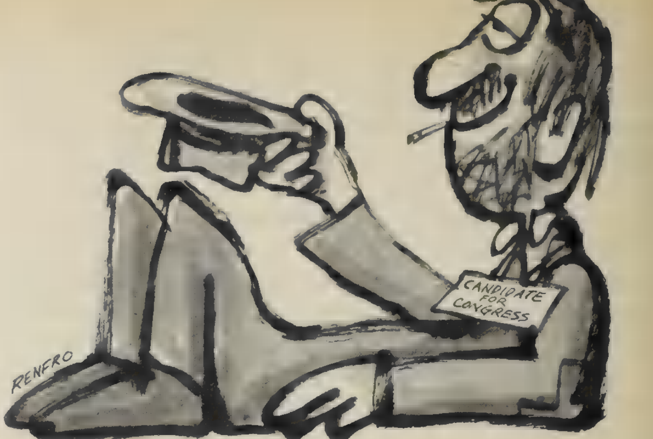
brochures—not too much for a four- or five-month campaign—cost another $20,000. If you are lucky, you minimize paid help by getting volunteers; still, there are office rentals, posters, advertising, stationery, phone bills, etc., to pay. The absolute minimum is $50,000." If primary expenses are included, the total may rise to $75,000 or more. That's a lot of money to pay for a $30,000-a-year job with tenure guaranteed for two years only.

How best to spend the money is a big problem; how to raise it is even bigger. "The average Congressional candidate," said Mr. Price, "can expect to get $1,500 from the National Congressional Campaign Committee, another $1,000 from the county committee, and perhaps an additional $1,000 from other party groups. The rest must be raised through solicitation. If he commands a popular following, he can raise a substantial sum from the small contributions of many people through a broadcast or mail appeal. But usually for the bulk of what he needs he must rely on friends, or friends of friends, or labor or business. The biggest givers are likely to be firms with government contracts, or with hopes of getting one; they are what I call the predators—the guys who, if you win, will want something for their money." Mr. Price is on record as stating that, as manager of Lindsay's $2 million-plus mayoralty campaign, he turned down certain large contributions because he thought there were strings attached.

Most campaign managers, and presumably most candidates, are not likely to be that fussy, and the higher and more influential the office sought, the more likely is the contributors' list to be studded with the names of the wealthy. They give directly to party committees, or they buy a page ad in a party pamphlet for $15,000 (until a few months ago, such ads were tax deductible), or they join the President's Club for $1,000, or they pay $100 or more for a "campaign" or "testimonial" dinner (at this writing, Senator Dodd is most anxious to establish before the Senate ethics committee that there is a difference between the two, even if the beneficiary is an incumbent). And not a few are suffused with nonpartisan generosity; in 1964, according to the Citizens' Research Foundation's extensive files, at least eighty individuals gave $500 or more to candidates or committees of both parties.

The real question in all this is not who gives, or how much, but what the giver gets in return. It would be a calumny on our legislators, I trust, and certainly an oversimplification of our politico-economic system, to say that we are governed not so much by the men in office as by the men whose financial support put them there. On any issue, the legislator has many factors to think about other than the interests of his big contributors: his party platform, the wishes of the Administration (particularly if it is of his party), the recommendation of the relevant legislative committee, a voting deal he may have made with a fellow legislator, the rival claims of lobbyists, what he thinks the ordinary people of his constitutency want (in the last analysis, their votes put him into office). There may even be times when he votes his best judgment on what's good for the country.

But history reveals many instances of outright legislative corruption and even more of what appears to be legislative subservience to an industry. There are in Congress today legislators known as "oil men," or "cotton men," or "air industry men," et al. When, as frequently happens, the welfare of a constituency is bound up with the welfare of an industry, the legislator is torn by no divided loyalty. The worst that may be said of him is that he may be betraying consumers elsewhere who can't vote for him—an occupational hazard in our political system, based as it is on sectional representation.



"Brother, Can You Spare a Million Dimes?"

Furthermore, one may ask: Did big money shape the politics of these "industry" men, or was it their politics that attracted the big money in the first place? In 1956, with Eisenhower the candidate, the top men of the American Petroleum Institute made contributions of $500 or more, totaling $171,750—all of it to the GOP. In 1964, with an old Texas hand running on the Democratic ticket, GOP receipts from this source dropped to $48,000, while the Democrats received $24,000. Considering Johnson's regional and economic background, is there any reason to suppose that he would be a less staunch supporter of the oil-depletion allowance if he hadn't received the contribution of $24,000?

None of this means that the big political contributor gets nothing for his money. Is it coincidence that eleven of the nation's top twenty-five defense contractors paid $15,000 each for a page ad in a book put out by the Democrats last year? Is it coincidence that in 1952, of twenty-seven noncareer diplomatic appointments made by Truman, half the beneficiaries had contributed $500 or more to the Democratic Party, and all were Democrats; and that a year later, of thirty similar appointments made by Eisenhower, twelve of the appointees had given $500 or more to the GOP, and all but one were Republican? At the very least, the big contributor gets what Alexander Heard, chancellor of Vanderbilt University, calls "access" to the decision makers.

There is a final consideration: Does money win? From 1932 to 1942, the Democrats, consistently spending less money, won the Presidency. They have done so again since 1960. The 1960 figures will surprise many. Repeated accusations have been made that the Kennedy family "bought" this election; nevertheless, Citizens' Research Foundation statistics show total reported campaign expenditures at the national level as: Republicans, $11,300,000; Democrats,

$10,587,000. In 1964, the GOP outspent the Democrats by one of the biggest margins in history—and certainly lost by the biggest margin.

However, this seeming triumph of ideology over crass money ignores several factors. For one thing, the incumbent usually does not have to spend as much money as the challenger; his "image" has already been projected. Secondly, the figures given do not include pre-nomination (primary or convention) costs, which federal law does not require to be reported. "It is in seeking the nomination," says Robert Price, "that wealth, or access to it, counts most for the candidate. Once he wins the nomination, he already has the attraction of a winner, and he has the party apparatus at his disposal; until then, he is more or less on his own." In this context, it was in Kennedy's primary victory over Humphrey in West Virginia, say, that money talked loudest.

Distribution of Membership of President's Club, by State, 1964

(Reprinted from "Financing the 1964 Election," by Herbert E. Alexander; published by Citizens' Research Foundation)

This appendix shows approximate distribution of membership, by state, combining state President's Club memberships where separate, and contributions of $1,000 or more by state residents to national-level, non-Congressional Democratic committees. Some duplication may have resulted if an individual contributed to both a state club and to committees at the national level.

State	*Number of Contributors of $1,000 or over**
Alabama	93
Alaska	2
Arizona	22
Arkansas	8
California**	532
Colorado	34
Connecticut	23
Delaware	18
Florida	135
Georgia	23
Hawaii	—
Idaho	4
Illinois	173
Indiana	5
Iowa	2
Kansas	8
Kentucky	11
Louisiana	26
Maine	—
Maryland	77
Massachusetts	57
Michigan	28
Minnesota**	190
Mississippi	21
Missouri	41
Montana	7
Nebraska	9
New Jersey	49
Nevada	7
New Hampshire	9
New Mexico	3
New York**	1,031
North Carolina	19
North Dakota	—
Ohio	120
Oklahoma	18
Oregon	7
Pennsylvania	65
Rhode Island	4
South Carolina	20
South Dakota	—
Tennessee	20
Texas	400
Utah	1
Vermont	1
Virginia	98
Washington	40
West Virginia	6
Wisconsin	20
Wyoming	—
District of Columbia	294
Puerto Rico	9
Virgin Islands	4
Canal Zone	—
Guam	3
TOTAL	3,801

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*Husbands and wives counted separately where $2,000 or more was donated.

**Figures combined for state President's Club memberships and contributions of $1,000 or more by state residents to national-level Democratic committees campaigning for President Johnson. Not included are contributions to Senatorial or Congressional or other non-Presidential committees.

The conditions under which political campaigns are financed in this country are indictable on a number of major counts: they (1) breed contempt for law, (2) put a premium on wealth, (3) open the office holder to charges of subservience to his financial backers and (4) fail to encourage widespread citizen participation in the pre-balloting electoral process.

Conditions in the West European democracies are somewhat better, I think. This is not because they have better laws, or their people are more law abiding, but because of the nature of their party structures. All major Left parties are tied to labor; whether you are a Labour candidate in Britain, a Socialist in France, a Social Democrat in Germany or a Communist in Italy, everyone knows that your campaign is being financed by union treasuries. While the Center and Right parties are less well organized, and their fund sources not always so precisely definable, they are equally plainly the creatures of business and industry (and, in some instances, the Church). In Germany and France, various trade and industry organizations have set up central collecting agencies for political funds. In some countries (the Conservative Party in Norway, for example), fixed annual quotas are collected from each business firm or trade association. In any case, membership in a European party, whether of the Right or Left, involves not merely an act of penmanship but some form of financial responsibility.

I do not want to oversimplify the European party system; it has its own complexities. But broadly speaking, party labels on the Continent, at least, mean more than they do here, as regards both politics and the financing thereof.

As long as running for public office in the United States remains a more or less private enterprise, it is difficult to see how its financing can be effectively controlled. Teddy Roosevelt saw this in 1907, and as President suggested that election campaigns be subsidized out of the federal treasury. Nobody liked the idea; no doubt it smelled of socialism. In Europe—and elsewhere abroad—the Socialist devil is thoroughly familiar, and no stigma attaches to borrowing from him occasionally. Thus, partial subsidies of the electoral process are quite common there. Where broadcasting is state owned, parties are given a certain amount of free time, usually in proportion to their voting strength. The French Government prints and distributes campaign circulars and sample ballots in behalf of all candidates, and also pays for election posters; Britain underwrites one free mailing for each candidate. Japan publishes an "electoral gazette" containing objective descriptions of all candidates and their platforms, and underwrites two 4x5-inch newspaper ads for each office seeker. Some West German states (*Laende*) award small but direct cash subsidies to the state party organizations; in some instances, the law requires that the money must be used for "educational purposes" (it almost never is); in other cases, no strings at all are attached.

It remained for Puerto Rico, however, to go almost the whole hog. Under its Election Fund Act of 1957, initiated by Luis Muñoz Marín to rid the country of vote buying and kickbacks from government employees, the national treasury allots each party $75,000 annually in non-election years and (under a 1964 revision of the law) a minimum of $162,500 in election years. The latter sum may be increased, depending upon the number of "straight-ticket" votes the party receives in an election; it cannot, however, be decreased. The allotments are expected to cover the major share of campaign expenses. The law requires a strict accounting of all receipts and expenditures.

In this country, proposals to reform our systems of political financing fall into two schools. Both seek to broaden the base of citizen involvement, to restore public confidence in and increase public respect for the relevant legal regulations, and to increase the opportunities of the poor man to attain office. The difference is that while one school hopes these objectives can be reached in the framework of our "private enterprise" system of fund raising, the more radical school insists that in this field private enterprise simply won't work, and turns to the direct subsidy as a solution.

Typical of the "conservative" school are President Johnson's recent proposals which, like the recommendations of the Kennedy-appointed Commission on Campaign Costs, seek not to change or broaden present political financing methods in any basic way, but simply to control them more effectively. The commission was somewhat more daring than the President, as can be seen by reference to the boxed analysis of the Johnson proposals. Moreover the commission, aware that its recommendations might not prove adequate, suggested that after a trial period they should be subject to revision, with special attention given to a "matching-incentive" system under which private contributions up to perhaps $10 each would be matched by equal contributions from the national treasury.

Plainly, the commission's report was a compromise; its chairman, Professor Heard, has taken a bolder approach elsewhere. While he subscribes to many of the commission proposals, he also urges (1) consideration of payment of cash subsidies to parties and candidates at both state and national levels; (2) government action to reduce TV and radio costs so as to make broadcast opportunities more available for all; and (3) an underwriting by government of some, at least, of the general communications costs of political campaigns.

A year before the Puerto Rican bill was passed, the late

The President's Proposals

An Analysis of His Suggestions for a Federal Election Reform Act

Proposal: All gifts exceeding $100 received by federal legislators, and all income from personal services received by them or on their behalf, are to be reported annually, with appropriate criminal sanctions to be provided for failure to comply. *Critique:* A highly desirable piece of legislation timed, no doubt, to relieve the Democratic Party of some of the pressures upon it generated by the charges against Sen. Thomas E. Dodd (D., Conn.).

Proposal: Every candidate for federal office, as well as every committee—state as well as interstate or national—that supports a candidate would be required to report all contributions and expense items that exceed $100. For the first time, the disclosure provisions would include candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, and also all fund raising and spending in pre-election campaigns (primaries and convention nominations). *Critique:* While plugging many loopholes in present law, the proposal is weakened by two factors. First, its lack of definition of a "committee" would require, presumably, that a handful of high school youngsters who collected $100.29 for a favored candidate would have to report. Under such conditions, disclosures could prove so massive as to be indigestible. The proposal's second weakness aggravates this difficulty: it fails to set up adequate machinery for receiving and processing the reports.

Proposal: Present ceilings on total expenditures by candidates for federal office would be repealed and the total contribution coming from any single source to the campaign of any candidate would be limited to $5,000. *Critique:* All experts would agree on the repeal of present ceilings. Since they are unenforceable, they simply encourage cynical disregard of law. The $5,000 suggested limitation, if adequately enforced, would go a long way toward plugging the scandalous leaks in present law. However, it could not prevent the determined Democrat (or Republican) giver from contributing $5,000 each to as many candidates as he wished.

Proposal: The present law preventing corporations with government contracts from making contributions to federal campaigns should be extended to cover state and local campaigns. *Critique:* A sound broadening of present law, but it leaves untouched a major loophole in the field: corporations, banks and labor unions, all of which are ostensibly barred by present law from political contributions, can still contribute through their individual officers.

Proposal: Individual contributors could deduct from taxable income each year the first $100 of their contributions. *Critique:* As a possible alternative to an income-deduction plan, the Kennedy Commission on Campaign Costs recommended a flat tax credit of half the contribution up to a maximum of $10 a year. As between the two schemes, the flat tax credit is clearly preferable. Under the income-deduction system, the wealthy are favored; i.e., to a person in the 25 per cent income-tax bracket, a $100 contribution would cost $75, while to a richer man in the 75 per cent bracket, it would cost only $25.

Proposal: The only item permitted for sale by a candidate or committee would be campaign souvenirs at no more than $5 each. *Critique:* In 1964, the Democrats charged $15,000 for 1-page ads in their convention publication; if the President's proposal is enacted into law, the Republicans won't be able to follow suit.

Sen. Richard Neuberger (D., Ore.) offered a measure authorizing direct payments from the federal treasury to the national party committees. In a Presidential year, the amount would be 20c per vote based on the average number of votes cast for President in the preceding two elections; in off years, it would be 15c based on the two preceding votes for Congress. In terms of recent elections, this would mean a subsidy of $10 million to $12 million for each party in a Presidential campaign, and $6 million to $7 million each for an off-year campaign.

Aside from affirming the logical principle that running for public office is properly a public enterprise, and therefore should be publicly financed, the subsidy system offers certain specific advantages. It involves every taxpayer in every election, at least financially; it makes the legislator more (or entirely) independent of private interests, and it increases the political opportunity of men without access to wealth. The tendency toward an undue proliferation of small parties which a subsidy system might encourage could be guarded against by adopting the British practice that requires candidates to post deposits which are refundable only if the candidate garners a stipulated number of votes.

Formidable arguments can be raised against the system. Authority goes where money goes, and allotting the subsidies to the national committees makes the state and local organization subservient to Washington. Local Democratic leaders are already restive over the phenomenal success of the President's Club as a money raiser; they see in it not only a drain of money that ought to remain at home, but also an expansion of Presidential authority over the party. Even if the law mandated the sharing of funds with state and local party organizations, on what basis would the eligibility of these organizations be decided? The New York City Democratic organization is torn by a reform movement; would the reform group be entitled to subsidy funds?

Opponents of subsidies raise two further arguments. Will candidates for nomination be subsidized as well as candidates for election? If so, how do you keep out the crackpots who represent no one but themselves? The British system of demanding deposits might work in states where there are primaries; how could it be adapted to the convention or caucus type of nominating procedure? Finally, the opponents say that subsidies would discourage, rather than encourage, citizen involvement in the electoral process; impersonal tax money should not be allowed to replace the individual, voluntary contribution which gives the voter the feeling that he has a personal stake in the campaign.

Perhaps the most singular aspect of the political finance problem is how few people want to do something about a situation that so many admit to be scandalous (many of the charges against Senator Dodd could be leveled, with equal plausibility, against other legislators). Many politicians agree that the present system is bad; still, the experts' consensus is that even President Johnson's modest reforms will meet with stout Congressional opposition. Legislators who have managed to win office under existing conditions see little reason to make things better for potential rivals. Nor is there any sign that the American voter is pressing hard for change. Most Americans view politics with considerable skepticism anyway; they expect shenanigans, and whether these occur before or after a man reaches office seems of no great moment.

One can argue plausibly that in a country where money, education and broad social outlook tend to be strongly correlated, it is a good thing that wealth should play an important role in politics. In a better ordered society, of course, no such correlation would exist, and there would be no justification for the advantage that wealth now gives the politician. While we wait for the millennium, some form of subsidy would seem to be in order, if only for the reason that the one-third or one-quarter of Americans who are ill fed, ill housed and ill clothed are also ill represented—or not represented at all—in government. And perhaps, as a start, the funds needed for subsidies could be raised by a turnover tax on the broadcasting, advertising, printing and newspaper industries. They are the industries the money would be spent on in any case.

OUR DISTURBED CHILDREN

WHO IS TO CARE FOR THEM?

WILLIAM RYAN

Dr. Ryan, a psychologist, teaches in the Harvard Medical School Laboratory of Community Psychiatry, and is a mental health consultant for the Massachusetts Committee on Children and Youth.

Establishment of the new Joint Commission on the Mental Health of Children has quickened the hopes of many that as America breaks into a slow trot on the long road to the Great Society, it will finally turn its eyes toward the suffering millions of its children. The new commission represents the unified efforts of many professional organizations and voluntary agencies. It came into being as a result of federal legislation, is financed mostly by federal funds and, like most Great Society programs and their by-products, contains within it both the potential for vigorous advocacy and action and the temptation to pointless posturing and the sterile repetition of discredited wisdom.

The real task confronting the commission goes far beyond the execution of a grand research project. Like the farmer who passed up agricultural extension courses because he wasn't yet farming half as well as he knew how, we have already more knowledge than we are using. There remain great areas of ignorance, and what we do know needs to be expanded and refined; but one of the major problems is that the field of mental health now possesses much knowledge that it cannot deal with, knowledge that creates dilemmas and the need for difficult decisions.

If this new enterprise on behalf of emotionally disturbed children is to be effective, it will have to confront these dilemmas. The temptation will be to skirt them, to urge that we continue what we're doing but in double or triple dosages. The challenge, which the commission must not duck, will be to risk controversy and recommend change. If it is to meet that challenge, it must receive the public's understanding and support. It must also be influenced by citizens who recognize that professionals have not only special competence but also special interests.

Who takes care of emotionally disturbed children? Who cares about them? To attempt to answer these relevant questions it is necessary to know something about present patterns of care. It is equally necessary to know some of the reasons why all those who are concerned about disturbed children cannot translate their concern into effective action. To this end, the following paragraphs will summarize a few of the pertinent facts, describe some of the resulting problems, and suggest some possible solutions.

How many emotionally disturbed children are there? Who helps them and how? How did they get that way? Which children get help, which go without?

At least 5 million children are estimated to be emotionally disturbed to a handicapping degree. Most are only moderately disturbed. They may function poorly in many ways, be miserable, disruptive or unmanageable; but they can bear their burden of anxiety and deviance well enough to remain at home and go to school. Perhaps a half million are severely disturbed; many are so out of touch with the world that they must be defined with horror as already psychotic.

One of the hardest facts to face is that only a tiny minority of the 5 million get any help from our present opulent array of psychiatric resources. In the course of a year, considerably fewer than 1 million of these children have even passing contact with a psychiatric agency or mental health professional and, of these, only about one-third are considered to have been, in any sense, treated. And some who are counted as helped may more properly be thought of as harmed. Eighteen thousand children are today shuffling or racing through the wards and corridors of public mental hospitals; many are not even separated from the adult psychotics, and only a fraction receive help that goes much beyond food and a roof. We are still putting children in snake pits.

The other side of this picture is that many disturbed children untouched by the mental health network are in the care of other social institutions. Much of this care is only nominal—more truthfully described as neglect—but much of it is conscientious and some of it is very helpful. Physicians, family case workers, settlement workers, policemen and probation officers, clergymen, teachers and guidance counselors, these and many other adults in the child's world are confronted daily with the puzzling problems of disturbed children. Most such children get no more treatment than what these men and women can provide.

It has been estimated that, among the 3.5 million children who are either beneficiaries of the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program or receiving public child welfare services, more than half a million, perhaps a million, are disturbed. The only help for most of them comes in the form of infrequent attention from a social worker, usually a young woman who lacks much formal training, is inadequately supervised and poorly paid. Although a surprisingly large number of these women are sensitive, practical and devoted to the children in their charge, they are so grossly overloaded that with the best will they can do little. And meager public assistance grants, cruelly and grudgingly given, doubtless produce such demoralizing effects for many that the AFDC program itself can logically be considered a severe mental health hazard. In other settings—and this is most often true for children being seen in private case work agencies—children are treated with at least as great skill as they would be in a psychiatric clinic.

The fate of most falls between these two extremes. For example, some disturbed children who are in foster homes are merely fed and taken care of, with decency but without much understanding; others have unusual foster parents, supported by skilled case workers, and they are loved and cherished and substantially healed; still others are damaged through being shifted about from the tense battlefield of one home to the rejecting wasteland of another. There are children, battered and distressed by a life of poverty and rejection, who have been rescued and made whole by a worker in a settlement house. Others have been in the same building for a day or for many days, and have departed still empty and hurting.

Severely disturbed, even psychotic children are to be found in institutions for delinquents, in schools for the retarded, in group homes for neglected children, even, unbelievably, in county jails. Some of these places are modern, warm and helpful. Too many are overcrowded and understaffed, and every state has at least one barren building that fits the description of a terrifying orphanage from the pages of Dickens.

Why children become disturbed is still obscure, and this is particularly so of the estimated half million who are severely disordered. The causes are probably a mixture of genetic, organic, psychological and social factors. That is why treatment involving great skill, much money, and often a special setting away from home, frequently produces results that are disappointing. We use a theoretical structure that focuses largely on internal factors, and reflects the basic perception of relationships between child and parent. Decades of research have produced only sparse factual material to support this structure. On the other hand, a wealth of data shows that poverty and emotional disturbance run close together. There is persuasive evidence that crowded slum housing, racial discrimination, unemployment and other concomitants of poverty have a direct and devastating effect on the emotional well-being of its victims. However, this vital knowledge has penetrated little into the domain of current practice [see "What Poverty Does to the Mind" by Robert Coles, *The Nation*, June 20].

One ironic example of this gap between knowledge and practice is the fact that poor children, who are most likely to be disturbed, are least likely to be helped. Though they frequently find their way to such facilities as child guidance clinics, they are less likely to be among the one-out-of-three applicants who actually enter treatment. It is even more ironic that the nature of their disturbance is transformed into the reason for their rejection. In the eyes of many mental health professionals, the poor appear to be "unmotivated," "nonverbal," "resistive," "hostile" and generally unappetizing.

Another large group of children who tend to go unhelped are the most severely disturbed. They are less likely to be accepted for treatment in outpatient facilities. And for those whose effective treatment requires a setting outside their own home on a full-time or part-time basis, there are no more than 175 residential and day-care centers, with a total capacity of less than 6,000, that can be considered at all adequate for their specialized care. These facilities have many, many applicants for each available space.

In many parts of the country, there are no appropriate service agencies that can be approached even unsuccessfully. While counties that have little or no human services tend to be rural and sparsely populated, the fact remains that for hundreds of thousands of children their community provides no formal helping resources whatsoever.

Knowing all this, it would not be unreasonable to conclude that very few persons indeed really care about emotionally disturbed children, but that would not be true. What is true is that different people care in different ways, that their caring often narrows their vision, and that caring so much often leads them to propose simple solutions to a problem that is uncommonly complex. Different groups within the mental health field work at cross-purposes, but latent conflicts are repressed. Urgent issues that must be discussed and decided are buried under generalized agreement about vague and ambiguous principles. The primary task of the new Joint Commission is to expose and deal with some of these issues, to wit:

Treatment and prevention. Almost the entire output of the mental health professions is devoted to treatment; essentially no heed is given to prevention. Such preventive activity as does go on is furnished by social welfare, citizen and public health interests, is largely limited to advice about raising children and lowering tensions, and has continued over the years with no evaluation as to its usefulness.

Should we continue this pattern, spending most of our limited funds on efforts to salvage the deeply damaged children who constitute our early psychiatric casualties? Or is it more sensible to try to prevent these casualties, which now occur in such huge numbers that we cannot begin to deal effectively with them? While almost everyone would agree that a preventive strategy is, in the long run, more humane, in practice no one is willing to withdraw funds from treatment, to turn away even more mentally ill children to suffer out their time as best they can. The demand for treatment is so great that new funds inevitably get sucked into the vacuum. Compounding this dilemma is the

fact that treatment is too often unavailing and, in most cases, only somewhat helpful: while our knowledge of preventive techniques—beyond simple education and advice—is scanty, largely theoretical and, for the most part, untried in practice.

In one sense, as will be shown in more detail later, the dilemma grows out of simple stinginess—dollars are so few and time so short that the emphasis on treatment is inevitable. Another point is that no one is in a position to make the fateful decision that a substantial portion of resources should be spent on prevention. Funding sources are diverse and uncoordinated and follow no overall guiding principles. Professional leadership is almost exclusively vested in the psychiatrist, whose interests and training combine to focus his attention on healing the suffering child whom he sees in front of him. Social science and public health interests, which might influence the development of preventive strategies, are relatively powerless when weighed against clinical interests that push for treatment.

There is, in short, no overall nationally agreed on policy about the need for investing in preventive as well as treatment programs. To hammer out such a policy should be a major item on the agenda of the Commission on the Mental Health of Children.

Psychiatric vs. nonpsychiatric programs. There is an old joke that illustrates a central mental health paradox. A drunk is observed on his hands and knees under a lamppost, searching, he says, for a half dollar that he dropped. When asked where he dropped it, he points to the bushes beside the road. His answer to the next inevitable question is that there's more light under the lamppost.

So it is in mental health, where virtually all trained professionals work under the lamppost in psychiatric agencies—and see only a tiny fraction of the disturbed population. Hardly any of them explore the bushes of the nonpsychiatric agencies, where most of the disturbed are to be found. Under these circumstances, does it make sense to put the majority of our resources into psychiatric programs, which have a near monopoly of staff; or into non-psychiatric programs, which have a near monopoly of disturbed children?

A strong case can be made for each alternative, in the one case on the ground of building up the supply of definitive treatment resources; in the other, of dealing quickly with as broad a group as possible of the children affected. But several other considerations suggest that investing more generously in *non*-psychiatric programs is the better choice. For one thing, the manpower shortage in the mental health professions is not only acute but shows little sign of drastic improvement. And even doubling or tripling the number of people engaged in psychiatric services would probably do little to relieve the pressure. For example, the cities of Boston, New York and Washington have relatively abundant supplies of manpower, proportionately two or three times that of Chicago, Detroit and St. Louis. Nevertheless, the sense of being besieged and in need of vast reinforcement is at least as strong in the former cities as in the latter. For another thing, the problems and the needs of disturbed children fall into patterns that do not all fit neatly into the treatment programs of the clinics and the child psychiatrists. Nurseries, community centers and schools may be more advantageous settings; and group work, educational and other kinds of approaches more suitable methods for dealing with such children.

Whatever the decision, the alternatives should be confronted and a policy promulgated. Again it is a task for the new Joint Commission.

Psychic and social targets. The majority of children who are only moderately disturbed show their disorder in behavioral, rather than in purely emotional, terms. This is particularly true of children whose disturbance seems to be related to their environments. For these, traditional psychiatric methods—in the rather rare instances when they are applied—seem notably unsuccessful. For one thing, such treatment is usually given without any effort being made to change the noxious social conditions; for another, there is serious doubt that the internal psychic mechanisms of these children are as extensively out of kilter as they appear to be; the behavior disorders may, in fact, be a somewhat adaptive reaction to intolerable situations.

What has not been tried on any large scale is straightforward correction of the environmental conditions that produce stress and deprivation. But granted that concern about slums, segregated schools and unemployed fathers hanging on street corners fits into a mental health context, how is it to be converted into action? Psychiatric professionals are trained to treat emotional disturbance, not social conditions. Many in mental health respond by trying to extend the boundaries of the field to include virtually all of life; some are busily reinventing the whole field of social welfare in the guise of new mental health programs. This approach may be naive.

It is probably wiser to recognize the primacy of other programs—social welfare, anti-poverty and public health—and to limit the roles of mental health professionals to collaborative and consultative activities. The task of the Joint Commission is to try to define their role in eliminating mentally unhealthy social conditions.

Mental Health and Illness. Recent investigation has been exploring the idea that mental health and mental illness are not opposite ends of the same continuum, but two separate, though perhaps overlapping, dimensions. Mental health is reflected in drives toward self-realization, mastery of the environment, and coping with one's own destiny; mental illness is evident in such concepts as defect, handicap, symptoms and disability. Such a formulation allows for varying degrees of mental health and illness within the same individual, the balance between them being of greater significance than the absolute quantities of each.

There is empirical evidence to fit this hypothesis. Most patients in private psychiatric treatment, for example, function very well despite their disorder. They may experience great anxiety, depression or other symptoms that imply a great deal of pathology, but nevertheless they hold demanding jobs and maintain extensive family and social responsibilities.

Another corroborative phenomenon has been noted during times of civil rights demonstrations, particularly in Southern cities. When members of the Negro community are vigorously engaged in protest activity—in other words, when they are engaged in "mentally healthy" activity aimed at mastering their own fate—the incidence of crime, family disputes and other behavioral pathology decreases dramatically.

To apply this principle to mental health programs means that treating pathology would become only half the mental health job. The balance would consist of creating and influencing situations to provide occasions and supports for the disturbed—and those most likely to become disturbed—to cope with their own environment, to play an active role in influencing the conditions that affect their own lives. One could even conceive of such a radical proposal as mental health programs that encouraged the "maximum feasible participation" of the emotionally disturbed.

For children this would mean not only generating more psychotherapy but also working for conditions in the classroom, the family and the neighborhood that foster responsible, self-directing freedom. From the point of view of public policy, it would seem that the classroom is the most appropriate target for such an approach, since it is there that the state already undertakes to influence and mold the child. A mental health impact on education would have to focus on the slum school, with its irrelevant curriculum, the condescending attitudes of its teachers, and its dull and rigid atmosphere. At the same time, something must be done about the smothering, brainwashing, grade-drenched atmosphere of the "good" suburban schools, one of whose products is the invisible insanity of the cool and agreeable mathematics Ph.D. who is planning out his "academic" career in operations research for the Pentagon, calculating the parameter of megatons and megadeaths in a paranoid fantasy of mass destruction. The new Joint Commission must speak about the conditions that encourage mental health as well as the means of patching together the casualties of mental illness.

Spending priorities. About $1.5 billion of tax money is spent on direct psychiatric care of individuals. Most of this goes to public mental hospitals, the final solution for the end products of all the damaging forces in our society; only 10 to 20 per cent of this money is spent on care for children. We're willing to spend much more to kill 1,000 Vietcong soldiers. In the sense of putting our money where our mouth is, we care very little about disturbed children.

Of course, even if we tripled or quadrupled expenditures (that would still be far less than 1 per cent of public spending) we could still not solve all problems; but we might at least confront some of the issues and choices, freed of the cramping concern to save money at the expense of children's distress. Given enough money, we might not always have to choose despairingly between treatment and prevention, between social and psychological approaches.

But if we had the money, how would we spend it? This, again, is one of the crucial questions facing the Joint Commission. In terms of the issues presented above, one set of principles can be advocated as a basis for making decisions:

¶ Up to one-half the total expenditures for childhood mental health should be spent on research, program development and demonstrations, leading to continuing operational services in the area of prevention.

¶ Money for mental health should be spent in relatively greater amounts in non-psychiatric areas than in psychiatric service programs.

¶ Emotional or behavioral problems that can be identified as growing out of social conditions should be dealt with primarily by altering the conditions, rather than by tinkering with the psyche of the victims.

¶ The achievement of mental health, in the sense of learning responsible mastery of the environment and effective participation in the decisions that affect one's life, should be a major goal of mental health programs.

¶ Expenditures for childhood mental health, direct and indirect, should be tripled or quadrupled, with the greatest share of the increase coming from the federal government.

A few examples can be given of possible programs that would fit one or more of these criteria:

¶ Larger amounts of federal money could be appropriated to train and hire teachers of the disturbed, for mental health consultants in the schools, and for research into administrative and classroom factors that promote or impede mentally healthy development.

¶ Through child welfare agencies, the Office of Economic Opportunity could provide large-scale programs for disturbed children who are labeled as neglected or dependent, using nonprofessionals as homemakers, day-care workers, and well-paid and well-supervised foster parents or subsidized adoptive parents. This combines the thrifty use of scarce professionals as trainers and supervisors with the more generous use of money, which is easier come by.

¶ Preventive activity could be started immediately to deal with certain known high-risk groups, through rapid expansion of accessible (psychologically as well as geographically) prenatal and postnatal care; through supportive counseling programs in well-baby clinics and the creation of school-entry clinics; through birth control information.

¶ Families on public assistance and unemployment compensation could be given a radical increase in grants, up to the level labeled by the government as "modest but adequate," with before-and-after evaluation to measure the rate of disturbance among the children. Similar demonstrations and evaluations could be made of programs to reduce crowding in homes.

Such programs and dozens of others that could be readily imagined (ideas, unlike programs, are a dime a dozen) would have the considerable advantage of dealing with the present situation as it is, rather than trying to create a vast new mental health empire with limitless scope. The agencies that now have responsibility for disturbed children would be given support proportionate to the task they face. Scarce mental health professionals would be involved in planning, training, evaluation and consultation, relating their skills to large groups of children, rather than to one child at a time. Large numbers of them could turn from their impossible assignments in a thin Freudian line of combat troops to more productive staff roles in other kinds of agencies. This would have the additional advantage of bringing mental health people more into the mainstream of community agencies—not as self-proclaimed coordinating kingpins—but as collaborating equals contributing special skills. It should also have the advantage of focusing the efforts of the clinical segment of the field on the treatment of the most severely disturbed, those who require the most skilled care.

Finally, a broad agreement on policies—preferably the ones recommended above but, in any case, policies that deal with the urgent problems outlined—would make it more possible for all the interests involved, many of which have been surreptitiously pointing at one another as culprits, to link up in a united effort. Then we would be ready to spend the money we know is needed. Then, and only then, can we get an answer to the question: Who cares for emotionally disturbed children?

LETTERS

(continued from page 762)

frontation" would look like. If he is advocating more radical forms of income distribution and wants the social workers to join him in such a program, let him say what he has in mind; let him suggest specifically what social services he would have us eliminate and what economic solutions he would have us advocate. Anything less is mere brave talk. . . .

There is no real choice between serving human beings in trouble and changing the system in which they live, and one does not prove one's commitment to one by openly despising the other. It was C. Wright Mills who pointed out to his sociologist colleagues that they must understand deeply the connections between public issues and private troubles, and that they must take responsibility for showing the interplay between the two. To this idea most social workers and sociologists are committed, and neither their interests nor those of the people are served when they turn their guns on each other. The enemy is in another direction.

William Schwartz
Associate Professor of Social Work
Columbia University

moderation for all

New York City

DEAR SIRS: W. B. Saunders says that Soviet ideology has changed from the "world-revolutionist" doctrine of the Stalinist days to "peaceful coexistence" [letter, June 6]. But Stalinist foreign policy was based—contrary to the Trotskyist doctrine of world revolution—on the principle of "socialism in one country." Mr. Saunders is right in attributing the policy of peaceful coexistence to the advent of the nuclear age—partly. But whether the rising affluence in the USSR contributed to the policy of moderation, is not as certain. The most affluent—and still, presently the most bellicose, least moderate—great power is the United States, as *Nation* readers know well. If we want to retreat from the "brink of nuclear disaster" we should also retreat from moral haughtiness, advocating the moderation of others while following the most immoderate way in foreign politics the world has ever known. *Robert Major*

Madariaga fund

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In 1961, Salvador de Madariaga honored Spanish Refugee Aid by accepting, together with Pablo Casals, the honorary chairmanship of this organization. Now, for his 80th birthday, July 23, we have decided to establish a scholarship fund in his name for the benefit of the children of Spanish Republican exiles.

The candidates will be chosen from among the 10,000 Spanish refugee families in France who need assistance. In the past few years Spanish Refugee Aid has given help to an increasing number of gifted children in order to keep them in school. These small scholarships, ranging from $150 to $350, cover the cost of books, lunches, carfare and clothing.

Through the Salvador de Madariaga Fund we hope to raise $10,000 in order to give grants to many more students, including a few who are especially gifted and should go on to college. If there is a candidate for the College of Europe in Bruges, Belgium, where he is Honorary President, Madariaga has asked that $1,000 be given as a special fellowship.

We hope your readers will be in sympathy with our twofold purpose to help students of needy refugee families and thus to honor our chairman. We hope they will contribute. Checks (tax deductible) may be sent to Spanish Refugee Aid, 80 East 11th Street, New York, N. Y. 10003. *Hannah Arendt, Chairman*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Two Sides to the Dienbienphu Story

VIET-NAM WITNESS: 1953-66. *By Bernard Fall. Frederick A. Praeger. 363 pp. $6.95.*

DIEN BIEN PHU. *(Third Edition, revised and enlarged.) By General Vo Nguyen Giap. Foreign Languages Publishing House (Hanoi). 254 pp. $1.75 paper.*

JONATHAN MIRSKY

A teacher of Chinese at the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Mirsky visited Vietnam in 1965. He is one of the contributors to Peace in Vietnam: A New Approach in Southeast Asia *(Hill and Wang).*

When Robert Guillain, long-time traveler and writer in Asia, returned in 1953 from the French encampment at Dienbienphu he remarked to some colleagues: "The commander in chief has just explained everything to us dogmatically, and I, a humble journalist, would stake my life on it that he is either making a terrible mistake or lying to us. I would be ready to swear that the situation he has described has nothing in common with reality."

Is this where we came in? Do those of us who pay attention to history have to relive it along with everyone else? When we criticize the war in Vietnam a common question is: "Doesn't the President have experts who tell him the truth?" The answer which gives least comfort but may be true is that American administrations since Truman have thought we could *win* in Vietnam. LBJ probably doesn't care if it's a war of aggression or a civil war, if the "socio-economic revolution" takes place or not, if desertions from the ARVN number 10,000 or ten per month, if 80 or 8 per cent of the NLF come from the north —these "facts" used to be carried about in a thick black folder from debate to debate by serious young Foreign Service officers; they don't bother any more.

If one becomes friendly with White House staff members or State Department area specialists, such arguments do not arise. It is *winning* that preoccupies the Administration and *winning* that preys on the minds of the military in Vietnam. A friend who recently went on a high-level VIP mission to Vietnam told me of his shock when officers in Saigon heaped scorn on the socio-economic communiqué of Honolulu, and called instead for a million men to come over and finish the job. American pilots voice their frustration at being kept from the targets that really count in North Vietnam: Hanoi, Haiphong and the Red River Delta. But, draftees apart, there are still plenty who will go willingly to Vietnam, impelled by the indifference of the nation, fascination with death, love of killing and "professionalism."

The purposes of those who plan the war are simpler. They intend to prevent a Communist take-over and to construct a powerful logistical base for a future war with China. Past Vietnamese leaders like Diem and Quat showed signs of wanting to negotiate. If Ky would only be silent he would be ideal for his sole function: pressing the war itself.

Pressing the war, keeping up our guard in the Far East (the favorite line of the "reasonable" China experts) leads to certain results: large piles of dead Vietnamese and growing numbers of dead Americans. While it is true that more and more citizens are troubled by the dead bodies and the baffling demonstrations in Vietnamese streets, what is significant is that dead human beings and a troubled public do not visibly slow down the military effort. More troops arrive, planes fly, bombs drop. It might be embarrassing if a new Saigon government asked us to leave, but Henry Cabot Lodge has said we would stay anyway. What is irritating about the riots and

WHAT WERE THEY LIKE?
(Questions and Answers)

1) Did the people of Viet Nam
use lanterns of stone?
2) Did they hold ceremonies
to reverence the opening of buds?
3) Were they inclined to rippling laughter?
4) Did they use bone and ivory,
jade and silver, for ornament?
5) Had they an epic poem?
6) Did they distinguish between speech and singing?

1) Sir, their light hearts turned to stone.
It is not remembered whether in gardens
stone lanterns illumined pleasant ways.
2) Perhaps they gathered once to delight in blossom,
but after the children were killed
there were no more buds.
3) Sir, laughter is bitter to the burned mouth.
4) A dream ago, perhaps. Ornament is for joy.
All the bones were charred.
5) It is not remembered. Remember,
most were peasants; their life
was in rice and bamboo.
When peaceful clouds were reflected in the paddies
and the water-buffalo stepped surely along terraces,
maybe fathers told their sons old tales.
When bombs smashed the mirrors
there was time only to scream.
6) There is an echo yet, it is said,
of their speech which was like a song.
It is reported their singing resembled
the flight of moths in moonlight.
Who can say? It is silent now.

DENISE LEVERTOV

the immolations is that they ruin the myth of a defenseless country asking for help—a myth, it must be repeated, which is not believed in Washington or in Saigon (where many Americans openly express their loathing for the Vietnamese). The myth is useful for dealing with awkward questions.

Bernard Fall has been inquiring into Vietnamese affairs and asking awkward questions for thirteen years. *Vietnam Witness: 1953-66* is a collection of some of his best essays. For many it will be more satisfying than the widely read *Vietnam Reader,* edited with Marcus Raskin, in which it somehow never emerged that the war after 1954 began in the southern zone. In this volume, an article from 1958 details the failure of the land-reform scheme and the "economic miracle" under Diem and Nhu, and includes, too, an early mention of the American Friends of Vietnam energetically trying to win friends for the Saigon regime. Fall said: "Much has been said, especially in American publications, about the improved administration of the country, and particular emphasis has been laid upon the fact that the present South Vietnamese administration has been the product of nationwide elections held in 1955. This overemphasis on formal processes rather than on political facts can, at least in part, be attributed to the application of an American scale of values to an alien situation." In 1958 not everyone was saying that.

American knowledge of Vietnam has benefited greatly from French scholarship and journalism: Lacouture, Devillers and Fall (although a long-term resident in America, Fall remains clearly French) are the most famous examples. Without Fall's substantial contributions most American debate would run out of material. Nor is Fall, after years of watching the battle, numb to the pain. In a piece titled "The Impersonal War," following a recitation of statistics showing the American capacity to blast anything that stirs, Fall concludes: "A prostrate South Vietnam, plowed under by bombers and artillery and still in the hands of a politically irrelevant regime, may become the victim of aroused social and political forces, for which aircraft carriers or eight-jet bombers cannot provide a ready answer in the long run."

Administration supporters and critics alike love to quote from Fall's pages. He is a political scientist, looking always for that which is impractical or stupid or "unworkable." Where his pieces appear may have some effect on what he says. Thus, in *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1962, following a trip to Hanoi, Fall refers to the huge American military commitment in the south which fares so badly against the guerrillas, "but provides a strong bargaining position. For it enables us to at least threaten direct retaliation against North Vietnam itself." Such hints appear more than once, and Fall has discussed the problem on TV as well. He was very careful not to advocate actual air strikes (and now deplores them) but he was conscious that Americans did not want to seem to "surrender," urging that the *threat* of American bombing would make Hanoi fear Chinese intervention.

This kind of reasoning explodes into napalm when read in certain quarters, as might his suggestion that "with Southeast Asia no longer under American control, India's position would become well-nigh impossible." That was in 1962. Surely this entangles separate issues. How much of Southeast Asia *was* under American control? If India's position is difficult, the problem would seem to lie elsewhere.

Political science is likely to lead to another sort of haziness. Fall, who has seen war since his days in the French Resistance, knows that "it does little good to judge a war from the comfort of a study." Yet in one sentence he states that many people on both sides "have only a dim perception of what it is all about," and in the next, "to them the whole war is a series of ground-level engagements fought for very personal motives: to obtain land, to chase away foreigners. Rightness and justice (or their absence) come up more often than Marxism-Leninism." Many of us may question whether or not such a "perception" is "dim." Nonetheless, those who want to see an acute and expert observer at work over a period of time will find this collection informative and long-viewed. Obviously, the escalation of the war is not because of a lack of information in Washington. Fall, who has been right longer than anyone, must wonder if the professionals on Vietnam have been reading anything but one another's memoranda.

Perhaps, like the French, our Administration scorns the enemy. The stab-in-the-back theory, recently revived by General Taylor, is more comforting for the public than facing the fact of a tough enemy. How can weedy little runts in black pajamas possibly keep coming year after year? In 1953 the French regarded Vo Nguyen Giap, the military commander of the Vietminh, as a noncommissioned officer and took care always to refer to him as "General"—in italics. Late in 1953, when almost no one could think of any reason for carrying on with the war, General Navarre decided to chew up the "Viets" by drawing them into a pitched battle in northwest Vietnam. On November 20 the first *paras* were dropped into the "chamber pot" of Dienbienphu valley. Although it was plain to early visitors to the enclave that the force was doomed from the outset, it was not until May 7 that the more than 16,000 soldiers were either dead or captured.

Dien Bien Phu is General Giap's account of the siege. This is the third edition (the first was 1959), enlarged, and with a good deal of hindsight inserted. Giap includes an informative background to the siege, giving an accurate description of French intentions as well as his own, and a series of Letters, Orders and Messages delivered to the troops.

It is always fascinating to hear two sides of a story. Jules Roy, for example, has written an emotional account of the French effort in *The Battle of Dien Bien Phu* (Harper & Row). Roy is furious at the stupid vainglory of the French politicians and generals, and admires the almost superhuman dedication of the Vietminh.

Giap provides an interesting insight: In April, 1954, the very month when America was considering dropping an A-bomb on the besieging army in order to save the French garrison, "a rightist and negative tendency appeared among our officers and men, under various forms: fear of casualties, losses, fatigue, difficulties, hardships, underestimation of the enemy, subjectivism and self-conceit . . . a serious and thorough ideological struggle took place . . . the great result obtained was the suppression of all manifestations of the erroneous tendency." It is, somehow, comforting, to know that the other fellow can shake in his sandals, but sad that such normal emotions should be described only in an ideological context.

One reason the French lost is that they supposed it impossible for the Vietminh to supply a large enough force to besiege Dienbienphu. Coolies simply couldn't carry enough pounds per man. But bicycles could. Specially reinforced they could be pushed bearing 500 pounds, more than ten times the best French estimate. Eighty thousand coolies! The supreme importance of these *dan cong* can be seen in Giap's frequent reference to their contributions, discipline and political education. In a special letter he commands those in charge of the supply units to "pay great attention to the *dan cong's* life." It took four months to manhandle the guns into position for the assault. French determination to win was exceeded only by ignorance of Vietminh capability.

The critical example of French un-

AN AMERICAN PARABLE

Good boys are we to have retrieved
for its owner the ball
which first we dipped in liquid gold
with affection
Now he keeps pitching it farther and farther
curious excited and alarmed
nor can we understand
since it is returned to him
each time heavier with gold
and less wieldy

DAVID IGNATOW

derestimation centered on artillery. Colonel Piroth, whose responsibilities included the French batteries and appraising the enemy's, assured one and all that he could command the slopes surrounding the French positions, and that concealing his guns would not be necessary. When half of them were put out of action within three days, he blew himself up with a hand grenade.

How was it possible? French planes combed the sides of the hills searching for signs of Vietminh artillery. Giap describes how the 126 cannon were trundled by night over miles of jungle without leaving a trace. "Within the range of the enemy artillery, under the constant observation of scout planes, a gigantic building yard was functioning in the vicinity of Dien Bien Phu . . . our troops worked at night in the open country . . . and under the camouflage of lattice works many kilometers long. . . . In February, 1954, while our preparatory work was in full swing, the enemy, thinking that perhaps we had given up our plan to attack Dien Bien Phu, sent his bombers to other fronts."

Once again, however, we are reminded that the Vietminh were mortal. There are hints in Giap's book that there were those who would have ordered a quick victory. "However, these tactics had a very great impediment; despite their ideological and tactical preparation our troops lacked concrete experience in attacking fortified camps, because this was the first time and (it) . . . was a powerful one."

At the very moment that the Vietminh guns were being moved into position, Jules Roy recounts that René Pleven, Minister of the Armed Forces, visited Dienbienphu. He addressed Colonel Gaucher of the Foreign Legion:

> "Isn't it true, unfortunately, that we have to reckon with Viet artillery, since I gather they have some?"
> Gaucher: "M. Minister, we shall fight as at Verdun."

Flying back to Hanoi, M. Pleven confided that he hoped the Vietminh would not attack. (Machiavelli had written long ago: "The most important point is not to gather your army on a plain at the foot of a mountain which the enemy might be able to occupy unimpeded; for with his artillery he would crush you. . . .") Only General Fay, Chief of the Air Staff, seeing the impending disaster said: "I shall advise General Navarre to take advantage of the respite available to him . . . to evacuate all the men he can, for he is done for. That is all."

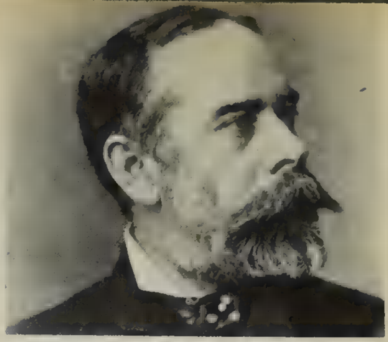
Dien Bien Phu contains numerous noteworthy points. There is, for example, a widespread view that Asians do not value human life and that Communists in particular regard their troops merely as so much cannon fodder. Giap constantly reminds his officers to make sure that their men have "hot food, hot drink, and sleep soundly in the warm." No American mother could ask for more—assuming that, like General Giap, she wants her son to be a healthy warrior.

Elsewhere, Giap praises Mao's *thought* as a significant contribution to a people's war, but the vital Chinese *material* aid, which Navarre foolishly failed to anticipate, is nowhere mentioned, not even in this most recent edition.

Without question Dienbienphu was a decisive battle. Yet not only there but throughout the French war, reality seemed absent. On November 20, 1953, according to Roy, Rear Admiral Cabanier called on General Navarre, and presented him with the views of the President of the Republic: the time had come to open negotiations with the Vietminh.

However, at that very moment three battalions of paratroops were being air lifted to Dienbienphu. Two surprises:

Michael Goldman, Poetry Editor, will be on leave until September 15. During that time no poetry will be considered for publication, but we will welcome submissions again in the early fall.



This is a picture of Edwin Lawrence Godkin.

His forte was cocking a critical eye at American democracy. He spoke to the educated American of his generation, to whom he was, as William James wrote, "certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs." He became the first editor of *The Nation* in 1865 and editor in chief of *The New York Post* in 1883. He was a liberal. Today he still speaks clearly to the educated American in this rich and lively collection of his political and economic essays, most of which appeared in *The Nation.* He was against Radical Reconstruction, the spoils system, the protective tariff, American imperialism. He was concerned about civil service reform, fear of labor unrest, the moral and political decay in modern democracy. He appealed to his audience's desire for a politics of ideology and purpose, a politics of trained and educated intelligence. As one re-reads these pieces, one is not surprised that he should have established, as the editor points out, an enduring tradition of sustained, ironic criticism of American public institutions.

Don't miss

PROBLEMS OF MODERN DEMOCRACY

Political and Economic Essays by Edwin L. Godkin Edited by Morton Keller

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Paris heard of a highly risky maneuver for the first time, and the man in charge learned that he could expect no serious support.

But these are details of no great importance, because nobody in Washington has any more respect for the French than Navarre did for Giap. Of what use is Giap's description—of Fall's thirteen years of devoted reporting and predicting? Some day, we may imagine, there will be a judgment.

The journalist, James Cameron, traveling through Thanh Hoa province in North Vietnam encountered an elderly lady who had lost an arm following an American air raid. She said: "I suppose there is a reason for all this, but I do not understand what it is. I think I am too old now ever to find out."

Cowboy of the Western World

THE LBJ BRIGADE. *By William Wilson. Apocalypse Corp. 124 pp. $4. Pyramid Books. 141 pp. 60c paper.*

JOEL LIEBER

Mr. Lieber is a free-lance journalist whose first novel, How The Fishes Live, *will be published by McKay this year.*

The cover of this slim little novel, *The LBJ Brigade*, gives nothing away. Published in hard cover in January and now in paperback, it has received almost no notice, no reviews and no advertisements. A request to the publishers for information about the author elicited nothing more than what appears on the book jacket: "A young American soldier's shocking story of warfare in Vietnam." Perhaps the publishers are trying to play it safe, hoping to sell to both anti- and pro-policy readers. But once read, it reveals itself as very strong stuff indeed, the strongest that has yet appeared in fiction about this war. It cannot but help to remind the reader of the emotional jolt experienced on first reading Dalton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun.*

Told in the first person, it is a story of a nameless recruit, apparently a recent college graduate, who is sent to Vietnam to halt communism. His soldiering makes of him one of the "cowboys of the world . . . trying not to scream or pray." The book recounts a patrol mission, an ambush, a slaughter and the narrator's wanderings through villages and jungle with his sergeant, who becomes the narrator's "survival kit," a man who is not an expert on war but an expert on staying alive. Sergeant Sace's credo runs thus:

> Ya ain't gonna have no trouble knowin who ta shoot. If he ain't white, shoot em. This's a race-war kid. A hundred-year-old hag can kill ya just as dead as a hot Charlie. So can a ten-year-old kid. If he ain't white, screw the questions, shoot. . . . If he ain't white, un if he ain't six feet tall, shoot em. If ya don't, ya've had it.

The soldier's loss of innocence is here, as is his first horrified reaction to being under fire. What makes it worse for this soldier is that he tries to justify the mayhem in terms of stopping communism ("I have killed Communists, now they cannot hurt America"), and winds up with a blank: "I am a thief of life." If he finds Sace cold-blooded, he does not know what to think of the air force after they carry out a gas attack on a village in which he is hiding: "What are they, is there a devil who gives them the power to kill without making them feel like killers?"

Wilson can be didactic, but rarely overwhelmingly so. The prose is refined and neat, squeezed craftily for power and shock, as in the ambush scene: "Ames disintegrates like a glass house, he rains back into the weeds."

If he tends to deal in stereotypes, he manages, nonetheless, to make the individual character altogether believable in his hands. This is true of the blonde-toting general staggering into a car that "guns away with an American hum of power," of the photographer snapping a bar that's just been blown apart and commenting, "Got some pretty good stuff," of the doctrinaire Communist officer, and of the book's intellectual voice, Handson, who says of Lyndon Johnson that he wants to go down in history as "the American Christ." Within the 141 pages of his story, the author conveys a variety of information: the comparative cost of white and Asian whores, a napalm attack, a convincing bit of exposition contrasting a dead Vietnamese girl soldier with the girls back home necking with their boy friends at the drive-in. Though these might easily ring false, the handling is adroit and such scenes ring sickeningly true.

The narrator never commits himself to a particular position. He only suggests. It is no accident that he has no name. He is every soldier whose nightmare experience finally convulses him beyond the rationality with which he has been conditioned. "Take me back," he howls. "I'll be good. I won't complain. I'll do whatever I'm told. I won't cause trouble. I'll be a good American. . . . I'll pay my taxes and go to church and vote the right way, I won't cause anybody any trouble. . . . The President can save me. . . ."

If it is argued that polemics have no place in novels, it must also be obvious that this war is causing more and more writers to become polemicists in their art. The trouble with polemics though is that the nature of the form forces agreement or disagreement. If in this case a reader agrees, whole scenes will stay with him long after finishing the book. And if, by chance, the book's impartial cover will cause it to be read by supporters of the military solution, it's the kind of book which might very well change a few minds.

Left Tradition

THE LEFT IN EUROPE SINCE 1789. *By David Caute. McGraw-Hill. 256 pp. $2.45 paper.*

JEFFRY J. KAPLOW

Assistant professor of history at Columbia University, Mr. Kaplow specializes in the history of modern France. He has written Elbeuf During the Revolutionary Period *(Johns Hopkins Press) and* New Perspectives on the French Revolution *(John Wiley).*

On the first day of graduate study, my master said to me: "You may define concepts as you will, provided they are both clear and useful in explaining the past." On the second day of graduate study, my master said to me: "Avoid anachronism. Do not expect a boy to be a man, nor Babeuf to be Marx." On the twelfth day of graduate study, my master said to me: "Go and sin no more." But one sinner saved is soon replaced by another.

There is some question in my mind as to whether one ought to attempt a single definition of the European Left since 1789, as Caute does. The problems of society, and therefore the grounds of political identification, have changed so rapidly in the last 175 years that what was "Left" in 1789 was often "Right" by 1793; what was revolutionary in 1848 was conservative in 1871. In the presence of so intense a rhythm of change, what purpose is served by the establishment of a lowest common denominator of the Left?

I would not be misunderstood. There is a Left tradition in Europe, and it is a strong one. Robespierre was a hero to the French Socialist historians of the 1920s and 1930s, just as Babeuf now enjoys the esteem of contemporary radicals. The English Left honors the Chartists, and the Soviets think highly of the Decembrists. And that is as it should be, despite the fact that Robespierre and the Decembrists, some of the Chartists and certain Babeuvistes would no doubt be horrified by the point of view of the present-day Left. It is not the specific programs that matter but rather an attitude of mind. The present honors the past for having had the courage to seek answers to one fundamental question: what shall we do to stop the exploitation of man by man? The essence of the tradition and that which unites the past to the present and, hopefully, to the future is the vision, as Vanzetti expressed it, of a world "where man will not be wolf to the man." The rest is commentary.

But Caute is not content to note the tradition. He must have a more concrete string with which to tie the Left up into a nice little bundle. The search for that string keeps his eyes riveted firmly to the ground from the very beginning of the book. The so-called characteristics of the Left are examined in turn and rejected as false or inadequate in what seems to me to be a masterpiece of faulty method and confusion.

First of all, what Left is he talking about? Nowhere does Caute make clear his criteria of selection. Is there some standard, or even arbitrary, definition to work from—or is he examining all the groups that have identified with the Left at one time or another? If the former is the case, he should tell us what that definition is; if the latter, he should learn to use a historical machete, for it is simply ludicrous to throw the First International and Gambetta together for any purpose whatever, analytical or otherwise.

Second, Caute ought to know that a list of attributes may delimit but does not generally define its subject. He is at great pains to compile such a list in order to destroy each of the items on it. It is wrong, he argues, to attribute to the Left a monopoly of rationalism and intelligence, but he confuses rationalism with reason and intelligence with art. He is unhappy about identifying the Left with faith in the perfectibility of man, but he makes that hope dependent on belief in historical determinism, where the two are logically and practically separable. He rejects anti-racism as a characteristic of the Left because some leftists are racists, but he neglects to ask whether such racism is programmatic. Similarly, he manages to lump anticlericalism with anti-religion, and then to argue the invalidity of both as definitions of the Left, because religious people vote for, or even join, left-wing parties. As for liberty and equality, he neatly dodges the issue by refusing to accord the words any specific content. It is true that some people believe the essence of liberty to be unrestricted private enterprise, but that does not seem to me to make love of liberty meaningless as a characteristic of the Left.

After all this, Caute informs us that "most political situations, medieval and modern, reveal groups to the left of other groups, but the Left itself, viewed historically and conceptually, is an absolute based on a minimum demand of one man, one vote." This is his minimum definition of popular sovereignty which, he assures us, is identified with universal suffrage, if not always with democracy. At this point, it is I who am confused, both theoretically and as to the fact situation. What is popular sovereignty? If it means one man, one vote, then many men on the Left have been willing to do without it for extended periods of time, precisely in order to insure a greater measure of democracy than might otherwise have come into being. Moreover, if it means universal suffrage, then it is a matter of pure form, without reference to the social antagonisms of a given time and place. It hardly allows for the dynamic definition of the Left across time to which Caute aspires, nor does it give us any but the most summary of analytical tools. This little piggy believes in universal suffrage, this little piggy is on the Left. . . . Caute is aware of the problem and tries to resolve it by extending the frontiers of popular sovereignty in the direction of social democracy. But if this be the case, why not declare at the outset that the Left has always been identified with the desire to readjust property relations and leave the intellectual somersaults alone?

There is much of value in this book, both for students and the general reader. Caute efficiently dispels a whole series of bourgeois myths about the destructive nature of revolution and the meaning of terror and dictatorship. His factual accounts are generally reliable. Unfortunately, a good part of the book is vitiated by an anti-Communist and anti-Soviet bias that sometimes goes beyond reasonable limits. It is, I think, correct to criticize the tactics of German Communists in 1932, but it is not permissible to burden them with the responsibility of Hitler's rise to power, as Caute does at least by implication. In regard to the Soviet Union, popular sovereignty becomes a whip with which to beat Stalin and his successors. An examination of Stalinist and, indeed, Soviet shortcomings in the exercise of power is welcome, but the attempt to read the USSR out of the ranks of the Left because "the original quest for popular sovereignty" has become obscured is properly ridiculous. First of all, that quest goes on and, second, there is more to being on the Left than popular sovereignty can encompass.

A number of more minor faults may be pointed out. I would suggest that the sans-culotte defense of their traditional economy was not quite so blind as Caute believes, but was based on a reasoned and reasonable set of moral options. The illustrations are well chosen, but the captions sometimes fall short of the mark. Why repeat the cliché about the revolu-

THE PESTICIDE JUNGLE

By Laura Tallian

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tion devouring its own? And is it true that Lenin contradicted Marx in maintaining that "revolution is not evolution"? Worst of all is the commentary on Georges Grosz's *The Millionaire*: "Left-wing millionaires are not unknown." *Tiens!*

Caute ends his book without drawing conclusions. Are we to assume that the Left is dead or reduced to the role of gadfly in the consensus? If so, it requires a eulogy. If, on the other hand, it is still alive, then it is proper to ask: where does it go from here? To end abruptly, as the author does, is to leave half his job as a historian undone.

The Siege and the Commune

THE FALL OF PARIS: The Siege and the Commune, 1870-1871. *By Alistair Horne. St Martin's Press. 458 pp. $6.95.*

GABRIEL JACKSON

Mr. Jackson, author of The Spanish Republic and the Civil War *(Princeton University Press) teaches history and humanities at the University of California, La Jolla.*

In mid-July of 1870 the French Emperor, Napoleon III, declared war on Prussia. The French army was immediately outclassed by the leadership, discipline, speed and overall tactics of the Prussians. After six weeks of fighting, Napoleon surrendered with his besieged army at Sedan on September 2. The Emperor was officially repudiated, and France was declared a republic on September 4. These events, far from ending either the war or the political crisis, led to a more intensive period of both military and political struggles, in the course of which Paris underwent two sieges.

The fast-moving Prussian army completed the investment of the capital on September 19. The population showed a tremendous will to resist, but it proved impossible to achieve unified leadership. Partisans of the republic were divided between bourgeois conservatives, anxious to avoid a social revolution, and Jacobins looking to the egalitarian traditions of 1793 and 1848. Generals were jealous of one another, and lacked confidence in their troops. Units of the regular army and of the National Guard looked upon each other with mutual contempt. The one massive effort to break the siege ring in late November ended in complete failure. Inexorably, through the month of December, the city approached starvation. But the Prussians became nervous at the prolonged siege. It seemed always possible that reorganized French units might cut their own thinly held supply lines in the direction of Germany. They therefore decided to hasten the end of the siege by shelling the city, and so for two weeks in January, 1871, Paris was subjected to indiscriminate bombardment by the newly invented Krupp heavy artillery. On January 18, King William I of Prussia became Emperor of Germany at the coronation ceremony in the palace of Versailles. On January 28, the provisional government of Adolphe Thiers signed an armistice, and the siege of the humiliated capital was lifted.

During the following month Bismarck forced humiliating peace terms on the Thiers government, including a triumphal Prussian entry and three-day occupation of Paris. In the wake of the Prussian withdrawal the provisional government was unable to establish its authority in the resentful and long-suffering capital. The city declared itself a self-governing Commune. Once again Paris was to withstand a siege, this time by units of the French army under the authority of the provisional government at Versailles. And once again the city was to offer proud and bitter resistance, but without unified leadership. To the prosperous middle class the Commune meant municipal self-government within a federal republic. To the heirs of the Jacobins it meant social reform and anticlericalism. To Socialists and anarchists it meant an active political role for the new urban proletariat. What began in March as a skirmish between municipal and central authority became a social and class war fought much more bitterly than the Franco-Prussian War of the months preceding. During the climactic week of the second siege, from May 21 to May 28, the conquering French army executed about 20,000 communards and presumed communards while self-styled Commune police murdered about seventy-five hostages, one of whom was the Archbishop of Paris.

The Fall of Paris describes the two sieges in rich and fascinating detail. The author's interest in his subject stemmed from a larger concern with Franco-German relations in the past century, and specifically with three decisive military encounters between the two nations: at Sedan in 1870, Verdun in 1916 and Sedan again in 1940. But in studying the war of 1870, he found first that the Prussian siege of Paris seemed more significant than the Emperor's surrender at Sedan, and then that the civil war and the Commune of 1871 overshadowed in importance the Prussian siege. His book concentrates on the life of the military and civilian populace of Paris. There is copious detail concerning the bewilderment of the soldiers in the absence of effective military leadership, the demoralization of the populace by the enforced isolation of Paris during the Prussian siege, the importance of rumors, the terrible suffering caused by slow starvation and the spectacular but relatively ineffective nature of Prussian shelling during the first half of January. The chapters on the Commune describe in detail the personal and political conflicts among the mayors of the twenty *arrondissements*, the police prefects, the National Guard officers and the revolutionary vigilance committees.

The emphasis on personalities and on daily living conditions forms a worthwhile corrective to the many writings which have viewed the Commune solely as an incident in 19th-century class warfare. Also, it is an unhappy fact that too many historians, preoccupied with the grand outlines of their narrative, fail to convey a sense of what it felt like for human beings to live through the events which they summarize. Mr. Horne's book is strong on detail, social context and atmosphere. On the other hand it would, I think, be very difficult for an uninitiated reader to follow the main lines of political development through the hectic months from the outbreak of the war in July, 1870, to the crushing of the Commune in May, 1871. It would also be difficult for him to understand why Frenchmen fought so ferocious a civil war after the struggle with Prussia had ended.

Mr. Horne's interest arose from his wider concern with Franco-German relations. But the most dramatic and complex incidents in his history can be explained only in terms of the memories of 1793 and 1848; the industrialization and urbanization of France during the Second Empire; the fierce pride of Paris as the initiator of all significant political and cultural trends in France; the misunderstandings between the Bordeaux, and later Versailles assemblies and the representatives of Paris; the royalist conservatism of the French countryside in collision with the republicanism of Paris, etc. All these factors are mentioned at one time or another, but their meaning is not integrated with the course of daily events as narrated in *The Fall of Paris*.

It seems to me also that Mr. Horne falls into a kind of error which is very frequent in works which are designed to emphasize "human interest." We have all grown up on the folklore of Paris as a "naughty" city. Mr. Horne writes as if the prostitutes and pickpockets of Paris, the orgies among its decadent fringe, etc., were somehow more evil, more widespread, and more insidiously corrupting than similar phenomena in other great cities. We all know that Spaniards are supposed to be hot-tempered, and so we smile knowingly when we read that the Empress Eugenie "flew into a terrible, Spanish rage." Historians ought to pass a self-denying ordinance not to attribute to mythical national temperaments the all too human characteristics of their protagonists.

The Injustice Drinkers

PARADISE ON EARTH: Some Thoughts on European Images of Non-European Man. *By Henri Baudet. Translated by Elizabeth Wentholt. Yale University Press. 87 pp. $4.50.*

EDWARD T. GARGAN

Mr. Gargan is professor of history at Wesleyan University. His latest book is De Tocqueville *(Hillary House).*

When Ibn Khaldûn completed in 1377 his *Muqaddimah*, an introduction to the history of the world, he suggested that the task of understanding a different culture was made the more difficult by a taste "for the beauties of the poetry of his own people." Yet he thought that the Qur'ân offered hope: "In the creation of the heavens and the difference of your tongues and colors, there are indeed signs for those who know." Men have in all times and cultures made some effort to understand those not of their own civilization. Professor Henri Baudet of the University of Groningen has surveyed the changing Western images of non-European communities to add to our knowledge of the elusive "complexities" of the European personality; he convincingly demonstrates that as the Europeans met and described the peoples of Asia, Africa, Australia, North and South America, they fashioned at the same time the iconography of their own souls.

In his wise, delightfully written, perfectly structured, interpretative essay, Baudet proposes that European confidence and insecurity, righteousness and sinfulness, generosity and meanness of spirit have determined Europe's ability to relate to the world beyond Europe. Myths about others have paradoxically both supported and ignored the power conflicts between Europe and the rest of the world. The persistent view of the Negro as nature's child and slave directly served power and greed, while the tenaciously held belief in the American Indian as a noble savage defied cruel practice. Non-European settings freed the European imagination to express the most ambitious expectations of joy, sex, comfort, luxury, bliss, harmony, hope, ecstasy, liberty and salvation. And in their less happy moments Europeans asked others to dance out Europe's lust for violence, servitude, hostility, vulgarity, sexual deviation, disorder and decadence.

With little or no real information about the world beyond Europe, fables and tales were elaborately developed which often had as their true purpose confirmation of the ancient legends of a Golden Age. The hope was never abandoned that the virtues and pleasures of that vanished time were somewhere preserved in distant and exotic parts of the globe. When considerable knowledge was acquired about China, for example, this intelligence was quickly transformed into the stuff of dreams and fantasies. Such dreams did have their pragmatic function. In praising the civilization, the grace and the humanity of China, the savants of Europe could expiate their own guilt for the barbarity and superstitions of Christian Europe. Criticisms disguised in the idealized reports of the Orient encouraged projects for the improvement of the human situation in Europe. By the 18th century psychology and geography brought together by commerce created an imaginary world indispensable to the psychic life of Western man.

Henri Baudet offers the interesting idea that during the Enlightenment rational reflection on the everlasting quest to find Paradise on earth made possible the more limited though optimistic goal of writing universal history. Modern comparative history began when Montesquieu in his *Lettres Persanes* rejected the culture of Europe as the norm for mankind. His criticisms drew on the memory of earlier, more natural, human societies and on the model provided by a "not yet" corrupt non-Western peoples. The images of an ideal past age and of an innocent people outside of Europe "fused into a single universal image of human existence throughout the length and breadth of the earth." "World history," Baudet suggests, "was born at that moment and, since it is based on a philosophical rather than an historical principle, it is still the philosophers rather than the historians who write it."

In the 19th century, imperialism and the

Voter's Letter to the President

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more scientific study of primitive and non-Western societies restrained the full play of the European imagination toward the wide world. Baudet concludes his study by examining this harsher and more prosaic interaction between Europe and the non-European universe. He brilliantly calls attention to Renan's retelling of *The Tempest* to illustrate Europe's corruption of so much of the world that it touched. As presented by Renan, discussion between Ariel and Caliban clearly signaled Europe's intention to destroy Caliban's manhood. Renan's genius enabled him to predict Caliban's unending question to Europe, "Why did not Prospero see that the Aryan tongue which he taught me I would use as a means by which to curse him?"

Baudet's account of the European encounter with the world makes possible whole new approaches to some of Europe's most prestigious philosophers of history. Baudet does not consider Hegel. But a comparison of Hegel's *Philosophy of History* and the European dreams concerning the non-European world proves instructive. Hegel's imagination, in contrast to the fertile myths that preceded his work, was atrociously narrow, and Hegel's philosophy, so significant for Europe's search for meaning in history, denied and spoiled every European image of Paradise on earth. He presented the "sensual Negro," as having a perfect contempt for humanity, and as a creature slavery prepared to be human. Out of the many entrancing accounts of the Chinese, Hegel selected those reports which presented them as cruel and dishonest, a people incapable of "the exalted, the ideal and the beautiful." He judged the Hindus as afflicted by a "monstrous, unnatural imagination." And Comte, like Hegel, thought that the Western Europeans, the "elite peoples," were alone serious subjects for the study of society. It was Kant who recognized that Europe was preparing to close its mind and heart to the qualities of those it intended to dominate. He believed China to be a "wonderful state," and he dreaded what would happen to Asia when the West had broken its resistance to European civilization. Kant described European commercial expansion as conducted by Europeans who "drink injustice like water," and he thought China and Japan were wise to refuse entry to the European powers.

That entry was gained, however, and since that time Europe's search for Paradise has been replaced by less lovely and increasingly more satanic views of the world beyond Europe. Europe and its Atlantic neighbors may never be able to create again the noble and happy image of man destined for Paradise on earth. Hell and the belief in devils provides its own stimulus to the imagination and to ideologies. But the peoples so moved are less human than those who pursued the illusion of Eden. Oswald Spengler appreciated this reality when he predicted that in this century, "The great cosmopolitan foci of power will dispose at their pleasure of smaller states—their territory, their economy and their men alike. . . ." Such is the condition of those who willingly find themselves outside the gates of Paradise. They have no lost innocence to regain, but they strangely fear that the gates of Hell will prevail against them.

Peaks And A Valley

RENAISSANCE AND REVOLUTION: The Remaking of European Thought. *By Joseph Anthony Mazzeo. Pantheon Books. 349 pp. $6.95.*

ARTHUR HEISERMAN

Mr. Heiserman teaches Medieval and Renaissance literature at the University of Chicago. He has published short stories in Harpers, Mademoiselle *and the* Kenyon Review *and is the author of* Skelton and Satire *(University of Chicago Press).*

Professor Mazzeo's brave excursion through "the intellectual backgrounds of the literature of the Renaissance" illustrates the fascination with the Renaissance begun in the Renaissance itself. The Renaissance (Professor Mazzeo mentions the period between 1300 and 1660) was invented by its own men to express that feeling, shared by other lively generations, that they were "remaking European thought," or at least restoring its learning and art. To define their relationship with their cultural traditions, they persuaded themselves—and us—that European history consisted of two peaks separated by a dank valley 1,000 years long. This shaping of history into three normative eras also answered the old questions: Why are our times so despicable and what's to be done about our sick culture? Easy: It—the Decline, the Disaster—happened during a *media tempestas* (the term was apparently invented in 1469), and we must make a modernity that revives an ancient purity.

The standard historian's propositions (like "men felt . . ." "humanists agreed . . .") which enliven Mazzeo's pages invite a brief excursion among our own emotional commonplaces. They could warrant one's saying: We poor neo-neo-moderns—even our villain, Victorianism, turns out to be a profound exotic. We have no antiquity, no Eastern, African or American innocence left to emulate. Our own times seem so despicable, our belief in restorations so weak, that every era but our own seems distantly Arcadian. Even the faddish melancholy that enriched many eras of "The Renaissance" can seem childishly sweet as we regard the apocalypses that await, we are sure, our lousy world. If, as Mazzeo says but does not attempt to demonstrate, the Renaissance ended with the rise of the Idea of Progress, our own "category of the future" hardly bears thinking about. Our pasts do, if only to feed a desire to find out where it all went wrong. Our Renaissance past continues to fascinate because it saw such a brilliant success in age labeling that its students can become devotees of a Good. On the other hand, it is itself such a nice candidate for the role of villainous *media tempestas* that devotees interested in shaping our history-drama into easy roles often become strident apologists for its virtues.

If you believe, with Mazzeo, that history first happens in the minds of men, and if you judge that the ideas of the Renaissance are Good, such generative authors as Machiavelli, Castiglioni, Bacon and Hobbes tend to become godlings creating a quasi-scriptural corpus demanding laudatory exegesis. Like Burckhardt's, the St. Augustine of this exegetical tradition, like that of most popular historians, Mazzeo's is the rhetoric of praise. He does not evaluate the modern world (no one can demand that he should), but is content to laud the famous realism of Machiavelli, the seminal methodologies of Descartes and Bacon, even—though one feels a reluctance here—what he takes to be the sentimental idealism of Castiglioni. Still, the category of the future hovers around many of his pages. Petrarch, e.g., is praised insofar as he had unknowingly emerged part way from the cocoon of Christianity. One feels on some pages that the destruction of Christianity—which had, I'm here told, denied man's freedom and condemned all but the elect to piety and hell—might yet be a fruit of the Renaissance. (It may be significant that Mazzeo mentions Calvin twice and Luther not at all.) All these legendary figures are, of course, dramatically appealing (though Mazzeo does not spend much time on biographical data), and it is predictable that the romantic historian and dramatist, fox-faced Machiavelli, gnawing his entrails in exile, should play a leading role, as though his bitter little perversion of the genre devoted to the education of a Prince were a grand treatise on political theory. It is also predictable that an "age" of tyranny and scientism like our own should take a curious possession of "the perfidious Machiavel," bribe-taking Bacon and scandalous Hobbes, and that its rhetoric of praise should partly rest on corrective apologetics. As Mazzeo generously acknowledges again and again in his text and notes, most of what he says is derived from this tradition of apologetic exegesis, and is therefore predictable to the scholar. It is "primarily for the layman" that he makes this modern but well-worn tour of those semi-sacred monuments which mark the sources of our age.

I hope I have not implied that Mazzeo has constructed a plot from his mythic material. While his admirable preface hints that his treatment, which is chronological, might show the rise and fall of themes, with the final emergence of the Idea of Progress, he does not force his writers or texts to play roles in a story he invents. Each author is treated almost entirely in isolation from the others. His discussion of Bacon, for example, does not contain a reference to Machiavelli. Such a method might lend itself to precise, unadulterated scrutiny of each thinker on his own ground, but the tourist here seldom feels the ground beneath his feet. (The discussion of Hobbes is 14 pages gone before the word *Leviathan* appears.) Because so much of what he sees and hears derives from secondary material, and so little from the words of the author or the events of the times, the lay reader feels at a great distance from the ideas he is supposed to be scrutinizing. His view is further dimmed by the drifting progress of the tour. Too often one seems to wander from topic to topic with small sense of the procedure of either text or guide; one feels that many paragraphs of the Machiavelli chapter, for example, could be shifted to one or another page without affecting the chapter's obscure argument.

Yet the value of this book derives precisely from the vast amount of secondary material brought, in notes and text, before the lay reader. The notes themselves provide a guidebook to a great many recent discussions of one or another aspect of the Renaissance, modern science, etc. Mazzeo approaches his enormous task honestly, bravely and lovingly; but the task may have been doomed from the start.

And that for a curious reason which makes the book itself seem an illustration of a couple of points made on its most illuminating pages. Renaissance humanism began, he notes, by producing a curriculum shared by most European schoolboys; its end saw that separation of "the sciences" from "the humanities" from which we suffer today. These observations point at one of the thorniest barriers faced by a scholar (Mazzeo has published distinguished scholarly books) who tries to write "primarily for laymen." Unlike their English counterparts, whose addresses to laymen enjoy greater success, American academics cannot be confident of the learning they share with their lay readers. The specialized English humanist works almost exclusively with undergraduates, sharing a more or less common curriculum, and he can continue to talk to them in print. The American humanist must throw his science against the barrier unarmed with assumptions about a common learning, and his book is likely to come through bled white.

ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

Mr. Galantay is an associate professor in architecture at Columbia University and practices as a consultant in urban design.

The growing complexity of modern society and the swelling population are gradually changing the professional role of the architect. This is too little recognized by the public and often ignored by architects as well. Some architects still seek fulfillment in the creation of pristine monuments, while some clients prefer to think of the architect as a jack-of-all-trades who can be conveniently blamed for cracked ceilings and dripping faucets. Yet an awareness is dawning that the primary social function of the architect is not to provide abstract beauty or "nuts 'n' bolts" wisdom, but rather to improve our physical environment through the creation of a meaningful visual order.

Significantly, the more creative minds in the profession are turning from preoccupation with single buildings to building groups and to a concern for the overall form of the city and the region. Formalists will argue that the same challenge can be found in the design of a soup plate or toilet bowl as in the design of a hospital or a new town. Yet to me it is self-evident that there is a hierarchy of design tasks, ordered both by the complexity of function and the number of people ultimately affected. Hence the greatest challenges to modern architects are in the design of multi-functional complexes, urban renewal and new communities.

Campus design ranks among the most exciting of the tasks, since the university also forms a micropolis and can become a laboratory of urban design theories. If the design of an urban campus is enmeshed with problems of the social and physical fabric of the city, the design of an exurban campus may amount to the creation of a new town. In an army every fighting man is supported by a train of noncombatants: similarly, a professor on the payroll represents ten people for the planner, who must account for dependents and the supporting cast in retail trade and services. Thus a new campus with 20,000 students will generate a community of more than 90,000 people: no trifle when we recall that the great cities of our culture needed centuries to reach a comparable population.

Some campuses are built within a few years, but they tend to expand indefinitely: hence time becomes a design factor as form and order must be provided in the context of growth. Since future development may not be controlled by the initial designers, means are sought to insure continuity. This is best done by establishing systems of order and of visual coherence rather than by enforcing conformity in detail. The problems are rela-

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tively new to architectural practice and one looks for novel solutions. Luckily, it is not necessary to travel to Europe or Japan—a glance across our northern border will suffice. Canadian architects have recently built two campuses which make the much publicized efforts in this country appear superficial and formalistic by comparison. The Scarborough campus of the University of Toronto provides a truly urban solution by its contiguous arrangement of all functions. The resulting concentration and high density eliminates the use of the automobile within the complex; intra-campus movement is adequately served by "pedestrian streets." The design integrates laboratories, classrooms, offices and social areas in a single group form without sacrificing their functional identity. Simon Fraser University in Vancouver, B.C., provides, by contrast, a spinal organization along which the growth of component elements can occur in a variety of shapes and sizes without loss of organizational clarity and visual coherence. The introduction of a vast covered forum onto this campus is an honest recognition of local climatic requirements that breaks free of the usual borrowing from Mediterranean stereotypes.

In the United States one looks in vain for such boldness. In my last column I discussed the billion-dollar expansion program of the State University of New York and two of its newly created centers: architect Edward Stone's Albany campus and the Stony Brook center on Long Island. In Albany one is served with clichés of single-building design proportionally enlarged, while building groups are multiplied with the ease and logic of rubber stamping. I described the Albany campus in some detail and promised to pay the same attention to Stony Brook, but a second visit to the site convinced me that such treatment would be quite pointless: the buildings completed so far have no architectural merit whatever.

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It must be said that the State University Construction Fund is not fully to blame for the present Long Island campus, since it was originally designed for a smaller student body under the auspices of the State Department of Public Works. The 640-acre site was donated by shoe-fortune heir Ward Melville, and the campus shields the donor's adjacent "Stony Brook Village" from the threat of visual encroachment by lower-class subdivisions. In a similar spirit of tact, the architects of the campus tried to match the pseudo-colonial (or is it neo-federal?) grace of "Stony Brook Village" by affecting a colonial mood, adding sentimental trappings to barrack-like buildings: white columns, slate roofs, marble trim. If this was also meant to sweeten a primly authoritarian layout characterized by axial asphaltways, it did not deceive the students; they promptly nicknamed the style of their environment "neo-penal," an expression that was picked up by both *Look* and *Newsweek* magazines, winning for Stony Brook unexpected national publicity.

The State's reaction to needling has been quick and ambidextrous: a crash program of ivy planting around all buildings was initiated, and some key design assignments were quietly transferred into abler hands. Soon the first architecturally significant buildings will rise and adjust the visual impact of the campus. Architect Kessler's sculptural lecture hall and Damaz, Pokorny & Weigel's dignified Student Union will establish new standards of design. A task force has been formed to salvage whatever is useful in the master plan, and to redirect some of its objectives under the cloak of a "Design Manual" which is the State Construction Fund's instrument to enforce overall order and visual continuity. Since some elements of the original master plan have already ossified, further design has to be corrective and compromises will be unavoidable. Amending meaningless axes and trying to improve on the regimentation of relations between buildings, the new planners may be tempted to overcompensate by romanticizing "spot design"—the juxtaposition of picturesque little spaces. This, in combination with buildings of varying and competing design, might lead to visual confusion of the World Fair variety. The real opportunity for a novel design approach at Stony Brook now exists in the future medical center, which will be located on still virgin land separated from the present campus by a highway. There the planners will be able to display fresh ideas unencumbered by leftover concepts.

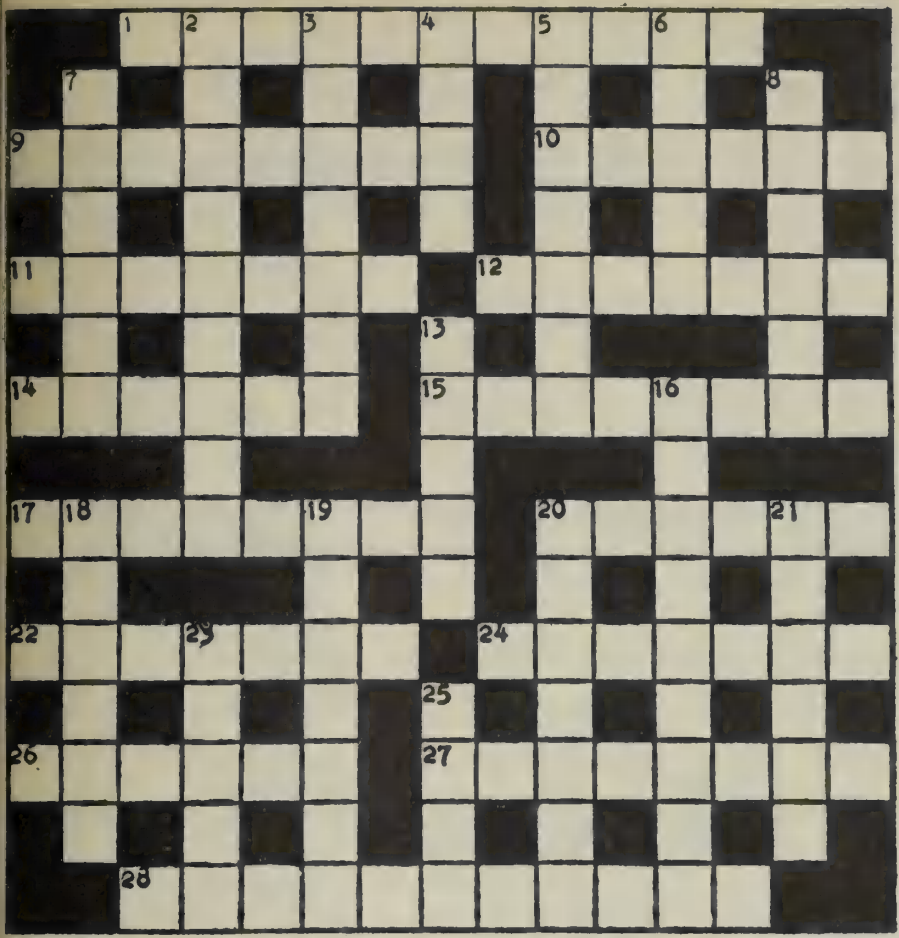
The Albany and Stony Brook campuses are exasperating because so much effort and money have been spent to produce so little meaningful design. Admittedly, the new centers had to be stamped out of the ground in a short time. Perhaps this left too little time for basic thinking. There may have been too many restrictions; at times, one senses the influence of a "janitorial viewpoint" on the design. It is possible that considerations of efficiency and maintenance have been given priority over functional linkages and a humane environment. One learns, for example, that the number of students in dormitory groups is determined by the optimal operating efficiency of the dining halls—i.e., the pleasure and convenience of the concessionaire.

Some other stuffy planning concepts have also been swallowed whole; for instance, the separation of the student community from other age and social groups. The campus becomes a ghetto neatly walled in by a ring road, parking and buffer zones. It may be adequate as a hive for learning and perhaps mating; but not a single shop is permitted on campus, let alone a bar, discothèque, cinema or motel. The same two-dimensional mentality triumphs in the unquestioned segregation of undergraduates, graduates, married students and faculty. Yet great universities thrive on a cheerfully overlapping relation of town and gown, students and masters.

The entire concept of the exurban campus should be rethought. The monastic ideal of seclusion in the ivory tower is hardly appropriate for a state university, and at the same time the rise of the modern "University City" has unsavory roots: In Europe, as in Latin America, governments removed the universities to the urban fringes or out of town from fear that politically active student bodies might foster anarchy and lead riots in the center. By contrast, in a modern democracy the university should be in the city to ferment civic consciousness, provide leadership in community affairs, and benefit from interaction with the dynamic forces within the city. The location of universities in urban renewal areas could provide the healthy core needed to make such efforts successful. Here is a case where planning goals and budgets of various state and federal agencies could be coordinated for maximal impact. The symbiosis of the city and the university may at times generate tension, but it will also yield higher intensity; both the city and the university lose by separation.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1159

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 But hark! This, peculiarly, is where they'll make you sweat! (7, 4)
9 Some people become more careful when they find themselves coming up to this crossing. (5, 3)
10 Fruit hangs down, it might seem. (6)
11 This space might be well-lit, naturally. (7)
12 and 25 down Something to hold water and food, commonly, in sports cars, perhaps. (6, 5)
14 An equally divided portion should, as a matter of interest. (6)
15 A possible sharp cut in what a small businessman might hope to move successfully. (8)
17 and 6 down Roars ahead of the vehicle, descriptive of the confounded fellow! (13)
20 Their lines should be straight from noble ancestry, perhaps. (6)
22 Porifera takes them in and lives at the expense of others. (7)
24 Use a gas improperly, to make things easy. (7)
26 Six of one, or half-a-dozen of another. (6)
27 Poisoning—then possibly "adios" (sic).
28 One might remember them, even though one forgets the verse! (All in good form, probably!) (6, 5)

DOWN:

2 The glory of an April day, according to "Two Gentlemen from Verona."
3 There's probably an attempt to return it by eleven. (4-3)
4 How to overfill a sort of 25. (4)
5 Proving a sub-deb paints, but not very well! (7)
7 It could be made of colored material, but not necessarily so blue. (6)
8 Certainly not so bad a gambler! (6)
13 In one's last gasp, a small, brief spell of activity. (5)
16 An inert substance, but considering the plant structure, you seem to have nothing to lose by it. (9)
18 What one has to be before he becomes the skipper of the event. (6)
19 But it shouldn't bounce things on one's arm! (7)
20 One should be willing to pay a reasonable price to see his barber! (7)
21 A reign marked by disorder from which one might have to recover. (6)
23 Pass, possibly responsible for the score. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1158

ACROSS: 1 Baby-sitters; 10 Knave; 11 Viol; 12 Granite; 13 Starchy; 15 Maffiker; 16 Desert; 18 Cleric; 21 Subjects; 24, 31, 9, 29 and 8 Put them all together, they spell Mother; 26 Cottons; 28 Chub. DOWN: 2 and 23 Anyone for tennis; 3 Yakutsk; 4 Iran; 5 Treated; 6 River; 7 Chorea; 14 Press; 17 Spectacle; 19 Laughs; 20 Cresset; 22 Booklet; 25 and 30 Tubalcain; 27 Berg.

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